

Simplicity, System and Poise

These Are the Three Essentials in Perfecting Home Life and Making It Beautiful

By Mrs. Eurlon Smith

SOMEONE has said, "The greatest hour of life is the present." We can find a whole system of practical philosophy embedded in that simple remark—a philosophy which will take us straight to the heart of the question before us. If life is to mean anything for us besides futile regret and restless longing, we must make it mean that something in the present. We must make it beautiful in the passing hour, and when I say that I believe the three essentials of a perfecting home life are simplicity, system and poise, I intend the reply to stand the test of this philosophy in its broadest application. I intend to affirm that simplicity, system and poise in the home will not only make the passing hour beautiful there, but that the results will push beyond the walls of home and carry good into the great seething social life outside.

Truth, sympathy, self-control, organizing ability—these are some of the qualities needed to attain Simplicity, System and Poise in the home; and will not such qualities serve, not only to perfect home life, but to evolve a spirit of the highest citizenship in the individual?

To attain simplicity is to solve nine-tenths of the difficulties that now fret and furrow the surface of our daily life. Why is it the days are never long enough, our strength barely equal or utterly unequal to the demands upon us, and the life of the hour so proverbially intense and over-strenuous? Why is it, with the enormous advance in convenience brought about by community life (water supply, drainage, lights, public sanitary service, and often heat) and the strides in mechanical inventions, why is it that with all this marvelous tribute of inventive genius, peace and repose seem to have fled with the beautiful old New England kitchen, and the plantation days of the dear "Old South"? Why is it that all of these things, intended to simplify, seem only to complicate life? Please understand that in asking this question I am not degrading the complexities of modern life, nor sighing for the simplicity of the stage coach and the town pump, rather than the railroad and the water supply! All life advances from the simple to the complex, a man is a more complex and higher form or organism than a fish, society is a more complex and higher form or organism than a physical man. The trouble lies not in the complexities but in us. What we need is not to do away with the complexities but to master them—not to return to the simpler forms of social and economic life, but to meet the higher, more complex forms with distinct ideals and well-defined standards in which the spirit of simplicity is dominant.

In operating the house plant, the division of the income, the question of domestic service—in all these matters and methods the spirit of simplicity will define our standards and lead us to outline a system, and system will help us to attain simplicity. And if over all and through all there be felt poise in the executive officer of this home, we may be sure of our ideal. Simplicity, system and poise will surely operate to elevate the whole atmosphere and quality of the home. They will bring about repose, without which the individual home has no excuse for existence—beauty which educates and inspires and that "sacred flame of joy which throws a dazzling light over life."

English Interest in Politics

By Edward Porritt

WIDESPREAD popular interest in politics in England can be dated at least as far back as the American Revolution. For more than a century this interest was intensified by each new agitation for parliamentary reform, and with each extension of the parliamentary and municipal franchise, extensions of the franchise, of necessity, involved the creation of some machinery for parliamentary and municipal elections. But the machinery has not become so intricate or so elaborate as to overshadow the elections, and the questions and principles at issue in parliamentary or municipal contests.

There has not grown up in England, as has long existed in this country, one small and interested class exclusively intent on working the electoral machinery, and another and enormously larger class, much more loosely held together, which does little more than march to the polls to vote for the men whom the smaller and more interested class—really the governing class—have nominated for election. Hence the wholly different meaning of the word politician in this country and in England. In this country my understanding of the word politician is a man who is closely, continuously, and actively concerned in the working of the machine, or who holds an office, or is a perpetual candidate either for elective or appointive office. The word has no such narrow significance in England. It implies a man or woman who is interested in political questions and principles; who is a student of politics in this wider sense.—From the Atlantic.

Night

By Ramsey Eenson

W ITH as much truth as felicity, doubtless, Milton speaks of "the reign of chaos and old night." But that was long ago. Since then chaos has much declined in importance until now, only for the condition of the Democratic party, it would scarcely be known.

