

Young Folks

How Little Bear Learned to Swim.

Last summer, Little Bear went on a long journey with his father and mother. The three bears had a beautiful time travelling through the big forest until they reached the banks of a deep, swift river. Then there was trouble, for Little Bear could not swim, he said he was afraid of the water.

"Father Bear can carry me over the river," he suggested.

"Nonsense!" replied big Father Bear in gruff tones. "Nonsense, my son! You are old enough and strong enough to learn to swim. I will not carry you across the stream; neither shall you mother."

Just then there came Father Otter, swimming like a seal, and twisting and turning in the water like a fish.

"Perhaps the good otter will teach Little Bear to swim," Mother Bear said, and then called to him.

"It is the easiest thing in the world to teach a little bear to swim," answered Father Otter. "Just throw him in!" And away he went, laughing over his shoulder.

"He must be joking," observed Mother Bear quickly, because she was afraid that Father Bear would toss Little Bear into the river, and she did not like the idea.

At that moment Mother Otter came swimming down the river with her children. One of them climbed upon her shoulders and stared solemnly at Little Bear on the river bank.

"Good morning!" said Mother Bear.

"Good morning!" answered Mother Otter.

"Your children are fine swimmers," added Mother Bear.

"Certainly," answered Mother Otter. "Every one of them knows that our people have been famous swimmers for centuries."

"I suppose, then," ventured Mother Bear, "that your children were born swimmers. You probably had trouble in keeping them out of the water when they were babies."

Mother Otter laughed. "The trouble was to get them into the water," she said, "because the silly little things were afraid. All young otters are afraid of the water and have to be put into it by force."

"You do not mean it!" exclaimed Mother Bear, with great amazement in her tones.

"Indeed I do," replied Mother Otter. "We had to push every one of our children into the water. Does Little Bear know how to swim?"

"No," answered Mother Bear, shaking her head. "He is afraid to try."

"Duck him," advised Mother Otter. "Duck him. There is no other way to teach a little bear to swim."

And away she went down the stream intending to overtake Father Otter.

The little Otters kept looking back, hoping to see Father Bear toss Little Bear into the river; but Mother Bear begged him not to teach Little Bear to swim that day, and so the little Otters missed the fun.

That night the three bears camped beside the deep, swift river. After Little Bear was cuddled down in his bed of leaves and spriny boughs, Mother Bear made Father Bear promise not to toss Little Bear into the river unless Little Bear said he wanted to.

The next morning Father Bear was sorry that he had made the promise, because an honest-looking polecat who came across the stream and went into the woods told Father Bear and Mother Bear that the largest, sweetest blackberries in the forest were ripe on the other shore.

"And now," whispered Mother Bear to Father Bear, "now aren't you sorry that you told him that we wouldn't carry him over?"

"Sure enough I am," agreed Father Bear; and then he laughed at the joke on himself.

"Well," suggested Mother Bear at last, "I shall coax Little Bear to let you toss him gently into the river, and I shall catch him if he finds he cannot swim."

"Nonsense!" grumbled Father Bear, and stopped laughing. "While you coax," he said, "I shall go for a walk."

Coaxing did not do any good. When Little Bear saw his father wander away, he told his mother that he did not feel like going into the water that morning; he hoped she would please excuse him. And so she excused him.

Soon Father Bear came back, smiling and happy. "I have found a bridge," said he. "An old log has fallen across the river a little way upstream, where, on the other side, blackberries are almost as big as ducks' eggs. Little Bear can walk across on the log."

"All right, I'll do it," promised Little Bear, and gladly followed his father until the three bears reached the bridge.

But while Little Bear was skipping joyfully over the log, trying to reach the opposite bank before his father and mother could swim across, the log turned over and sent Little Bear head first into the river. Fortunately, he knew enough to keep his mouth shut, and in a little while he bobbed up, shaking his head to get the water out of his eyes and his ears and paddling like a duck. That was all there was to it, because, ever after, Little Bear could swim.

WAR CRIPPLES IN TRADE SCHOOLS

FRENCH GOVERNMENT AIDS WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Photographs of Wounds Aid in Systematizing Scientific Treatment.

The French Government recently gave facilities to the Associated Press and a party of foreign journalists to inspect some of the remarkable work which is being done for the regeneration of the ranks of stricken, crippled, maimed and apparently hopeless wounded who are borne back from the fighting line at Champagne.

Under the escort of French officers, the party was taken to St. Maurice, a short distance outside Paris, where wounded are brought after the physical cures of surgery have been given, to be nursed into convalescence, diverted from thought of the loss of limbs, and gradually educated into some new line which re-creates them into useful members of society. St. Maurice is of vast dimensions, the buildings and grounds occupying an area probably greater than Central Park in New York. The buildings stretch as far as the eye can see; low, two-story stone structures, so that the cripples are not climbing long stairs, and are near the gardens, everywhere abundant with flowers and shrubbery, to lend cheer to the occupants.

In the Receiving Ward.

"Two hundred more wounded are coming," said an attendant, as they led the way into the first building, the receiving ward.

"Here they are," said the officer, pointing to 200 large glass photographic plates ranged and numbered in a case.

