

THE HOME CIRCLE

Flotsam.*

Last night we stood together Thought and I
And watched the stormy tide of Time rise high
Upon the Old Year's shore. What wrecks were
there!

A thousand tender memories,—the air
Was full of their rich fragrance, as they lay
In heaps upon the strand,—and pictures gay
We saw of homes we once had known; of sunset
skies

That we had looked upon with lover's eyes.
Yea more,—portraits we saw that once had hung
On the heart's sacred walls, and some were young,
And other some now wore the scars of age,—
Brave souls, and true, whose simple word was gage
Of loyalty.

Nor was that all we saw
Through mists of tears. Blown by the night wind
raw,

Full many a plan that rode the sea full sail
With hope aboard, lay at our feet dashed by the
gale.

And shall we gather them, and treasure them,
And spend the fleeting hours in vain regret
For them? Nay, let them go, though eyes be wet
That watch them break!

Life lies before us still
And faith and courage, and a cheerful will.
—O'H.

A Useful List of Books for Children.

A strong bond for holding a family together is the habit of reading aloud for an hour or two several evenings during the week. Information should not be the object of such reading, but culture in one of its finest forms will be gained, if the best books are chosen. Boys and girls who have been studying the greater part of the day should either read or have read to them books interesting, amusing or pathetic. Books of travel, well written, biographies of interesting persons, historical and literary essays by men of letters all afford delightful reading. Among the best books for children are the following: "Gulliver's Travels," "Alice in Wonderland," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," "The Arabian Nights," "The Water Babies," "Tanglewood Tales," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "The Jungle Book," "Aesop's Fables," "Uncle Remus," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," and the Waverley Novels.—From an article on Reading for Children, by Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, in the March Delineator.

Rural Calls by Telephone.

In his article on "Life in the Corn Belt" in the December World's Work, Prof. T. N. Carver of Harvard University, gives the following illustration of how rural calls are made by telephone:

First Female Voice: Is that you, Sarah?

Second F. V.: No; we're just through breakfast.

First F. V.: Have you got your dishes washed yet?

Second F. V.: No; ye're just through breakfast.

First F. V.: What did you have for breakfast?

Second F. V.: Fried mush and eggs, and pork, and—say, what did you have?

First F. V.: Oh, we had graham gems! We're going to have roasting ears for dinner.

Third F. V. (breaking in; evidently some one else is listening, too): So are we.

Second F. V.: Ours aren't ripe yet.

Third F. V.: We've got lots. Send Sammy over after them and I'll give you some.

Fourth F. V. (another listener): "Say, Mary, how is the baby?"

First F. V.: Not very well. He is teething.

Fourth F. V.: Have you tried that medicine I gave you?

First F. V.: Not yet.

Fifth F. V. (still another listener): Say, Florence says she is going to have old Ben's tail docked. (Universal gigglement. This is evidently

a neighborhood joke, intelligible only to the initiated.)

Third F. V.: Say, next Sunday's quarterly meeting. Who is going to have the elder for dinner? (I do not think that she meant that there were cannibals in the neighborhood.)

Fourth F. V.: He has promised to come to our house.

And so the conversation ran on for ten or fifteen minutes; and I predict that the opportunity for just such neighborhood visiting by telephone will do more to break up the retiring habit among farmers than any other agency now at work.

In Anticipation of Spring.

In an editorial which appears the middle of February it seems a little early to talk of Spring, and yet every lively minded individual is already beginning to look for signs. Sometimes on a thawy day there comes a breath out of the Southland which sets one's blood tingling with anticipation. One knows that it is now only a matter of days until one may listen confidently for the faint homesick note of the bluebird dropping out of a clouded sky; and of a few days more until the advent of the early flowers, when Spring shall have made her feet beautiful in the woodland and upon the mountain.

