

Facts, Fables and Fancies.

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

Why I Love my Native State.

Ever since reading the surprisingly bright and meritorious essays written by North Carolina school-boys on a subject, "Why I Am Proud of My State," I have desired to write on a similar subject. Once I prepared an article for test work in which I compared my childhood home with my western home. I am aware that my western home suffered in some respects under my comparison, because I wrote wholly from an aesthetic view-point. In those days I had been removed from that life of which I was a part. Those of you who have not suffered a like separation will not know what I mean, but there are some in whom I can trust to feel the weight of my words when I speak of home-sickness. And so, with the glamour of home-sickness upon me I wrote with great feeling about my dear home in the South and waxed warm in my praise of North Carolina the pleasant, sunny land of my birth. Certainly I know that my praise must have been disproportionate, and that I must have disclosed a lamentable inability to appreciate the splendid opportunities of my new home. The professor in charge took all this into consideration, but yet spoke very favorably of my simply worded little article with its deep, tender theme of home-love for this reason; he said the worth of the article lay in the fact that the writer had felt every word, and that evidently back of it all there was a wealth of love and adoration and yearning that the writer had not been able to express. This adventure taught me that I was not able to handle my subject.

Theme Too Sacred.

This small attempt is the only one I have ever made to laud my dear home country, for this reason: It has always been a theme which lay very near my heart, I feared I might not do it justice, and that I might disenchant it somewhat, or dispel some of its sacredness, as the dew from the delicate petals of a rose. I have felt unable to handle, to my satisfaction, a theme filled with such holy and such priceless value. The theory that people do not talk fluently upon the subject which lies nearest the heart might be applied in this instance. The day may come, however, when I can enter the sacred precincts of this "holiest of holies." When I do, the shrine shall not suffer offense, nor my offerings be inferior.

Pride-Love.

The schoolboys and girls of North Carolina may well be proud of their state, with her wealth of greatness, her enviable renown, her peculiar situation as to true, honest, sincere citizenship. Their love for her is bound up within their pride in her. They know not now how they love her. Let the years ripen and pass over them, separate them from her across the states or by the blue expanse of ocean, then they will realize their only half suspected fondness for her as for a mother. The name of her will spell "Home." The thought of her will quicken their pulses, any reference to her on the part of others will cause the blood to tingle in their veins like new wine, making every sense alert to acknowledge or defend her goodness.

Words are Weak.

There is no state more deserving of the pride of her sons and daughters than the Old North State. She is the staunchest, truest, best state in the Union. She is the brightest, happiest, dearest spot on earth. These are beautiful words, some of the strongest in the English language, but they pale and grow weak when called upon to express the matchless qualities of my native land, the state of North Carolina.

True Love.

When I consider that I have set myself to answer the question, "Why I Love My State," I feel inclined to write one word for an answer, all in capitals—"BECAUSE." But my mind goes back to enumerate the details of her greatness, her sincerity, her nobility, her classical worth and her lofty purposes, many of which have been set forth in the essays by the appreciative schoolboys. But every North Carolinian knows, or should know, about these things, besides these are not the direct reasons for my love. "These count for pride." Back to my question—"Why Do I Love My State?" Because from her dust I was created. The same invisible force which sends color to the petals of the countless millions of blossoms that deck her fields and meadows sent the blood

The Scrap Book

Nevertheless and Notwithstanding.

In my younger days out west, said Senator Vest, I went to a variety theater one night in Kansas City.

It was one of those primitive shows where the stage manager comes before the footlights without a coat and waistcoat and with his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows to announce the next number of the programme.

"Miss Bertie Allendale," remarked the stage manager, appearing in one of the interludes, "who has entranced two hemispheres with her wonderful vocal powers, will now render in her inimitable style that exquisite vocal selection entitled 'Down in the Valley.'"

