



# THE HOME CIRCLE

**AUTUMN.**  
 Heavy with sleep is the old farmstead;  
 The windfall of orchards is mellow;  
 The green of the gum tree is shot with red,  
 The poplar is sprinkled with yellow.  
 Sluggish the snake and leafy the stream;  
 The field-mouse is fat in his burrow;  
 Sun-up sets millions of dewdrops aglow  
 Where the late grass is grown in the furrow.  
 Oh, the smell of the fennel is autumn's own  
 breath,  
 And the sumac is dyed in her blood;  
 The charr of the locust is what her voice  
 saith,  
 And the cricket is one with her mood.  
 Soft are her arms as soft-seeded grass,  
 The blue-bells at dawn are her eyes,  
 And slow as slow winds her feet as they pass  
 Her bees and her butterflies.  
 And when I grow sick at man's sorrow and  
 crime,  
 At the pain on pale womanly faces,  
 At the fever that frets every heart-throb of  
 time,  
 At all that brings grief or debases,  
 I thank God the world is as wide as it is,  
 That 'tis sweet still to hope and remem-  
 ber,  
 That for him who will seek them, the val-  
 leys are his  
 And the far quiet hills of September.  
 —John Charles McNeill.

## A LITTLE BOY'S STORY.

"The baby did it. Everybody says so, and baby doesn't deny it. She only tucks her fingers in her mouth and says, 'Goo!' Now, when baby says 'Goo!' she means 'Yes,' every time.  
 "Every one else had tried. Least-ways papa had brushed his coat and gone through our new neighbor's tall, iron front gates. He came back before we'd begun to look for him. And he didn't want to talk 'bout his call.  
 "Then mamma tried. Now mamma has a way of making us men—papa and me—do just whatever she wants us to. Without making any fuss about it, either. But the new neighbor was gruff an' ungen'lemanly to mamma, and I wanted to go over and settle it out with him, right off. But if I am 'most a man, I'm only but six years old, an' he's prob'ly— Well, I thought I'd wait awhile and grow some more.  
 "Sister Nellie just loves that beautiful old garden of his, and 'fore he bought it she used to take her sums and sewing over there and—and her pet friend, Edna Long—on the long, sunny afternoons. Now, Sister Nellie just happened to be standing under our old black cherry tree when he came to give orders to his man about the garden fence.  
 "First, he didn't see Nellie. When he did she bowed a little, and begged his pardon, and told him how glad she was that his beautiful big place was next to our plain little one—'cause 'twas such a pleasure to look at it.  
 "Our new neighbor stared at Nellie. Then he said 'Good morning!' very loud and hard, as if he were driving nails with his voice. And he went right on giving orders to make the fence very tight and high.  
 "Nellie came in to mamma and baby and me. There were tears in her eyes. I saw 'em, and they shone. 'The new neighbor is a bear!' she said. 'I didn't suppose—really, I didn't quite—suppose that he'd be so kind as to let me go in there as I used to; but the fence is to be twelve feet high and there isn't going to be a gate through from our place. Just 'dearest!' she said.  
 "'Dearest!' said mamma. But I could see that mamma felt quite as badly as Nellie did.  
 "Now, since I'm such a big, strapping fellow—six years old a whole month ago—I noticed that mamma do something. I was just thinking how nice it was that my birthday came before our new neighbor did; and how kind the old caretaker—William, his name was—used to be.  
 "Your birthday, Master Rodney, your birthday! And six whole years! My! And a party to—a boy and a girl for each year. Your mother's a keen woman to think of that for you! And what do you suppose William did for the party? Why, he brought the little gray-nosed donkey in from the stable, and he let us all take a turn riding him.  
 "'Course William had to lead Bronce, 'cause he said if we rode alone he might kick up and throw us head over heels, you know. Wasn't it nice of William. Most makes me sigh to think he's gone. Our new neighbor won't have any of the old people about the place, 'cause he's 'fraid they'll mak' friends with folks, and let them do things. He doesn't like folks and—and he just can't bear boys—William told me 'fore he went. And he said I'd better not go 'round.  
 "But when you're six years old and the only boy in the house, and your father's busy—why, you just have to do things. So when the big fence was most finished and I saw for sure, that there wasn't going to be any gate through, and it made our place look so teeny-weeny, why, I felt sorry for Sister Nellie and mamma, 'cause they couldn't even look in. I don't mind, 'cause we've got one tree, you know—the old black cherry tree. I can climb that and look over every minute of the day, if I want to.  
 "So I just thought and thought. After a good while I whispered something to baby and asked if she'd do it. She just blinked her pretty eyes and said 'Goo!'

