



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 today 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.
Palm—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
romp 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-
dens 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-
sions 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 swangled solendors, 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?