



# THE HOME CIRCLE

## MARCH.

Go ahead, old March, and bluster,  
Blow ahead; you cannot fluster  
Me!  
What care I for all your scolding?  
Do you think the spring unfolding  
I can't see?

I can hear the crocus croaking,  
Spite of all your icy soaking;  
Don't you s'pose I know you're jok-  
ing,  
Eh?

Spite of all your noisy, windy,  
Howling, prowling, scowling shindy,  
Every day,

I can see behind your frowning  
All the gorgeous vernal gowning  
Of the spring.  
I can hear behind your weeping  
Sounds of flowers upward creeping,  
Song of little robins peeping  
And the flutter of the wing!

Underneath your mantle icy  
I can hear the gossip spicy  
Of the river free.  
Needn't try to play the 'possum—  
Guess I sort of sniff the blossom  
On the tree.

So, old March, keep on a-blowing,  
Can't fool me for all your snowing!  
I can see what is a-going  
On behind the scenes.  
I can see behind your strumming,  
Little busy bees a-humming,  
All the joys of spring a-coming  
With its greens.

And while others may deride you—  
Claim they really can't abide you—  
On a rail would like to ride you,  
I don't think it pays.  
For I know, for all your flaring,  
Just the things you are preparing,  
And for that I love your darning  
Ways.  
—John Kendrick Bangs.

## TO A BLUEBIRD.

O, singer blithe 'neath skies of gray!  
The sorcery of thy song impels  
And soon adown the April way  
Spring will trip lightly o'er the  
fells;  
Bluets will twinkle in the grass,  
The wind play softly on his lyre,  
And all a-thrill to see her pass,  
The maples flush with fond de-  
sire.

For thine the music Beauty waits  
As summons to her noiseless loom:  
The lyric call at closed gates  
That conjureth a world of bloom,  
When o'er gray wastes, lone way and  
long,  
A touch of heaven on thy wing,  
Thou comest with a silver song  
To waken wide the dreaming  
Spring.  
—Eleanor Robbins Wilson.

## CONCERNING PUNCTUALITY.

Some one says that punctuality,  
not procrastination, is the thief of  
time. There is a great deal in that  
remark, and there are not many of  
us who fail to understand it. Tar-  
diness is universal; punctuality is  
so rare that it hardly exists. And the  
rare woman is always waiting for  
the later ones, and consequently  
wastes more time than if she were  
behind hand. We all know and have  
suffered from the tardiness of friends  
but there are people who seem to  
have been born late, and it seems  
impossible for them to overcome it.  
Only those who have belonged to  
clubs and have been on committees—  
and not only among women—know  
what a tremendous drawback is this  
universal tardiness. It interferes  
with business, upsets all sorts of  
plans. The first numbers on most  
concert programs are generally sung  
or played in a hubbub unless the doors  
are kept closed. There are thou-  
sands of women and men who never  
are on hand for the first part of any  
program. Of course it is useless to  
deny that women are the greatest  
sinners in this matter. They are  
late for meetings, for trains, for  
church, for funerals, for weddings,  
for everything under the sun. Then  
there is the woman who is not late  
enough to miss anything, but comes  
rushing in at the last moment,  
breathless, after all her friends have  
nearly had nervous prostration imag-  
ining she was not coming or had  
forgotten the engagement. She is  
usually smiling and good-natured,  
while every one else is thoroughly  
exasperated and worn out. There is,  
too, the woman whose watch is slow,  
and she is perfectly astonished to  
think you have been waiting!

It would be well for a mother to  
make a special point of punctuality  
with her children, but in order to  
do so she must be on time herself.  
There are mothers who insist upon  
their children being in the house and  
ready for a meal five or ten minutes  
before the appointed time and take  
no excuse for tardiness. A training  
of this kind may be invaluable to a  
man or woman later in life.  
Once in a while we find some one  
who is just on time without hurry or  
rush, but who never wastes a mo-  
ment unnecessarily. As a rule the  
very prompt woman who is to take  
a 3 o'clock train will go to the sta-  
tion at half-past two and waste all  
the valuable time between. How-

ever, that is better than being a min-  
ute too late. Of course the tremen-  
dous demands on the time of men  
and women workers may have some-  
what to do with this general tar-  
diness, but it is very trying, and it does  
seem as if it might be remedied.—  
Exchange.

