

For the Boys and Girls

TRAINING.

I know a young lad who is quick to begin,
Who rolls up his sleeves and starts out to win;
He runs very well in the first of the race,
But he always comes in about the fifth place.

He thinks he can run without training, you see,
But the boys who have trained are stronger than he;
He strains every muscle, he wills with his mind,
But in spite of his effort he comes in behind.

Oh, laddie, to-day you must practice and train
Your body, your spirit, your soul and your brain;
To-morrow's success is decided to-day;
Then study, and labor, and train while you may.

—H. O. Spelman.

FATHER'S HOME TOWN.

Father had received a letter, and all the family were interested. "From an old friend I grew up with," he explained in his soft, gentle voice. "His name is Thorne—Pliny Thorne. He sent me some views of my old home town; he lives there yet." He passed the pictures round the table.

"There is the old building where I used to attend church and Sunday school. Once I memorized five hundred verses from the book of John in a contest. I won the prize too, a little Testament. Miss Beulah Clark was the teacher. This is a picture of the park where we used to picnic in summer and snowball one another in winter. And Main Street—I'm so glad he sent a picture of that. There's old Elias Burton's drug-store, and the bakery and Sim Watkin's clothing

store; and there's Miss Mehitabel Granger's ice cream parlor and the hotel. And the courthouse! I want each of you to look at that elm tree in the yard; it was only a sapling when I was a boy, and just look at it now!"

Father had forgotten his coffee. His eyes glowed. "It's been forty years since I've been back there," he said slowly. "Forty years!"

Just then mother called attention to the bacon and eggs that were getting cold, and breakfast continued.

As Lawrence and Paul were starting off for their respective offices Lawrence said to his brother: "It seems a shame that for forty years father hasn't had his vacation yet; he gets it next week. We've both got good jobs, and it's all owing to him and the way he's worked for us. What do you say to sending him back there for a visit? If anyone ever deserved it, he does!"

Paul nodded gravely. "I feel the same way," he replied. "We can't do enough for father. I'll gladly pay half his expenses for the trip."

"Good!" said Lawrence. A week later a thin, stoop-shouldered little man with glasses was down at the station, accompanied by his two stalwart sons. Lawrence carried his father's suitcase; Paul had his overcoat and a package.

"Your train starts in two minutes, father," said Lawrence.

Father nodded. "Only two minutes? I really can't believe I'm going." He hesitated. "It's the nicest thing that ever happened to me. Boys, I can't thank you!"

Both boys stood close to him, dear old father, who had never said a harsh word to them in all his life. "We should thank you!" they cried. Then they helped him aboard.

A few minutes later the long train steamed out of the station. After forty years father was on his way back to his old home town.



With The BOY SCOUTS

Celebrate Chief Scout's Birthday.

The birthday of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, was celebrated by many Ontario Scout troops with concerts, banquets, parents' nights and demonstrations of various kinds. At Espanola the usual programme was changed for a big Skating Carnival to which the whole town was invited.

Lord Byng Entertained Scouts.

Lord Byng, Chief Scout for Canada, was the host of the Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs of Ottawa at a skating and tobogganing party held in the Rideau Hall grounds and rink on Saturday, February 23rd. Over six hundred boys attended and voted the afternoon one of the biggest events in local Scoutdom for years. In the rink skating races were staged for both Scouts and Cubs, and for backward skating as well as forward skating.

Hamilton Troop Has Good Time.

At a recent meeting of the 1st Hamilton Troop each patrol leader was given sealed orders to be carried out by his patrol, and here is what happened: The Wolves built a trestle bridge across the patrol room; the Hawks designed and built a rack for the troop's staves; the Ravens described how they would rescue three people over a cliff with the aid of a lariat, and the Owls built a gadget of staves to hold Scout equipment. Next the elephant walk was indulged in and won by the Owls. The whole meeting was one of real Scouting, and was just a sample of the kind of meetings this troop has every week. Scoutmaster Wright says that one big secret of his success lies in the fact that the membership is restricted to four patrols.

