

# THE HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

Pleasant Evening Reveries.—A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide

## CRUDE THOUGHTS FROM THE EDITORIAL PEN

One of the chief blessings of every home is good cooking.

Make yourself happy by seeing the best in people and things about you.

A woman with a secret she must keep is the most unhappy of mortals, but she does not remain so very long.

Half the things we groan over at night will right themselves by tomorrow night, if let alone.

Much more happiness is found in homes where the little courtesies of life are observed, for it is, after all, the little things that make our lives pleasant or unpleasant.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks; but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.

Idlers with wagging tongues pick on climbers for gossip practice. Washington marched through a cloud of criticism from Braddock's defeat to his farewell address. 'Tis the shining mark that always makes the best target. This is for ambitious boys to note.

Nothing more contemptible, unmanly or unwomanly and craven than the everlasting sighing for happiness. Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their duty happiness comes, because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that teaches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe.

Squalor is the outward expression of hopeless and unrelieved poverty. But it is not needed for the poor man's house to be squalid. On the contrary, with industry and care, and the bright service of a healthy wife, the tiniest cottage may at times be an abode in which the most dainty could pass a short time with pleasure. On the other hand, many houses become squalid without the excuse, miserable as it is, of abject poverty. Thus, while we may fairly rank poverty as a main cause of squalor, if it is not absolute absence of money which is the chief cause. Cleaning is neglected; and whatever be the building, and however it be finished and furnished, in which constant cleaning is omitted, dust accumulates, unexplained stains make their appearance, and a progress, more or less rapid as the case may be, sets up toward decay and dilapidation.

### WOMEN IN ADVERSITY.

Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have as quick perception of right and wrong, without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit" save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it and carries the homestead through the storm! Man often flees from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin.

Woman seldom, it ever, forsakes home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazed at, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want, protectorless.

Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should

be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right.

Reason, man's greatest faculty takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Women feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he desponds, and triumphs where he falls.

We spend our money, as a rule, for that which we like, and we are like that for which we spend our money. It may go for fripperies and materialities that profit nothing. Or it may be made representative of that which is the true bread of life.

To children, the presence of intelligent friends in the house is a means of advancement, a real step in education. A family living wholly within itself grows inevitably narrow. Quite as important as the schools we choose for our children are the friends we gather around us, in their and our own behalf.

### THE EXCITABLE MAN.

Behind the counter, in the business office, in an argument, or on the battle field, the excitable man is a veritable nuisance. He is the fellow who goes off half cocked, and when he opens his mouth always puts his foot in it. Wise people are very careful that they don't get associated with him in any kind of business. If he is a foreman anywhere he harasses everyone under and does little good for those above him. He doesn't know how to handle horses or men, for he makes them both balky, and doesn't get out of them half that is in them. The excitable man is a failure for he jumps at conclusions and becomes enthusiastic over trifles. Those are to be pitied who serve under him, and the excitable who serves is also a nuisance to the boss. The excitable man is always using his gab, such as it is. He forgets what is often written, that the man who speaks too little is very rare. The wise man's words are as goads, few and well ordered. Every reader can bear testimony to what we say. He can count several in his own circle who are faulty in this matter, perhaps himself. The cure for this weakness is honest thought. "Think twice before you speak once" has been commended and disobeyed in all the generations. All stuttering comes from wanting to say too much and saying it too quickly. The gun that goes off half cocked we throw away. It is dangerous. The same disposition should be made of the excitable man. Send him to the rear. Many a merchant has lost a good customer and much money by the excitable wagging of his tongue. Speaking unadvisedly with his lips is a common error, and as destructive to our peace and prosperity as it is common. The cool, calm fellow doesn't tell half he thinks of persons and things. It would never do; the fat would be in the fire. You have made hasty and ugly remarks about somebody. You have made them your enemy forever. Swell your income by good words, for it is not a bad way. Magnify the good and let the evil pass.

