



## THE Girls' Cozy Corner

The Reciprocity of Smiles.

By J. W. Foley, in Collier's.

Sometimes I wonder why they smile so pleasantly at me, And pat my head when they pass by as friendly as can be; Sometimes I wonder why they stop to tell me How-d'-do, And ask me then how old I am and where I'm going to; And ask me can I spare a curl and say they used to know A little girl that looked like me, oh, years and years ago; And I told Mamma how they smiled and asked her why they do So she said if you smile at folks they always smile at you.

I never knew I smiled at them when they were going by, I guess it smiled all by itself and that's the reason why; I just look up from playing if it's anyone I know And they most always smile at me and maybe say Hello; And I can smile at anyone, no matter who or where Because I'm just a little girl with lots of them to spare; And Mamma said we ought to smile at folks, and if you do Most always they feel better and they smile right back at you.

And when so many smile at me and ask me for a curl It makes me think most everyone likes a little girl; And once when I was playing and a man was going by He smiled at me and then he rubbed some dust out of his eye, Because it made it water so, and said he used to know A little girl up in his yard who used to smile just so; And then I asked why don't she now and then he said, "You see—" And then he rubbed his eye again and only smiled at me.

### HONEY AT CHURCH.

Honey liked nothing better than going to church and, I must say, she behaved beautifully for such a little bit of a three-year-old girl. Sometimes to be sure, she would go to sleep during the sermon, but would always wake up in time for the music; and, then, she liked to have the ladies notice her after church. Sometimes they gave her candy, and Honey thought that was the very best of all.

Once there came a rainy Sunday and Honey's parents made no preparations for church. Instead, they went out on the porch with something to read.

"Honey wants to go to church," said the little one. "Not today," said her papa, "Honey would get all wet." "Honey wants to go to church," she repeated.

"Don't you see papa and mamma are not going," said her mother.

The little one went into the house, climbed up into a chair and surveyed herself in a glass.

"Ise all yite," she said, hunting up her bonnet and tying it on wrong side

before. Then she found an old umbrella, slit up between every wire, and started out. Her father and mother were on the back porch, so that she was not afraid of being seen by them. When it became very quiet in the house, however, her mamma tipped to the front door and looked out.

There was Honey going down the street through the pouring rain. The church was not far away, and she was almost there.

With a bound her mamma sprang out into the rain and ran after her. The child heard her and hastened her footsteps. Her mamma was too late. Without putting her umbrella down, Honey was creating quite a sensation as she marched up the aisle.

Honey's mamma was too mortified and too full of laughter to follow. She just stood outside of the door, the rain pelting down on her bare head and listened.

She heard a breeze and a ripple, then a giggle and suppressed laughter. What next? It was the preacher and he was saying:

"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and then she peeped in to see that Honey had gone right up into the pulpit, bowing and smiling at the preacher who was just in the middle of his discourse.

Could Honey's mamma believe her senses? The preacher was closing the little one's umbrella; he took off her bonnet, smoothed her hair, and then, with a hearty kiss, sat her down on the sofa behind him.

Honey's mamma waited for no more. She hurried home and told her husband almost breathlessly about it, and then both of them dressed hurriedly and went to church, slipping quietly into a back seat.

The preacher saw them, however, and after the benediction he took Honey by the hand and led her down to her parents saying, with a smile, "And a little child shall lead them."

Honey's papa and mamma would have given her a scolding, perhaps, but for these words. Instead, they always went to church after that and took Honey with them, rain or shine.

### GIRL'S PRIZE LETTER.

Sweet Valley, Alta., Sep. 19.  
Dear Cousin Doris,—This is my first letter to the Girls' Cozy Corner and I hope to see my letter in print. I live thirty miles from a town named Brooks. I am thirteen years old; there is no school here. I am very fond of horse-back riding. We have no crops this season as it has been so dry. I like cooking very much. When my mother is in town I cook for my father and brother. I have a nice girl friend, her name is Annie Erickson. She lives one mile from my home. We have some enjoyable times together. I remain your Cousin. Wishing your paper every success.—Bluebell.

### FIRST PATIENT A DOG.

Florence Nightingale Began Her Great Work by Caring for Pet Animals.