A gentleman in a red flannel shirt rose in the midst of the audience and exclaimed in an impressive bass voice: "Oh, thunder! Bertie Allendale can't sing for green apples!"

The manager, who had started to leave the stage, halted and turned. An ugly light flashed from his eye. He came down from the stage, walked slowly up to the man in the red shirt and said, "You'll git out of here." This invitation being declined, a combat followed, lasting about ten minutes. Chairs were broken, and both combatants were bruised and battered. Finally the man in the red shirt was ejected, and the manager walked back to the stage and faced the audience with a bloody face and clothing torn and tattered. He waited a minute, pumping for breath, and then announced impressively:

"Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Miss Bertie Allendale will now sing her exquisite vocal selection entitled 'Down in the Valley.'"

And she sang it with great applause and an encore.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not been tame—
—That die for a foolish boast or a vain
—Such boasting as the gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts his trust
In cunning tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guards, guarding, calls not thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
—Rudyard Kipling.

Who is It?

Miss Maude Adams has a favorite story about a "Miss Johnsing" and "Culpeper Pete."

Pete became enamored of the dusky maiden and, not having the courage to "pop" face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked for her over the telephone. When he got her on the line he asked:

"Is dat Miss Johnsing?"
"Ya-as."
"Well, Miss Johnsing, I's got a most important question to ask you."
"Ya-as."
"Will you marry me?"
"Ya-as. Who is it, please?"

Seneca on Fortitude.

To win without danger is to win without glory. You are a great man, but how am I to know it if fortune gives you no opportunity of showing your virtue? You can judge of a pilot in a storm, of a soldier in a battle. How can I know with how great a spirit you could endure poverty if you overdo with riches? How can I tell with how great firmness you could bear up against disgrace, dishonor and public hatred if you grow old to the sound of applause, if popular favor cannot be alienated from you and seems to flow to you by the natural bent of men's minds? How can I know how calmly you would endure to be childless if you see all your children around you? I have heard what you said when you were consoling others. Then I should have seen whether you could have consoled yourself, whether you could have forbidden yourself to grieve. Do not, I beg you, dread those things which the immortal gods apply to our minds like spurs. Misfortune is virtue's opportunity.

Sympathy for the Brave.

A wounded soldier, young and good looking, was in a hospital in Philadelphia during the civil war. Enter a lady. "My poor fellow, can I do anything for you?" Soldier (emphatically)—No, ma'am, nothing. Lady—I should like to do something for you. Shall I not sponge your face and brow? Soldier (despairingly)—You may if you want to very bad, but you'll be the fourteenth lady as has done it this morning.

The Plucky Earl of Berkeley.

A story of highway robbery which excited me when I was a boy was that of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, who died in 1810. He had always declared that any one might without disgrace be overcome by superior numbers, but that he would never surrender to a single highwayman. As he was crossing Hounslow Heath one night on his way from Berkeley castle to London

his traveling carriage was stopped by a man on horseback, who put his head in at the window and said, "I believe you are Lord Berkeley." "I am." "I believe you have always boasted that you would never surrender to a single highwayman." "I have." "Well," presenting a pistol, "I am a single highwayman, and I say, 'Your money or your life.'" "You cowardly dog," said Lord Berkeley, "do you think I can't see your confederate skulking behind you?" The highwayman, who was really alone, looked hurriedly round, and Lord Berkeley shot him through the head. I asked Lady Caroline Maxse (1808-1888), who was born a Berkeley, if this story was true. I can never forget my thrill when she replied: "Yes, and I am proud to say that I am that man's daughter!"—Collections and Recollections.

Eugene Field's Breakfast.

Eugene Field, said of countenance and ready of tongue, strayed into a Denver restaurant and seated himself at a table. To him there came a swift and voluble waiter who said, "Coffee, tea—chocolate—ham—'n'—eggs—beef—steak—mutton—chop—fish—balls—hash—'n'—beans," and much more to the same purpose. Field looked at him long and solemnly and at last replied: "Oh, friend, I want none of these things. All I require is an orange and a few kind words."

