

HOME JOURNAL

A Department for the Family

PEOPLE AND THINGS THE WORLD OVER

Mrs. Julia Carney, author of "Little Drops of Water," translated into many languages, and "Think of the Erring," found in many church hymnals, died at Galesburg, Ill., aged 85 years.

For the first time in the history of the university a blind boy has entered Cornell. His name is William H. Moore, and his home is in Brooklyn. He came to Ithaca with his mother, who guided him around the hill and to the classrooms. He has entered as a freshman in the College of Arts and Sciences, and hopes to be able to take the A.B. degree.

For hugging his wife in a dramatic fashion on a street car to the disgust of other passengers, Dennis Burns was summoned before a magistrate under an old blue law of the state and fined \$2. Burns said, "I love my wife dearly and have a right to kiss her, law or no law."

The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a law prohibiting the slaughter of robins in their temporary sojourn in that State. The pot hunters of Louisiana have in the past killed as many as a million robins in a single winter, and a law was sorely needed to put an end to the needless slaughter of an excellent bird—excellent because it destroys injurious insects and is withal a cheerful songster.

The trustees of a South Dakota church have offered to expend \$125 for the installation of a hat rack and mirror on condition that the women of the congregation remove their large and fashionable hats during the service. The women have agreed to do so, and furthermore have signed a pledge to this effect.

Mr. Barrie is a lucky man. According to the Bystander, he has a fascinating wife, much wealth (accumulated from "royalties") a pretty house at Leinster Corner opposite Kensington Gardens, and one prettier still in Surrey. And not only this. He boasts the "freedom of Kensington Gardens," which was bestowed upon him by the authorities after he had written "The Little White Bird," the foster-father of "Peter-Pan." The curious may ask, what does the freedom of Kensington Gardens bring with it? Simply the key of the gate of the Broad Walk. Mr. Barrie may stalk o'night in the gardens if so it pleases him.

The Black Prince was one of the finest characters ever produced by the English race. A daring and wonderfully successful military commander, he was yet humble, and pious and gentle as a woman. This is the picture of him which Dean Stanley has rescued from tradition for us. His helmet and sword and saddle still hang high above his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, and his motto, "I Serve," is worthy of adoption by every Canadian who would be loyal to his country, the Empire and mankind. Originally displayed by the first Prince of Wales, it is presented to the University of Toronto by the wife of the present wearer of that title.

Queen Alexandra, who to her intimate friends has been known as an amateur photographer of talent, has decided, in the interests of charity, to become an author. Not merely that, but she breaks through the traditions of court custom and has written what is modestly known as "recollections" to some one hundred and thirty photographs of an intimate and personal character taken by Her Majesty. All England is interested in the publication of the work, and with no way may it be accepted as a memoir of the Queen's experiences, it already has aroused the interest.

From cover to cover the work will be exclusively one of charity. The London Daily Telegraph is publishing the book and 100,000 copies already have been ordered. It will not exceed the hopes of all concerned if the sale reaches 500,000, so that the charitable enterprise of the Queen already is well assured. The book will bear the signature of Her Majesty and all the pictures produced will be those taken by herself and hitherto unpublished. Heretofore there have been books published by authorization of England's queens, and, in isolated instances, some printed for private circulation, but this is the first instance in which a series of photographs taken by the Queen, with comments by herself, have been put upon the market.

At the late meeting in New York of the American Playground Congress, the purpose of which is to provide opportunities for decent and healthy exercise and play for children and youth, one of the speakers offered a sharp and just criticism of the comic sections of our Sunday newspapers. Of all their evils, perhaps this is the greatest. They are the portion first picked up by children, and the lessons taught are deceit, cunning and disrespect for gray hairs. The stories told in coarse pictures are of rudeness and indecent tricks played on the old and the helpless. If the morals of these pictures were better, yet the art is usually insufferably vulgar. If the papers that offer such sections are admitted into a house where are children—or older folks for that matter—the comic section ought immediately to be committed to the flames. They fitly combine shocking art with corrupting morals. —The New York Independent.

