

Facts, Fables and Fancies

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

Life's Roses.

Not long ago as my eyes roamed the columns of a newspaper they caught sight of a headline which read thus: "The Enemies of the Rose." The article began—"Be on the lookout for the enemies of the rose. You will have to fight for every fine flower."

The Rose of Summer.

I began to consider how few roses reach the full-blown stage in a perfect condition. We watch and tend them faithfully, but the sly insect will slip in and gnaw out the heart of the fairest and healthiest bud in the night while we are asleep. Then, with the frost and the sun and the probable accidents, it takes an almost Herculean effort to raise perfect roses. Also, barring out the insects and the accidents there is the judicious pruning which counts for a great deal. Last summer while visiting my brother who takes an interest in rose culture I learned that the finest roses grow from the stock that has been pruned most heavily. The object of pruning is to necessitate young growth which sends forth the healthy, perfect bloom.

Comparison.

This warning note about the enemies to the summer's roses is well-chosen and to the point. Suppose we use it in a deeper sense. Let us apply it to life's roses: It was intended by our Creator who planted us in the vineyard of time that we should each one bear some roses as we live and encumber the ground. Fruit we must yield indeed, but in every life there should also be flowering times; times when beauty and fragrance envelop us and make us happy. And as with the summer's roses so with the roses in life; we must watch for the enemies, and must fight for every fine flower.

Fight for Home Jewels.

The roses of the home: the fair budding daughters and promising sons must be guarded by the same Herculean effort with which we guard the summer's rose. Mother lies awake at night and Father's head aches with the planning of the progressive and ever changing line of action which is to save their dear ones from the blight. Mother and Father must watch for the enemies, and with breastplate and armor fight for their "fine flowers," the beautiful daughters and handsome sons or else lose them. The fight of the parents against disease and physical death in behalf of their children is in itself a task. But, how much greater and how much harder to maintain is the fight for character! When I speak of character I do not mean the estimate placed upon a person by his acquaintances, which is sometimes erroneously taken to mean character. I mean that particular brand of soul which distinguishes one person from another, and which alone counts when the final estimate comes. If we might all remember this while we are building, that it is what we are that counts and not what we seem to be or what our friends think us.

The Blight.

Father and Mother's roses in the home are worth guarding and fighting for. If you cannot realize how much, go ask those sorrowing parents where the blight has fallen in the home. Ah, the blight that touches the roses of the home, how deadly its far-reaching and long-abiding influence! It is more cruel than death, more hopeless than the grave. The parents who have lost their fairest bud by physical death are broke and rent with grief, but the light of promise beams alongside of their grief and they may be consoled by the brightest of hopes. Not so with the parents who mourn the loss of their fair flowers by the evil hand of blight upon the soul. Their grief is lonely, deep and hopeless. In death every one with a spark of love or respect for us will express his sympathy in some way so that we are sustained in a measure by it. But, in living trouble—the shadow of death in life, we keep a loof from the sufferer, fearing that we may probe deeper the wound or that we may seem what we are not, that the sufferer may suffer more at knowledge of our observation of the cause of his affliction. This condition adds loneliness to hopelessness and darkness to the depth of woe. If there may be hope of restoration of the erring souls, there is still the scar, the memory, the lost position. They are stationary things and will not fade away or bring.

Deeds of Love.

If there may be hope of restoration of the erring souls, there is still the scar, the memory, the lost position. They are stationary things and will not fade away or bring.

gentle and cheerful as to blossom profusely in our hearts we must fight their enemies. The best way to fight for the heart's roses is to begin "before the various enemies put in an appearance, and keep it up until their season of activity is over." They will skulk away after awhile browbeaten and defeated when they find we are in earnest and that our earnestness is upheld by our strength. The ease with which we can believe ugly things about our neighbors and friends is perhaps the greatest enemy to the love in our hearts. If we might determine to be deliberately tender to all persons however repulsive; as tender as we would be to the person of Christ should we meet Him today on the street in need of our kindness. For "in as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me." Is it not enough to make us kind even against our inclinations when we have assurance that Christ considers a favor to one of the lowest and vilest of human beings a favor unto Himself personally?

