

PARADE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

There is civil war in Hayti. The rebels have beaten the government forces and both sides are killing those who are known to favor the cause of the enemy. The people of the negro republic are showing the world that they are unfit to govern themselves.

Every one will be glad to hear that we are to have new street cars soon. There does not seem to be good reason why the electric cars should be built on the mainland. Car shops would give work to a great many people and the materials of which they are built can be purchased as cheap here as anywhere.

Pictures have been received from Le Roy Simons, W. Alexander, G. R. Holliday, Isabel Bailey, Aldersey Hallam, Alice Morrison, Isabella Glenister, and Donatien McKinnon. They have been much obliged to the boys and girls who have taken the trouble to do this work. Some of the pictures are original. These are especially welcome.

There has been rioting in Hong Kong. The Chinese who are determined that no Japanese goods shall be sold to Chinese have undertaken to punish the buyers of such goods. They have besides tried to destroy the stores where such goods are sold. Hong Kong is a British port and when the police failed soldiers were called out to suppress the riot.

The United States and Japan have declared to each other and to the world that they wish to trade freely on the Pacific Ocean. That they will not interfere with the possessions of each other in that ocean. This means that as long as these nations are in the same mood Japan will not try to take the Philippine or Hawaiian Islands or Alaska from the United States and that the United States will respect all the Japanese possessions.

They also declare that they will work together for the independence of China and will see that all nations have equal opportunities of trade and industry in that country. As the Chinese ambassadors ask now in the United States it will be interesting to know how they look upon this understanding between their old enemy, Japan and the great country which has by her possession of the Philippine Islands become her near neighbor. When your fathers were getting to school the people of the United States concerned themselves very little with what went on on the opposite shores of the Pacific. But now they have shown that nothing that takes place on the coast of Asia is without interest to them.

A number of workmen near Perth Amboy, New Jersey, left their work because they said they understood their wages would be raised if Taft was returned for president and they were still receiving the old pay. Most of the men were foreigners and as it was feared they would do harm to the works of the National Fireproofing Company, a number of special officers were appointed. A quarrel followed and the officials fired on the strikers with the result that six were shot, two of whom were badly hurt. The governor sent troops to prevent a riot.

The idle men in London have been forming processions and marching through the streets where the wealthy reside with banners on which are written "Work or Revolution." To be idle and hungry is hard enough at any time. But it is harder still when others around us have far more than they need. The government has found work for many of the unemployed and some Englishmen say it has done too much. The wisest of men have not yet found a way to so divide the world's work that every worker shall always be employed. There are among the workmen many mischief-makers who cause not a little of the idleness of which they are the first to complain.

There is a strange story from Dutch Guiana that shows that maps do not always give a very good idea of the size of a country. When you look at a map of Paramaribo its capital you would not think that it would be easy for a whole tribe of people to get lost there. Yet a Dutch officer who had then crossed the Surinam river a hundred miles and then crossed to the boundary of British Guiana, says he met a number of negroes there who must have lived there for many generations. They have a language of their own made up of English, Dutch and Portuguese words. The tale does not sound very likely although people could exist in this rich and hot country on the fruits that grow wild without needing to go to the seacoast.

Most boys will be glad to hear that a Seaman's Institute is to be built in Victoria. There are very few lads which do not like to read sea-stories and many who think they would like to go to sea. Sailors have a very hard life. Some grow wild and reckless and it is they who are oftenest noticed when they are ashore. But many more are good steady part. Not a few of these men belong to Victoria are sailors. When their vessels are in this port they are at home. It is to make a home here for all sailors that kind-hearted people want to build a Seaman's Institute. Can't the boys help a little either by giving themselves up by persuading their fathers to give? Every little helps and those who have happy homes will be happier still when they think that the sailors see their trials and enjoy themselves when for a few days or hours they leave their ships.

The Australians who have refused to allow men from China, Japan or India to work on their land are asking the people who find it so hard to make a living in England to come out to their country. They are following Canada's example and paying large sums towards immigration funds. A great many more Englishmen with their wives and children would find homes in this province and in other parts of Canada. Among the most valuable of the settlers of Eastern Canada were English farm laborers. They were willing to work very hard and to live on the poorest farms there. To judge by the newspapers both in England and middle and eastern Canada there are too few of these honest hardworking people coming out in these days. British Columbia has room for them both on its orchards and farms.