Some Fine "Good Turns."

The following "good turns," quoted from the annual report of the Boy Scouts Association in Ontario, were picked at random from the annual reports made by provincial troops to Headquarters:

"Harvested a crop of corn for a woman who was ill."—1st Delhi Troop.

"Kept the sidewalks of Main Street cleared of snow during the winter."—1st Matheson Troop.

"Picked apples for charitable institutions in the city."—6th Hamilton Troop.

"As a special good turn to the janitor of the church the troop held a log-gig-gee and cut up into stove wood a large quantity of limbs blown down in a recent storm."—8th London Troop.

"Scouts provided clothes for one of our members who was up against it hard."—1st Border Cities (Windsor) Troop.

"Helped an elderly lady to move her things to her new home and during the winter months helped other old people when they were not able to get out for chores."—1st Napanee Troop.

"Helped firemen at all fires and searched for lost children."—1st Perth Troop.

"Three clubroom open to other boys of the town for an evening's fun."—1st Whitby Troop.

"Assisted in city clean-up campaign."—1st London Troop.

"Distributed literature for Children's Aid Society."—9th Brantford Troop.

"Helped to keep back crowds at unveiling of a war memorial."—2nd Prescott Troop.

"Boys helped several elderly people by carrying wood, etc."—1st Bobcaygeon Troop.

No Man's Island.

A house, consisting of one room, which stands in two states, three counties, and four towns at one and the same time is the proud possession of a dance-hall proprietor in the U.S.A. This unique building stands on a tiny island on the borders of Vermont and New Hampshire.

Although the building was once used as a dwelling house, it is now given up entirely to dancing. Standing in the middle of the dance floor, the visitor finds himself in nine different places at once. Beneath his feet is the meeting point of the boundaries of the two states, of the counties of Grafton, Caledonia and Orange, and of four towns, Ryegate, Newbury, Bath, and Haverhill.

Locally the place is known as "No Man's Land," and is very popular as a summer dancing pavilion. But the river is slowly eating its way into the centre of the little island, and it seems likely that before long it will bore a way right through both islet and house. Meantime, the proprietor thanks his lucky stars that only one of the towns, Haverhill, sends along the tax collector.



The Boston Tea Party.

Teacher—"What can you say of Samuel Adams?"
Young America—"I think he was one of the guys who helped spill the beans in Boston Harbor."

The Flight of the Geese.

Out of the south through the cold gray dawn,
Riding the wrack of the gale, they come;
Unswerving by hurrying, hurrying winds,
The gray goose pilots his squadrons home.

From far-off Calcasieu's reedy fens,
From the moss-hang brakes of far bayou aisles,
From the haunt of the Cajun's roadevrous;
God speed you over your restless miles!

Into the north, for the northland waits,
A cold, white bride at the gate of spring;
Her freshening fountains stir to life,
And her wild woods welcome the boons you bring.

The silver spruce and the tamarack tips,
Sweet bells of the shadbush, tinkling low,
And the wax-white cups of the blood-root blooms
Smile through the last of the melting snow.

O age-old marvel! You quavering line
Unwearying pilgrims of trackless space,
What unseen Pilot your wings directs
To the reeds of your far-away nesting place?

So into the north through the brightening dawn,
Sure presage of springtime, your legions come,
And a resurrection of faith is mine
When the wild geese hurry his squadrons home!

—Agnes Montgomery Gumpert.

Music and the Pests.

A recent investigation into the effect of music on mice revealed the interesting and valuable information that these rodents are very fond of "the tinkling strains" of certain kinds of music.

In an attempt to put this musical urge, which is manifest in all animals and insects, to a practical use, the author has arrived at the following conclusions, all based on a careful scientific study, and given to the world only after a most careful test as to their practicability.

