

THE HOME CIRCLE

Doubt and Trial.*

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the
nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer
trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering
dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring
That lay their eggs, and sting and
sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.
—From Alfred Tennyson's "In
Memoriam."

Love and Grief.*

I envy not in any moods
The caption void of noble rage,
The linnets born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted
troth
But stagnates in the weeds of
sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
—From Alfred Tennyson's "In
Memoriam."

Mark Twain's Stolen Speech.

Chauncey M. Depew and Mark Twain went aboard once on the same ship. When they were four days out somebody gave a dinner and invited both.

Speech-making time came. Mark Twain had the first chance. He spoke twenty minutes and made a great hit. Then it was Mr. Depew's turn.

The canny New Yorker arose and said: "Mr. Toastmaster and Ladies and Gentlemen: I have a confession to make. Before this dinner Mark Twain and myself made an agreement to trade speeches. He has just delivered my speech, and I thank you for the pleasant manner in which you received it. I regret to say that I have lost the manuscript of his speech and cannot remember anything he was to say."

Depew sat down. There was much laughter. Next day an Englishman who was in the party came across Mark Twain in the smooking-room. "Mr. Clemens," he said, "I consider you were much imposed upon last night. I have always heard that Mr. Depew is a clever man, but, really, that speech of his you made last night struck me as being the most infernal rot."—Saturday Evening Post.

* Nos. 128 and 129 of our series of the World's Best Poems, selected especially for The Progressive Farmer by the Editor. In this series selections from the following authors have already appeared: Burns, Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Byron, Goldsmith, Holmes, Kipling, Lanier, Longfellow, Lowell, Mark-Ram, Macaulay, Milton, Moore, Poe, Pope, head, Riley, Ryan, Scott, Shakespeare, Shelley, and others.

Common Sense and Education.

[Extracts from "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. Small Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston.]

Dear Pierrepont:—Your ma got back safe this morning and she wants me to be sure to tell you not to over-study, and I want to tell you to be sure not to under-study. What we're really sending you to Harvard for is to get a little of the education that's so good and plenty there. When it's passed around you don't want to be bashful, but reach right out and take a big helping every time, for I want you to get your share. You'll find that education's about the only thing lying around loose in this world, and that it's about the only thing a fellow can have as much of as he's willing to haul away. Everything else is screwed down tight and the screw-driver lost.

I didn't have your advantages when I was a boy, and you can't have mine. Some men learn the value of money by not having any and starting out to pry a few dollars loose from the odd millions that are lying around; and some learn it by having fifty thousand or so left to them and starting out to spend it as if it were fifty thousand a year. Some men learn the value of truth by having to do business with liars; and some by going to Sunday-school. Some men learn the cussedness of whiskey by having a drunken father; and some by having a good mother. Some men get an education from other men and newspapers and public libraries; and some get it from professors and parchments—it doesn't make any special difference how you get a half-nelson on the right thing, just so you get it and freeze on to it. The package doesn't count after the eye's been attracted by it, and in the end it finds its way to the ash heap. It's the quality of the goods inside which tells, when they once get into the kitchen and up to the cook.

You can cure a ham in dry salt and you can cure it in sweet pickle, and when you're through you've got pretty good eating either way, provided you started in with a sound ham. If you didn't, it doesn't make any special difference how you cured it—the ham-dryer's going to strike sour spot around the bone. And it doesn't make any difference how much sugar and fancy pickle you soak into a fellow, he's no good unless he's sound and sweet at the core.

The first thing that any education ought to give a man is character, and the second thing is education. That is where I'm a little skittish about this college business. I'm not starting in to preach to you, because I know a young fellow with the right sort of stuff in him preaches to himself harder than any one else can, and that he's mighty often switched off the right path by having it pointed out to him in the wrong way.

I remember when I was a boy (and I wasn't a very bad boy, as boys go), old Doc Hoover got a notion in his head that I ought to join the church, and he scared me out of it for five years by asking me right out loud

in Sunday-school if I didn't want to be saved, and then laying for me after the service and praying with me. Of course I wanted to be saved, but I didn't want to be saved quite so publicly.