"So I knew that part was fixed. Then I went over to Teddy's house and whistled for Ted. He's my friend. When Teddy came out I asked him if he'd lend me Bungo, his brindled bull-dog. And I told him all about it. And Teddy said that if I let him come over and sit in the black cherry tree he'd let me have Bungo.  
 "You see, Bungo loves baby. He won't let any stranger touch baby when he's 'round. He just makes himself her Guard of Honor, papa says.  
 "So that very afternoon I had baby out in the back yard. Bungo was there and Teddy was up in the tree. And 'twas just about time for our new neighbor to wake up from his nap and come out to give more orders 'bout the fence. I spoke to the man who was building the fence and said that I had an errand inside, and that I wouldn't hurt anything. He said I'd better be careful, 'cause the gentleman was 'specially rough on boys.  
 "I said I'd be careful, and I went to one of the flower beds that hadn't any plants in yet, and I spread down the baby's fur rug and her pretty white afghan on top of it. Then I carried baby over and set her in the middle of it, and said to her:  
 "'I'm leaving it all to you, babe.'  
 "She winked up at me and said 'Goo!' very hard. And I ran away, 'cause I heard the door open. And I went and untied Bungo and held him by the collar, and stood where we could see, but nobody could see us.  
 "I just wish you could've looked at our neighbor then. He was 's'prised. Then he was scared. He looked all 'round and said things. Bungo pulled at his collar, but I patted his head and held on. I was pretty scared, too; but I knew Bungo. He's and awful holder on. And he's quick too. My! how quick he is!  
 "'Johnson!' called the new neighbor, 'is that your child?' Just as if Johnson's baby could be as nice as ours!  
 "And Johnson took off his hat and straightened up.  
 "'It belongs over there,' he said.  
 "'I say, what's it doing here?' he shouted.  
 "And then was when baby did it. She kicked up her little pink toes and shook her little pink fists and said 'Goo!'  
 "And somehow he understood.  
 "Then I went in, holding Bungo by the collar, and Teddy climbed down out of the tree. And we both took off our hats.  
 "The neighbor scowled and looked at Bungo. Then he said, 'Boys, what does this mean?'  
 "'Just only that we want to be friends,' I told him.  
 "He looked at Bungo and he smiled—a truly smile! But this is what he said: 'And you want to run over my premises and ruin my garden.'  
 "'No, sir,' I said. 'We only want to show you that we've got something a lot nicer 'n you have, and that if you'll make a wire gate so that we can look through at your flowers, we'll let you look through and see our baby—she's in the yard a lot.'  
 "And he did—a great big wide gate. Sometimes it's open and flowers come through to mamma. And papa and the new neighbor talk together 'bout flosophy and books. And he's been twice to our church and heard papa preach—'cause he says that the father of such a boy must have something to say worth hearing. And I told him—when he'd said it two times—that he'd made a mistake, baby isn't a boy! And he laughed again.  
 "So you see, baby did it."—New York Advocate.

## A TRAMP WHO WAS A HERO.

I was curled up on one cold afternoon trying to catch a fragment of much needed sleep and to keep warm at the same time. That particular spot was made half-way comfortable by the piping under the pavement. You see, I was what they call a "tramp" dog. I confess I had no home, but that was no fault of mine. I had a master once and a comfortable home, and I was happy. But master was one day called away on a long journey, and made provision for my lodging at a neighbor's whom I knew from the start I could not succeed in pleasing.  
 In less than a week he had nailed up the door of my kennel, and shut off my source of supplies. I took the hint and departed myself, spurred on by the growing pangs of hunger.  
 As I lay there huddled up that cold December afternoon I wondered how long this fast was going to last. Memory of my few months of happiness when I was at home and knew how fresh meat and clean table-knives tasted, and received encouraging words and gentle pattings—all this had faded through the loneliness and misery of trampdom.  
 If I could only prove my right to live, to a home, to kind treatment and a place in some child's heart! I had made advances enough, only to have my good intentions misinterpreted. I had gone so far as to one day pick up a scarf a child had let