Many are the enjoyments of the coming season, many are its rewards. The body and the spirit join in a rejuvenescence whatever the attitude of the mind. But it is better to be wholly in accord with the new life stirring in the world. Certainly there is no better way to get in tune with the season than to take an active interest in its manifestations, to be wisely curious about the secrets of Nature. You will find that Spring will come to you with double meaning if you use some method in looking for her. Do not let the birds and the flowers be a mere meaningless concourse—a procession without head or end. Learn to know them and the times of their coming. Thoreau made a boast that, if suddenly awakened from a long sleep, he could tell the day of the month and almost the hour of the day by the aspect of Nature in his Concord woods. You cannot do that, but you can add greatly to your pleasures and your interests by taking up the study of animated Nature, by considering the flowers of the field. Of all times of the year, now is the season to open Nature's book. Watch for the bluebirds and the robins. Learn to know the cry of the killdeer and the soft note of the phoebe, and then go on to observe their nesting-times and habits. The woods are twice as interesting if you can name the flowers and if you know the months in which to expect them. It is very easy to learn all these things. Time, patience, a pair of sharp eyes, persistency—lend these things out, and the returns are great. You can't have a better hobby.—Woman's Home Companion.

John Sharp Williams, Leader.

In a Washington hotel one day, John Sharp Williams found himself one of a group which was lionizing Collis P. Huntington. The great man was enjoying his favorite relaxation from business cares; he was telling again the secret of his success, beginning with that famous first dollar that he saved.

"I made one rule early in life, and I have always kept it," he said. "I never allow pleasure to interfere with work."

"I prefer never to allow work to interfere with pleasure. So you will excuse me now," said Williams and withdrew.

The Democratic leader sits in the centre aisle, well back under the shadow of the gallery. His slight figure seems unimpressive beside that of the robust Payne, the Republican leader. His linen is as fleckless as any Southern gentleman's. If otherwise he is not careless about his clothes, he is at least careful not to appear too tidy.

Changing styles do not affect the old-fashioned standing collar with the wide opening at the throat and his little black tie. The tie is never securely in a bow, and when it falls down some intuition seems to remind him of the fact and he ties it up loosely again, just as he would adjust his spectacles.

"Williams is always in fatigue dress, but his mind is always on active service," said a fellow member. "If I ever see that tie in a tight bow I am going to break a lance with him. I believe he might lose his temper, then."—Collier's Weekly.

Andrew Carnegie's Advice.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a recent address before a graduating class in New York, gave some excellent advice to the young men on how to attain success in life. Among other good things, he said:

"There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all their duty, there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more.

"There are many great pianists, but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is little more than that that wins. So it is with the young and old men who do a little more than their duty.

"No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Don't bother about the future. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself."

The Care of the Body Should Have Our Attention

Editors Progressive Farmer:

As the columns of The Progressive Farmer are open for suggestions and criticism, I write to make a suggestion. Perhaps two-thirds of Adam's race have never learned to eat and take proper care of the body which God has given them. They gulp down the food they eat in chunks and lumps without properly masticating the same. They pour into their stomachs great quantities of water, milk, coffee—and some of them the soul-destroying stuff called whiskey—as if their stomachs were tanks made of iron or steel. And when the over-taxed stomach can bear no more and diseases set in, the doctor is called in. With all his skill and medicine, if the person dies, his friends will call it a case of Divine Providence, when in reality, it is self-murder, ignorantly committed. Mr. Editor, we need line upon line and precept upon precept on the subject of hygiene. I have been a constant reader of The Progressive Farmer almost ever since it had an existence. I look upon it as my friend, and I feel that I would be very ungrateful if I failed to appreciate what my friend was striving to teach me, to-wit: How to better my condition as a farmer.

Yours for success,

D. C. ADER.

Davidson Co., N. C.

The genial candidate is again abroad in the land and we are glad to see him. His greeting is full of kindness and good cheer and his hearty hand-shake is always on tap. And there are a good many of him this year. There's this about candidates: the dear people take to them all just as they take to pretty girls. But, you know, as fond as men are of pretty girls in general, they usually wind up their flirtations by settling down with one in particular—and they usually know which one they want a long time before they get her.—Gastonia Gazette.

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* This is No. 15 of a series of North Carolina Poems selected especially for The Progressive Farmer by the Editor.