## THE BOY AFTER NIGHTFALL.

One night often destroys a whole  
life. The leakage of the night keeps  
the day forever empty. Night is sin's  
harvest time. More sin and crime  
are committed in one night than in  
all days of the week. This is more  
emphatically true of the city than  
of the country. The street lamps,  
like a file of soldiers, torch in hand,  
stretch away in long lines on either  
sidewalk; the gray colored lights are  
ablaze with attractions; the saloons  
and billiard halls are brilliantly il-  
luminated; music sends forth its en-  
chantment; the gay gambling dens  
are aflame; the theatres are wide  
open; the mills of destruction are  
grinding health, honor, happiness  
and hope out of thousands of lives.

The city under the electric light is  
not the same as under God's sunlight.  
The allurements and perils and pit-  
falls of night are a hundred-fold  
deeper and darker and more destruc-  
tive. Night life in our cities is a  
dark problem, whose depths and  
whirlpools make us start back with  
horror. All night long tears are  
falling, blood is streaming, young  
men, tell me how you spend your  
evenings, and I will write out a chart  
of your character and final destiny,  
with blanks to insert your name.

It seems to me an appropriate text  
would be, "Watchman, what of the  
night?" Policeman pacing the beat,  
what of the night? Where do these  
young men spend their evenings?  
Who are their associates? What are  
their habits? Where do they go in,  
and what time do they come out?  
Policeman, would the night life of  
young men commend them to the  
confidence of their employers? Would  
it be to their credit? Make a  
record of the nights of one week.  
Put in a morning paper the names  
of all the young men, their habits  
and haunts, that are on the streets  
for new and newer sinful pleasures.  
Would there not be shame and con-  
fusion? Some would not dare go to  
their place of business; some would  
not return at night; some would  
leave the city; some would commit  
suicide. Remember, young man,  
that in the retina of the All-Seeing  
Eye there is nothing hidden but shall  
be revealed one day.—Father Dunne's  
Newsboys' Journal.

## JACK'S GOOD NAME.

"And I can't do anything for him,  
not one single thing!" Jack shook  
his head mournfully as he arrived at  
this sorrowful conclusion. "I can't  
go to see him and sit with him be-  
cause I haven't got the time. I can't  
send him fruits and books and things  
like well-off folks does when their  
folks has to go to the hospital, be-  
cause I haven't got the money. I  
can't earn a cent more'n mother and  
the young ones need. No help for  
Billy from me."

Billy was an orphan boy younger  
than Jack. He had recently moved  
into Jack's neighborhood. Going on  
an errand, he had fallen from a street  
car and broken his leg.

Jack was office boy in a place  
which made large demands on his  
time and, indeed, on every other  
thing which might be said to belong  
to a growing boy. His duties  
were many and his master exacting.  
But it never occurred to Jack to  
question the reasonableness or other-  
wise of anything which was required  
of him. He was nothing more than  
a good, plodding boy, having very  
fixed notions on the subject of his  
duty, which notions were expressed  
in a few words: "I'm going to do  
the best I can."

There came a day when Jack stood  
face to face with a hard question.  
Taking a moment on his way home  
to run in and see how Billy was get-  
ting along, he found him with a cloud  
over his usually cheerful face.  
"What's the matter, Billy?"

"They've been telling me," Billy  
shook his head despairingly, "that I  
won't get well until no telling when,  
unless I go to some place in the  
country when I go away from here."

"Phew, Billy!" said Jack in dis-  
may.  
"The folks here are telling me of  
a real nice place where I could go  
for twenty-five dollars, where I'd get  
good treatment and stay as long as  
I needed. They think that's awfully  
cheap; but," poor Billy sighed woe-  
fully, "twenty-five dollars is a lot of  
money."