slip from her shoulders, and proceeded to restore the same, but before I could do so half a dozen pedestrians were chasing me across the street, and in the shuffle the scarf was ruined by the feet of one of my pursuers. The child burst into tears, and imprecations followed me, even far up the alley. That sort of thing had completely discouraged me, and I concluded that dogs understand men a great deal better than they understand us.  
 I do not know how long I lay there thinking of man's inhumanity to dogs. I know I fell asleep, and from my sleep was sharply aroused by the sound of breaking glass. Looking around, I caught sight of a man thrusting his arm through a hole in the window of the jewelry store near by. No one was passing, and it was plain the burglar was succeeding in his work. I knew what it all meant. I leaped to my feet, and as the fellow turned to run I was at his heels, barking furiously. He cursed me and kicked at me, but that only made me more determined. He darted into a dark alley, I being close behind.  
 On through the length of the narrow way he ran. By the time he emerged into the next thoroughfare, where he hoped to have some chance of mingling in the holiday throng, he found me close upon him. My Gatling-gun bark finally attracted the attention of passers-by. They surmised the situation and joined in the chase. I gave way to no one, and when at last a big policeman nabbed the feeling man and brought him to a standstill, I had him by the trousers-leg.  
 "It's no use, gentlemen," he said with the short breath he had left. "If it hadn't been for that dog and his yelp I'd have got away. He's worth more than the whole bunch of you."  
 Well, there the lane turned and I came into my own. Things happened so quickly after that, I really lost track. Mr. Williams, the jeweler, actually took me, dirty as I was and steaming from exertion, and carried me into the store. There I met his wife and the sweetest little girl I had ever seen. I was the hero of the hour.  
 When finally it came time to close the store, visions of dark alleys and cold retreats came back with double force after this little taste of heaven, but, to my astonishment, I was bundled up and actually carried out to the waiting automobile, and away we sped.  
 "Listen!" said the sweet little girl, laughing shaking her finger in my inquiring face: "Just as soon as we get home I'm going to tie a pretty pink ribbon about your neck, and you are going to be my playmate forever and forever. And how does that suit you?"  
 I suppose in answer I embarrassed them all, for I barked all the way home, and danced about so that my mistress could hardly keep my wrap about me. My day of grace had begun.—E. Robb Zaring, in Our Dumb Animals.

## SWEETHEART'S PIECE.

For the first time in his life Jack was going to speak in the school. His teacher had asked him to learn some verses, and recite them Friday afternoon; and as this was his first year in school, and as he thought he shouldn't enjoy speaking in public, it made quite an event for Jack.  
 Jack had chosen to learn a verse that often had been read to him by his mamma, called "Little Albert." It was in a little poem about a small boy who was afraid to go to sleep in the dark. (It is hard to believe such a story of a boy, but it's true, I suppose.)  
 Friday came at last, and as a favor from Miss Rich, his teacher, Jack was permitted to invite his little sister, Sweetheart, to come to the school—to see, perhaps, like "Little Jack Horner," what a 'great boy' he was getting to be.  
 "Now, Sweetheart," said Jack as they trotted along, "you must sit very still, and fold your hands, and be sure you don't talk aloud."  
 "All right," answered Sweetheart, beaming with joy at the idea of going into a real school. "I'll be a very nice little girl, 'cause Miss Wich wouldn't like me if I wasn't."  
 Jack felt proud as he escorted his little sister into the school-room, for arrayed as she was in a dainty muslin frock, with pink ribbons, she looked like a great handsome dolly, with her blue eyes and flaxy curls.  
 But when school opened and the exercises began, Jack grew flushed with excitement, almost dreading to have his turn come; but before it came, the teacher, who wished to be polite to her little guest, asked Sweetheart if she would not like to say a piece.  
 Sweetheart nodded "yes," and skipping forward to the place where the children had stood who had spoken, she proudly said "Little Albert," as well as such a small person could say it—they very piece she had come to hear her big brother recite.  
 It was something like this that Sweetheart said:  
 "'Little Albert's muzzer put him in him's bed,  
 Kissed the pitty yinglets on him's pitty head;  
 And 'little L-albert's muzzer said: 'Angels watch w' I keep  
 Over 'little L'albert while 'little L'albert goes a-sleepin'.'  
 Poor little Jack—he looked so surprised, and so "mad," too. Yes, he looked quite angry, and if he hadn't

been such a plucky little man I think he would have cried. Sweetheart finished with a flourish, and a beautiful insh with a flourish and a beautiful bow, too. And then she danced back to her seat looking well satisfied.  
 Jack's turn came the very next, and he got up all disappointed and crest-fallen, and went to his place, and said "Little Albert" all over again, for you see he never liked to learn verses, and did not know any others. This is the way Jack said the verse:  
 "Little Albert's mother tucked him close in bed,  
 Kissing the shining ringlets on his curly head,  
 And she said: 'Good angels loving watch will keep  
 Over little Albert while he goes to sleep.'  
 And when he had hurried Sweetheart home, and told the whole miserable story to mamma, who, strangely enough, grew rosy red and kept wiping away what looked like real tears, Jack turned to his little sister, and said sternly: "Well, Sweetheart, I don't believe I'll take you to school with me again, for you didn't treat me very well. But," he added, laughing out suddenly, "I don't believe the children, any of them, guessed what you said, for you didn't say a quarter of your words plain!"  
 And the children didn't guess, though perhaps it was different with Miss Rich.—Children's Magazine.

