

The Home Circle.

OLD MAMMY'S PIPE.

Did you ever see a "mammy" with her old clay pipe? Then listen while I tell you what she used to look like: A red spotted kerchief on a kinky, woolly head;

After "chinking" up the fire till it's roaring red hot, And the dumplings bump the cover of the three-legged pot, She "hunkers" on the "h'a' th" and she fishes out a coal

—Clarence Ousley.

VALUE OF THE CHURCH TO YOUNG MEN.

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON, IN LEDGER MONTHLY.

The church, in the wide range of its usefulness and in the largeness of its power to help, has many gifts for young men that are priceless, and that are necessary to their well-being.

Many young men do not believe this in regard to themselves; they do not find the church interesting; they wish to spend Sunday in diversions; they do not see clearly just what help they are to obtain; they find that many who attend church are not obviously better than themselves; and they are not always impressed by the earnestness and enthusiasm of church people.

Apart from the justice or injustice of these views, let us look at the actual benefits young men may obtain from the church. We may take it for granted that all high-minded young men are thinking anxiously about their future, planning to make the most of themselves, to live honorably, to build up character, and to be not only successful in business, but in personal attainments, in the spiritual things of manhood.

CHURCH ATMOSPHERE.

The church, apart from its direct teachings, makes a general impression upon the young. It has its own atmosphere; it deals with matters different from the daily life. To the imaginative mind, the very church building suggests the serious side of things, something of the great problems that all men and women have to deal with in one form or another.

When we consider what this atmosphere is, we realize that a desirable result has been brought about. It is an atmosphere charged with love of things good and true, with unselfishness, with sacrifice, with duty, with high ideals, with scorn for the base and with admiration for whatsoever is honest.

ITS EDUCATING INFLUENCE.

The quiet and subtle influence of the church tends directly and powerfully to give young men an aversion to vice; it cultivates the spiritual nature and shows the true joys of manhood, and raises us above the brute. It enables young men to realize that all vice causes degeneration in themselves and their posterity.

effect of vice upon the human mind and body. The church shows vice as it is, in its origin, growth, and in its results. Thus it opens the eyes of youth; it stamps indelible impressions; it leads to self-preservation, and to future happiness and well-being. This moral light and uplifting of the church cannot be exaggerated.

A SCHOOL OF LOVE AND MAGNANIMITY. The church has a strong tendency to soften and humanize the feelings of young men; it is the builder up and strengthener of the heart.

The young man who attends church has goodness presented to him in such a manner as to impress him with its desirableness and loveliness. The young man learns through the church that goodness is strength, that it is in line with eternal and changeable laws, and that it is the only really admirable and strong thing, and that scorners are blind and foolish.

THE QUALITY OF REVERENCE.

The young man in the church has cultivated in him the quality that we call reverence, which is the very crown of character, and without which man is a stupid animal, walking among wonders and miracles unseen and unappreciated. And reverence becomes to him not only an invaluable addition to his character, but leads him into an appreciation of the best things in life and in human achievement. He becomes a higher type of man.

LOVE YOUR BUSINESS.

A man can no more be successful in a business he does not like than can a man be happy with a wife he does not love.

Enthusiasm is the power which impels men onward in any and every vocation. Without it men are lethargic. They will drift. But to pull against the tide they are as unable as they are unwilling.

Drifting, however, does not win the race, either in business or aquatic events. There must be the long pull, the strong pull and the pull with vigor.

Men in business to-day have no easy task. There is a great deal to discourage and very little to encourage. There are foes within and foes without to contend against.

Under such conditions it is now order so many either fail altogether or eke out a mere existence.

The antidote for despair is enthusiasm, and the germ of enthusiasm is love for or pleasure in that business or vocation in which you are embarked.

Therefore, if you would succeed, get in love with your business.—Selected.

A veteran who was boasting of his prowess during the Civil War was asked, "Mow many of the enemy did you kill, anyway?"