"It is that."  
"So I'll be back near you the be-  
ginning of the week, and then I'll be  
with you of evenings. And," hope-  
fully, "I guess I'll get well without  
any twenty-five dollars."

Jack talked about it with his  
mother. "I wish the poor boy could  
go," she said. "It might be the set-  
tling of his health for years to come."  
"But how can he?" said Jack in a  
discouraged tone.

"If it could be paid a dollar at a

time," she said half questioningly.  
"You might be able to put by a dol-  
lar a week for it."

"I don't see how you will spare it,  
mother."

"We might pinch a little closer."  
After a little more talk, Jack  
made his plans. He went the next  
morning to his employer and asked  
if he could advance the twenty-five  
dollars, deducting a dollar each week  
from his pay until the amount was  
made up.

Mr. Strong looked keenly at the  
boy as with much hesitation he pressed  
his request, telling of Billy and  
his needs. "How do I really know  
that you'll work it out?" asked Mr.  
Strong. "You can't give me any se-  
curity, can you?"

"No, sir." And Jack dropped his  
head forlornly.

"You might, you know, leave me  
before the twenty-five weeks were  
up."

"I'd promise not to," said Jack  
earnestly. "But I haven't a thing to  
give you for security."

"Your promise will be enough,"  
Mr. Strong's manner changed as he  
went on. "I'd take your word, Jack,  
for more than twenty-five dollars.  
You have worked for me a good  
while, and I know what you are.  
Your good name makes your promise  
all the security that I want."

As Jack was turning away, his face  
crimsoned with gratification at the  
kind words, Mr. Strong added: "I'll  
speak more about it tomorrow."

"If—if," Jack strove to stammer  
out his thanks, "if there's a thing  
more about the place that I can do  
that I don't do, I'd be glad, sir!"

"There isn't," said Mr. Strong  
kindly. "You are honest and faith-  
ful in everything. Such a reputation  
is a valuable thing to start on in  
life."

Mr. Strong, on going home that  
evening, spoke to his grown-up  
daughter: "Bertha, haven't you to  
do with some of these fresh-air busi-  
nesses?"

"Yes, father. You have given me  
money for them."

"Where they send poor little lads  
into the country and feed them and  
brace them up and return them good  
as new?"

"Exactly that kind of thing," said  
Bertha, smiling.

"Well, I have a boy for you, one  
for whom I want a top seat."  
So Billy went out to one of the  
places provided by some of the Mas-  
tre's faithful who strive to follow in  
his footsteps in showing loving-kind-  
ness to his little ones. Jack's heart  
gave a great bound when he learned  
that Miss Bertha Strong was to see  
to Bill's outing, for surely it must  
be something better than could be of-  
fered by any one else. Looking into  
his pay envelope at the end of the  
week, he turned back with it to Mr.  
Strong. "You've given me a dollar  
too much, sir. There's the expense  
for Billy, you remember."

"I remember. But that goes on  
the account of your good name.  
There's nothing more to pay. And  
there will be a vacancy in the office  
next door by the time Billy comes  
back. If he is your kind of boy, he  
can have the place."—Youth's Com-  
panion.

## SUNBEAMS.

The lawyer was drawing up En-  
peck's will. "I hereby bequeath all  
my property to my wife," dictated  
Henpeck. "Got that down?" "Yes,"  
answered the attorney. "On condi-  
tion," continued Enpeck, "that she  
marries within a year."

"But why that condition?" asked  
the man of law.

"Because," answered the meek  
and lowly testator, "I want some-  
body to be sorry that I died."—  
Cleveland Leader.

"When I was a barefoot lad," said  
Dustin Stax, "I had to spend a good  
deal of my time minding the stock  
on my father's farm. I'll never for-  
get the day when my father told me  
to take a rope and hold a couple of  
bull calves."

"What did they do?" "They  
scorched my hands with the rope and  
turned around and stepped on me."  
"Unruly disposition?" "No, wonder-  
ful instinct. They recognized me  
at a glance as a small stockholder."  
—Washington Star.

