

The Old Home.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house
by a tree;
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will
not let me be.
In boyhood I knew them, and still they
call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear
them, and my eyes
Through tear mists behold them beneath
the old-time skies,
Mid bee boom and rose bloom and
orchard lands arise.

I hear them, and heartsick with longing
is my soul,
To walk there, to dream there, beneath
the sky's blue bowl;
Around me, within me, the weary world
made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the
long ago;
To whisper the wood-wind of things we
used to know,
When we were old companions, before
my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its
rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide, lulled in
its heart of gold;
To lie with the night time and dream the
dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees and to each
listening leaf
The longing, the yearning, as in my
boyhood brief:
The old hope, the old love, would ease
me of my grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old
house by the tree;
The wild wood, the wild brook—they
will not let me be.
In boyhood I knew them, and still they
call to me.—Madison Cawein.

The New Story.

We are pleased to announce that by special arrangements with the publishers, we have secured the serial rights for the publication of "PETER, A STORY OF WHICH HE IS NOT THE HERO," by the well-known author, F. Hopkinson Smith. Although not the hero, Peter is the central figure of the story, a delightful old gentleman of high ideals, and the fine manners and true courtesy which come from forgetfulness of self and consideration of others. We can recommend this story to our readers as distinctly worth while. The first installment will appear in our issue of July 2nd.

Browsings Among the Books.

THE DAILY FRICTION.

(From "The Human Machine," by Arnold Bennett.)

It is with common daily affairs that I am now dealing, not with heroic enterprises, ambitions, martyrdoms. Take the day, the ordinary day in the ordinary house or office. Though it comes seven times a week, and is the most banal thing imaginable, it is quite worth attention. How does the machine get through it? Ah! the best that can be said of the machine is that it does get through it, somehow. The friction, though seldom such as to bring matters to a standstill, is frequent—the sort of friction that, when it occurs in a bicycle, is just sufficient to annoy the rider, but not sufficient to make him get off the machine and examine the bearings. Occasionally the friction is very loud, indeed, disturbing,

and at rarer intervals it shrieks, like an omnibus brake out of order. You know those days when you have the sensation that life is not large enough to contain the household or the office staff, when the business of intercourse may be compared to the manoeuvres of two people who, having awakened with a bad headache, are obliged to dress simultaneously in a very small bedroom. "After you with that towel!" in accents of bitter, grinding politeness. "If you could kindly move your things off this chair!" in a voice that would blow brains out if it were a bullet. I venture to say that you know those days, "But," you reply, "such days are few. Usually ——" Well, usually, the friction, though less intense, is still proceeding. We grow accustomed to it. We scarcely notice it, as a person in a stuffy chamber will scarcely notice the stuffiness. But the deteriorating influence, due to friction goes on, even if unperceived. And one morning we perceived its ravages—and write a letter to the Telegraph to inquire whether life is worth living, or whether marriage is a failure, or whether men are more polite than women. The proof that friction, in various and varying degrees, is practically continuous in most households lies in the fact that when we chance on a household where there is no friction we are startled. We can't recover from the phenomenon. And in describing this household to our friends we say: "They get on so well together," as if we were saying: "They have wings and can fly! Just fancy! Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Ninety per cent. of all daily friction is caused by tone—mere tone of voice. Try this experiment. Say, "Oh, you little darling, you sweet pet, you entirely charming creature!" to a baby or a dog; but roar these delightful epithets in the tone of saying: "You

tainly the attitude, so far as friction goes, is more important than the thought. Your wife may say to you: "I shall buy that hat I spoke to you about." And you may reply, quite sincerely, "As you please." But it will depend on your tone whether you convey, "As you please. I am sympathetically anxious that your innocent caprices should be indulged." Or whether you convey, "As you please. Only don't bother me with hats. I am above hats. A great deal too much money is spent in this house on hats. However, I'm helpless!" Or whether you convey, "As you please, heart of my heart, but if you would like to be a nice girl, go gently. We're rather tight." I need not elaborate. I am sure of being comprehended.

As tone is the expression of attitude, it is, of course, caused by attitude. The frictional tone is chiefly due to that general attitude of blame which I have already condemned as being absurd and unjustifiable. As, by constant watchful discipline, we gradually lose this silly attitude of blame, so the tone will of itself gradually change. But the two ameliorations can proceed together, and it is a curious thing that an agreeable tone, artificially and deliberately adopted, will influence the mental attitude almost as much as the mental attitude will influence the tone. If you honestly feel resentful against someone, but, having understood the foolishness of fury, intentionally mask your fury under a persuasive tone, your fury will at once begin to abate. You will be led into a rational train of thought; you will see that after all the object of your resentment has a right to exist, and that he is neither a doormat nor a scoundrel, and that anyhow nothing is to be gained, and much to be lost, by fury. You will see that fury is unworthy of you.

ness, sympathy, and respect for another immortal soul would imply deplorable weakness on your part? You say that your happiness does not depend on every person whom you happen to speak to. Yes, it does. Your happiness is always dependent on just that person. Produce friction, and you suffer. Idle to argue that the person has no business to be upset by your tone! You have caused avoidable friction, simply because your machine for dealing with your environment was suffering from pride, ignorance, or thoughtlessness. You say I am making a mountain out of a mole-hill. No! I am making a mountain out of ten million mole-hills. And that is what life does. It is the little but continuous causes that have great effect. I repeat, Why not deliberately adopt a gentle, persuasive tone—just to see what the results are? Surely you are not ashamed to be wise. You may smile superiorly as you read this. Yet you know very well that more than once you have resolved to use a gentle and persuasive tone on all occasions, and that the sole reason why you had that fearful shindy yesterday with your cousin's sister-in-law was that you had long since failed to keep your resolve. But you were of my mind once, and more than once.