"How many did I kill? How many did I kill?" repeated the veteran, slowly. "Well, I don't know exactly how many, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."—The Youth's Companion.

NO SUCCESS WITHOUT SERVICE.

Educated young men should grasp the fact that service alone brings results, material, social or industrial.

As to the first, nature only gives us the raw material. We must take from her the things that lie useless, and make them minister to life. The farmer does not labor only to feed himself, but to serve bread to others; the miner does not dig up the coal and iron for himself, but to serve others; manufacturers put things together, not for themselves, but to serve others; the engineer discovers the great forces of nature and converts them to the service of others.

Service is the measure of all business success and organization. It is not a question of the size of the organization. If the service and the effect are to enlarge production, economize expense, cheapen products, or build up the community, it is a good organization, and is doing Christian service. If the organization seeks to take away from the pockets of others and render no return, it is gambling, and one may gamble with pork, corn and cotton as well as with dice.

In this country we talk much about independence, but there is no independence. We are all dependent, serving one another. Think how many people help to prepare our breakfast. Workers in Japan serve us tea, workers in South America serve us coffee, some near neighbor gathered the strawberries or milked the cow, some people in Chicago sent us meat, and in Colorado others raised the cattle for market. Successful business men are those who are striving to render the best service to the people.

In the next place, service is the test of social or political organization. The question of government is not a matter of consent of the governed, nor of the rulership of the majority. The laws that govern nations must be divine laws, and the most the legislator can do is to discover and obey them or suffer the consequences. Manhood suffrage is right, but the manhood comes first, for manhood is a prerequisite of suffrage.

The boss rules for what he can make out of the government. Spain ruled her colonies for what she could make out of them. She impoverished both herself and them.

In the last place, service is the test of all individual work, the test of the physician, the journalist, the teacher, the humorist who amuses us, and the pulpit to lead us.

Remember this: Endowment of power is equipment for service.—Lyman Abbott, in address at Trinity College Commencement, Durham, N. C., June 1900.

THE TOADY.

That is the man who has no opinion on any subject until he hears from the Colonel, the doctor or the banker. He revels in the smiles of the "big bugs," and his family quote freely from those who are considered to belong to the upper ten. These poor creatures are found everywhere—in back woods country districts as well as in crowded cities, and wherever they are found they are discounted and laughed at by the very people whose favor they are selling their souls to win.

Money does not make a toady, neither does the want of it. It is a condition of the mind—a crawling, servile spirit suited more to a slave than a freeman. We see it in dudes who go about the country aping English manners and customs; it may be seen also, sometimes, in silly Southern people who attempt the broad and harsh pronunciation of our brethren from the North, discarding their own soft Southern accent; it is found, occasionally, among newspaper men who are afraid to write a line until they first ascertain what the Charlotte Observer, the Wilmington Messenger or the News and Observer think about a public matter.

We have been especially disgusted with the toadyism of industrial and other journals of the North, outside the realms of politics, which cannot bear to be reminded that William McKinley is a human being, or that Abraham Lincoln (who was of Southern birth and humble origin) was simply flesh and blood, and had many failings. What is the use of being a fool anyhow, when the sun is so high in the heavens? It is refreshing to see a man or a woman so truly aristocratic as never to recognize a superior and at the same time never to allow anyone else to feel that he is inferior! To go quietly along through life owning his own soul, doing his own thinking and at the same time paying due regard to the opinions and feelings of others. A toady is always a tyrant where he has the power. He is insincere, unscrupulous and mean. He enjoys the respect of nobody, least of all of himself; and no one is worthy to be honored who dishonors his own character.—Charity and Children.

Our Social Chat.

EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C.

AS CONTRIBUTORS to this department of The Progressive Farmer, we have some of the most wide-awake and progressive young ladies and young men and some of the most entertaining writers among the older people of this and other States, the ages of the members ranging from sixteen to more than sixty.

WHEN WRITING, give full name and post-office address for Aunt Jennie's information. If you do not wish your real name to appear in print, give name by which you wish to be known as a Chatterer.