"Did you see a man and a woman  
drive past here in a trap about an  
hour ago?" a detective asked Mrs.  
Blank.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Blank.  
"Ah!" said the detective, "now  
we're getting on the right track.  
What kind of a horse was it?"

"They were driving so fast I did  
not notice that," replied Mrs. Blank.  
"But the woman had on a Scotch  
mohair and wool jacket of turquoise  
blue (last year style), stitched lines,  
a white pique skirt with deep cir-  
cular flounce, a satin straw hat, tilted  
and rather flat, trimmed with hy-  
drangeas, and loops of pale blue su-  
rah, and her hair was done up pom-  
padour. That is all I had time to  
see."

A traveler in the dining car of a  
Georgia railroad had ordered fried  
eggs for breakfast.

"Can't give you fried eggs,  
boss," the negro waiter informed  
him, "lessen you wait till we stop."

"Why, how is that?"  
"Well, de cook he says de road's so  
rough dat every time he tries to fry  
aigs dey scrambles."

## SPICE BOX.

"I meant to tell you of that hole,"  
said an Irishman to a friend, who had  
fallen into a pit in the Irishman's  
garden. "No matter," said Pat.  
"I've found it."  
.....

"Mama, is everybody made of  
dust?"  
"So we are taught, dear."  
"Well, I was born in January, and  
there ain't no dust then."  
.....

Clergyman (examining a Sunday-  
school class)—"Now can any of you  
tell me what are sins of omission?"  
Small scholar—"Please sir, they're  
sins you ought to have committed,  
and haven't."

## Buying Limbertwigs From Rich- mond.

A Statesville merchant who is  
handling limbertwig apples was asked  
the price.

"Fifty cents a peck," he answered  
blithely.

"What!" almost yelled the man  
who had asked, and who can't get  
it out of his head that notwithstanding  
the scarcity of fruit the limbertwigs  
should retail at 10 cents a  
dozen, or 25 cents a peck.

"I'll tell you," said the dealer.  
"These limbertwigs have been shipped  
from Taylorsville to Richmond  
and then back to Statesville, and the  
handling and transportation of  
course adds to the price."

"And there ye a-r-e," as Mr. Doo-  
ley would say. Apples grown with-  
in twenty miles of us, shipped away  
to Richmond and then back home—  
and we pay the price.

But folks just must have things  
that come from far off. They prob-  
ably wouldn't buy these limbertwigs  
at Taylorsville. They prefer to get  
'em from Richmond and pay the ad-  
ditional cost. It makes the apples  
taste better.

Don't it beat all!—Landmark.

## Let Them Prove it on Each Other. The Marshville Home.]

Governor Kitchin and Senator  
Simmons are beginning to muddy the  
Senatorial waters, and of course the  
newspapers of the State are lining  
up, each with its favorite man. Those  
supporting Simmons are wont to ridi-  
cule the Governor for attacking the  
Senator's record. They seem to think  
Mr. Simmons is too pure and spotless  
and undefiled to have ugly things  
said about his record in the Senate  
and that the dear old Democratic  
party is too much of a saintly insti-  
tution to have strife and hard feel-  
ings come within its ranks. Still  
Mr. Simmons is supposed to be a  
servant of the people and the people  
have not taken the time and care  
to keep themselves informed as to  
his record. Mr. Kitchin has offered  
to meet the Senator and give him  
a chance to defend his record. If  
that record is as spotless as many  
(including Mr. Simmons) would have  
us believe, we don't see why he need  
hesitate to have a friendly discus-  
sion of the matter. And if his re-  
cord isn't clear, then why should the  
Governor be criticised for attacking

If these Senatorial candidates  
want to "get it up," let 'er rip! If  
one is a rascal, a thief and a hypo-  
crite, let the other one prove it on  
him, and if they are both of that  
stripe, let 'em prove it on each other.  
But it does make us tired to hear  
the Governor criticised so for "as-  
sailing the saintly Senator's spotless  
record."

## What We Never Forget

according to science, are the things  
associated with our early life, such  
as Bucklen's Arnica Salve, that  
mother or grandmother used to cure  
our burns, boils, scalds, sores, skin  
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