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RED GERANIUMS
By Martha Haskell Clark

Life did not bring me silken gowns,
Nor jewels for my hair,
Nor signs of gabled foreign towns
In distant countries fair,
But I can glimpse, beyond my pane, a green and
friendly hill,
And red geraniums aflame upon my window sill.

The humble cares of everyday,
The tiny humdrum things,
May bind my feet when they would stray,
But still my heart has wings
While red geraniums are bloomed against my
window glass,
And low above my green-sweet hill the gypsy
wind-clouds pass.

And if my dreamings ne'er come true,
The brightest and the best,
But leave me lone my journey through,
I'll set my heart at rest,
And thank God for home-sweet things, a green
and friendly hill,
And red geraniums aflame upon my window sill.

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with only one member from each branch attending. How does the average member at the grass roots gain an insight into the workings of the Institute as a whole?

"Algoma North Shore District has just had a Rally, a small one to be sure, but we think highly successful. We met at 10.00 a.m., had a short opening with the Ode and Mrs. Haggerty's 'A Good Good Morning'; then we gathered in groups for discussion. There were discussion leaders for presidents and vice-presidents, for conveners of Agriculture and Canadian Industries, Home Economics and Health, Citizenship and Education, and for Public Relations representatives.

"There was a short business session and then dinner. Each branch brought enough food for its own members, one member to help in the kitchen before dinner and another to help after dinner. The hostess branch provided beverage and kitchen supervision. Service was in buffet style.

"The whole day was planned to be as leisurely as possible. Two hours was allowed for lunch which gave plenty of time for chatting and discussion among individual members and branches. Lunch in the buffet style was such a contrast to the usual scramble at District Annual. The hostess branch sat with us until 11.30 and then one member went to the kitchen followed by seven helpers from the other branches. Bags, boxes, canisters and paper parcels were opened and placed on a long table where china and cutlery were already laid out. In just thirty minutes the 36 members had completed lunch and 15 minutes later the dishes were stacked in the cupboard and chatter was general.

"After dinner we had a general discussion period and were ready to leave for home about 3.30.

"The aim of the Rally was to have our members become better acquainted with each other and with the aims and duties of our organization and officers. How well it succeeded only time will

tell, but at present it has proved an inspiration to those who attended."

Retarded Children "Adopted"

In reply to our letter asking for more information about an item in the local press saying that Port Dover Institute had "adopted" two retarded children we have this explanation from Mrs. Bev. Schram:

"We have been interested in retarded children for some time and each year we appoint two of our members to attend the monthly meetings of the association working for retarded children in Simcoe. We have helped financially several times and just lately we thought it would be nice to 'adopt' a retarded child. This means that we would send the child a birthday gift, something at Christmas time and at any other special season of the year.

"We decided to adopt two. They are both boys, twenty and twenty-one years of age with an I.Q. of children of four years. They are from the Ontario Hospital in Aurora and we got their names from Mr. Cliff. J. Bowey, Chairman Institutions Committee, Box 386, Carleton Place, Ont. If other Institutes are interested Mr. Bowey would be pleased to send them the number of names they ask for. Some of these children do not have parents and some are from broken homes and never receive any outside treats."

How Time Brings Changes!

When Burnt River Institute celebrated its fiftieth anniversary it was recalled that some of the subjects on the programmes of the early days were: "Simple Meals in Berry Time," "Making Butter for Winter Use," "The Most Profitable Outing for a Family," "How to Spend Our Winter Evenings," "Separate Purses for Man and Wife." This Insti-

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BORN WITHOUT A CHANCE

By Edmund Vance Cooke

The Date: February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln's
Birthday

A squalid village set in wintry mud,
A hub-deep oxcart slowly groans and creaks.
A horseman hails and halts. He shifts his cud
And speaks:

"Well, did you hear? Tom Lincoln's wife today.
The devil's luck for folk as poor as they!
Poor Tom! Poor Nance!
Poor youngun born without a chance!

"A baby in that Godforsaken den,
That worse than cattle pen!
Another squalling red-faced good-for-naught
Spilled on the world, Heaven only knows for what.

"Yet there be those
Who claim equality for this new brat.
Who even claim this Lincoln cub might be
Of value in the world with you and me,
Who even hint that black men should be free
Or a president might be in this new baby!
In this new squawker born without a rag
To hide himself! Good God, it makes me gag!
This human spawn
Born for the world to wipe its feet upon.
"And—Oh well, send the womenfolks to Nance
Poor little devil! born without a chance."

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