When a boy's had a good mother he's got a good conscience, and when he's got a good conscience he don't need to have right and wrong labeled for him. Now that your ma's left and the apron strings are cut, you're naturally running up against a new sensation every minute, but if you'll simply use a little conscience as a tryer, and probe into a thing which looks sweet and sound on the skin, to see if you can't fetch up a sour smell from around the bone, you'll be all right.

I'm anxious that you should be a good scholar, but I'm more anxious that you should be a good, clean man. And if you graduate with a sound conscience, I shan't care so much if there are a few holes in your Latin. There are two parts of a college education—the part that you get in the school-rooms from the professors, and the part that you get outside of it from the boys. That's the really important part. For the first can only make you a scholar, while the second can make you a man.

Education's a good deal like eating—a fellow can't always tell which particular thing did him good, but he can usually tell which one did him harm. After a square meal of roast beef and vegetables, and mince pie and watermelons, you can't say just which ingredient is going into muscle, but you don't have to be very bright to figure out which one started the demand for pain-killer in your insides, or to guess, next morning, which one made you believe in a personal devil the night before. And so, while a fellow can't figure out to an ounce whether it's Latin or algebra or history or what among the solids that is building him up in this place or that, he can go right along feeding them in and betting that they're not the things that turn his tongue fuzzy. It's down among the sweets, among his amusements and recreations, that he's going to find his stomach-ache, and it's there that he wants to go slow and to pick and choose.

It's not the first half, but the second half of a college education which merchants mean when they ask if a college education pays. It's the Willie and the Bertie boys; the chocolate eclair and tutti-frutti boys, the la-de-dah and the baa-baa-billy-goat boys; the high cock-a-lo-um and the cock-a-doodle-doo boys; the Bah Jove! hair-parted-in-the-middle, cigarette smoking, Champagne-Charlie, up-all-night-and-in-all day boys that make 'em doubt the cash value of the college output, and overlook the roast-beef and blood-gravy boys, the shirt-sleeves and high water-pants boys, who take their college education and make some fellow's business hum with it.

Does a college education pay? Does it pay to feed in pork trimmings at five cents a pound at the

hopper and draw out nice, cunning, little "country sausages at twenty cents a pound at the other end? Does it pay to take a steer that's been running loose on the range and living on cactus and petrified wood till he's just a bunch of barb-wire and sole leather, and feed him corn till he's just a solid hunk of porter-house steak and oleo oil?

You bet it pays. Anything that trains a boy to think quick pays; anything that teaches a boy to get the answer before the other fellow gets through biting the pencil, pays.

College doesn't make fools; it develops them. A fool will turn out a fool, whether he goes to college or not, though he'll probably turn out a different sort of a fool. And a good, strong boy will turn out a bright, strong man whether he's worn smooth in the grab-what-you-want-and-eat-standing-with-one-eye-skin-for-the-dog school of the streets and stores, or polished up and slicked down in the give-your-order-to-the-waiter-and-get-a-sixteen-course dinner school of the professors. But while the lack of a college education can't keep No. 1 down, having it boosts No. 2 up.

It's simply the difference between jump in, rough and tumble, kick-with-the-heels-and-butt-with-the-head nigger fighting, and this grin-and-look-pleasant, dodge and-save-your-wind-till-you-see-a-chance-to-land-on-the-solar plexus style of the trained athletic. Both styles win fights, but the fellow with a little science is the better man, providing he's kept his muscle hard. If he hasn't, he's in a bad way, for his fancy sparring is just going to aggravate the other fellow so that he'll eat him up.

Of course, some men are like pigs, the more you educate them, the more amusing little cusses they become, and the funnier capers they cut when they show off their tricks. Naturally, the place to send a boy of that breed is to the circus, not to a college.

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM.

Mark Twain's Memory.

I remember the day I was born. It was bitter cold. I came into the world without clothes. I was astonished. I spoke of it to my parents. They had no explanation when taken so suddenly, except the old excuse that it was customary. What was custom to me at that age? All you care then is how you look. I never felt so embarrassed in all my life.—Mark Twain.

Perhaps.

Bishop Potter is amusing his friends with an account of a recent visit he paid to a Sunday-school class in New York, presided over by a staid young clergyman. The bishop was asked to question the children, so that he might be edified by their knowledge of matters Biblical. As a starter, he said to a little girl whose face beamed with intelligence: "Who were the foolish virgins, my dear?" "Them as didn't get married!" was the prompt and emphatic answer.