

**The Education of Boys.**

In the Delineator for November Mrs. Theodore W. Birney has a suggestive paper on the Education of Boys as Future Fathers and Citizens. The gist of her argument is that boys seldom receive the sympathy to which they are entitled—not a maudlin, sentimental sympathy that is calculated to spoil the child, but an intelligent comprehension of his needs and an interest in his doings and belongings. Her conclusion is that if parents will only take a genuine interest in all things that interest their boys, they can hold their confidence, and so long as they possess that they can be reasonably sure that their sons will not go far wrong. Parents are wont to look on the problems of youth with the eyes of an adult. How much good would result to many little fellows if their parents would come down to their view point, or come up perhaps, recognizing the limitations of their inexperience, and judging their deeds and misdeeds in the light of it. The rule of the rod is past, and inasmuch as the new order of things has brought much happiness into the lives of the little ones, so will a better understanding of the boy nature on the part of parents benefit them immeasurably.

**The Flower.**

Editor of The Progressive Farmer:

The flower teaches us a lesson. Its origin is humble. It is formed of the lowly earth. From a mass of gravel, water and earth it comes forth to fulfill its mission in the world. It bursts a tiny bud or stem from its crusty prison home, and gets its nourishment from the ugly soil. After its appearance above the surface its existence is more pleasant. After a short uneventful growth it reaches maturity. Then comes a pause in the life of the plant. It is preparing for the one great object of life. It pauses for development. The stem and bud form themselves complete; there is a systematic arrangement of the whole. Then the latent and reserve forces are summoned, and in one prepared-for effort it throws out its life and being in lovely, fragrant blossoms.

Oh! how it smiles on a sunny morning as it rocks by the garden wall! I watch them as they sleep in the valleys, rocked in the cradle of the winds; or as they wave on the rocky hills, fed with honey-dew, kissed by the loving sun, and my soul goes out in thankfulness with their grateful odors as they are wafted by the breezes toward the skies!

What a lesson! Lesson of love and generosity which can be learned only in the great school of Nature. These radiant gems of love are the source of great inspiration to the humble lover of nature. By giving their lives to humanity in gentle breathings of fragrance they teach a lesson of sacrificial love that is unexcelled. They teach a lesson of humility to us as they fold their tender petals around their loving hearts at nightfall, and meekly bow-

ing, as if trusting in a Father's care, fall asleep in peaceful slumbers. At morning they wake early to greet the glowing sun and wave their little heads in exultation as they welcome the kisses of the sunbeams, teaching us gratitude. In rising perseveringly from its humble surroundings through successive stages of germ, plant, stem and bud life, and finally bursting in beauteous bloom high above its stern beginnings, and by its worth attracting to itself the honey-seekers and the admiring gaze of the world—it indeed teaches a worthy lesson of success.

W. G. DOZIER.

Nash Co., N. C.

**Twain's Little Joke.**

Bishop William Crosswell Doane, of Albany, recently entertained J. Pierpont Morgan at Northeast Harbor.

Bishop Doane was at one time the rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and the services at this church Mark Twain would occasionally attend. Twain one Sunday played a joke upon the rector.

"Dr. Doane," he said, at the end of the services, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Dr. Doane.

"I have so," said the humorist.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," Twain replied.

And he sent, the next morning, an unabridged dictionary to the rector.—Boston Post.

**Sheer Waste of Money.**

At the Metropolitan Club, of Washington, one evening, Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, had introduced to him a well-known New York business man who is given to boasting of the large income he enjoys.

With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that, as near as he could tell, he supposed his income exceeded \$100,000. "And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, with my expenses, it costs me \$80,000 a year to live!"

"Dear me," said Justice Harlan blandly. "Really, that's too much! I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

For some time past the army regulations have designated "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the National anthem, and army officers have led the way in rising at dinners and on other occasion whenever the air has been played, or removing their hats when it has been played out-of-doors. The Navy Department has now taken the same step, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be officially recognized hereafter in the navy as the National anthem.—Outlook.

Keep your hope in bad times. We have the same sun and sky and stars, the same duties, and the same helper. Hope thou in God.—Dr. Goodell.

**SUNSHINE COLUMN**

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

Mrs. J. M. Ransier, State President. The full address will be given to all who are interested, when only the initials appear in print. Each correspondent should enclose stamp for reply.