It is found that the Mad Scene from Lucia has a most peculiar effect on the bedbug. It causes a most decided perplexity on the part of the bug during the opening strains, which is followed by a frenzied rush for a crack or crevice, where it will remain quiet for the rest of the night.

Cockroaches are very easily led from the house by playing something with lively march time. Some of Mendelssohn's compositions give immediate results. The cockroaches follow the music out of the house as the Hamelin kids followed the Pied Piper.

In the fall, when the ladybugs infest the house, they may be dealt with very humanely by having a repeater on your phonograph and constantly playing Home, Sweet Home.

Rats are especially susceptible to the Strauss waltzes. Wine, women and song has given the best results. The reader must be warned against jazzing the music, for jazz has a paralyzing effect on rats, and it will be impossible to get many of them from under the floors and from between the walls, where, without going into details, it may be said that they will prove a decided nuisance, especially in hot weather.

The most remarkable results are obtained in keeping the neighbor's chickens out of your garden. Simply have your phonograph out there and put on a catchy dinky melody.

Money Left to Monarchs.

Not many men have chosen to leave their fortunes to members of the Royal Family in the manner of the late Lord Farquhar. Under the terms of his will, Prince George receives \$10,000 and Princess Maud or Lord Carnegie \$250,000, while other royal beneficiaries are the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal and Princess Arthur of Connaught.

The largest gift ever willed by a subject to a British sovereign was that of \$2,500,000, which fell to Queen Victoria on the death of one John Camden Nield, who died in 1852.

The son of a London goldsmith, Nield succeeded to \$1,250,000 on his father's death, but being of a miserly disposition, he lived in poverty. After his death he was found to have left the whole of his property, with the exception of a few legacies, to "Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, begging Her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same for her sole use and benefit."

Another man who remembered the sovereign in his will was Sir Ernest Cassel, who, on his death in 1921, left property to the value of thirty million dollars. His London residence, Brook House, Park Lane, may one day become a home of the Royal Family, for Sir Ernest directed that in the event of the death without issue of his daughter, the house and its contents should be offered as a gift to the then reigning sovereign.



YOUR HOME

By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH.

Horizontal Lines in Furniture.

We have received a letter from a reader of this column asking what furniture in correct for a high ceilinged room. The two articles preceding this one have dealt with low ceilings, writes our correspondent, but her problem is the old-fashioned room with the ceiling which seems to disappear into space above her head.

We have planned to-day's article before receiving the letter so we will ask her to find her answer in it. The problem of the high ceilinged room is not met with as often to-day as it was in days gone by. Conservation of space makes the modern home of more cramped dimensions, therefore it is but seldom that its ceilings must be dropped to insure a livable appearance to the rooms.

By "dropped" we are speaking figuratively, of course. An illustration of the method is shown in to-day's sketch. The same color as is used on the ceiling is placed on the top portion of the wall and extended down about eighteen inches. This not only makes the wall appear as part of the ceiling, cutting its height, but it also introduces another horizontal plane, which helps the illusion. The low desk and horizontal picture add to the general impression of the wall being made of horizontal planes rather than perpendicular ones, and in di-



Opposition to the treatment of the top wall. It brings about the same result—that of a pleasing, restful interior.

BRITISH WOMEN GIVE MEN RUN FOR JOBS

CASTE QUESTION OF OLD LAND QUITE FORTGOTTEN.

Not a Trade or Profession They Haven't Entered From Undertaking to Chimney Sweeping.

Gone are the days when the number of trades or professions in which a woman might work and not lose caste thereby could be numbered on one hand, says a London despatch. To-day one would need a hundred fingers to tick off all the positions which women are filling in this country, the greater majority of them hitherto exclusively "men's professions." There is scarcely a trade or profession throughout Britain which has not at least one woman blazing the way for the rest of her sex.