There has been a great snow storm on the prairies. The weather has been fine all the fall and the people have been able to go to work on their land. The cold winters of the Middle West fit the soil for the growth of the best wheat in the world. The milder climate of this coast is more fitted for the growth of fruit and its moisture forest. Perhaps one of its greatest advantages is that it makes a country a very pleasant place in which to live. It is true we have to do without the skating, sleighing and snowshoeing which are the delight of children in Eastern Canada. But then they cannot gather flowers in almost all seasons or play out-of-doors most days in the year. Perhaps there is no one country in the world where one part differs from another so much as the provinces of Canada. Yet all are in their way excellent. Canada will some day be one of the greatest nations in the world but that day will not be brought nearer by those who find fault either with their own home or with that of other citizens of this great Dominion.

It is not wise sometimes for young people to read about the horrible events that happen in all parts of the world. But the burning of a large ship in the Mediterranean on the 25th of November showed that the British captains are as brave as any you read of in history or in story books. The British ship *Sardinia* was on her way from Liverpool to Alexandria. She called at Valletta, in Malta, which you know is a British naval station. At Valletta, the captain took on board some two hundred Arab pilgrims who were on their way home from Mecca. Very soon after leaving Valletta the ship caught fire. The captain

and officers did everything possible to save the passengers. Capt. Chas. Little took the helm and tried to run the ship on shore. The crew served out the life preservers and worked at the pumps. The captain and most of the officers were lost. Many of those who leaped overboard were picked up by the boat sent out from the naval station but many were lost. The world owes much to the bravery of the sailors on board our merchant ships. These rough fellows often have big hearts and face death without a murmur.

The British government tried to pass a bill which would lessen the number of drinking places in Great Britain. The House of Lords has refused to pass the bill. Even the labor leaders themselves acknowledge that the working people spend far too much money in strong drink in England and a great many more people have an interest in the liquor trade than in the case in Canada. Many of the landowners and the brewers as well as the owners of the public houses would be poorer if there were less liquor sold. Some think the act unjust. Others believe that it would not lessen the drinking. Then there are a great many who think that because the Liberals want the license bill passed it must be a bad one. As the Lords have thrown the bill out things will go on in the old way unless men and women can be convinced that drink is injuring them in every way and that they are spending for it money which should go to buy food for their families. Yet a great improvement has

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She must have treated it rather well, because it is in wonderfully good order—better order than a good many dolls who are only a year old or less. Of course her features are rather blurred (what can you expect of a lady who counts her years by hundreds?) but her waist is still quite distinct, and that is something. She is made of a kind of very coarse canvas, of a deep creamy-brown color, and she is quite small, about eight inches high.

But although she bears her age well, she is not to be compared with the wonderful state of preservation in which some of her older companions still are. For instance, there is one very beautiful doll, with her arms and legs jointed, and all her features quite distinct. Although her clothes have vanished long ago, she has managed to keep her high and very becoming crown, probably because it was not so unstable as most hair-ornaments, being, as a matter of fact, carved out of the same piece as her hair and her head. Her very thick soled shoes look as though there was a good deal of mud in ancient Rome, in spite of the skill shown by the Romans in road-making. There are many other dolls in this case, some of them made of bone, and besides these, there is quite a collection of dolls' furniture made in bronze, and showing us just what kind of tables and chairs the Greeks and the Romans used. It does not always look very comfortable, but still it has the interest of being just what the Roman and Grecian children had in their homes.

Then there are numbers of knuckle-bones, some of

which were used for playing a game called "Little

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as for the horses, why, there are two made of bronze, harnessed to a little bronze chariot, in this same case, which are champing and pawing exactly as though the policeman were holding them up at Hyde Park Corner or the Marble Arch.

As for the boys, they were just as fond of whiptops as they are now. Rome was a splendid place for a boy who liked tops, because it was simply everywhere in beautiful, smooth stretches of pavement, and pavement so wide and large (in fact, whole courtyards of it), that there was plenty of room for whiptops without fear of the irate old gentlemen who always seem to be passing by just in time to get flicked nowadays. Virgil, who knew Roman customs as well as he understood human nature, and wrote about nineteen hundred years ago, has these lines:

As young striplings whip the top for sport
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the heedless rout;
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke.

At the British Museum there is a very beautiful new top. I say new, because, although it is eighteen or nineteen centuries old, it bears no signs of use, so that people think it must have been an offering from some little Roman boy to his gods. Often you see new toys, all ready to be played with, to the gods, must have been rather tantalizing to boys and girls. It must have seemed rather hard to give away to someone who was far too great and powerful ever to want it, a top or doll which had not once been whipped, nor bathed nor put to bed. But I daresay, having to do it did the little Romans more good than it did their gods.

