

For the Boys and Girls

A BIRD PARTY THAT'S NEW. BY NETTIE R. MILLER.

Each guest was invited to come representing a bird and to be prepared to give an imitation of its song and a description of some of its characteristics. The rooms were decorated with green to give an atmosphere of the woods.

When all had assembled, the hostess announced that the concert would begin, and she called upon each one in turn. The guests were given paper and pencils and were asked to write the names of the feathered songsters from the songs and descriptions. The one guessing correctly the largest number of birds was awarded a bird book as a prize.

The guests were next invited into an adjoining room, where pictures of different varieties of birds, without names, were fastened to the walls. Each picture was numbered and the guests were given cards containing as many numbers as there were pictures and were asked to write the names of the birds opposite the corresponding numbers. The winner of this contest was also awarded a prize.

Then the guests were asked to be seated and the following questions were passed around, each to be answered with the name of a bird:

1. What bird makes clothing?
2. What bird is a royal sportsman?
3. What bird represents the national colors?
4. What bird is not truthful?
5. What bird keeps late hours?
6. What bird is derisive?
7. What bird is unpleasant?
8. What bird is inclined to melancholy?
9. What bird is a girl's name?
10. What bird is a celestial body?
11. What bird is a part of the kitchen?
12. What bird grows on trees?
13. What bird is a believer in corporal punishment?
14. What bird is very just?
15. What bird is dishonest?
16. What is the most frolicsome bird?
17. What is the military bird?
18. What bird is a church dignitary?
19. What is a domesticated animal?
20. What is the most tempestuous bird?

The one who answers the largest number of questions correctly, received a prize. (The answers to these questions will be found at the end of this article.)

A bird game was next in order. The guests were seated in a circle and the first one was asked to name a bird, then the second to name one beginning with the last letter of the one previously named; for example, the word nightingale was given by the first player, and the second gave emu, and

so on down the line. No pauses were allowed and the player who could not promptly name his bird was obliged to drop out of the game. The one remaining longest in the circle won the game.

The next game occasioned much merriment. Two leaders were selected who chose sides, as down for a spelling-match. A cord was stretched down the centre of the room, and the two sets of contestants lined up on either side of it. Some light feathers were blown or floated down the centre between them. The object was for each side, by blowing, to keep the feathers from falling on its side of the cord. If a feather fell on the floor, the one nearest to whom it fell was obliged to drop out of the game. The side having the largest number of players at the end of the game, was the winner, and the leader was awarded a prize.

A variation of the Animal, Vegetable and Mineral game was played. One of the guests left the room and the remainder decided upon the name of some bird. When the player returned, he asked a question of each member of the company, all of which had to be answered by "Yes" or "No." The questioner determined by the answers the name of the bird. If he was unable to do so, he had to go out again, but if he was successful another player was chosen as questioner.

Table partners for supper were secured in the following manner: The hostess passed around cards, corresponding sets to the ladies and gentlemen. On the cards were written the names of birds, a different set from those represented at the beginning of the party. These were mostly common fowls and birds, such as: The hen, goose, duck, crow, owl, turkey, gobbler, rooster, whippoorwill, chickadee and others easily imitated. Each boy was asked to imitate the bird on his card, and the girl who had the corresponding one, if she recognized her mate, stepped forward. This continued until all had secured partners. It occasioned much merriment, as some of the efforts were very funny.

The centerpiece was a large green fest filled with grapes. The souvenirs were small green nests filled with egg-shaped bonbons. The place-cards were cards on which were pictures of the birds represented by the guests, each one finding his own particular bird. The evening proved instructive as well as entertaining. This party can be repeated by using other games.

Answers to Bird Questions.

1. Tailor-bird. 2. Kingfisher. 3. Bunting. 4. Lyre. 5. Nightingale. 6. Mocking-bird. 7. Crossbill. 8. Bluejay. 9. Phoebe. 10. Starling. 11. Oven-bird. 12. Nuthatch. 13. Whippoorwill. 14. Crow (because it never complains without caws). 15. Robin. 16. Lark. 17. Adjutant. 18. Cardinal. 19. Catbird. 20. Stormy petrel.

strange sort of animal, who gives up a nice quiet holiday with meals served to time and a nice soft bed to sleep on, and takes a number of high spirited boys to camp, and has all the worry and responsibility of looking after them.

He will stay out late at night looking up absentees, he spends time and money to give a good time to what the Chief terms "A band of bare-kneed rascals with cow-boy hats, and staves in their hands." What pay does he get? None. Some people may consider him a harmless lunatic to be humored. Well, the best way you leaders can humor him is by showing that you can be trusted to do your job whether the S. M. is present or not. If you are badly bitten with Scoutitis you might become S. M. some day, and expect your P. L.'s to give you loyalty and obedience. It counts a lot towards the S. M.'s peace of mind to know that if he is called away, his leaders will not take advantage and fool about, but will carry on with their work. No, I don't suppose you liked the blowing up you had that morning in camp, when things were wrong, and I don't suppose the S. M. liked having to give it to you. He only did it officially, he is still your friend. As you know, before I gained my wood badge, I had to go through a course of training at camp. We all took turns at being P. L. and Second. If things were put up to the mark the Deputy Camp Chief blew up the Leader, but that did not make any difference to their personal friendship—it was all in a day's work. I hope that some day I may change my red plume for a green one. If so, I shall want to keep an A1 troop going, to do that I shall have to point out mistakes and shall expect the leaders to take it all in good part.