Women doctors, lawyers, preachers and, more recently, members of Parliament now are almost commonplace; but there are lots of other jobs, the nature of which one would not have thought likely to attract the feminine sex which are being held down by women. Undertaking, for instance, is not exactly an ennobling profession for any girl to choose, yet London alone has twenty-four undertakers in petticoats. There must be some fascination about chimney sweeping, for six London citizenesses are earning their bread and butter by competing with the grimy men who come round once or twice each year to most houses here at 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning and proceed to push long brushes up chimneys and, incidentally, cover them with a fine coating of dusty, clinging, black stuff—London soot.

Some other strange occupations followed by British women are beer can making (there is one in London), cycle makers, saddlers, wheelwrights, dealers in birds and animals. A Miss Gertrude Rosenberg has a little shop in the city where she breeds butterflies for sale to schoolboys, and makes quite a good thing out of it.

Figures can't be such terrible things to the feminine mind as Dickens, in his "David Copperfield," would have us believe. The Institute of Chartered Accountants now has several women members, fully qualified, and there are a number of girls who have passed their first examination and are working for their finals. The membership of the Institute of Actuaries of Staple Inn was made open to women three years ago and the first two women to become qualified actuaries were made members of the Institute recently, one of them working up for the exacting mathematical and law tests of the actuaries' examinations in her spare time.

There are twenty-five women barristers in Great Britain and more are going in for this exclusive profession. Exeter has one woman stock broker and London two. Exeter also has the distinction of possessing a woman glazier. She is Miss Daphne Drake, daughter of a well-known Devonshire

novelist and authority on stained glass and she has been appointed glazier to Exeter Cathedral. Her present work consists of restoring a rare fourteenth century panel of stained glass found at Chelsea, claimed to be the oldest here except that in Westminster Abbey.

Enter Shipping World.

Though a woman is not expected to know much about ships, British women are creeping into the shipping world. This city has four women ship owners, one boat builder, thirty-two barge-women, one harbor official, one marine superintendent, three dock forewomen and thirty-five dock laborers. There are several British women working as ship's engineers.

It seems, however, that though a woman may become a Member of Parliament, an owner of ships, a doctor, a lawyer or a sweep, she may not ship-broke. A recent meeting of the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers in solemn convocation decided that chartered shipbroking was no profession for women and by an overwhelming vote refused to alter its by-laws so that women might be admitted to the institute. Several applications had been received from women anxious to become chartered shipbrokers, but they all were turned down.

Ramsgate, an east coast town, has a woman councillor who is busy beautifying the east cliff at her own expense. She hopes to be Mayor next year. Incidentally, women here have come into the work of local administrations by leaps and bounds lately. At the present time there are 895 women magistrates, 226 town councillors, 70 county councillors, 2,000-odd members of board of guardians, five mayors and one Lord Mayor in England and Wales alone.

Builders and Architects.

The building trade absorbs several hundred women. There are several architects and managers of building concerns. Nearly five hundred house painters and decorators are women, and women also are doing the work of carpenters, plasterers, masons, slaters and gas fitters.

Of those holding more exclusive positions there is an Englishwoman, Miss F. J. Wakefield, who is a shipbroker, the first and only pioneer of this new science in London. Another Miss Wakefield is a mycologist (mycology is the study of fungi) and she has charge of that department at Kew Gardens. Miss Margaret Naylor is the only British woman diver. She is famed for her intrepid operations at Tobermory, where the Spanish galleon lies. Research has claimed more than one Englishwoman. The curator of insects at the London Zoological Gardens, Miss Cheesman, has just gone on a research journey through the Pacific. A colleague, Miss Proctor, is curator of the Zoo reptiles.

As for the city—in the past the stronghold of man—women are everywhere. Sixteen of them are company directors, nearly four hundred company secretaries and registrars, 250 managers of commercial office departments and eleven are bankers or bank officials. There are also sixty auctioneers and valuers who are women. So that it would seem that equality of the sexes, at least where work is concerned, is just about an accomplished fact over here, and there is little doubt that those few "close corporations" still holding out against the feminine invasion soon will have to give up and let in the women.