Of course life was not all playthings; there was school to begin with, where they learned their letters on blocks, and wrote out their lessons on slabs of wax framed in wood, which looked just like slates, and were made in two pieces hinged together so that they opened and shut like books. For their writing they used beautiful inkpots made of bright blue glaze. Then the boys were very much with their fathers, either in the fields, or on horseback, or in the city, even among the senators, and the girls had to learn to spin and to weave, and to dye beautiful stuffs in many colors; to embroider, to cook; in fact, although they had many servants, they had to learn how to do everything in the house, because in those days mistresses worked among their servants.

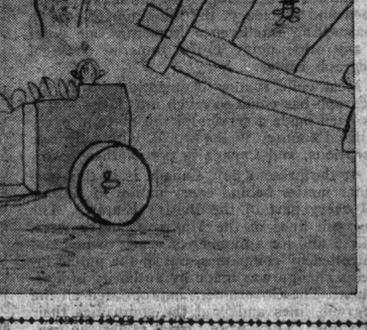
Babies were looked after, too, in the way of playthings. There is a rattle here, made in the shape of a pig, and though I suppose Roman pigs grunted like English ones, yet Roman babies were quite content if they rattled instead, and crowded with joy in exactly the same language used by babies from the time of Abel and Cain to this very day.

All these toys and games belonged to the great days when Rome and Athens were in their glory, but many hundreds of years before that the Egyptian children had their playthings too. They had wonderful spotted animals (I have noticed that children always like things to be spotted, and a good many grown-ups, too, to judge by the number who have white cows spotted with blue on their mantelpieces, or pink horses dotted all over with red on their what-nots.) Then they had animals made in a kind of very bright blue pottery, and they even rose to a kind of dolls' house, showing not only an Egyptian house but its granary, and its model courtyard. In one of these there is a woman very hard at work making bread downstairs in the court yard, while upstairs, in a shady part of the roof, her husband is sitting very comfortably in a hammock, doing, nothing at all, there were no evening papers then, or I am sure he would have been reading one. There is a model of a well, too, and I am sure many little hands have drawn the bucket up and let it down with joy.

The Egyptian children had draughts made of pottery, on wooden boards; and some domestic little girl, who lived in a city which was already old three thousand years ago, must have replaced when she was given a tiny table made of bronze, with a set of dishes and vases, also in bronze, like the one her mother used in cooking her father's dinner. It must have been very nice to feel quite sure that though you dropped any of these things they could not break.

But more numerous than anything else among these Egyptian toys are the balls, some of them made of painted straw, others of a kind of pottery; some of them striped in shades of blue, others of them having all kinds of colors beautifully arranged on their outside, so that when they were thrown up in the bright sun of Egypt they must have looked positively brilliant as they twirled in the air. Games played with balls are so old that the first time we find them mentioned by anybody they were already matters of course. Great men, like Plato, described the balls in use in their time, and Homer tells us of Nausticæ, "the most beautiful of maidens," who played at ball with her companions by the sea-shore, while they were waiting for the clothes they had just washed to dry. And Isaiah, when he wished to threaten the Jews with captivity and the anger of God, said, "I will surely violently turn and toss them like ball into a large country," while a great Roman had the same idea, when he said, "The gods treat us like balls." There is only one land that I know of where children do not play ball, and that is among the Redskins, where it is a favorite game of the men, but the boys are only allowed to look on. How they must long to grow up!

It is very strange to think that in different countries children have played at the same games for thousands of years. Our paper kites are the favorite toys for boys in Japan. There they are made in the shape of many animals and fishes, and also of birds, so that they really look as though they were flying, and the girls play shuttlecock. But in summer, when it is too hot to run about, they all join in games of



Marauders' (Laternull), which was played with red and white men, carved out of bone or made of pottery, on a marked board; the players took each other's men, and advanced them, or retreated them, as in chess.

We all know how fond very small children are of models of their favorite animals. So with the little Romans, and before them the little Greeks. There is, among the other toys here, a dog made of lead. He was evidently curly and shaggy, and anyone who has seen the high-spirited curve with which he carries his tail waving over his back will know that English dogs, like English children, are not new under the sun, but resemble very much indeed those who played and barked on the wonderful morning when Julius Caesar was offered the imperial crown of Rome. And

Mud pies are very old in the world's history. Wherever there were children and mud, those pies were sure to be made. There is a beautiful story of Christ, when He was a little boy, playing with some companions, and making mud into different shapes. At last they set to making little birds, and they all modelled quite a number. When they were finished, suddenly, with a flutter of wings, all those that Christ had made rose into the air, and flew away, "singing loudly and praising God."