Night, on the other hand, has steadily grown more influential and popular, to the end that in our time its raisons d'être are both many and vital. To mention only the chief of these:

The richest women frequently look best by night. Nothing, perhaps, is so satisfactorily turned into day, where one has a notion to be a good fellow.

It is the prior fact to nighties, as is shown by the testimony of travelers, who assure us that in the land of the midnight sun, where there is no night, the nightie is unknown except as it has been brought in by missionaries.

Night is night, wherever you find it. The fact that One Thousand and One Arabian Nights are no more, in effect, than Ten Nights in a Barroom with us, is nothing to the contrary. We simply live that much faster than the Arabs.—From Life.

One More Chance.

One day the office boy went to the editor of "The Soaring Eagle" and said:

"There's a tramp at the door, and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find how he does it we can run this paper for another week."—Illustrated Bits.

In the Race Suicide Zone.

Mrs. Dyer—Have you had any experience in taking care of children?

Applicant—No, ma'am. Heretofore I've only worked for the best families.—Puck.

New York city's new penitentiary, planned for Rikers' Island will be the largest in the world, and will accommodate 2,000 men and 500 women.

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette,
There is no one left to love me now,
And you too may forget;
But my heart will be with you,
Wherever you may go.
Can you look me in the face
And say the same, Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red,
And the beautiful cockade,
Oh! I fear you will forget
All the promises you've made:
With your arm upon your shoulder,
And your hand on my wife,
You'll be taking some proud lady
—And be making her your bride.
You'll be taking some proud lady
—And be making her your bride.

Or when glory leads the way,
You'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you: that
My happiness is gone;
If you win the day, perhaps,
A general you'll be.
Tho' I'm proud to think of that,
What will become of me?
Oh! if I were Queen of France,
Or still better, Pope of Rome,
I would have no fighting men ahead,
No weeping maids at home.
All the world should be at peace,
Or if kings must show their might,
Why let them who make the quarrels
Be the only men to fight;
Yes, let them who make the quarrels
Be the only men to fight.

—Charles Jefferies.

THE NEW BOY.

By MARY HUBBARD HOWELL.

It was a bright autumn morning. The fall term of St. Rudolph's School had begun on Wednesday; now it was Saturday, and the boys had a long holiday before them. Out on the playground Tom Hadden—a new boy who had only arrived the night before—was standing by himself, and looking about with the curious but sober eyes of a boy who felt as if he were in a new world, and who was as yet extremely doubtful as to his chances for happiness in that world.

"Hello, Tom Hadden; is that you?" some one called suddenly.

Tom's gloomy face brightened, and he turned eagerly toward a group of boys near him, who were talking and laughing in the manner so expressive at once of good comradeship and much self-importance, that always marks the old boys at the beginning of a new school year. Tom knew several of those boys; he had met them during the summer vacations, and their greetings now were so hearty that in a few minutes he quite forgot that he was that forlorn creature, a strange boy in a large school; and he gladly accepted an invitation to join his new friends in a tramp over the hills to a village some miles from St. Rudolph's. In high spirits they set out; the hills were crossed and early in the afternoon they reached the village.

"Now for Cruger's," shouted several of the boys, and they led the way to a saloon and boisterously pushed open the door.

Tom held back. He did not like the appearance of the place.

"What are we going in here for?" he asked.

"For a spread, of course," one of the boys explained. "They cook great dinners here; come on."

Tom was quite ready for a "spread," and willingly followed the boys into a little back room where the saloon proprietor assured them they would be undisturbed. Their dinner of oysters and beefsteak was soon served, and thoroughly enjoyed by the hungry boys; then a dessert of fruit, cake, and pie was ordered, and when the last crumb of the last cake had disappeared and the waiter had removed the dishes from the table, Frank Jones, their acknowledged leader, said gayly: "Now, fellows, before we go, we'll have a loving cup."

"A loving cup; what's that?" Tom asked of the boy nearest him.

"You needn't be afraid of it, it won't hurt you; it's only beer," the boy answered.

"Beer? I don't want any," and Tom pushed back his chair.

"Sit still; you can't go yet," Frank Jones said, and at that moment the waiter returned with the black beer bottles.

