



THE HOME WORLD



We are men and citizens, not by reason of the number of our goods and the pleasures we procure for ourselves, not through our intellectual and artistic culture, nor because of the honors and independence we enjoy, but by virtue of the strength of our moral fibre.—Foster Wagner.

The Man Behind the Hoe

Let no one sing of slanted brow
On him who tills the soil.
The farmer loves the fruitful earth
And loves his daily toil.
'Tis true his back may curve a wee,
By bending over so,
But all his heart is straight and true—
The man behind the hoe.

Let no one sing of narrowed soul
Of him who turns the sod.
'Tis his to breathe the virgin air
And feel the kiss of God.
'Tis his to see the mysteries
Of nature come and go,
The budding plant, the perfect seed—
The man behind the hoe.

'Tis his to feel the spring's first thrill,
With hint of bluebird's wing;
'Tis his to smell the clover sweet
And hear the thrushes sing;
'Tis his to see the meadows wave
Like rippling waters slow,
All sweetest sights and sounds are his—
The man behind the hoe.

'Tis his to watch the springing corn
And feel the freshening rain;
'Tis his to smell the blossoming grape
And see the ripening grain;
'Tis his to pluck the golden yield
From fruit trees bending low—
Why, heaven itself lies all about
The man behind the hoe.

Oh, blessed the man whose lot is cast
Thus close to nature's heart.
What need has he of millions stored
Who of the whole is part?
What need has he of bank or bond
Who works to make things grow?
The only freedom on the globe
Is his behind the hoe.

Attractive Back Yards

NOW that spring is here and housewives are beginning to think of the semi-annual upheaval of household goods, it would be worth their while also to take the back yard into consideration. It is usually a sadly neglected place. Fastidious housekeepers, who never fail to have their cellars and attics cleaned out, often neglect their kitchen yards—or make them a dumping place for all sorts of things. Even in the country the back yard is neglected.

Many a beautiful flower garden is spoiled as far as appearance goes by an unsightly array of tin cans, mop cloths, kindling wood and ashes. Why not pile the kindling wood in a corner, with a screen of lattice work in front of it, or, better yet, in a shed built of latticework that is roomy enough to contain a garbage pail, as well as the ash barrel, rakes, hoes, etc. Over the shed Virginia creepers and other vines can be trained to

grow. The Japanese hop vine is excellent for this purpose, being a most luxuriant climber if it has the sunshine. Sweet peas make a very pretty lattice screen for a small garbage bucket, if a housewife feels that she has it conveniently placed beside the kitchen door. Old mops and brooms can be hidden in a closet kept for the purpose or in a lattice-work shed.

Other things have no rightful place in the back yard, but some women have a passion for saving useless things, with a bare hope of putting them some day to a good purpose, and in consequence they utilize the attic and the back yard as storage places.

In addition to the lattice shed and other utilitarian devices there may be a square bed of herbs placed near the doorway so that the cooks may easily select seasonings for soups and braises. This herb bed can be enlarged, if there is room enough, to include small rows of lettuce, young onions and radishes.

One housekeeping woman who loved flowers had built over her back yard a broad cover or "hood," that reached out completely over the stoop. On either side of the stoop she placed long narrow boxes of geraniums, creeping plants and Japanese hop vines. The vines she fastened over the top to the "hood," thus making a perfect hower in summertime. The door led out into the back yard, which had been transformed under her hands into a "kitchen garden." On this embowered stoop one could shell peas or hull strawberries, away from the oppressive heat of the kitchen. A rustic seat in some quiet, out-of-the-way corner of the kitchen garden near a sheltering

grape-vine or small fruit tree is also an ideal place for such work. Kitchen tasks become a pleasant pastime if performed in the pure outside air among the blossoming plants.

Wanted Some Himself

A travelling agent for a large wholesale grocery house was selling a bill of goods to one of his customers, a grocer in a little village. "Now," he said, "to wind up with, don't you want a few cans of our maple-syrup? You'll find it the best you have ever kept in stock."

"No," said the grocer, "I've got plenty of maple-syrup."

"When did you get it? I don't remember selling you any when I was here on my last trip."

"You didn't. I got this in the country."

"Is it the real stuff?"

"That's what it is. My brother made it in his own camp. He's got five hundred trees."

"I'd like to taste it."

A sample of the country maple-syrup was brought out. He tasted it, and took the grocer to one side.

"Say," he said, in a low tone, "I'm not going back on the strictly pure goods I sell, of course, but I want a gallon of this stuff for my own use."

A Song of Worry

What's the use to sit an' worry if you lose, who into a win?

Kick the worry out the window—let the livin' sunshine in!

Time ain't sighin'!

He's a flyin'!

Worryin' is half a sin!

What's the use to work for worry?

Ain't there any hope in worry?

Kick the worry out the window, in the blizzard an' the night!

Time don't worry!

Too much hurry!

Swifter than an eagle's flight!

What's the use. There ain't a reason,

nor the shadder of a rhyme.

When the worl' rolls on in music, an'

the stars are keepin' time!

Time ain't cryin'!

He's a flyin'!

An' you're on the wings of Time!

Worth Knowing

That a scraping of raw potato, laid upon a soft cloth and bound over sore eyes, will cure them.

That coarse brown wrapping paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead and eyes is good for sick headache.

That powdered borax strewn over places frequented by ants, cockroaches and other vermin will drive these pests away.

That a handful of salt thrown into the tepid water with which straw matting is wiped up, will make it look fresh and clean.

That the yolk of an egg gives richness to the milk you pour over asparagus; beat it well, add butter, salt and pepper as usual.



After her day's work.