

Country Home Department

Conducted by Mrs. E. D. Wall, Sanford, N. C., to whom all Matter for this Department Should be Sent

GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF PA.

Why pa, he didn't go to town
Last evening after tea,
But got a book and settled down
As com'fy as could be.
I'll tell you I was awful glad
To have my pa about,
To answer all the things I had
Been trying to find out.

And so I asked him why the world
Is round, instead of square,
And why the piggies tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air?
And why the moon don't hit a star,
And why the dark is black?
And just how many birds there are,
And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells,
And why does June-bugs hum,
And what's the roar I hear in shells,
And when will Christmas come?
And why the grass is always green,
Instead of sometimes blue,
And why a bean will grow a bean,
And not an apple too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh?
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray—
And then my pa got up, and gee!
The awful words he said,
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Just sent me off to bed.—Selected.

A Girl Who Loves Books.

I am a little girl thirteen years old and have been reading with much interest, what some of the readers of this page have written concerning books. I have read "The Sketch-Book," by Washington Irving, "The Spy," by Cooper, "The House of the Seven Gables," by Hawthorne, "The Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion," by Walker Scott, "The Swiss Family Robeson," and "Evangeline," besides several others from the Sunday School Library, during the past year. Of those, I have read this winter, "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Swiss Family Robeson." The one we have selected to read next is the "Last of the Mohicans." Our plan is, after we have finished reading a book, to make a synopsis of it. In this way we remember more about the book than we would otherwise. We all read them aloud and, of course, there is a lively spirit of rivalry to see who has the best synopsis. I do not think there is a better way for boys and girls to spend their leisure time than reading good books. It makes one familiar with the best authors. You learn to talk well from reading well. Good reading furnishes much to think about. Good books are the best of companions. I wish some other girl or boy would tell us what they are reading. LILLIAN.

The Laugh Cure.

Laughter induces a mental exhilaration. The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only save you many a doctor's bill, but will also

save you years of your life. There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim, "Laugh and grow fat." Laughter is a foe to pain and disease, and a sure cure for the "blues," melancholy, and worry.

Laughter is contagious. Be cheerful and make everybody around you happy, harmonious and healthful.

Laughter and good cheer make love of life, and love of life is half of health.

Use laughter as a table sauce. It sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive organs.

Laughter keeps the heart and face young, and enhances the physical beauty.

Laughter is nature's device for exercising the internal organs, and giving us pleasure at the same time. It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. It expands the chest and forces the poisoned air from the least-used lung-cell. Perfect health, which may be destroyed by a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often restored by a good hearty laugh. A jolly physician is often better

than all his pills.—Success Magazine.

"What If It Were My Mother?"

If we could see our own loved reflected in the poor around us, how often would our hands reach out to help? A lady was riding one day in a carriage, when she came upon an old woman with a queer little hood on her head and a staff in her hand. She was neat and clean, and her skin smooth and delicate, but her back was bent and her feet were without shoes.

The lady saw she was shoeless and stopped the carriage. "Here is some money," she said in a tender voice. "What for?" said the woman, looking up pleasantly.

To buy shoes for your poor feet. Do you not want a pair?" The woman laughed a little low laugh, which seemed to come from a heart filled with simple happy thoughts.

"Don't you want a pair of shoes?" asked the lady, a little hurt.

"God bless and reward you," answered the woman heartily.

The carriage drove on, and the lady sank back in her seat with tears in her eyes. "Oh," she said, "I thought I saw my own mother in that dear old lady. She had just such a sweet face and pleasant voice. You don't know how I felt when I thought of my mother, old and feeble, walking with bare feet, over this rough rocky road.—Girls' Companion.

Judge Gently.

"It was a liberal education in charity to go to her with a bit of gossip. "The speaker laughed softly over the memory. "She was the gentlest hearer and the kindest judge you ever saw. No matter how dreadful or how true the news might be she always managed to find some pity or some praise to mix in and sweeten it. She always sent you away with the shamed and chastened resolution to gossip no more, or to go back to every one to whom you had told the tale and modify it after her pattern. Such a gentle hearer and kindly judge would be a blessing in every community, aye—in every household. For we all need more or less training and reminding to gentleness and kindness of thought and word in our dealings with those about us. It is so easy to judge keenly and harshly, to get into the habit of seeing the faults and allowing them to obscure the virtues, of gossip and criticism instead of praise and encouragement.

Suppose we try instead, to ignore the faults that we cannot remedy by notice, and bring forth to the light every virtue we can find in everybody we know. Would it not make a wonderful and splendid change in our view of our friends and neighbors.—Orphan's Friend.

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