Working Round to It. A north country collier, anxious to pop the question to a girl whom he honestly admired, but unable to sum up courage to ask her the question outright, adopted a method of sounding her as to her idea of matrimony. "Jenny, ma lass," he said nervously. "Ah've insured ma life." "Has ta, lad?" said Jenny indifferently. "Ah, and Ah'm a silly for doing so." "How's that?" "Why, supposin' Ah get killed 't pit, where dost t' think t' money'll go?" "Why, to thy feyther, for sure." "True enuf. An' it isn't fair. It ought to be paid to ma wife." "To thy wife! Why, tha hasn't got one!" "That's just it," said Bill. "But thou's a nice lass, Jenny, and I want thee to her that money." "Why couldn't tha say so at first?" cried Jenny joyfully. Then the couple embraced.—London Tit-Bits.

A Treat For the Doctor. A Philadelphian, who has since then fortunately regained his health, was last year the subject of an extended examination by specialists. "The examination seems to have delighted Dr. Blank," said the patient to one of the doctors when they were alone for a moment, "for I have noticed that his eyes are positively beaming. I assume, then, that my case is not a grave one." "Well," hesitated the physician, "I hardly feel justified in saying that. But I understand from Dr. Blank that he is going to perform a number of interesting operations on you."—Lippincott's.

## TOWN TAX - NOTICE

The Tax books for the year 1909 for Louisburg have been turned over to me for collection and I urge all liable for such taxes to come forward at once and settle and save trouble, as I am ordered to collect them within the required limit of the law.

D. C. HIGH  
Tax Collector

### PATTI'S GIFT.

Hidden in a Basket of Flowers She Found a Tiny Dog.

During one of the most admirable performances that Donizetti's opera ever received in this country an incident occurred that lent momentous interest to Patti's appearance:

Mme. Diaz, wife of the president of Mexico, had heard of the death of Patti's pet dog Ricci and had sent her another, which was presented to the diva in a novel way. The tiny animal was buried in a basket of roses, but an usher discovered it, and the manager refused permission.

At the next act, however, Mr. Abbey relented and allowed the usher to convey the gift. The basket in which the dog was hidden was a triumph of floral art, and Mme. Patti, attracted by the beauty of its design and the gorgeous bloom of its roses, chose to carry it personally off the stage.

As she lifted the basket and kissed its flowers the little dog, which was badly frightened by the experience it had had, gave a feeble cry. The diva started, looked curiously into the mass of flowers, gave a purely feminine scream of delight and, running down to the footlights, whispered gleefully to the audience, "I declare if it isn't a lovely little dog!"

No one who has not been at a Patti performance can realize the enthusiastic volume of applause that greeted this announcement. Men jumped up on the chairs and yelled "Brava, brava, Patti!" and women waved their fans and handkerchiefs and cried hysterically. Suddenly Patti dived her curly head into the basket and kissed the dog, whereat a fresh storm of cheers rang through the house. Then she tried to extract the little animal from the flowers, so that she could show him to the audience, but he was tied in securely with ribbons.

Whereupon she said in dumb but eloquent pantomime, "I can't get him out." Finally, as the applause showed no signs of abatement, she ran off the stage, gave the dog and his basket to an attendant, came tripping back and whispered, "Home, Sweet Home," to Signor Arditi, and the ballad was sung as only Patti could sing it.

There were tears in her eyes as she finished, and many a man in the auditorium choked down a sob and many a woman wept silently as the pathetic strains of the old song floated in mournful cadence through the auditorium.

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Her Jewels. "Theo," and her eyes sought the last embers of the dying fire, "you are not as kind as a husband should be. You never give me any jewels."

"Jewels!" And his voice seemed to come from his heart. "You ask for jewels? Any one with diamond eyes, ruby lips and teeth of pearl ask for jewels? Why, the rarest jewels gold could buy would only be superfluous."

Then for the first time for days she kissed him.—London Answers.

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