Amid shouts of laughter the corks were drawn, and then one of the boys started the song:

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand of thine,
And we'll take a right guid wille-
wought—

"No, no," Tom Hadden shouted, "this is wrong. I will not drink. Let me go."

The boys stopped singing. "So you are a kill-sport, are you?" one of them said scornfully.

"No, no," Tom cried, "but I can't drink. Let me go."

The beer was foaming in their glasses, but the boys left it untouched while they stared at Tom.

"You are a fool, Tom," one of said. "What harm can a glass of beer do you?"

"Come, Tom," coaxed another, "don't make a row about nothing; be a man and drink your beer."
"I won't," Tom said sharply. "Let me go."

"We aren't quite ready to let you go yet," Frank Jones said angrily. "You are a pretty fellow to kill sport in this way; and now if you don't drink you shall give us a temperance lecture. If it is wrong to drink beer you shall tell us why. Come, boys, pay attention. You will now listen to an address on temperance from the eloquent orator, Thomas Hadden."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted the boys, and then one of them called: "Stand him up on the table."

"Up with you," cried two of the strongest boys, as they seized Tom, and, unable to resist, he was forced to mount the table. With a crimson face and something suspiciously like tears in his eyes, he faced his tormentors.

"I can't, boys," he faltered. "I can't talk to you."

"More shame to you, then, for spoiling our fun," growled one of the boys. "Come, you needn't think we'll let you off. If you won't drink beer you shall give us some good reason for not drinking it. That's only fair. Come, be quick and begin."

Tom Hadden waited a moment. Once or twice he swallowed hard, as he breathed fast. Suddenly he threw back his head and straightened himself.

"Boys," he said, in a clear voice, "I will tell you a story—a true story—a story that belongs to my own life."

"All right," said Frank Jones, but something in Tom's face made the other boys watch him in silence.

"Boys," Tom went on, in a tender, pathetic voice, "I knew a little boy once who had a beautiful home. He had a kind father and mother, and he loved them so much that he could never tell which he loved best. Boys, that little boy's father had always been a good man; but once, when he wasn't well, the doctor ordered him to drink beer, and he began to drink it, and—Tom's voice was thrilling in its emphasis now—he soon began to drink stronger things; and there came a time when that little boy's home was so changed from the lovely place it once was that it seemed as if a fiend must live there. That little boy heard his father rave and curse like a madman—and he was mad, for rum made him so—and he saw—oh, boys, to his dying hour he will remember it—he saw his mother struck down by his drunken father's hand."

There was a dead silence in that little room. The beer had ceased to foam, but not a boy had tasted it, or noticed it.

"Boys," Tom's thrilling voice went on, "that little boy is a large boy now, and he is almost alone in the world, for his father and mother are both dead, and now he has no home. Do you wonder?"—and no boy who heard it ever forgot the pathos of Tom's tone—"do you wonder, boys, that standing by his mother's grave that boy looked up to Heaven, and solemnly vowed never while he lived, to touch or taste the drink that had made a madman of his father, ruined his home, and broken his mother's heart."

Tom ceased, and for a moment not a boy stirred.

"You will let me go, now," he said, as he jumped down from his high place, and started for the door; and then with one impetuous rush, the boys gathered around him.

"Tom," Frank Jones said, "you are a hero. Why, I think you are braver than a soldier. I am proud of you, and I would do just like you if I were in your place." The boy stopped; a new thought had come to him. He looked around on his companions.

"Boys," he said earnestly, "it seems to me that what I would do if I were in Tom's place, I had better do now in my own place."

Perhaps the head master of St. Rudolph's was never in his long life more happily surprised than he was that evening, when six of his oldest and most influential boys called on him and asked to sign the temperance pledge.

Years have passed since that evening, and to-day those boys are mature men and widely parted; but they have never forgotten Tom's story, and through all the trials and temptation of manhood, with God's help, they have kept their pledge.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Payment in Kind.