Indolence Enemy To Roses.

Slothfulness is selfishness in its most vicious form, the love of physical ease and luxury. When any person delights in the continual relaxation of his muscles, dreading the necessity of contracting them, he is on the road to weakness and downfall. Alexander Dowie, the once noted Zion City leader, lived a gluttonous life being always adverse to exercise and fresh air, never lifting anything so heavy as a book nor suffering a window or door open for fear of a draft. Today he is a physical and mental wreck. His power gone, his glory faded. In the Proverbs of Solomon there are these words: "The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns." All the roses have been blighted, only the thorns remain, and the slothful man's way is through them. Whether physical, mental or spiritual, the conditions are the same. The indolent body generally contains a sluggish mind and a paltry if not a wicked soul. Laziness and grime go together. They are offsprings of the same parent.

That which destroys the heart's roses also lays waste to the roses of the intellect and the soul. And when we trace these enemies down we find that the most grievous are laziness and ignorance. The intellect that is up and doing will blossom into wonderful beauty without exception. The soul that gets understanding has the pure roses of infinite sweetness, and they will bloom here and now, we are not compelled to wait for the last great day to enjoy them.

Physical Beauty.

Many seem to be less anxious about the roses of the mind and soul than they are about those of cheek and lip. The latter is quite a problem to most of us. But I believe, and have reason for my belief, that the roses of cheek and lip after the first flush of girlhood depend wholly upon the roses of mind and heart and soul. They are the reflection of that within us. When we are happy and filled with the zest of life's activity we cannot keep the roses away from our cheeks even if we so will. They are the happy physical token of beautiful flower gardens within where bloom the purest and sweetest of life's roses.

Summary.

If we "watch for the enemies" of life's roses and fight them ere they begin their work we may enjoy the beauty and fragrance of many a "fine flower." I do not believe in long faces or sickly bodies as an indication of worthiness. I believe it is the Divine will for us to have rosy cheeks and to be vigorous just as long as we can. Cheerfulness, peace of mind and newness of spirit must be our constant companions all along the way. But the admonition is, "Watch!"

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

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PRIZE ESSAY.

Written By a Bright Young Pupil of Fayetteville.

The following is another of the essays written for "The American Boy" by North Carolina Public School pupils, and accorded special mention in the contest. The essay was written by Master Leslie G. Bullard, of Fayetteville.

I am proud of North Carolina first of all because it is situated in a country where freedom reigns supreme.

Next, I am proud of North Carolina because of her glorious history. It starts from the time when Sir Walter Raleigh, desiring to carry out the plans of the King and Queen of England to establish colonies in the New World, sent out an exploring party who found "as goodly a land as sun e'er shone upon," to the present time. From the early Colonial days, North Carolina's people have been noted for their bravery, perseverance, and for love of truth and liberty. Her first settlers came from the best people of all Europe. When the oppression of the Royal Governors became almost unendurable, then North Carolina afforded a refuge for those who sought to free themselves from such impositions. In patriotism and heroism North Carolinians rank next to none. When England tried to enforce her tyrannical law North Carolina was one among the first colonies to oppose her, and in the great struggle that followed its soil was saturated with the blood of the heroes who preferred death rather than be subdued by the enemy.

The citizens of North Carolina were the first to disown allegiance to the King having signed a Declaration of Independence (May 20, 1775) more than a year before the other colonies.

Then next, in the beginning of Civil War, North Carolina voluntarily took her stand on the side which she believed was right, and when the Governor called for 20,000 volunteers, the call was promptly responded to with great enthusiasm. In this war a North Carolinian was the first Southern soldier to lose his life.

Again, in the Spanish-American War our own Worth Bagley was the first American officer killed.

Thus it is that North Carolinians, when called upon by their country never shrink from their duty.