Then what about your Seconds? Has it ever struck you what a miserable job they have got? You know they can't run the patrol in their own way because they are not boss, but

they must be prepared to take charge and carry out the Leader's ideas should he be away at any time. So give them a chance to do a bit as they are the future Patrol Leaders.

You leaders are your patrol's representatives at the court of honor. So get to know your patrol's ideas and bring them forward, as it is by discussing new ideas that we can go ahead and improve ourselves.

Well, the fire is almost out and it's time we went. Good night. Good night, all.

HOSTESS AT DOWNING STREET

MISS ISHBEL MacDONALD IS FIRST "LABORITE."

Girl "Mothered" for Years is Now the Nation's First Political Mistress.

No. 10 Downing Street once more has a new tenant. In the two hundred years of its existence that famous residence has accommodated Tories, Whigs, Conservatives and Liberals, but never before has it housed a Labor Premier. As recently as ten years ago the thought of a Labor hostess in the home of England's rulers would, if hinted at, have been cause for pitying looks or perhaps mild derision.

Premier Hostess Only Twenty.

Miss Macdonald is establishing two records. Not only will she be the first Labor hostess in Downing Street, but she will be the youngest woman who ever occupied the position. It is a heavy responsibility for a girl who, since the death of her mother several years ago has been "mothered" by the devoted Scotchwoman Miss Bevoets, who has paid more attention to training her and to taking charge of the cooking and laundering than to grooming her as the nation's premier political hostess.

Downing Street has behind it a long tradition of splendid entertainments, ranging from the impressive functions of Hanoverian times to the famous breakfasts given by Lloyd George. In recent years there has been a tendency to cut down on lavish entertainments, but, nevertheless, there are certain social duties which no mistress of the Premier's residence could escape even though she wished to.

At least three or four receptions must be given each year, as well as a couple of garden parties to which all M.P.'s are invited. In addition to this, it is necessary for the Premier to do a certain amount of individual entertaining, as well as extending hospitality to various distinguished guests.

If Premier Macdonald also occupies Chequers Court at Buckinghamshire, the official country home of the British Premier, his daughter's social obligations will be doubled. Yet Miss Macdonald, who is hurrying her course at the London School of Domestic Science and frankly admits that she prefers scientific work to housekeeping, displays no perturbation at the prospect of taking over the grimy building, which, however much it is renovated, never manages to look really presentable.

No. 10 Somewhat Shabby.

As a matter of fact, No. 10 is a badly built and confusingly arranged dwelling. Many guests at receptions in the past have lost their way when preparing to leave, and have found themselves in the kitchen instead of at the front door. If it were not for the tradition which dictates that all premiers must live there, doubtless many of the former incumbents would have sold the place to the highest bidder—real estate men valuing it at £10,000.

Nevertheless, such new incumbent adds a little furniture, alters the decorations a little and makes the best of it. Miss Macdonald is lucky, however, in that the wives of many members of her father's Cabinet enjoy reputations as hostesses. Their experience and assistance will naturally be forthcoming on her request.

Any one who imagines Labor entertainments will be rather dowdy affairs might pause to consider the social position of such a Labor hostess as the Viscountess of Chelmsford, who as the wife of the Indian Viceroy entertained perhaps as lavishly as any queen. Lady Parmoor is another Cabinet minister's wife who has had long social experience, while Mrs. Haldane often has entertained for her brother, Lord Haldane.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, Mrs. Beatrice Webb and Mrs. Noel Buxton also figure in the list, while there is no doubt Lady Astor, although a Unionist in politics, would be willing to give the young Labor "first lady" a sympathetic word. In fact, few people would be surprised if Downing Street under the new regime did not even more than live up to its old traditions.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—Disraeli.

The Woman Who Discovered Radium



Madame Curie

Here is Madame Curie, whose book tells the amazing story of the discovery of radium and its effect on modern science. When Madame Curie visited the United States and Canada about three years ago, she was presented with a gram of radium, worth \$100,000, the tribute of American women to her genius.

Mention the discovery of radium, which has advanced science and relieved human suffering, and people think at once of Madame Curie. This celebrated woman is the discoverer of radium, but her book "Pierre Curie," which is a biography of her husband and, at the same time, the story—told for the first time by the famous Frenchwoman—of the discovery of radium, shows that without the labors of her husband, also an eminent scientist, radium would probably be an unknown quantity to-day.

There are so many disappointing examples in the lives of celebrities of petty domestic jealousy, either on the part of the wife of "the great man" or "the lady of the house," that it is refreshing to read Madame Curie's account of the indispensable part her husband played in the discovery of the force that has revolutionized modern science and advanced by many years the treatment of skin diseases.