A name that has been long known and loved throughout the world is that of Florence Nightingale. There is indeed something almost angelic in the sound of the name. "Angel of Mercy" was the title which she bore in life and by which she will be remembered in

death. The heroic service of this noble woman in soldiers' camps and upon battlefields is one of the greatest examples of kindness and self-sacrifice in the annals of human kind. So beloved was this gentle woman, it is said, that the sick and dying used to kiss her shadow as she passed their cots. The elements which made this life of such beauty and determined so useful a career for Florence Nightingale may be best understood from the following story:

"Her first experiences as a nurse were with her dolls, whose broken limbs and bruised heads she bandaged and cared for with all the tenderness and gentleness of her nature.

"As she grew older she became interested in caring for wounded or sick pets and other animals. Her first patient was a dog named Cap. The dog belonged to one of her father's shepherds and one day she learned that Cap had been injured by some boys and that the shepherd was preparing to kill his beloved dog in order to save him from the suffering. In spite of the fact that she was still a little girl and very timid, she at once drove to the shepherd's home, and, with the aid of the clergyman of the parish, she nursed the wounds of the injured animal, and soon he was well again.

"Her love for pets and her skill in curing them soon became well known, and in a short time she had become the nurse of all the wounded animals of the neighborhood."

## THE Canadian Boy's Camp

### Isn't It Queer?

By Anna A. Merriam.

A saw has teeth that can't chew a bite.  
A table has legs but can't walk;  
Pitchers have mouths that won't open or shut.

And a shoe has a tongue but can't talk.

A clock has a face without eyes, nose or mouth,

Not a single sign of a feature;

It also has hands without fingers or thumbs—

A truly remarkable creature.

Potatoes and needles have eyes but can't see;

A stove has lids but can't blink;

A windmill has arms but they won't hold a thing;

And a pin has a head but can't think.

Now though you may think these things very queer

They are honestly true, every one.

Suppose you all try to think of some more,

It really is oceans of fun.

### THE MOST POPULAR BOY IN ENGLAND.

By J. L. Harbour.

The new heir apparent to the throne of England was sixteen years old on the 23rd of last June, and is therefore in what some folks call the "between hay and grass" period of life, which means that he is almost too old to be called a boy and not old enough to be called a man. If all reports are true the elements of boyishness and manliness are

happily combined in young Prince Edward, eldest child of the King of England. He is old enough to think seriously of the duties that lie before him as the next King of England should he outlive his father, as he is likely to do. Training for kingship is rather a serious business, and it will be more serious than ever now that Prince Edward is so much nearer the throne than he was before the death of his grandfather, King Edward. The late King Edward was particularly fond of Prince Edward and the two were often together, and it is said that the king never lost the opportunity of impressing upon Prince Edward the fact that he was heir to the crown and throne of England and that he must conduct himself accordingly. The late King Edward made a point of being kind and polite to every one and the parents of Prince Edward have taught him that this is one of the attributes of a gentleman and a real king. Three years ago young Prince Edward went to Osborne in the Isle of Wight to begin life as a naval cadet. He went with the distinct understanding that he was to be treated just as the other cadets were treated. No favor was shown him because he was a prince of the blood royal and the future King of England. His outfit was just as simple and inexpensive as was the outfit of the other cadets and he had to obey the simplest rule obeyed by the other cadets. When he went to Dartmouth the same rule obtained. He had to "pull out" at half past six in the morning, just as the other cadets did. He had to do three-quarters of an hour's work before breakfast. He had to work in the forge and in the factory as the other boys did, and he took his share of the fagging as the other boys did. Nor did he resent this. The manliness of his nature revealed itself in his willingness to be put on the same level with the other boys, and, in not asking any favors because he was so superior in social station to the other boys. In a letter sent to his father Prince Edward told how he had been sent on an errand by a senior boy in the school, the senior boys being allowed by tradition to make the juniors' bag for them. Prince Edward told how the senior had given him a sixpence with which to buy a small box, which it turned out cost only three-pence, and how the senior boy had graciously told Prince Edward that he might "keep the change."

It is the custom at an English school that all boys of over a year's standing may ask a newcomer his name and the latter must reply promptly and truthfully and without any spirit of resentment, no matter how many of the senior boys ask the question. It is recorded that one of the older boys went up to Prince Edward and asked:

"What is your name?"

"Edward," was the reply.

"Edward what?"

"Edward nothing—just Edward."

Then the senior was about to chastise the prince for not giving a more definite answer to the name, but evidently thought better of it and turned away saying:

"Oh, it's you, is it, eh?"

One of the cadets once asked Prince Edward how it felt to be the son of the Prince of Wales and an heir to the throne of Great Britain. He was asked if it was not a great responsibility and he said in reply:

"No. I have never thought of it in that way. It has always seemed to be great luck to be born the eldest son,