Montaigne on Death.

I have often considered with myself whence it is that death should appear less dreadful in war than at home in our own houses. I believe in truth that it is those terrible ceremonies wherewith at home we set it out that more terrify us than the thing itself—the cries of mothers, wives and children, the visits of astounded and afflied friends, the attendance of pale and blubbering servants, a dark room set round with burning tapers, our beds environed with doctors and priests, in sum nothing but ghostliness and horror round about us. We seem dead and buried already. Happy the death that leaves us no leisure to prepare things for all this foppery.

Edison's "Fake" Cigars.

Mr. Edison once complained to a man in the tobacco business that he (the inventor) could not account for the rapidity with which the cigars disappeared from a box that he always kept in his office. The "Wizard" was not inclined to think that he smoked them all himself. Finally he asked the tobacco man what might be done to remedy the situation.

The latter suggested that he make up some cigars—"fake" them, in other words—with a well known label on the outside.

"I'll fill 'em with horsehair and hard rubber," said he. "Then you'll find that there will not be so many missing."

"All right," said Mr. Edison, and he forgot all about the matter.

Several weeks later, when the tobacco man was again calling on the inventor, the latter suddenly said: "Look here! I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars?" "Why, I did!" exclaimed the other in hurt surprise.

"When?"

"Don't you remember the flat box with a green label—cigars in bundle form, tied with yellow ribbon?"

Edison smiled reflectively. "Do you know," he finally said in abashed tones, "I smoked every one of those cigars myself!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Report Small; Action Big.

Sir George Walton, admiral of the blue, was detached Aug. 11, 1718, with the Canterbury and five other ships after a Spanish fleet, and on the 18th he forwarded to Admiral Byng the following letter:

Sir—We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels that were upon the coast.

The number as per margin.

I am, &c. G. WALTON.
Canterbury, off Syracuse, Aug. 18, 1718.

TAKEN. BURNED.

Admiral Marl and Four men-of-war four men-of-war, 60, 54, 44, 40 and 30 54, 40 and 34 guns; a guns; a freship and ship laden with a bomb vessel, arms and a bomb vessel.

Schopenhauer on Men and Dogs.

If you had a dog and wanted to make him fond of you and fancied that of your hundred rare and excellent characteristics the mongrel would be sure to perceive one and that that would be sufficient to make him devoted to you body and soul—if, I say, you fancied that, you would be a fool. Pat him, give him something to eat, and for the rest be what you please. He will not in the least care, but will be your faithful and devoted dog. Now, believe me, it is just the same with men—exactly the same.

Feebles' Wish.

Feebles (about to be operated upon for appendicitis)—Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send and have our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Blank, come over.


Dr. Sawem—Certainly, if you wish it, but—

Feebles—I'd like to be opened with prayer.

The Vice of Excess.

If we carry our work or play to extremes, nature will present a bill for the excess. Moderate rowing is beneficial to the lungs, yet more than one professional oarsman has died of consumption. Physicians are familiar with the irritable heart of young athletes and soldiers. The pulse is rapid and irregular, with palpitation, showing that the circulatory apparatus has been strained. Races run nine-tenths of our thoroughbred horses before they reach maturity. The attempt to break a record has ruined many a young man.—O. S. Marden.

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The Scrap Book

Elsewhere in this issue we present the first installment of a new feature, the "Scrap Book," which we commend to the attention of our readers. To neglect to read it would be as if one were to fail to pick up a dollar bill which was honestly one's own for the taking. He who reads will get at least five or six laughs which will stir his liver, kill the microbes in his system, and strengthen his whole organism against disease, dejection, cowardice and all other insidious enemies of our kind. He will also be inspired by a noble little poem, by pathetic and heroic passages, and by the wisdom of the wisest. He who reads will be a better and happier soul for the reading.

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