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Our Manly Training of Girls.

Our training of girls approaches close to the idiotic. The average girl, from the minute she leaves her dolls to go to the kindergarten till she matriculates at college, is told about men and men's work—never about women. The kindergarten tales and songs are about Lincoln and Washington—and even the pictures of animals show the lion and forget the lioness. In older childhood she is taught to build sand forts instead of good old-fashioned mud pies, and even the sums in arithmetic dwell on "Billy's" marbles and "John's" apples to the total neglect of sister.

Later still she goes to high school and learns history with all its ideals of brave men—and here again the woman's share of quiet courage is completely overshadowed. She learns carpentering, although she can not cook an egg or sew a seam. And finally, her education finished, she knows all about the higher mathematics and is short changed by the butcher. She learns political economy, but doesn't know who are the members of her own school board.

If your boy wanted to be a lawyer and a neighbor told you to put him to work in a carpenter shop by way of preparation, you would think your neighbor crazy. But you do not consider yourself crazy when you train your daughter, who is to be a wife and mother (and nothing can get away from grim statistics, that women do marry despite economic independence, the higher education, and all other arguments in favor of co-education,) precisely as you train your son, who will enter some profession or trade, there to first earn his own living, and then to provide for a family yet unborn. The one to bear the family and to rear it, the other to provide shelter and comfort for the mother of that family, and yet both trained precisely in the same way!—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Love, when true, faithful and well-fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life: without it the mind cannot reach its fullest height.—*John Ruskin.*

Of course it was an old bachelor who said that women ought to hold their tongues occasionally in order to give their thoughts a chance to catch up.—*Exchange.*

Only when love gets into the will as well as into the feelings do our lives become really loving. It is easy to love when we feel loving; it is hard to love when we do not feel loving. Yet those alone who love when it is hard to love have learned the meaning of love. It was said of a man who did not show the tenderer, softer side of his nature as much as do some whose feelings lie nearer the surface, that to him, "love was not so much a sentiment as a guiding principle. And that means that his love was worth more, went deeper, lasted longer, and accomplished more in the lives of others, than the love of those to whom the word means chiefly an emotion. To love others is to hold their interests always dear, and to be guided in all our actions toward them by that purpose. Have we learned to love with our wills?—*S. S. Times.*

Through the Southern states no fruit or nut tree is better adapted for general planting or more worthy of careful cultivation than the pecan. It is to the South what the apple is to the North—worthy of a place in every fruit-garden, on every lawn, and the most important tree from the standpoint of the orchardist. The pecan fits well into the general farming of the regions to which it is adapted. It must be planted farther apart than other fruit trees, leaving ample space for the cultivation of general farm crops. These crops may be grown advantageously, with benefit to the trees, and will more than cover the cost of maintenance, until they commence to bear.—*Jackson Bulletin.*

A beautiful German story relates how one day a little girl, named Jeannette, witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeannette was seated in the stand, she saw an old, feeble woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself: "It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor, feeble old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old." Then she gave up her seat to the old woman, and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeannette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courtier of the emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side, as he said, "Little

girl, her majesty would be pleased to see you in the royal box." When the abashed child stood before the empress, she graciously said, "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side." So God honors those who honor his servants, and no act of kindness will go unrewarded.

Once a fisherman was dying in his humble, lowly cot, and the pastor sat beside him saying things that hit the spot, so that all his futile terrors left the dying sinner's heart, and he said: "The journey's lonely, but I'm ready for the start. There is just one little matter that is fretting me," he sighed, and perhaps I'd better tell it ere I cross the Great Divide. I have got a string of stories that I have told from day to day; stories of the fish I have captured and the ones that got away, and I fear that when I tell them they are apt to stretch a mile, and I wonder when I am wafted to that land that's free from guile, if they will let me tell my stories if I try to tell them straight, or will angels lose their tempers then and chase me through the gate?" Then the pastor sat and pondered for the question vexed him sore; never such a weird conundrum had been sprung on him before. Yet the courage of conviction moved him soon to a reply, and he wished to fill the fisher with fair visions of the sky: "You can doubtless tell fish stories," said the clergyman, aloud, "but I'd stretch them very little if old Job's in the crowd."—*Ex.*

To simply live alone, with no provision for the gratification of the social instincts, is apt to prove too severe a strain upon the reserve forces of even the happiest marriage. There is some excuse to be made for the man who seeks society outside the home wherein no thought is given to social pleasure, while the wife is apt to grow petty and personal, and so less attractive as she shuts herself away from intercourse with others. This dropping out is very easy, but even when prosperity comes, and large social functions are possible, it is too late to gain that most valuable possession, friendship, which is entirely independent of financial success. To have and to hold a place in the social life of the world is not only the right but the duty of the young wife who is expected to have a home in the truest and best sense.—*McCall's Magazine*