

## Our Women and Children

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

### WHAT IS SUCCESS?"

Some of us may not be able to increase our income of dollars, but all of us can increase our output of good thoughts. And the man who creates and distributes thoughts that construct, that foster greater faith, that inspire more confidence, that make for neighborliness and good-will, is a success.

And the man who is that sort of success will never lack anything needful to his happiness and well-being. He simply "cannot escape from his good," the good he is daily creating and dispensing. As he sows he reaps. The work he loves to do, the service he performs whole-heartedly, brings to him a just and all-sufficient recompense. He may never be able to write his check for a million—he doesn't want to. A wealthy man, a man who can probably write a half dozen such checks, and who has won his way by the hardest sort of climbing, and by shutting heart and eyes to the little joys along the road, said to us the other day: "Say what you like, the people who have enough to do with and not too much, who must plan a little, and wait and save for something much desired, are the happy people. They appreciate what they have—it means something to them. The man who has work that suits him and that he suits, who loves to do what he is doing, is a king. Why—" he smiled reminiscently, "the very happiest and proudest moment of my life was when a club I used to belong to staged a little play that I wrote. How I dreamed of the plays I would write in the future; how the plots wove themselves in and out of my brain every waking moment. But they never got any further. And now—" he lifted his shoulders with a deprecating shrug that said more than words. "But you wouldn't go back?" we asked; "you wouldn't give up your wealth, your standing as a man of affairs, and all the fruits of all your years for a dream?" His face grew serious. "I I could go back," he made answer, "if I could go back I'd choose a different path. I have played the game of mammon, and it isn't worth the candle. It wouldn't matter so much if this life were all, but I've come to believe it isn't. I have come to believe that a man's work is born with him; that we are builders here for something beyond, and that the poorest foundation possible to imagine is the making of money for money's sake, and power. The world calls me a successful man; I'm not, and I know it." And here is Thoreau's own definition of success; let us take it with us through the year: If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more starry, more immortal—that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself.

### THE MOTHER SONG.

The brilliant audience gave an ovation to the great singer. She was unquestionably the best soprano in the world. The critic turned to his friend, the self-made millionaire, and said: "Did you ever hear any song more exquisitely rendered?"

"Yes," said the rich man musingly,

or he was touched by the magic of what he had heard. "Yes, I have heard three great singers."

"I want to know," exclaimed the critic.

"The first was years ago. The singer was plain of face and gray of hair and tired of body. There was much work to do, and many mouths to feed. I was the youngest child, sick and cross. And the dear singer crooned to me a lullaby, and I slept. It was a wonderful song. The next was years afterwards. We had a little cottage. It was summer, and the windows and doors were open. My wife was in the kitchen preparing supper. She was singing something about the true love coming home to her. It was for me. And that, too, was a wonderful song. Some more years elapse. There is a little toddler in the garden, and she sings hesitatingly something about daddy and his baby. These are three singers, my friend, that beat all our sopranos."

### MY BOY.

"Don't send a boy where a girl can't go, And say, 'There's no danger for boys, you know, Because they all have their wild oats to sow;' There is no more excuse for a boy to be low Than a girl. Then please don't tell him so.

Don't send a boy where a girl can't go, For a boy or girl, sin is sin, you know, And a good boy's hands are as clean and white, And his heart as pure as a girl's to-night." —Anon.

### THE REMAINS.

A Negro child died without medical attendance and the coroner went to investigate.

"Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who answered the door.

"Yussah," she replied between sobs. "May I see the remains?" asked the coroner.

"I is de remains," she answered proudly.

### TIED.

Major George W. Teidman, of Savannah, Georgia, tells the following about the old-time Georgia editor who was usually mayor, justice of the peace, and real-estate agent, as well.

Upon one occasion one of these editors was busy writing an editorial on the tariff when a Georgia couple came in to be married. Without looking up, without once slacking his pen, the editor said:

"Time's money; want her?"

"Yes," said the youth.

"Want him?" the editor nodded toward the girl.

"Yes," she replied.

"Man and wife," pronounced the editor, his pen still writing rapidly. "One dollar. Bring a load of wood for it. One-third pine; balance oak." —Everybody's.

"You say that Jenkins owes everything he has to you?"

"Worse! He owes much more than he has to me."

A New England woman tell of discovering her new cook in the drawing room, gazing at an aquarium with much interest.

"Well, Mary," said the mistress of the house, in a kindly tone, "What do you think of them?"

"Sure, they're lovely," said the girl, "Will ye belave me, mum, but this is the first toime in me loife I iver see red herrings alive before!"

We are always inclined to be lenient with the faults of people who are bigger than we are.

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