What you have to do is to teach the new habit to your brain by daily concentration on it; by forcing your brain to think of nothing else for half an hour of a morning. After a time the brain will begin to remember automatically. For, of course, the explanation of your previous failures is that your brain, undisciplined, merely forgot at the critical moment. The tone was out of your mouth before your brain had waked up. It is necessary to watch, as though you were a sentinel, not only against the wrong tone, but against the other symptoms of the attitude of blame, such as the frown. It is necessary to regard yourself constantly, and in minute detail. You lie in bed for half an hour and enthusiastically concentrate on this beautiful new scheme of the right tone. You rise, and because you don't achieve a proper elegance of necktie at the first knotting, you frown and swear and clench your teeth! There is a symptom of the wrong attitude towards your environment. You are awake, but your brain isn't. It is in such a symptom that you may judge yourself. And not a trifling symptom either! If you will frown at a necktie, if you will use language to a necktie which no gentleman should use to a necktie, what will you be capable of to a responsible being? Yes, it is very difficult. But it can be done.

Children and Liberty.

(By Mrs. W. E. Hopkins.)

The sentiment which now prompts this article must, I think, have been one of the first of my many revolutionary sensations, for I remember giving it defiant expression when but a little maid of nine or thereabouts. "When I have babies," I told my mother while reprovingly watching her mummify a new baby brother in yard-long, swaddling clothes, "I shall not tie up their poor little legs and body like that."

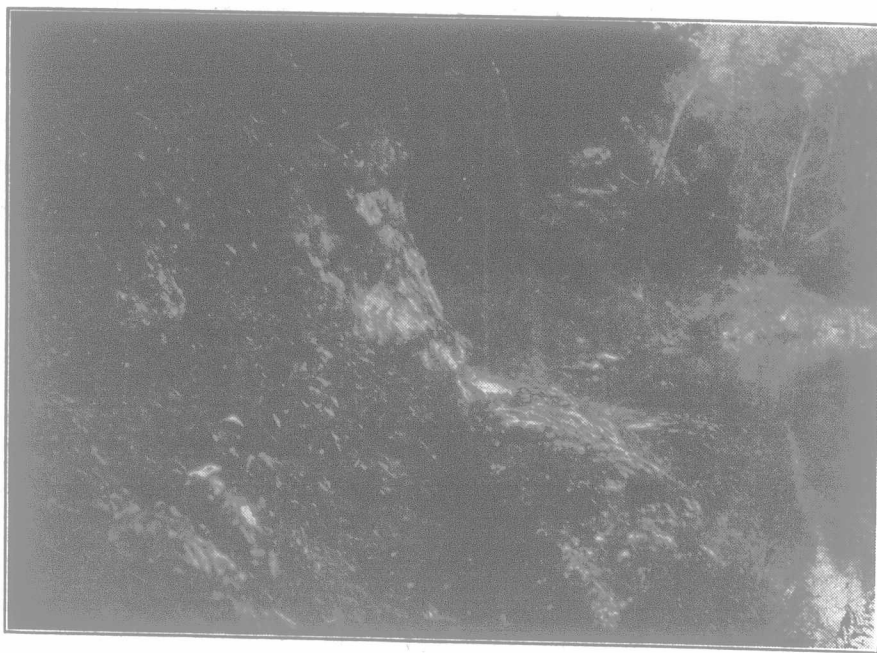
"Then your babies will grow up with bow-legs and crooked backs," my mother rebuked sternly.

"But my back is crooked, and sister Lou has bow-legs," I argued. "Did you think 't was'n't worth while to roll up baby girls Mummie?"

"Such a child!" exclaimed my mother irritably. "Of course not, silly."

"But then," I persisted, "why have I a crooked back?"

"Or a busy tongue?" snapped my mother impatiently. "I know that I



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infernal little nuisance! If I hear another sound I'll break every bone in your body!" The baby will infallibly whimper, and the dog will infallibly mouch off. True, a dog is not a human being, neither is a baby. They cannot understand. It is precisely because they cannot understand and articulate words that the experiment is valuable; for it separates the effect of the tone from the effect of the words spoken. He who speaks, speaks twice. His words convey his thought, and his tone conveys his mental attitude towards the person spoken to. And cer-

Do you remember the gentleness of the tone which you employed after the healing of your first quarrel with a beloved companion? Do you remember the persuasive tone which you used when you wanted to obtain something from a difficult person on whom your happiness depended? Why should not your tone always combine these qualities? Why should you not carefully school your tone? Is it beneath you to ensure the largest possible amount of your own "way" by the simplest means? Or is there at the back of your mind that peculiarly English and German idea that polite-