



### My Mother's Garden

Her heart was like her garden,  
Old-fashioned, quaint and sweet,  
A wealth of buds and blossoms  
Hid in a still retreat.

Sweet violets of sympathy  
Were always opening there,  
And lilies white and pure unclosed,  
Each one a whispered prayer.

Forget-me-nots there lingered  
To late perfection brought,  
And there bloomed purple pansies  
In many a tender thought.

There Hope's first snowdrops took  
deep root,  
And flowered because they must;  
There Love's own roses reached to-  
wards heaven  
On trellises of trust.

And in that quiet garden—  
The garden of her heart—  
Songbirds built nests, and caroled  
Their songs of cheer apart.

And from it still floats back to us,  
O'ercoming sin and strife,  
Sweet as the breath of roses blown,  
The fragrance of her life.

### Then and Now

We hear old folks tell about the  
good old days when they were young.  
To some there is no age like the  
time when they were young. The  
crops were larger, the apples sweeter,  
the butter better, the friendships  
dearer. The world was better then;  
life was one sweet song. Sure enough,  
it is natural that with a virgin soil  
and greater economy the crops should  
have been larger than after years of  
soil robbing. It is natural that apple  
trees nourished by a rich soil and  
appetites heightened by pioneering  
with few luxuries, should be sweeter  
than fruit from half starved trees.  
The butter was fine in many cases  
because the housewife set the milk  
from one or two good cows in a  
spring house or root cellar. There  
wasn't much dust blowing those days.  
There wasn't the eternal rush of work  
that caused neglect of details. The cows  
roamed the woods and were clean.  
The old stone churn was kept clean  
and sweet. Of course the butter was  
fine. The risks, the hardships of  
early days drew families together in  
closer friendships than is possible  
now. They were great days.

There is another class who are  
continually fighting against their children  
enjoying any of the advantages  
of the present day. They say they  
got along without much schooling,  
or machinery, or pedigreed stock or  
any of the new-fangled contrivances  
of this day. The good old past was  
good enough for them. What they  
accomplished their children can ac-  
complish without better advantages.  
This argument holds the children from  
fitting themselves to meet worse foes  
than Indians and wild beasts, worse  
obstacles than forests and swamps.

Those who are looking back upon  
the past through the fading twilight

of memory should not forget that  
the children of to-day are facing a  
different life than they faced fifty or  
sixty years ago. The battle of life  
to-day is against intense competition,  
against certain monopolies against  
infertility. The boys need an edu-  
cation that will fit them for this  
struggle. They can't go out with  
an ox team and plow and farm land  
that costs one or two dollars an  
acre. Mind you, the opportunities of  
to-day are as great as they ever were  
but they must be captured by different  
methods than our forefathers em-  
ployed.

### The Language of Flowers

Asters—I am very wealthy.  
Stock—I have been successful in  
Wall Street.  
Phlox—I shear lambs.  
Rubber Plant—I love to look at you.  
Daisy—You're it.  
Burr—I'm stuck on you.  
Oyster Plant—Will you dine with  
me?  
Anise—Cordially yours.  
Cosmos—You're all the world to  
me.  
Marigold—I mean business.  
Poppy—May I speak to your father?  
Orchids—I am extravagant.  
Falm—Will you accept my hand?  
Tuberose—May you die soon.  
Bluebell—I will telephone you.  
Mock Orange Blossoms—I am only  
flirting with you.  
Moon Flowers—I'm just crazy  
about you.

### The Picnic

When we suggest that you give  
your children a picnic, a multitude  
will say—"haven't time. They don't  
need it, anyway." Of course, the chil-  
dren get out doors every day. They  
rump and play at school, and have  
lots of fun while doing their every-  
day work. But it will do the tired  
mother good and the children good  
to get away for a day and run wild.  
A few neighbor women could go to-  
gether some Saturday and take the  
youngest children along to some shady

place in a pasture, by a lake or  
stream, or in the woods. Don't make  
hard work of fussing for the meal.  
Bread and butter and jelly tastes  
mighty good at a picnic. Cookies  
are easily made and carried. Let the  
oldest daughter take the mother's  
place in the home that day so the men  
folks will not grow too much on  
being left out of the fun. Of course  
they will be too busy to go.

A big First of July picnic can be  
enjoyed by all the folks, men as well.  
Remember, it is the monotony of  
work more than the hardness of it,  
that makes the children restless and  
long for another life.

### Old-fashioned Neighborliness

There have been many good things  
that have come to lighten the bur-  
den of the housewife in these days  
of modern ideas and thought, but we  
sometimes wonder if the old soul of  
neighborliness of the old days has  
not been somewhat crowded out. We  
well remember in the long ago of the  
afternoon visits to the neighbor down  
the road, the dropping in for a few  
minutes' chat, taking along the knit-  
ting, perhaps, or the sewing. What  
good times those were. Those talks  
were not of the little tattles of idle  
rumors but rather of common house-  
hold talk that tended to knit closer  
and closer the bond of true neighborly  
spirit. There were the children con-  
ferences that did as much if not more  
to help than the mothers' meet-  
ings of to-day, with their frills and  
fancies. There were the interchange  
of sympathies that drew hearts closer  
together and helped to make things  
brighter. There were the little kind-  
nesses such as gifts of good things  
made from new recipes. The discus-  
sion about the flower beds, the ex-  
change of slips or a division of new  
flower seeds were acts that sounded  
with the ring of true neighborly spirit  
that is too often lacking in our social  
atmosphere to-day. Think about this  
and let us have more of the old-  
fashioned neighborliness of the old  
ways.

## God's Gift—the Air

Now, is there anything that freer  
seems  
Than air, the fresh, the vital, that  
a man  
Draws in with breathings bountiful,  
nor dreams  
Of any better bliss, because he can  
Make over all his blood thereby, and  
feel  
Once more his youth return, his  
muscles steel,  
And life grow buoyant, part of  
God's good plan!

O, how on plain and mountain, and  
by streams  
That shine along their path; o'er  
many a field  
Proud with pied flowers, or where  
sunrise gleams  
In spangled splendors, does the  
rich air yield

Its balsam; yea, how hunter, pioneer,  
Lover, and bard have felt that heaven  
was near

Because the air their spirit touched  
and healed!

And yet—God of the open!—look and  
see

The millions of thy creatures pent  
within

Close places that are foul for one  
clean breath,

Thrilling with health, and hope, and  
purity;

Nature's vast antidote for strain and  
sin.

Life's sweetest medicine, this side  
of death!

How comes it that this largess of  
the sky  
Thy children lack of, till they droop  
and die?