The editor of the Trevorton (Pa.) Times seems to be plentifully supplied with everything for the winter except money. In a recent editorial we read: "We have taken wood, potatoes, corn, eggs, butter, onions, cabbage, chickens, stone, lumber, labor, sand, calico, sauerkraut, second-hand clothing, coon skins, scrap iron, shoe pegs, raw hides, chinquepins, tanbark, dogs, sorghum, seed, sawdust and wheat straw on subscription, and now a man wants to know if we would send the paper for six months for a large owl. We have no precedent for refusing, and if we can find a man who is out of an owl and wants one, we'll do it."—London Globe.

The value of pearl shells taken from the American rivers last season totaled \$500,000.



PIE PLANT HYBRID.

Pie plant or rhubarb is a perennial of the same family as the common dock. The present varieties are hybrids, or the result of the work of the plant breeder in crossing.

CARE OF TREES.

Do not forget the trees set out last spring. If the season is dry they may die for lack of water unless you see to it that they are artificially watered. Make a little hollow at the base of the tree and frequently pour it full of water. This may save the life of the tree.—Farmers' Home Journal.

LOOK AFTER THE ORCHARD.

The orchard that is not looked after will be a failure. We have seen orchards that have been planted by proxy by city men who evidently expected to make a great fortune out of them. But their end came as a result of being overrun by grass, caterpillars and scales.—Farmers' Home Journal.

APPLES WANTED IN EUROPE.

Large receivers and distributors of fruit in London, Liverpool and Hamburg, in letters to the American Agriculturist, are unanimous in the opinion that there is a good market abroad for high class American apples. Fine looking red fruit is demanded by both English and German consumers. The English crop, according to all accounts, is not as satisfactory as early reports indicated, there being a scarcity of choice apples. Furthermore, these European crops are always largely out of the way by the time our winter season for shipping is well on. Germany is in a similar position, having a large home crop of common apples and offerings from near-by countries. What is demanded is the finer grades of large red apples, which make a good appearance and also have the right flavor. With reference to further shipments of choice apples these dealers are of the opinion that a good market will prevail.

THE CARE OF CANNAS.

A denizen of the moist swamps of the tropics, the canna, in order to do its best, needs not only sunshine and water, but moist air. Without a lawn spray this cannot very well be supplied, and even when it is the purpose is not always completely answered. It is possible, nevertheless, for any one, who will take sufficient pains with them, to grow cannas satisfactorily in almost any spot or place. A good way, when the plants are taken up in the fall, is to topdress the bed with well rotted manure to make it rich for the next season. If no manure, otherwise, is applied until spring, it should be exceedingly fine.

While growing it is also beneficial to use on the bed a liberal mulch of well rotted manure. This will keep the roots cool, and at the same time if watered daily be a constant source of moisture to the air lying immediately over the bed. Planted with other flowers in the centre of the bed helps to keep the cannas more moist if plenty of water is only applied.—American Cultivator.

BAGGING GRAPES.

When grapes are bagged at an early stage there is hardly any work in the fruit line that pays better than it does. It practically assures a perfect bunch to every one so treated. The time to bag them is just as soon as the flowering is over. Many insects and blights are not long in finding out a bunch of grapes, and though a week or two after flowering would be soon enough, in all probability, it is better to do the work as soon as the flowers fade. Almost everyone is familiar with the length of a bunch of grapes, and in bagging, all one has to do is to place the bunch inside of a bag of sufficient length, give the mouth of the bag a folding or twisting together and then pinning the mouth and the work is done, and the bunch is safe. With the closing and fastening of the mouth of the bag it both excludes fungous germs and all insects, both of which pests destroy whole crops often where not molested, says Practical Farmer.

When the fruit is taken from the bags when ripe it presents a beautiful appearance. The berries are covered with bloom, much more so than the best bunches which are produced without them. In many districts more grapes are destroyed by an insect that lays its eggs on the fruit, which later produce a maggot which destroys the berry. Usually such an attack is not confined to a berry or two, but takes every berry on a bunch. Bagging gets over all such troubles, and unless to preserve the foliage from blight, no spraying of any kind is required. The common paper bags, such as grocers use, are quite good enough for bagging purposes.