The photographs of the 200 wounded had been sent ahead, the plates showing with precision the exact wound and its process of healing, some of them being X-ray plates.

"See this one," said the officer, holding up a large glass plate showing the side profile of a wounded soldier, with a gaping bullet hole back of the ear, and around the hole little sutures or cracks of the skull.

"It is not a fractured skull—that would be hopeless," said the officer. "No, that man can be made over."

But this receiving ward was merely the first stage in a sort of ascending scale, which improved the wounded man's condition at each stage until he was finally landed in the school where he was made over into a condition more useful to himself and society than he was before. It was there that the school that chief interest was directed.

A Hive of Workshops.

This enormous school at St. Maurice is a hive of workshops of all kinds—shoemaking shops, machine shops, auto repair shops, blacksmith shops, with blazing forges, and clothes-making shops, and the workmen were the wounded soldiers from the firing line, minus an arm, leg or eye, on which they had before depended, but now launched on a new line of work, which did not need that arm, leg or eye. As a whole, it was as efficient a body of workmen as one would find in any well-regulated factory. The men had smiling faces. Those working in groups were chatting and laughing.

Attention was also given to the fine arts and the professions, and here also were schools for sculpture and painting and architecture, so that legless or armless or eyeless soldiers who had a taste for the esthetic could be led into some new line which did not require the use of the lost member.

One pale-faced young soldier, his left arm gone near the elbow, was delicately modelling a Venus de Milo with his remaining hand.

The soldier architects were making designs, with blueprints, of girders, arches and columns, and calculating the strength of walls and roofs. All of these men had something missing, but their work was so chosen as to make absolutely negligible the lost member, and to make what remained of their members entirely efficient for this particular work. Near the soldier architects were ranged two long lines of soldier typewriters, men who had lost a foot or some other member, but whose hands had now been taught a skill they had not known before in rapid typewriting.

In the Shoe Shop.

The men were turning out a good grade of shoes, selling for 23 francs (about \$4.00); also wallets and purses of all kinds, leather watch chains and belts. A large glass case exhibited the diversity of their product. It was the same in the machine shop, the blacksmith shop and all the other branches of this hive of industry.

"One soldier, with both hands gone," said the officer, "is making 18 francs a day as a carpenter."

He explained that special tools had been made for this handless carpenter, fitting on to the steel hooks on his arm stumps. The planes, for instance, automatically permitted the carpenter to do his work with precision, a bell ringing if pressure was too great to the right, another bell if pressure was too great on the left, and other bells of forward and rear pressure. So that the handless soldier carpenter learned his trade automatically, bells warning him of each false move until he had become expert.

The St. Maurice institution and school, which is thus making soldiers over for a new and useful occupation, has a capacity of 800 men, who have their wounds dressed so far as remains necessary, are housed and fed, and, at the same time, carry on these extensive shops, which turn out useful men, skilled in the arts, architecture, mechanical arts and the many branches of manufacture.

How You May Throw Away Your Glasses

The statement is made that thousands wear eyeglasses who do not really need them. If you are one of these unfortunate ones, then these glasses may be ruining your eyes instead of helping them. Thousands who wear these "windows" may have for themselves that they can dispense with glasses if they will get the following prescription filled at once: Get to any active drug store and get a bottle of Non-Opto tablets; fill a two-ounce bottle with warm water and drop in one Non-Opto tablet. With this harmless liquid solution bathe the eyes two to four times daily and you are likely to be astonished at the results right from the start. Many who have been told that they have astigmatism, eye-strain, catarrh, sore eyelids, weak eyes, conjunctivitis and other eye disorders, find relief from the use of these Non-Opto tablets. Get this prescription filled and use it; you may be surprised to find that you do not need glasses. Thousands who are blind, or nearly so, or who wear glasses might never have required them if they had used these Non-Opto tablets. Save your eyes before it is too late! Do not let the ever-increasing weakness of your eyes be the cause of your ruin. Eyeglasses are only like crutches, and every few years they must be changed. The eye-increasing weakness condition, so better see if you can, like many others, get clear, healthy, strong healthy eyes through the prescription here given. The Valium Drug Co. of Toronto will fill the above prescription by mail, if your druggist cannot.

Still, this is no worse than such names as Mr. Mineral Waters, Mr. Frosty Winters, and Mr. Alfred Day Weeks, which are perfectly genuine cases of nomenclature.

Sometimes marriage plays queer tricks with names. For instance, Miss Wild Rose had a sweetly pretty name till she wedded a handsome young fellow named Bull. Then she saw it.

In conclusion it seems hardly probable that the names of Thinn and Freshwater for the partners in a dairy business could have been purposely chosen for trade purposes.

Q. CUMBER AND CO.

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In a small town in Sussex Mr. Savage is the leading butcher, Mr. Death makes the staff of life, Mr. Gray is a green grocer, Mr. Delicate is the blacksmith, and the "muscles of his brawny arms are as strong as iron bands," as the poet sings, while the local shaver makes no attempt to conceal the fact that you are in for Marks if you go to him!

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It is very unfortunate that a Canadian's name bestowed upon him at the font should be Quintus, because, although it is quite a fine name, his surname happens to be Cumber, and he is constantly referred to in the law reports, being a barrister, as Mr. Q. Cumber.

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