

OUR SOCIAL CHAT

All letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Aunt Jennie," care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

Aunt Jennie's Letter.

This week I have the exquisite pleasure of listening to others chat; but I must express my appreciation of that nice little letter from Elzena. I would like to see that cat, hear those birds sing, and you talk of your trip to Chicago. We do not publish letters from the little people; but Aunt Jennie is always glad to have them write to her.

Pansy is with us and it affords us much pleasure to greet her after so long an absence. I hope she will call oftener.

Jim Dorman is right. I would like to see the faces of each of my nieces and nephews, and if this is denied me, a good photograph would help much. Poor fellow! he feels that he is talking in the dark as he does not know how each Chatterer looks. He seems a little lonely, too, because our boys are not responding readily to our call. Where can they be and what are they doing? They seem too busy to hear us say, "Come and talk with us for just a short while." We would be glad, and promise you our most comfortable chairs so that your stay may be pleasant.

Jeanie Dean's selections are exceedingly fine, and the first is a gem in literature. Please tell the boys that we want them to join our circle, and remind those who have written that we would like to hear from them again.

AUNT JENNIE.

Wants Pictures of the Chatterers.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—It is not my intention to detain you and the cousins very long this time, for I am already beginning to fear that by my continual coming I may weary you. I want to tell you and the cousins of an idea that came to my mind the other day while I was looking over the Social Chat page, viz., that all the writers to Social Chat send their photograph to Aunt Jennie some time when they write, provided the publishers have the means for reproducing them, and I suppose they have. I am quite sure that Aunt Jennie would like to see the pictures of her nephews and nieces; and I also feel quite sure that each one of us would like to take a look at his or her cousin's likeness.

One of my old school teachers used to say that a man could listen with his eyes, and it is so, in that a man's mind is somewhat upon what he is looking at. And if I am going to read what a man has written, if I cannot see or know him, I would at least like to see his picture.

So now, Aunt Jennie, let us know what you think about this; for you know as it is, it were as if we all gathered at a certain place to talk, but were careful not to come until it was dark, so dark that no one could see us.

Now, I expect some one is going to say, "Jim Dorman wants to catch him a sweetheart," and I do not

deny the truthfulness of the statement, but you can easily understand that I don't expect to find her among the Chatterers, since I would still know nothing of you, except your pen name.

And I, too, would be glad if more of the boys would join our merry band, for it makes me feel like I am almost entirely out of my place to be a member of a circle with so few boys in it but myself.

I thank Sister Kate for her letter in last week's paper, for it brought some of these thoughts to my mind. If it were not for making my letter too long, I would tell about some hard mathematical problems, which I have solved, and what a time I had doing so, but I promised not to be tedious this time; so I must say good-bye to Aunt Jennie and the cousins.

JIM DORMAN.

Duplin Co., N. C.

1904 to 1905.

"The dying Year upraised his palsied hand
Still in the fading vigor of command
And beckoned Father Time. 'O Father, pray
Be witness unto what I write this day,
Fetch paper, pen and ink. E'er I lie still,
For my heir's sake I must make out my will.'
The things were brought—he gazed awhile with blurred eye.
With feeble cluth he wrote: 'About to die,
Know all men that I leave these things in trust
To him who follows me. I leave the rust
And vanity of Gold. I leave Regrets,
I leave Debt Care and Social Sins and Debts.'
He signed his name. Time read and loudly cried:
'Old Year, give more! I am not satisfied.
This Codicil I now command.' And then
Once more the palsied hand took up the pen,
Obedient to the witness stern above:
'Also, I here bequeath—Faith, Hope, and Love.'"

Dear Aunt Jennie:—Tucked away in the corner of an exchange I find the above and think it so grand, so beautiful, dear friends, that I want to share it with you. It was a good legacy the dying year left to the new; let us each claim our portion. With Faith Hope, and Love as our anchor, we can bravely meet the vicissitudes that come to us.