TWO WEEKS OR MORE must, as a rule, elapse between the time a letter is written and the date of its publication.

ADDRESS all letters to Aunt Jennie, care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

Did you read the article, "Unfamiliar History of North Carolina" in last week's issue of The Progressive Farmer? Now I have a suggestion which I trust will meet with your hearty approbation and co-operation. Doubtless many of you have heard of incidents which transpired in your immediate neighborhoods, the telling of which would be of equal interest to the reading public and possibly of permanent value as State history.

By the way, the time is approaching when all of our schools will throw their doors open for the reception of pupils. Have you thought of sending that girl or boy this session! Have you seriously considered what advantage an education would afford him or her? There are some few parents who do not seem to care for their children to climb any higher on life's ladder than they themselves have climbed, but such sordidly selfish parents are not numerous; and we rejoice that they are not.

My street hat is black, but I do not think that all girls should wear black hats. There are so many things that I could enumerate that make me believe that a preference is preferable to no preference. I will send for a badge, Aunt Jennie, as I especially wish mine to wear to the State Fair. I wonder how many of the Circle will be there and if I will see any of you? Wouldn't I be glad that we have badges, if I do?

A CITY GIRL.

FROM CARELESS TOM.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I hope that many of the young people who read the Social Chat are preparing to attend some high school or college this fall. The twentieth century is almost upon us. In the light of nineteenth century progress, who can expect to win success in the new century without a good education? If education was once a luxury, it is now a necessity. It is indispensable. In the days of your father and grandfather, before the clumsy stage-coach was superseded by our modern locomotives and palace cars, or the courier on horseback had given place to the lightning speed of the telegraph—in those days, I say, education may not have been absolutely essential to success. That day is past; let the ideas that belonged with it pass also. And let parents make sacrifices, if necessary, to place their children in school this fall.

I wonder how many of the young men who read the Chat are members of the Farmers' Alliance? I am a member and I advise all young men—and young ladies, too—on the farm to join. And if there is no Sub. near enough, talk the matter over with your father and your neighbors and organize one. Join, attend the meetings, and take part in the work. You will find it of immense benefit. I noticed some writer saying, a short while ago, that the reason so few farmers have influence in public affairs is that so few have any experience in public meetings. The Alliance offers a remedy for

AUNT JENNIE.

FROM EDGEcombe.

DEAR AUNT JENNE:—As I was fortunate enough to escape the waste basket before, I call again. I wonder how the Chatterers are enjoying themselves. We are having hot, dry weather down here in Edgecombe. I certainly wish I knew the Chatterers personally. Bashful Sue, I hope I may meet you after we get our badges. I would like to know the Cousins'

views on hypnotism. Is there any truth in the statements regarding it? I have never seen a subject under hypnotic influence. If it is what is claimed for it, it is indeed a great and dangerous power, a power that should not be abused, but should be used for only good and pure motives.

How many of us read trashy literature? I must plead guilty for one, though I know it is a bad habit. It neither feeds us mentally nor morally, but it dwarfs and decays. Now, what shall we do to root out this great evil? I suggest a plan by which we may form a desire to read only the pure and wholesome. Let's study some good author, biography, or history, or even science, each month and write our views on what we read—discuss the author's merits and faults. Let Aunt Jennie suggest one subject for study each month. I do not mean to debar all other subjects from the Circle, but let literature form one permanent subject.

Wishing you all a pleasant good-day and much success,

VIOLET LEE.

Edgecombe Co., N. C.

PREFERENCES.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—Please allow me to peep in and introduce myself to the members of the Circle. I am and have been interested in all you have had to say from the beginning of your Chat. There are many interesting talkers among you and I must not tell you my favorites. I have seen persons who disclaimed the idea of favoritism in any sense, but I do not believe that anybody can truthfully say that they have no favorites. Why, I even have my favorite piece of chicken and my favorite authors, favorite pieces of music, favorite artists, favorite dresses, favorite hats, gloves, etc. I do not think that I am selfish in my favoritisms. I try not to be, but then I do prefer some things to others and I can't help it. It is natural with me and I think that a person's preference for things distinguish that person from his fellow-beings.

