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FOR THE HOME AND THE SCRAPBOOK

SELECTIONS of poetry and prose, humor and pathos, rare bits of history and interesting facts from week to week

Woman Of Tomorrow
By Helen M. Winslow
(With apologies to Kipling)
If you can keep your head when others praise you
Or haply, point out flaws in what you do;
If you can calmly trust when others doubt you
And make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can keep your courage high and bravely
Go on with all the tasks that come your way;
Or march along in face of sad disaster
And change the darkling night into light of day.
If you can hide your heart-break and your sorrow
And help some weaker brother along the road;
If shifting over your familiar burden
You lighten cheerfully other's load;
If you can lead a stumbling sinning sister...
Nor look with scorn upon her past mistakes;
If lonely, working mothers by your efforts
Fresh courage gain for little children's sakes;
If home is held forever dear and sacred
Remembering 'tis there the nation's bred,
If country's honor and your duty to it
Allegiance hold of heart and hand and head;
If riches and prosperity can't spoil you
Nor poverty make hopeless all your life;
If love shall ever brighten your horizon,
And shut out all discouragement and strife;
If you can dream and make your dreams uplift you
If you can live religion every day;
If you can see the things you've given your life to
Go wrong and still keep steady on the way;
If you can leave behind you all the grudges
And pretty jealousies and hatreds and all such;
If you can mix with crowds on friendly footing
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;
If you can reach the everlasting moment
And if 'twere happiest fortune drawing near;
...You'll own the earth and everything upon it,
...The Woman of Tomorrow will be here!

The Man Behind The Plow
They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun,
And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done,
There's something sort 'o thrilling in the flags that's wavin' high,
And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by
But when the shoutin's over and the fightin's done, somehow
We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.
In all the bump and splendor of an army on parade,
And through the awful darkness that the smoke of battles made
In the hills where jewels glitter and shouting men debate,
In places where the rulers deal out their honors great,
There's not a single person who'd be doing business now,
Or have medals, if it wasn't for the man behind the plow.
We are building mighty cities and we are gaining lofty heights,
We are winning lots of glory and we are setting things to rights,
We're showing all creations how the world's affairs should be run,

The Flowers
Take a feller 'ats sick and laid up on the shelf
And shakey and ganted and pore...
Jes' all so knocked out he can't handle hisself
With a stiff upper lip any more;
Shet up all alone in the gloom of a room,
As dark as a tomb, and as grim.
And then take and send him some roses in bloom,
And you can have fun out o' him.
You've ketcht him 'fore now... when his liver was sound
And his appetite notched like a saw.
A-mocking you, maybe, for romancing 'round
With a big posey bunch in your paw.
But you ketch him, say, when his health is away,
And he's flat on his back in distress
And then you kin trot yer little bokay
And not get insulted, I guess.
You see, its like this, what his weaknesses is...
Them flowers makes him think of the days
Of his innocent youth, and that mother of his,
And the roses that she used to raise
So here all alone with the roses you send...
Being sick and all trembly and faint...
My eyes...my eyes is...my eyes is... old friend...
Is a-leakin'...I'm blamed if they aint."
...James Whitcomb Riley.

Morning Prayer
Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joys to scanty sum a little more.
Let me not hurt by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of

SELECTIONS FROM THE EDITOR'S SCRAPBOOK
I Am The Printing Press
I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.
I sing the songs of the world, the orations of history, the symphonies of all time.
I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.
I make the human heart beat with passion of tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds and soldiers die.
When I speak a myriad people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu all comprehend me.
I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.
I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches, at sunrise, at high noon and in the waning evening.
I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immediate dust.
I am the printing press...Robt. H. Davis.

The Random Shot
I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell in the distance, I knew not where,
'Till a neighbor said that it killed his calf
And I had to pay him 6 1-2 dollars.
I bought some poison to slay some rats,
And a neighbor swore it killed his cats.
And rather than argue cross the fence
I paid him \$4 and 50 cents.
One night I set sailing a toy baloon,
And hoped it would soar till it reached the moon,
But the candle fell on a farmer's straw
And he said I must settle or go to law.
And that is the way with the random shot,
It never hits in the proper spot,
And the joke you spring, that you think so smart,
May leave a wound in some fellow's heart.
...Handshake.

MENESE AND STEWART FIGHT AT THE CAPITOL
Two Prominent Men Settle Difference With Their Fists
Baton, Rouge, La., May, 24...Adjutant General Oswald McNeese and Major A. C. Stewart, manager of the Cosmopolitan hotel, New Orleans, candidate for adjutant general, settled a difficulty with their fists on the lawn in front of the capitol a few minutes before noon Wednesday.
Members of the house of representatives, made fight fans for the moment, applauded from the windows of the house.
The fight went six rounds. In the first round Major Stewart is said to have felled his opponent and both went to the mat. Several falls followed.
The crowd, which had gathered meanwhile, attempted to stop the fight but the two combatants had provided themselves with a referee, who refused to allow the fight to be stopped.
During the third round, Major Stewart is said to have applied an epithet to his opponent.
"I heard that myself" said the referee. "Adjutant McNeese has got to go on fighting after such an insult."
The fight lasted three more rounds after which the referee declared that the honor of the belligerents had been satisfied.
Both by then were hurt, each nursing a black eye, and Major Stewart's nose having bled freely.

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foe or friend,
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.
However meagre be my worldly wealth
Let me give something that shall aid my kind...
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.
Let me tonight look back to the span
Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say...
Because of some good act to beast or man...
'The world is better than I lived today.'
...Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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