THE NEW SPIRIT ON THE FARM

In the course of an article on "The New Spirit of the Farm," in the *Outing Magazine* for September, Miss Agnes C. Laut, who has written many interesting articles on agricultural progress in Canada's West, says:

"When you consider that the boll weevil has caused a loss of as much as fifteen million dollars in a single year in a single state, and the potato bug ten million dollars in all the United States, and the Rocky Mountain locust a loss of one hundred million dollars in a single year—need one ask what bearing bird-life has on the farm? The birds are sent to do what we can't do—destroy the multitudinous pests. It brings you back to that old idea, the focus and center of gravity with the whole New Spirit of the Farm—the idea of the law; law, which science is trying to find out and reveal. I say *reveal* advisedly; for what helps us into harmony instead of antagonism toward the great underlying laws of existence, what helps us to success instead of failure, what makes the moral man the efficient man, is surely as much a revelation as if it came in a blaze of light.

It is a fearfully keen-edged test of our old-fashioned ideas of morality, too, this pivotal idea of law that underlies the New Spirit of the Farm. It explains why men, who ranked as "good" and didn't break the Ten Commandments—at least, didn't break them so you could hear them crack—often proved most inefficient and the most dismal of life's failures—not by the Will of God, no, not by a long shot, but because they turned a bad furrow, let the weeds multiply, farmed slither-fashion—in a word, didn't obey Nature's Ten Commandments. It explains why the thoughtless and cruel killing of birds may be an immoral act, though the birds are to decorate the hat of a woman who would blush at the word immoral.

"There are just two things in this God Almighty's earth, Right and Wrong, and that applies clear down to the way you spade your garden," an old acquaintance used to say.

I didn't know what he meant. In the light of the New Spirit of the Farm, I know now. "When you think of the New Spirit of the Farm, don't forget the moral side of it, without which all you say will be so much waste," wrote Prof. James Robertson, the dairy expert of Canada, who raised Canada's expert products to as many hundreds of thousands as they were formerly hundreds. I wondered what he meant. Knowing he was of Scotch Presbyterian ancestry, I wondered if this were just that Scotch Presbyterian habit of dragging religion in by the scruff of the neck. Then I read his lectures as head of the famous MacDonald Training Schools and found the same pivotal idea—to make the good man a successful man by all-round observance of law, to make the farmer an intelligent farmer, without which he could not be moral in the deepest sense of the word. In other words, failure on the farm is immoral because unnecessary and the result of ignorance.

A ROYAL ADVERTISER

There is legitimate advertising, but of late years advertisers have gone beyond all bounds in their desire to get their goods before the public. They have defaced nature with the crudest, most glaring inventions of form and color and profit by it in dollars. How many grassy meadows are adorned (?) with a huge billboard recommending Jones' Shoes or Smith's Corn Cure against a background of noble trees? Mountain slopes, fertile valleys and murmuring streams no longer speak of the beauties of nature and the skill of her creator; instead they tell a tale of Brown's Pills or Somebody's Cigarettes. Houses and barns are paid for with shrieking advertisements on wall and roof. One of the finest specimens of church architecture in Winnipeg is surrounded on two sides with billboards at least twelve feet high impartially proclaiming the excellencies of sauce, whisky, stoves, opera companies, cigars and real estate.

The pity of allowing natural and artistic beauty to be so marred has been stirring in the hearts and intellects of thoughtful people lately, and influence is at work to check the evil. But the good movement has received a jolt and wild and indiscriminate advertising has gained prestige in an unexpected direction. North Cape, that magnificent pile of rock of which Norway and Norsemen are so proud is now nothing but a huge billboard. The most northerly point in Europe, massive and majestic in the gloom and storm of the long winter or radiant in the light of the midnight sun, it was the pride of the country and a sight regarded with admiration and awe by every tourist. But the glory is departed. The stranger now has the doubtful satisfaction of gazing on "Hohenzollern" in painted letters fifteen feet in height on the face of the mighty rock. A little souvenir left by his Imperial Majesty of Germany on a recent visit! The name of his yacht! The name of his family! Could he not have felt, gazing on that scene of grandeur, the smallness of his yacht, himself and all his family?

His example has been followed as one would expect. Shipping firms sending excursion steamers to Northern Norway have painted the names of their vessels on North Cape. These were followed by a chocolate maker who was smart enough to see his opportunity and now a firm has taken space to tell forth the virtues of their shoe blacking. Why not? The only difference between the first desecrator and the last is that the Kaiser got space for nothing and the blacking man pays a big sum.