

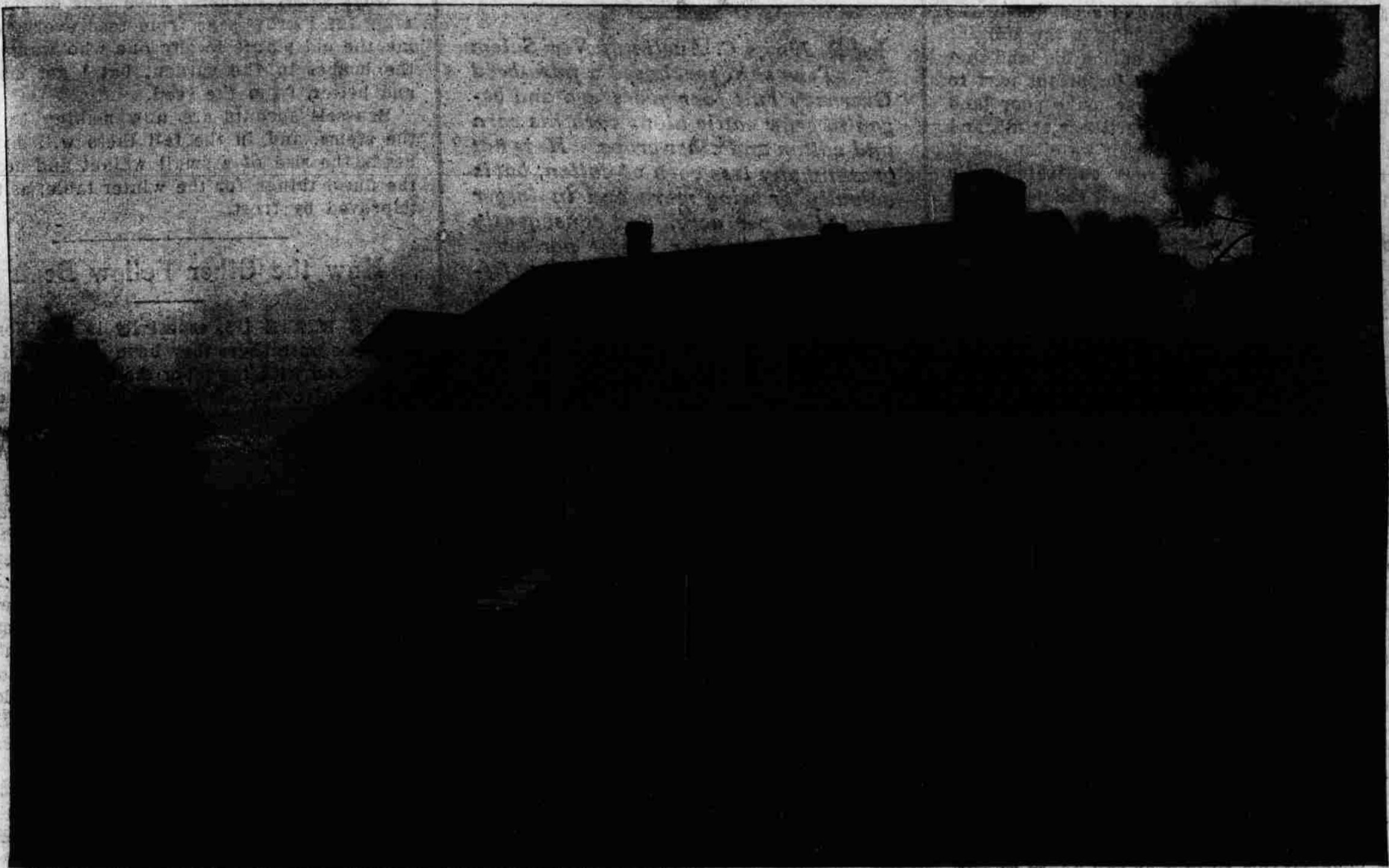
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THE HOME OF PLEASANT MEMORIES.

TO all of us who knew it, it seemed almost the ideal home—the one to which we always accepted invitations with gladness, and the home to which, if we had had to leave our own, we would most willingly have gone.

It wasn't a fine place, at all: Just a little white cottage with a neat and ample lawn in front of it; a big tree or two to shadow and guard it; on one side an old-fashioned hedge of flowering shrubbery, and clambering roses, and stately hollyhocks and lilies, and back of these bright and fragrant beds of pansies and violets and snapdragons and sweet williams and old-time pinks and all the hardy flowers that delight to blossom in an informal garden.

Inside, too, it was all very simple and unpretentious with no fussiness or show, but it was always neat and fresh and homelike. There was ever a blazing fire on cold winter evenings, and ever an air of shadowy coolness on hot summer days. On the walls were one or two tasteful pictures that had stories to tell—pictures that didn't grow old; one side of the little sitting-room was lined with books, not gaudy volumes left by wandering

agents, but well selected editions of Dickens and Scott and Shakespeare and the other masters; a piano, such as no home is quite complete without, filled another corner. And something in the spirit of the place made one just snuggle down, as it were, into his little nook, and enjoy the book or the game or the song.

Perhaps it was the keeper of the home who gave it this atmosphere; for she seemed a part of it, so like herself had she made it. With all her household duties she found time to enjoy life and to make others enjoy it. One marvelled how she did so much—possibly it was because she had learned how to save labor, and because, humble as the home was, it was convenient and equipped with the definite idea of making her work easy. "I would rather spend money for comfort and leisure than for display," she said. So she found enough leisure to fill her home with comfort, and to make it a place to which one tired or discouraged could always turn and find rest or inspiration.

And the best part of the story is that nearly all of us, if we only try, may have such homes as this for our own. Is not the result worth the effort?

In This Issue: How Some Farmers Put in Water-Works, Page 604; Retain Old Southern Customs, 606; A Page of Helps for Busy Housekeepers, 607; The Joy of Housework, 608; Floor Plan of a Model Kitchen, 609; Practical Training for Housekeepers, 610; The Spirit That Makes the Home, 611; Hot-Weather Cooking Hints, 614; The Baby's Place in the Home, 618.