It is very interesting to see these toys among all the serious things in the British Museum. It is rather sad, too, because a great many of them have been found in the graves of children. When they died young their parents buried with them their favorite toys, so that when they came to heaven they should not feel quite so lonely, but might have something to play with. A great many nations believed that by burying things with the bodies of dead people they were giving their dear ones means of employing their selves in "the Land of Shadows, of Sleep, of Death." The Japanese are so fond of their children that they have even invented a god whose special business it is to play with them in heaven, and they offer up toys to this god in order to remind him of his duties, and also to give him something to play with. Little did the poor sorrowful fathers and mothers of the old days, when they put the doll, or the top, or the rattle, in the enclosure where the bodies were kept at night, these things going with their owner to heaven, they would one day, thousands of years later, be laid out for people to look at in a far foreign country, and would be taken down from their places in the museum, the merry games of ball, the shouts round the top, and the croonings over the dolls, with which children played when the world was so much younger.—Little Folks.

ABOUT ANIMALS

Camel and Tobacco Smoker. A newspaper correspondent made a curious discovery about camels during the Sudan campaign, several years ago. He was in the habit of going into the enclosure where the beasts were kept at night, his object being to make a study of their habits. He was a great smoker, and he soon found that the camels were very fond of the smoke from his pipe. One day a member of the herd seemed to like it particularly well. The correspondent noticed that the camel approached him the minute he entered the enclosure—provided he was smoking, and he usually was—and always put its nose close to the pipe so as to inhale the fumes. When it had done this it would usually throw back its head, turn up its eyes, and swallow the smoke with a great sigh of delight.

Watching the Spider. A man who is interested in spiders saw one crawling up his coat-sleeve one day, and he watched to see what it was going to do. When it reached the highest point, it raised its spinneret and threw out a thread. Gradually the thread grew longer, and as it grew, it floated straight up in the air, which showed, of course, that it was lighter than the air. The thread continued to get longer and longer, and rather higher and higher, until it rose to a height of about three feet. Then it stopped, and what happened then? The little worker, after running a short distance up the thread that he himself had spun, it reminds one of a man's lifting himself by his bootstraps—saw through the air as easily and gracefully as you please.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

At School. I like to sit in school and look at all the girls and boys. When every head above a book is bending very low. They are so much alike, you see, and yet so different, and we do you suppose. For some have eyes of brown like me, and some have eyes of blue.

When we're admiring Marguerite, whose hair is so fine. She says she thinks that curls are sweet, like Josephine's or mine. But Josephine and I believe in straight hair is best, and do you suppose. And look at Marguerite and grieve. We are not more like her.

And some have shiny flaxen hair, and others brown or black fine. Some wear it short, and others wear two pigtails down the back. And some have bows of ribbon gay—hair neatly on the side, and every girl likes best the way. Some other's hair is tied.

Just think if all the little girls could, wishing, change their state. Then all the pigtails would be curls and all the curls be straight. And I should look like Marguerite, and all my toys beside me lay. And every day at school we'd meet—how funny it would be! —St. Nicholas.

Our Club

(Recitation) We're going to have the mostest fun! It's going to be a club; And no one can belong to it, But Dot, and me, and Bub.

We thought we'd have a Reading Club, But couldn't, 'cause, you see, Not one of us knows how to read, Not Dot, nor Bub, nor me.

And then we said a Sewing Club, But thought we'd better not; 'Cause none of us knows how to sew— Not me, nor Bub, nor Dot.

And so it's just a Playing Club; We play till time for tea; And, oh, we have the bestest times!— Just Dot, and me, and me. —Carolyn Wells in St. Nicholas.

The Land of Counterpane

When I was sick and lay a-bed I had two pillows at my head, And all my toys beside me lay To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so, I watched my soldiers march; With different uniforms and drags, Among the bed-clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets All up and down among the sheets; Or brought my trees and houses out, And planted cities all about.

I was the giant giant and still That sits upon the pillow still, And sees before him, dale and plain, The pleasant Land of Counterpane. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Inspector was examining Grade I, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their teacher, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct, and at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand. "Well, my boy," said the Inspector, encouragingly, "what is it?" "Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

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