Madame Curie writes, with touching sincerity, of the disadvantages under which her husband worked. "One cannot help feeling sorrow," she writes, "in realizing that one of the greatest French scientists never had an adequate laboratory to work in, and this though his genius had revealed itself as early as his twentieth year. Without doubt, if he had lived longer, he would have had the benefit of satisfactory conditions for his work, but he was still deprived of them at his death at the premature age of forty-eight."

When his scientific discoveries at-

tracted so much attention that he was offered the decoration of the Legion of Honor, Pierre Curie replied, in part, "I pray you to thank the Minister, and to inform him that I do not, in the least, feel the need of a decoration, but that I do feel the greatest need for a laboratory." But he never got the laboratory.

To furnish further proof that "a prophet is not without honor except in his own country," he is recorded that the pitchblende from which the first radium was extracted was secured by the Curies through the influence of the Academy of Sciences in Vienna, France in time recognized the greatness of the experimenters, but their early efforts did not stir the public imagination, and at no time did they have any practical public support. It was merely "recognition." This is the history of many great pioneers in the field of scientific research all over the world; but there are hopeful signs. One of them is the arrangement the Canadian Government has recently made to provide Dr. Banting, discoverer of insulin, the new treatment for diabetes, with sufficient funds to carry on his experiments and to cover his personal expenses.

If your boy, after reading this article, confuses terms and asks you for a radium set, tell him there are only four ounces of radium in the world—derived from millions of tons of pitchblende—and that each ounce is worth more than \$2,000,000. A gram costs only \$100,000; but even that's a lot of money.

PROTECTION FOR PRINCE OF WALES

"HIS DOCILITY REMARKABLE," SAYS SLEUTH.

Paris Detectives Never Left British Heir During "Complete Freedom Visit."

The vaunted freedom of the Prince of Wales when travelling incognito is, for the most part, an empty term, says a Paris despatch. It is true that when he goes a journeying under one of his lesser titles he escapes from the exacting international etiquette which imposes tiresome official duties upon the heir to the throne of a sovereign state. But even if he cuts this diplomatic knot by calling himself the Earl of Chester the fact that he is the Prince of Wales is not lost sight of for a moment.

On his recent visit to Paris it was said everywhere that he enjoyed "complete freedom." The Paris police, who had his safety in their hands even more than the Scotland Yard representative who accompanied him, have another view of the matter. Never for a moment did the Prince live as an inconspicuous unimportant visitor.

Kept Watch Day and Night.

A group of the most skilled detectives of the Paris police under the direction of a special commissioner were detailed to keep watch on him day and night, but to be so discreet about it that their charge could never suspect their proximity.

It must not be supposed that these keepers looked like stage detectives. When the Prince went walking or shopping one or more of the men was

dressed with such elegance that Beau Brummell himself could have offered no criticism of his attire.

One of the detectives when asked his opinion of the Prince, replied, "His docility is remarkable. He must have known that he was being tracked by us, but not one gesture of impatience did he show. But even at that he is not so philosophical as the Shah of Persia. That ruler, as soon as he spots us, stops and offers cigarettes."

"When the Prince of Wales went to the theatre the girl who showed him to his seat and the woman who handed him a program were from the Detective Bureau. The taxi that he carelessly entered after the play was driven by one of our men. It wasn't accidental—if he had decided in favor of the next car he would still have been in our hands."

"There were many others of us near the Prince wherever he went—some even were 'guests' at various affairs—to say nothing of waiters. Oh, yes, I know he went to midnight dancing places. Well, we have dancing detectives that make any professional dancer look awkward."

Jade Music.

Jade is employed by the Chinese for making certain kinds of music gongs used in the temple. The tone of these gongs, which are not bell shaped, is said to be very beautiful. We all know of the tremendous cost of jade, and we can imagine the value of a jade gong shaped like a carpenter's square, with one end of two and a quarter feet and another one and a half feet. Such a piece of fine green jade would hold its own with a Stradivarius violin in cost.

"If thou canst for a while, but cease from all thy thinking and willing, then thou shalt hear the unspeakable words of God."—Boehme.



With The BOY SCOUTS

A Talk to Patrol Leaders.

By an A. S. M.

"Come on, you leaders, draw up your chairs round the fire."

I wonder how many of you have seriously thought about your job as a Patrol Leader? Do you realize that you have a great deal to do with the shaping of the character of the six or seven chaps who go to make up your patrol? The member of the Patrol look up to you to show them the way, you are the pathfinder blazing the trail for them to follow.

When I was a little fellow in the infants, I remember how we thought the big kids, as we called them, to be important people to be feared. The Tenderfoot Scouts in your Patrols look upon you as important people to be respected, and they will say that a certain thing is so, because the P. L. says it is. Personal example is a great thing. If the Leader is slack at obeying orders, or argues on parade, one may expect his patrol to be a poor show. Remember your actions are watched and commented upon by those who are following you. Your Patrol nights and week end Patrol Camps are the things that go to prove whether the stripes on your uniform are the outward sign of true leadership, or just covering up a hole or two.

Do your Patrol nights develop into a "rough house," or do you get some work done? Are your camps real scouty camps or merely a time of slackness?

Scoutmasters might appear to be a