I am proud of North Carolina because of the great men she has produced. Among them is the present Governor of our state, who has traveled from town to town over this State and pleaded with the people to stand by him in his attempts to rid this grand old State of one of the greatest evils of the day—the liquor business.

In agriculture North Carolina ranks high. She stands first in the production of fine tobacco. There is hardly a production that grows within the limits of the United States that will not grow in some part of North Carolina. The situation of the State is such that the climate is delightful. While its winters are comparatively cold and its summers hot, yet they are not on the extremes.

The mineral wealth of North Carolina is great. Gold is largely mined in the State and many other metals besides. The corundum mines are the richest in the world. North Carolina is a great manufacturing State. Cotton goods is the principal production. Some of the largest cotton mills in the South are in this State.

In the forest of North Carolina are found many kinds of useful timbers. The oak and pine are shipped in large quantities to the great dockyards of the world.

For all these reasons I am exceedingly proud that I live within the bounds of the "Old North State." I join heartily in the refrain of the words of the poet,—

Caroline! Carolina! heaven's blessings attend thee. While we live we will cherish, protect and defend thee.

An Amethyst Mine.

Prof. J. T. Bennett, of Oak Ridge, Guilford county, has discovered an exceedingly fine amethyst mine on his place. Some years ago an amethyst was picked up there by a student, out of which \$160 worth of stones have been cut by a New York diamond cutter and sold, and \$40 worth of stones reserved. This is perhaps the most valuable amethyst ever found in the State.

Ear of Corn Sells for \$450.

A single ear of Reid Yellow Dent corn, weighing nineteen ounces, sold to-day at the Iowa State College for the phenomenal price of \$150, which is at the rate of \$8,850, per bushel. Each kernel is worth 13 cents.—Des Moines Leader.

Showing Appreciation.

There is not a man, woman or child who does not like to know that the work they do is appreciated. Particularly is this true of young people. Older people accept conditions as they are, making allowances under certain conditions, yet ever appreciating the courtesy when kindly bestowed. But children like appreciation more than is fully realized, and their childish efforts should be encouraged. There are a great many parents who never tell their children that anything they do is pleasing, satisfactory or even properly done. They say the children should know it was their duty to do a thing, do it right, and there the affair is dropped. A little appreciation means more than money, sometimes. It is the sunshine which breaks through a dark cloud and brightens the darkest day. If there is no appreciation whatever, sooner or later the spirit lags and the youthful worker is too depressed to make more effort. One girl said, "No difference how hard I work at home, how much interest I take in cooking or cleaning house, or what I accomplish in anything, I always hear, 'Well, it is what we expect of you.' We hear a great deal about what children owe the parents, but this is something the parents owe the children, and it is a very little trifle to bestow, and why it should be withheld is difficult to understand."

Nearly every person who is subject to attacks from the stomach suffers from a mild case of indigestion. It is a common trouble, and one that can be cured. The only cure is to take a little of the pills that everyone knows. It is a little trifle to bestow, and why it should be withheld is difficult to understand.

He who is progressive profits by other's faults.

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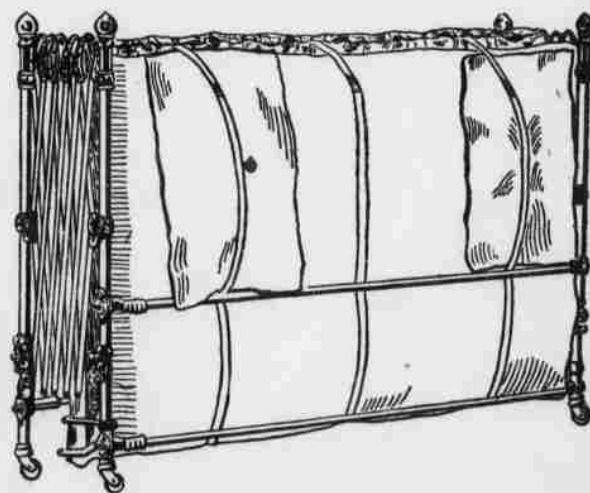
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