**The President's Letter.**

There is so much that is interesting in our foreign correspondence this week, that we will give space to it knowing all will find it interesting, as it gives a glimpse of the Sunshine work in other States, and is part of the business constantly demanding the time and attention of the State President; and while it may not seem to concern us quite so directly as do North Carolina happenings, it is all a part of our great society work. With the holiday season rapidly approaching we will have all we can do to talk about ourselves from now on till Christmas. So let us this week consider a few pleasant things from sister States.

Let me share with you Miss Pitkin's congratulatory letter; she is State Sunshine President for Louisiana. She welcomes the Old North State into the ranks of the Sunshiners and gives us a neighborly handshake. Here it is:

FROM LOUISIANA

September 21, 1903.

"Dear Mrs. Ransier:—Your good letter was whisked up this morning from a number of others that are silent rebukes to my conscience. I have been away several months resting from work and cossetting myself as I never had the time to do before. I congratulate you upon your appointment as President of the North Carolina Division I. S. S. and am sure from the tone of your letter that Mrs. Alden was inspired in so doing. I believe Sunshine will do much for the people of your State, as it does for us; it is really the preparing of the way, such as we were commanded to do, and the golden way of Sunshine will be precious in the eyes of our King when He comes again. Always tell your coadjutants this truth: Good cheer flows back into the heart that sends it forth, and thus does much reflective good. It is the new version of the blessedness of giving.

"Faithfully your friend, in sunshine and shadow,

"HELEN PITKIN,

Louisiana State Pres. I. S. S.

"P. S.—We are to hold a rummage sale in November for our Sunshine Rest Home for working women. Miss Hodgson and I will have special interest in a doll and fancy table. I have written Alice Roosevelt, Julia Marlowe, Cecilia Loftus, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and many other notables for inexpensive dolls dressed by themselves. I am also asking all the State Presidents for a doll from their branches, dressed in the characteristic dress, in so far as a State will admit of "characteristics" of their locality. Will your State branch think of this and send us a

doll with autograph of your own pinned to the doll's dress? H. P."

FROM MISSOURI.

Then from our more western neighbor (who doesn't feel a bit "bigger" than we do, because she's going to have the big World's Fair) comes the following letter from her State President, brilliant with wit and good will, and I will explain that the "steal engravings" enclosed were a long row of postage stamps, for which State headquarters returns many thanks, for it is a decoration that Uncle Sam is just heartless enough to demand on every letter accepted for transportation within his jurisdiction. So it is a very necessary factor indeed in transmitting Sunshine and good cheer. So that every stamp that becomes a North Carolina Sunshine stamp does much to further the work in our State.

"St. Louis, Oct. 3, 1903.

"My Dear Mrs. Ransier:—Permit me to most cordially welcome you to this glorious Sunshine army that is sweeping through our land, spreading the gospel of smiles and carrying "good cheer" to lonely hearts and homes. The work is charming and is very absorbing (especially of postage stamps). I enclose a tiny ray of Missouri Sunshine, and a few steel engravings that may assist in carrying sunshine on its way. Many thanks for The Progressive Farmer. It is a delightful addition to our Sunshine literature, and is brimful of good cheer. If I can assist you in any way be sure I will do so. I'm always ready to lend a hand.

Faithfully yours,

"CATALINA W. TROWBRIDGE,

"Pres. Mo. Div. I. S. S."

**A MEMORIAL TO "BILL NYE"**

The erection of a monument at Bill Nye's grave, which is between Asheville and Hendersonville, is under the management of the North Carolina Division of the I. S. S., and as Mrs. Nye expresses it: "It is appropriate that the Sunshiners should do this in memory of the man who did so much to cheer his fellow-man."

Next week full information in regard to the movement will be given in this department.

\* \* \*

Among the lady readers of our Progressive Farmer are many kind hearts. Will you not join our North Carolina Sunshine ranks and give your name to swell the number of those who are trying to bring happiness into homes and hearts? Come, help us to

"Scatter sunshine all along over the way,  
To cheer and bless and brighten every passing day."

Miss C., of Iredell County, writes us, "I was so glad to see a Sunshine Column in The Progressive Farmer. My cousin takes that paper, and I can 'pass' it on to other farmers." Then she adds, "I hope you will tell me of anything I can do," and inside the letter are ten shining red stamps.

Letters like these are indeed sunbeams to headquarters.

\* \* \*

If you have any "cheer" in the way of books, magazines, newspapers, or anything else that you do not need, that may brighten some one else's life, send it in or write either to Sunshine Branch Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C., or write direct to the State President I. S. S.,

MRS. J. M. RANSIER.

Hendersonville, N. C.