

OF TO-DAY

Queen Mary, also, does not seem to complain of the throng. Not long ago, when she visited an exhibition, the crowd surged round her, and she was advised by a Royal official to escape them by walking on a path that avoided the main thoroughfare. She shook her head, however.

"If you only knew," she exclaimed, "the pleasure I feel in being in a British crowd, you would not suggest that to me."

Sir J. M. Barrie the Silent.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has just published his autobiography, tells a delightful story of Sir James Barrie, who has never been renowned for his talkativeness.

Once he was asked to take a beautiful but nervous girl to dinner. At the second course Barrie broke the silence. "Have you ever been to Egypt?" he asked. The girl was too startled to answer immediately, but later she managed to say "No." Again silence.

About ten minutes later she plucked up courage enough to ask, "Have you?" A far-away expression came into Barrie's eyes. "No," he answered, and silence reigned between them again until the end of the meal.

A Little Boy's Mistake.

A charming story is being told by Lady Norah Bentinck concerning her little boy, Henry. He was taken to have a preliminary look over a school he is to attend this winter. "How sick they must be of the crowds!" I wonder? The Prince of Wales does not seem to mind them, and on more than one occasion has been known to travel as an ordinary railway passenger instead of in his private saloon, for the mere pleasure of mixing with his future subjects.

Royalty and Crowds.

"Mustn't it be awful to be a King or a Queen, or even a Prince of Wales?" gushed a young thing recently. "How sick they must be of the crowds!" I wonder? The Prince of Wales does not seem to mind them, and on more than one occasion has been known to travel as an ordinary railway passenger instead of in his private saloon, for the mere pleasure of mixing with his future subjects.

Samplers.

Faded, now, the colors are,
Rose and blue and red;
Faded quite, but whispering
Of a day long dead.

Cross and lazy-daisy stitch,
Letters that entwine,
Spelling out, for all to read,
"Annabel, aged nine."

Such a slender little girl,
In a pinafore,
Sitting on a cozy stool,
By a cottage door—
How her tiny fingers worked,
On the linen square!
How the sunlight found warm gold,
In her braided hair!

Such a little girl she was,
Pink-cheeked Annabel—
Where she lived and when she died,
Who of us can tell?

Did she come to know life's pain,
Life's despair and passion?
Did she dwell, through all her years,
In the peaceful fashion?

Did her dreams drift far away,
As her fingers sewed?
Did she raise, half questioning,
Childish eyes that glowed,
From the linen in her hands?
"Did she hum a tune,
Holding all the magic of
A forgotten June?"

Faded, quite, the colors are,
Red and blue and rose,
(Maybe they gleam brightly where
Youth's gay laughter goes!)
Cross and lazy-daisy stitch,
Letters that entwine,
Spelling out, across the years,
"Annabel, aged nine."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Ready For Success?

Don't wait for opportunity to knock; it's ready when you are.

Time and again we're informed that "Opportunity is knocking at the door." But this fact is hardly as vital as the question it brings in its wake. Are you ready for Opportunity—or Success—when it does knock?

For the man or woman who can supply a demand efficiently, there is always opportunity in this world. The reason so few succeed is that they do not supply that demand.

Opportunity is always at the door; Success depends solely upon our ability to use it. The vital consideration in the life of everyone who wants to succeed, "get there," is to be ready. Train yourself, teach yourself, watch everything that goes on about you, lose no opportunity to gather knowledge and experience which may be useful later on.

Then, not when Opportunity knocks for it is ever knocking—but when you feel ready to answer its summons, you should open the door to Success, and, if you are ready, the prize will be yours.

So first decide the line of business you're tackling, then train like a pugilist for the race of its career, like a footballer for a Cup-tie.

And, remember, no one can take from you what you have once learned.

Wonderful Vitality.

1st Doctor—"I have a number of patients I've attended for twenty-five years."

2nd Doctor (slyly)—"Wonderful what vitality some people have, isn't it?"

Novel Plan.

Bride (to architect)—"I like the plans, but couldn't you make the house a bit smaller, with more and larger rooms?"

Wrong.

"My dear, what a quaint ring you're wearing! Is it an emerald?"

"No, it's an emethyst."

Gulls at Evening.

The moon has risen, silver sweet
Against the sunset's dying gold
The sun, behind the furthest hill,
Has left her promise in each cloud;
The waves (what secrets they must
know, what secrets they have
never told!)
Are murmuring a thousand songs
that they will never sing aloud.
And softly, as a mother rocks her
child upon her knee,
A tiny child, whose tired head is
cuddled down upon her breast;
The gulls ride on each stinging wave—
the gulls, the children of the
sea—
And hear the whispered lullabies,
and fold their wings and dare to
rest.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A Little Girl.