Individuality is a wonderful faculty in the make-up of this old world of ours. Suppose we all liked the same things. For instance, I prefer tan-colored gloves, and if all girls wore only tan gloves what would the merchants do with their large assortment of other colors, and what would become of the vast number of people who find employment in the manufacture of other colors?

My street hat is black, but I do not think that all girls should wear black hats. There are so many things that I could enumerate that make me believe that a preference is preferable to no preference. I will send for a badge, Aunt Jennie, as I especially wish mine to wear to the State Fair. I wonder how many of the Circle will be there and if I will see any of you? Wouldn't I be glad that we have badges, if I do?

this. Study subjects for discussion. Have debates. Cultivate the social and literary features. And the ladies ought to join also. They can benefit and benefit others by attending.

What has become of Mrs. Betty Bilkins? I enjoyed her letters very much indeed. Come again, Mrs. Bilkins; let us know what you and the Major are doing this hot weather.

Speaking of education, there is another matter that I present for consideration. It is this paragraph from a recent issue of the Scotland Neck Commonwealth:

"The Commonwealth renews its inquiry, 'Are the young men of North Carolina making sacrifices for education as did many young men of former years?' We fear that in many cases the answer to this inquiry, if thoroughly expressed would have to be a negative one. We seldom see young men wearing homespun clothes at college now, while in former years some of the best students at the college wore clothes spun and woven by their mothers."

I shall be glad to have opinions of members of our Circle upon this question.

Well, I am glad that we are to have badges. Ten cents is a little matter. Any of us can afford to buy one, or buy a second one if the first becomes lost or misplaced. And if, after the paper has them made for us, we do not appreciate them enough to pay ten cents as our part, we would not deserve them as a gift.

CARELESS TOM.

WHO IS MASTER?

He was a moody, quick tempered young man, says the Household. He resented authority, and was always talking about the time when he should be independent. At last he reached his twenty-first birthday, that period when the law recognized him as no longer a child. With eagerness he had for years looked forward to this day of freedom from constraint and authority. No one could be more excited or pleased than he. While he was congratulating himself, he met a friend that morning.

"At last," he said, "I am my own master. No one can order me about now. I shall do as I please."

"I do congratulate you," said his friend, "but are you sure you are not making a mistake in your acceptance of the word 'master'?"

"A mistake?" repeated the young man in surprise. "There can be no mistake about it. I am of age to-day, and I am absolutely my own master."

Then, said Richard Miller, who tells the story from his own experience, the young man's friend blandly suggested: "In that case you will certainly never lose control of your temper."

The young man's color rose as he heard this interpretation of independence. His outbursts of temper were well known. "I don't know that I have thought of it in that light," he replied.

"Then, there is the matter of cigarettes," continued his pitiless friend. "You told me the other day that you did not see how you could give them up, but now that you are absolutely master, I suppose you will smoke them no more."

The young man made no response. "As one who is absolutely master of himself," continued his friend, "is never led by outside temptations to do anything of which he disapproves. I suppose you will give up the somewhat questionable company you have been keeping, which has proved a source of anxiety to your father and mother?"

The young man did not reply. He was surprised and stirred by this view of the kind of master that should govern his conduct. Fortunately, he had a conscience, and it was touched.

After a few moments of silence he looked up and said, "I thank you for your frankness, I see that I have been an awful fool. I shall not say anything more about being my own master until I am reasonably sure that I am better able than I am to-day to restrain and overcome the defects of my own nature. I have taken altogether too narrow a view of the responsibilities involved in being one's own 'master.'"

We have made justice a luxury of civilization.—Josh Billings.

"If you insist upon knowing, there are two reasons for my refusing you." "And they are?" "Yourself and another man."—Life.