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"Of making many books, there is no end," said the wise man of old, and so to-day the same may be said of good advice, sage counsel along all the lines—much of which goes without heed. But this little selection, "Wasted Half Hours," is so fine that, with your leave, I will give a part of it:

"Alas! how many mornings there have been when we arose with clear minds and hearts, anxious for study. Bright thoughts, like flocks of flying doves, seemed ready to rest on our study desk. Ideas came, not as solitary scouts, but as armies, marshaled, ready to wheel in line. Then horror seemed to palsy our fingers—the door

bell rang! In came a nomad, ready to camp for the next two hours. He (or she) has the 'small talk' of the neighborhood and talk until they drive away all our ideas, energy and ambition and leave in their wake a wrecked day! How many errands of mercy and pressing home duties have been ruined in the busy house-wife's life by these idlers, these destroyers of time, who have no object seemingly but to kill the passing hours."

Well did Holmes write:

"Shun such as lounge through afternoon and eves,
And on thy dial write: 'Beware of thieves'—
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures, which thy fingers steal;
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But, spare the right—it holds my golden time!"

* * *

We were glad of Mr. Jim Dorman's "Holiday Reflections" in our Social Chat last week. The time has come surely when thoughtful people should, with tongue and pen, rebuke the sins of the thoughtless. "Whither are we drifting?" may well be asked. During the World's Fair in Chicago we attended with much interest the "Parliament of Religious" in which every religion of the world was represented but our Indians. A Buddhist priest from Bombay, clad in his orange-hued robes of office, spoke, in his turn, fiery words that made his hearers pause and think. "I came," said he "to this land of the free, to see for myself the ideal conditions of which your missionaries have told us—your Sabbaths so sacredly kept, your people so devout, so true, so kind. But what do I find in reality? On many of your streets one would never know it was the Sabbath; every kind of work and amusement going on; sharp conflict in business; your hordes of poor people and your cruel stock yards. Don't tell us any more of your 'ideal Christian land;' only a little later on I think you will need missionaries from our land to yours."

"The cross shines fair and the church bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things;
Yet the world is not happy as it might be.
Why is it? Why is it? O answer me!
What lackest thou world? God made thee of old;
Why, thy faith gone out? And thy love grown cold?
Thou art not as happy as thou might be—
For the want of Christ's simplicity;
It is Love that thou lackest, thou poor old world."

JEANIE DEANS.

South Carolina.

Clothes for Little Girls.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—So many have written so much better than I can, that I scarcely know what to take for a subject.

I wonder if any of the readers of Social Chat have begun to plan the spring and summer clothes for the little ones? I have two little girls to sew for, and I find it rushes one

so to wait until spring to make all their clothes. Then the garden, little chickens, house cleaning, and so many other things demand our attention.

Fashions for children do not change so often, so we may safely make up their clothes a few months ahead. For the little girls gingham, linen and pique dresses, I think the tucked one-piece dress and blouses are prettier than any other style. For every-day wear, I buy only red or blue calico; these I make plainly so they are easily ironed.

I am disgusted with delicate colored lawns, etc., for children—a few washings at the hands of the average negro wash-woman ruins them; and for that reason I shall confine my children's clothes to white goods, with a few linen and good blue or red ginghams thrown in for the sake of variety. If linen dresses are dipped in cold coffee after each washing it keeps them from washing off so fast.

All this may not interest those who have no girls, but so many busy mothers have no fashion books to study, and only get to church to see how other people dress their little ones. I can't dress my children fine, but I do like for them to look as well as possible when they go out, and I am sure every woman who has the welfare of her children at heart feels the same way. It is always a pleasure to me to lend my patterns and magazines to the many busy mothers in my neighborhood. 'Tis one way of "passing it on," as our "Sunshiners" say.

I enjoyed Margaret's and Elizabeth's much. I wish I knew them personally; they must be charming women. They write so interestingly of Florida and Baltimore.

Let each of us try to make this the brightest and best page in The Progressive Farmer.

I have been ill for over a week, and am far from well now, so will close, with love and best wishes for each of the Chatterers and a double portion for Aunt Jennie.

PANSY.

Rowan Co., N. C.

I raised last year 2,500 pounds of cotton on one and one-half acres of land, using one sack of acid made up into compost.—L. A. Richie, China Grove, N. C.

Lamp-chimneys that break are not

MACBETH'S.

If you use a wrong chimney, you lose a good deal of both light and comfort, and waste a dollar or two a year a lamp on chimneys.

Do you want the Index? Write me.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.