I don't know what they made her of
But buttercups and bits of love,
And singing laughter of the world,
And hair a fairy finger curled
With dew of gold upon it so
"Would look like gold when all the
glow
Of jealous sunbeams in it lie—
And that's not all, for there's her eye,
And rosy lips and cheeks that vie
With roses of the velvet May
That dream us back to yesterday.
I do not know what they made her of—
Why, beauty, and the breath of love,
And sunbeams and the golden truth
Of beauty in the heart of youth.

—B. B.

Tapstry.

No man may trace my scenes with me,
No comrade guide my way;
But each, alone, our tapstry
Must weave as best we may.
What then? Song makes the labor
glad;
The picture grows, in beauty clad;
It glows, a dawning Day!

—Arthur Powell.

Music.

The meaning of song goes deep.
Who can express the effect that music
has on us? A kind of inarticulate un-
fathomable speech, which leads us to
the edge of the infinite and lets us for
a moment gaze into that.—Thomas
Carlyle.

Refreshing Change in Home.

One of the best and least costly
methods of effecting a refreshing
change and adding beauty to the home
is the liberal use of wallpaper.

The Way Out.

"Would you like to dance the next
one?" asked the poor dancer.
"Certainly. Would you mind finding
a partner for me?" replied the fair
lady.



HER MAJESTY, QUEEN MARIE, A SIOUX INDIAN

While passing through North Dakota on her tour of the United States, Queen Marie, of Rumania, was greeted by Chief Red Tomahawk of the Sioux Indians at Mandon, N.D., and was made a member of the Sioux tribe. Photo shows Queen Marie with the official war head-dress of the Sioux.

Misty Morning.

At daybreak the world was wrapped
in fog. Sounds seemed to come from
a distance. The roar of a freight
train was muffled, and the whistle of
the locomotive sounded smothered.

When the fog lifted it began to roll
away in long cottony masses. Two
hours later the skies were covered
with a wool-white canopy saturated
with sunshine. The light seemed to
interpenetrate the clouds until they
became seamed with radiancy. The
seams speedily became rifts with sun-
bursts and glimpses of blue. The
fields below were filmy with fairy-
breaths and snow-smoke, and the coun-
try roads were long paths of steamy
gossamer.

Gradually the wool-packs evaporated,
leaving straggling vapors. These soared
into higher altitudes where they
became more determined in outline
and formed into endless processions
across the vast sapphire gulfs.

These cloud processions are com-
mon after storms or misty nights up-
on the Plains, and are always spec-
tacles of loveliness. They seem like
great sunshine-freighted ships, or like
great birds with wings outspread, sail-
ing—sailing—sailing—all the rest of
the day.

Gulls at Evening.

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Against the sunset's dying gold
The sun, behind the furthest hill,
Has left her promise in each cloud;
The waves (what secrets they must
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Are murmuring a thousand songs
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What then? Song makes the labor
glad;
The picture grows, in beauty clad;
It glows, a dawning Day!

—Arthur Powell.

River Song.

You say you cannot hear
The river's song;
At once to you,
You do not listen, you,
Must listen long.

It will not give itself
At once to you,
It will demand your dreams
And your love, too.

Its songs are not for losing
So have a care
And wait, wait patiently,
Its songs are rare.

Faint rippling melodies,
Old secrets, new
As early spring and gay
As skies of blue.

But you must listen long
And earnestly,
Give all yourself to this
Deen reverie.

Two Days' Flu Cure.

Freshly boiled potatoes and greens,
buttered toast, water—and nothing
else.

This diet, says a noted London
specialist, is a certain cure for the
present epidemic of influenza in Eng-
land.

"I have prescribed this diet in
dozens of cases in the last few weeks,"
he said, "and in no case has it failed
to have the desired effect. Usually
the cure takes a couple of days.

"When a person has influenza his
blood becomes polluted with acid. The
diet I recommend contains certain
alkalis which counteract it.

"For a normal attack there is no
need to lay up. Provided you keep
reasonably warm it is better to be up
and out of doors."

Isaac Newton's Riddle.

Sir Isaac Newton, the distinguished
man of science, once composed a riddle,
and sent it to Sir Horace Walpole.
The latter could not guess it, but a
lady to whom Sir Horace handed it
found the answer in a few minutes.
Here is the riddle:

"Four people sat down at a table to
play.
They played all that night and some
part of next day.
This one thing observe, that, when
all were seated,
Nobody played with them, and nobody
betted;
Yet, when they got up, each was win-
ner a guinea.

Who answers this riddle, I'm sure is
no ninny."

The answer is "Musicians."

Last Livingstone Aid Dies.

The last white survivor of those who
accompanied Livingstone on his Afri-
can expeditions, Charles St. John, a
former boatswain in the British navy,
died recently in the Isle of Wight.

Elephants Sleep Only Four Hours.

In spite of its wonderful capacity
for hard work, the elephant seldom, if
ever, sleeps more than four, or occa-
sionally five, hours a day.

The quality of wool is materially
affected by the kinds of feed given to
the sheep.

HOPE TO WIN CROWN OF KING COTTON

PROPOSED IRRIGATION OF THE SUDAN.

