

STORIES
POETRY!

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

A POCKETFUL OF SUNSHINE.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and of the old;
It fills the world with pleasure,
In field, in lane, and street,
And brightens every prospect
Of the mortals that we meet.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Can make the world akin,
And lift a load of sorrow
From the burdened backs of sin;
Diffusing light and knowledge
Through thorny paths of life;
It gilds with silver lining
The storm clouds of strife."
Ladies' Home Journal.

THE SPIDER'S "BUSY-BODY."

By Jane Ellis Joy.

Jamie was making good use of his eyes. It was his first visit to the city, and he was riding up town with mama in the trolley car. They were going to see grandma.

At the second-story windows of many of the dwelling houses the little boy saw something that looked like a little box held up to the window-sill by a flat, elbow-shaped iron rod. "Mama, what are those funny things at the window for?" he asked. Beside mama and Jamie there were only one old gentleman in the car, and he was asleep.

"They are window-mirrors, dear," answered mama. "A person looking in to one of them from inside the room can see up and down the street. And when the door-bell rings, one can look into the mirror and see who is on the door-step. Sometimes the little glasses are called 'busy-bodies' because they tell so much."

When Jamie got to grandma's house he learned more about the busy-body, for grandma had one at her bed-room window. Jamie would often stand at this window when grandma and mama were talking or sewing, and when the door-bell would ring, he would say, "It's only a huckster," or "It's a man selling brooms," or "It's a lady."

Jamie had a great deal to tell about the wonders of the busy-body when he got home. "At grandma's you can sit at the front window up stairs and know everything that is going on in the street!" he told papa. "You can see everybody, and nobody can see you looking. They're awful cunning—those busy-bodies."

In September Uncle James, who was a naturalist, came to Jamie's home in the country to study the habits of spiders. Jamie thought spiders very ugly. He wondered how his uncle could spend so much time looking at a common spider's web.

"Say, uncle," he asked one day, "did you ever see a busy-body? Wasn't it a smart man who got them up?—invented them, I should say?"

"Yes, it was," smiled Uncle James.

"But long before the idea of the busy-body came into the head of the inventor of them, the little common spiders had their busy-bodies."

"O uncle, you're joking," laughed Jamie. "How could spiders have busy-bodies—real ones?"

"No, I'm not joking," said uncle. "Some spiders have a cunning little arrangement that answers all the purposes of a busy-body. Come along with me to the garden, and I'll show you something."

Jamie got his hat. He was eager to see the busy-body of the spider. As they walked toward the fence uncle told him how the net of the spider caught and held flies and other little insects on which the spiders fed.

Directly they came to a spot where a spider's web was stretched from a fence-post to a near-by rose bush.

Uncle crouched down on the long dry grass a little distance away, whispering to Jamie not to move quickly or speak loud.

"Because we don't want to scare Mr. Spider if he should happen to be around," said Jamie under his breath.

"That's the idea," said uncle. "When you want to get acquainted with timid creatures it doesn't do to frighten them. Now I want you to look closely at that web."

"I'm looking," said Jamie, who was on his knees close beside uncle.

"Do you see that loose strand attached to the middle of the web, slanting upward to a leaf of the bush?"

Jamie had not seen this outside line at first, but he saw it now. It was not woven into the web like the other lines. The far upper end of it seemed to be attached to the under side of the leaf. "Yes," said Jamie. "What's it for?"

"It's the spider's 'busy-body,' said uncle. "Very likely Mr. Spider is hiding under that leaf. By means of the line, one end of which is fastened on the spider's body, the cunning fellow knows when an insect is caught in the net. By the busy-body he would know the difference between the touch of a fly on the net and the stronger jerk of a wasp."

Sometimes Mr. Spider doesn't care about taking too much trouble to secure his dinner. When he is afraid a large insect caught in his web might sting him, he concludes to stay hidden under the leaf, and to wait for prey not so hard to manage. That's where his busy-body comes in handy. Naturalists call the little contrivance a 'draw-line.' You see it answers the purpose of a busy-body to the spiders. Only, instead of seeing through it, they feel through it."

Jamie was interested. "I never supposed spiders knew so much," he said.

THE NEW JAPAN.

The extraordinary patience, humility, truthfulness, and humanity with which the Japanese have so far carried on the war with Russia, is used by some critics as a proof that Christianity is not the only, nor the highest, spring of virtue among mankind. Here is a heathen nation showing how to wage war, not only with signal bravery and skill, but with greater consideration for humanity than has ever been shown by Christian nations. It must be remembered, however, that Japan has learned her civilization from Christian countries; that her statesmen, many of them, have imbibed not a few of their ideas from missionary teaching; and that, while as yet there has been no official acceptance of the Christian faith, its influence has been at work for a generation, permeating the new ideals of modern Japan. The true inference is that if this rejuvenated nation only becomes Christian, she is calculated to play a truly beneficent part in the world's affairs.—Christian.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

At Montreal the advertising manager of the Canadian Pacific is a man named Ham, and the city ticket office is in charge of man named Egg. The two are fast friends, and if both happened to be out of town at once inquiries for Ham and Egg are frequent. By a coincidence both report to an official named Bacon, whose chief clerk is named Brown. Recently Ham and Egg were both in Bacon's office. The telephone rang and Brown answered. He caught an inquiry for the Canadian Pacific office, and said: "This is it."

"Who's this talking?" asked the voice.

"This is Brown. Do you want Bacon?"

"No, I don't want bacon, brown or any other way. I want one of the Canadian Pacific officials."

"Well, will Ham and Egg do? They're both here."

"I don't want any of them! Central, switch that cheap hash house off this wire!"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A jurymen who appeared before Sir James Hannan in a London courtroom recently, was in deep mourning and claimed exemption from service on the ground that he was interested in a funeral that day at which he desired to be present. "Oh certainly," said the courteous judge, and the man went sad faced away. "Do you know the man you have exempted?" asked the clerk. "No," said Sir James. "He is an undertaker," was the reply.