## OUR NEED OF A FINER COURTESY.

We need a new beatitude, which shall read something like this: Blessed are those who, having ears, hear not, and having eyes, see not. Such a sentiment, printed in display type and hung within plain view, would add to the peace and harmony of many a home. We see too much, hear too much. We need in our homes more of that fine courtesy which, when we are among strangers, makes us blind and deaf to those things which we should not see and hear. The very fact of our family intimacy and love ought to work for this, instead of acting, as it does, to make us more observant, even watchful and critical, than we are with strangers.  
 Half of the troubles that mar the serenity of home are caused by trifles that a generous mind could overlook. If we could but school ourselves to be blind and deaf to a great deal, life would be much easier and smoother.  
 Mothers especially, with the constant need for correction and reproof, that Johnny's manners and Jennie's habits may be reasonably good, easily form a habit that is only one remove from nagging. And it is only too easy to slip from the one into the other. A woman's life is made up of details; Johnny must wash his neck and Jennie must brush her teeth, and however much we may weary of the daily routine, we must stay with it. But the very fact that our life is so filled with apparently trivial tasks makes it the more necessary that we cultivate breadth of vision, and that these tasks, which must not be forgotten, shall be kept in their right relation to the other interests of life.  
 It is the trifles, the little irritations, that spoil home life. Many of them are here today and gone tomorrow. Why notice them? Why not cultivate a courtesy, a generous spirit, that is blind to these little annoyances?  
 Children are extremely sensitive to a critical atmosphere, and no child, especially one of nervous temperament, can be natural and at ease in a home where every act and word are constantly being criticised. A judicious blindness toward their faults and a sympathetic appreciation of any effort, however small, that may be worthy, will go a long way toward making home happy for our children.  
 That quality of life which the old lady expressed by the word "livable-

ness," and which is found wanting in many who are otherwise lovable, is due in a large measure to this very faculty of overlooking much that goes on and which has its source in a large forbearance.  
 A certain freedom of action is the prerogative of every soul. Initiative, self-respect, truthfulness, courtesy, poise of spirit, all are outgrowths of it. And the converse is only too unhappily true. We cannot expect our children to be truthful if they are hectoring in every act; nor to have self-respect or any power of initiative if never allowed to think for themselves.  
 No one can be said to be well-mannered who is self-conscious, but who could fall to be self-conscious, living in an atmosphere of constant correction and espionage!  
 To overlook how an act is done in appreciation of the act itself or the effort that prompted it, to be sympathetic instead of critical, to be blind to trifles and deaf to things it were better for us not to hear, to be loving and cheerful instead of cross and worried—surely this would add to the comfort and happiness of any home. And since the comfort and happiness of its inmates should be the primary object of every home, it is well worth while to try anything that may promote them.—The Continent.

## APPEAL OF A MOTHER RAT.

By John T. Timmons.  
 At a barn where horses were kept in a town in Eastern Ohio, it became necessary to remove the accumulating manure from the pen just outside the building. A teamster, engaged in loading his wagon, thrust his pitchfork into the nest of a rat, and as he lifted it up the mother rat and eight very young rats fell out and were scattered about on the pile of manure at the teamster's feet. As rats are a great nuisance in such places, the first impulse with the man was to kill the creatures. The helplessness of the little animals, and the bravery of the mother rat in remaining right with her young, caused the teamster to hesitate for a few moments, and then the appealing look that came into the countenance of the

mother rat caused him to stand perfectly still until the old rat realized he would not disturb her and the little ones any further, and he picked up and carried the young rats to a place of safety beneath the barn, returning and carrying another and another until the last helpless creature was out of any danger from the tender-hearted teamster, who could not help but admire the bravery of the mother in the protection of its young.  
 The man declared the mother rat could see in his face that he meant to allow her to carry away and care for her little ones, who were helpless in his power.—Western Christian Advocate.

## MADE SOME ONE HAPPY.

"It is the duty of every one to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday-school teacher.  
 "Now, have you done so, Johnny?"  
 "Yes," said Johnny promptly.  
 "That's right. What did you do?"  
 "I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home."  
 Answers.  
 Away, then, with all feeble complaints, all meager and mean anxieties! Take your duty and mean it in it, as God will make you strong. The harder it is the stronger, in fact, you will be. Understand, also, that the great question here is not what you will get, but what you will be. The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself! Take your burdens and troubles and losses and wrongs, if come they must and will, as your opportunities, knowing that God has girded you for greater things than these.—Horace Bushnell.

## To Mothers—And Others.

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