Will Ultimately Open 6,000,000 Acres for Cultivation of Fibre.

Great Britain's bid for control of the world's cotton supply may be regarded as carried a stage farther with the recent appointment of Sir John Maffey, formerly chief commissioner of the Indian northwest frontier province, to succeed Sir Geoffrey Archer as Governor-General of the so-called Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The appointment of the new British administrator for a territory as large as the whole of western Europe, which this country virtually annexed as a sequel to the assassination of Sirdar Sir Lee Stack in Cairo two years ago, and which Great Britain plans to develop into one of the greatest cotton producing areas in the world, coincides with the injection of a new economic factor into the still unsettled political relations between England and Egypt.

Egypt on Verge of Crisis.

The latter country is on the verge of a serious economic crisis due to the slump in the cotton market and, following the example of the United States, has now decided to restrict the output. The Egyptian government has drafted a decree limiting acreage under cotton to two-thirds of the present area. It is proposed that this decree, which is still to be submitted to Parliament, should be operative for three years. The proposed three years restriction of the Egyptian cotton output as a result of the backwash of the market depression coincides with the imminent development of a new source of cotton supply which must inevitably react on price levels the world wide.

This is the Gezireh area in the Sudan, where a large acreage of first-class cotton land will soon be irrigated as a sequel to the completion last spring of the great Makwar or Sennar dam on the Blue Nile, which is the largest in the world. Ultimately this arid and empty district of the Sudan, some 6,000,000 acres in area, will be reclaimed by a barrage from a desert and transformed into one of the richest cotton-growing regions in the world. Plans so far call for immediate irrigation of only 300,000 acres, which are estimated to produce 400,000,000 pounds of cotton yearly.

Restriction May Be Temporary.

Whether this restriction will be maintained under the new circumstances, however, remains to be seen. It was originally accepted by the British government as a concession to the Egyptian government, which feared that the development of the Gezireh area in the Sudan would divert the flood water supply, whereby the whole Nile Valley lives, from the irrigated areas in upper and lower Egypt. During the political crisis following the assassination of the Sirdar the British government canceled the existing contract with Egypt for the allocation of the water supply and announced that the area to be irrigated in the Gezireh district would be increased "to an unlimited extent as needs may arise."

This threat was withdrawn, however, after it had played its part in ironing out the crisis. This country, however, took advantage of the crisis to expel all the Egyptian civil and military elements from the Sudan, which was, and nominally still is, administered under Anglo-Egyptian "condominium."

While Egypt still maintains a claim to sovereignty in the Sudan—this great stumbling block in the way of settlement was informally discussed during Premier Sarwat Pasha's recent visit to London, but without the least advance being registered—England has been creating a fait accompli of a wholly British administration in this vast and still scarcely tapped territory.

Air Line to Africa.

It is probable that an all line will soon link London and Paris with North Africa. The Air Union will most likely absorb the French Compagnie Aeronavale, which has run a flying boat service from France to Corsica for some time past.



Douglas S. Cole
Canadian Trade Commissioner to the West of England, South Wales and Midland, at present visiting in Toronto.

Fraser Valley Reclamation.

The British Columbia Government, which successfully reclaimed 30,000 acres of rich agricultural land at Sumas, in the Fraser River Valley, will undertake another similar scheme which will make an area of 1000 acres available for agriculture. This land lies near Port Coquitlam, outside Vancouver, and will be cleared of water by a system of drains and pumps. This scheme is an aftermath of the land boom which swept the Fraser Valley with the rest of British Columbia before the war. The land to be drained had been divided into city lots for sale but fell into the hands of the Government for non-payment of taxes. The Government decided to dispose of it for agricultural purposes because of its remarkable fertility.

Music Manuscript Discovered.

At a Dunstorth farm (near Aldborough) in England a music manuscript has recently been discovered. It has been submitted to British Museum authorities, who are of the opinion that it is part of fourteenth or fifteenth century hymnal, and that it is a part of the hymn for St. Martin. The parchment is written upon in the old style of seven-beaded notes in four-line staves, and the words are in Latin. It is probable that the hymnal was that of a Cistercian monastery, and was taken to York Minster.



Exactly.
Pelican—"Mr. Fish, you just fill the bill."

Strange Food.

A popular table delicacy in China is "pidan," which is made by preserving fresh ducks' eggs in a paste made from soda straw, fish, table salt, boiling water and slacked lime. The pidan is stored for a month before being used. Experiments have shown that there is as much vitamin A in pidan as in fresh eggs; but vitamin is entirely destroyed by the process.

Human Hair Lives 6 Years.

The life of each individual human hair is about six years, and science fixes the rate of growth at eighteen-one thousandths of an inch a day. We move to except adult whiskers, which grow at least one-eighth of an inch a day.

Too Small.

Why did you move out of that flat you just rented?
"Oh, it was too small to read the Sunday papers in!"

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



Wait Till Jeff Gets Hold of That Barber.