A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

Thanksgiving day has come and gone. Perhaps if some one were to ask you boys and girls what you remember most about it you would tell of the fine dinner you had, with its roast turkey and plum pudding. Perhaps the best thing about it would be the school holiday. Some of the boys will never forget the grand football game nor the girls the party, with its pretty dresses and its fun. More fun than ever this year for Thanksgiving night was All Hallowe'en. Even the older people in Canada do not think so much about seeing all the dear and scattered members of their families as they do in the United States for our Home Festival. But these are not the things we should remember most about Thanksgiving day. The governor-general or rather the government of Canada has set apart this one day in the year when we should with full hearts thank the Giver of all good for His bounty.

"Give us this day our daily bread," the tiniest child who can speak has asked over and over. And in all this great Canada of ours—yes, in all the world Our Father has worked to grant the prayer. The winter's frost and snow, the spring rains and summer sun, the dew and the breezes have come in their turn till the golden grain stood ready for the reaper and the ripe fruit hung from the boughs.

When man had done his part and the harvest was all gathered in we were bidden to stop and take one day on which especially to give thanks for it all. That is what Thanksgiving means. That you should have all sorts of merriment over it is pleasing to Him who has put happy hearts into young people's breasts no less than He has flooded the world with sunshine.

Were you ever naughty enough to pout because mother gave you only bread and butter when you wanted cake? There are a great many people in Canada this year who are just as bad. He who knows what is best for us all has by the working of His wonderful laws made the harvest less abundant than in some other years. To us that means that food is dearer. It is much to be feared that cruel and greedy men will make us pay even more than we should so that they may be able to have more money than they need. But we cannot understand those things yet. What every child—even the smallest—can learn, is to be careful. If young and old take care of what has been given them in this year of 1907 there will be enough for all and not only the children but the young Canadian nation will be healthier and better because there has not been a too great abundance.

As the sun rises bright and clear, lighting up the mountains and tinging the clouds with rosy color we are reminded of a reason British Columbia children have for being specially thankful. There is scarcely a day in the year when boys and girls in Victoria cannot go out of doors and enjoy the fresh air and freedom of movement. It is a grand thing to live where you see beauty on every hand. With so much out-of-door life even your mild climate should not keep boys and girls from being as full of life and energy as young Canadians who have a great country to build up should be.

Most of you have read in your histories something about the Puritans. These people grew so earnest in their hatred of wickedness and folly that they condemned many things that were not only harmless but good. They wanted, at least some of them did, the whole world to be so much in earnest that there was no place in it for laughter. It was some of these good people who came out in the Mayflower and founded the United States of America. The first year many of the little company died. Perhaps their governor thought they were growing melancholy. At any rate, when the first harvest was gathered he sent four men out to shoot wild fowl so that they might rejoice together. Nine years later, in what was then the little town of Charlestown, near Boston, then scarcely a village, the people had been watching for months for vessels to come with flour from England. The last batch of bread had been put into the oven when over the dark waters were seen at last the sails of the coming ships. One can imagine how even the little Puritan boys broke into cheers and the girls clapped their hands. The fathers and mothers were so happy that they forgot to rebuke them and the governor himself who had given his last handful of heal "unto a poor man distressed by the wolf at the door," joined in the rejoicing and proclaimed a day of thanksgiving. Ever since Thanksgiving day has been the chief holiday of our American cousins.

In looking over the record of events for the week that closes the month of October, 1907, the most important thing to be noticed is that most of the banks in New York and other cities in the United States have been able to arrange their affairs so that people can trust them again. They are ready to pay what they owe and to lend money to those who need it if they can return it when they promise to do so and pay interest while they have it. This is a good thing not only for the United States but for Canada and other countries. There is so much trade between different parts of the world in these days that the world is like a big family where what hurts one member injures another.

Last Friday was All Saints' Day. This is the day kept by people belonging to many of the churches sacred to the memory of all the good people who have left this world and gone to a better one. It would be good for us all to think a great deal and very often of the example of the best people who have in former days lived in the world. We know that in their lifetime here no man but One was perfect. They all made mistakes, but they fought bravely, and lived purely and looked upward. Now they live for ever in the lives and memories of the best people in the world, helping them in more ways than the wisest of us can understand. As we grow older many of us can tell of saints whom we have seen and heard, and who have made many people better because they were allowed to live here for a time.

But all the saints have not left the world. Some of you know men and women, yes, and boys and girls, too, who are always trying to do right and whose hearts are full of love to all. They may not say much about it, but you feel and others feel that they are, by God's help, fulfilling His will in their own lives. We should be as thankful—perhaps more thankful—for these than "for all the saints who from their labors rest."

There has been a great earthquake in the south of Italy. The district of Calabria that is the part of the peninsula that forms the toe of the boot has received many shocks. Villages have been destroyed and many people killed. No one who has not experienced a shock of earthquake can imagine the horror of it. The poor people in many parts of Calabria could not be persuaded to enter a house through the rain fell in torrents on the fields in which they took refuge. The pope, the King of Italy and many other kind people have sent aid to the sufferers and no doubt the villages will soon be rebuilt and all except the relatives of the six hundred people killed will soon forget about the earthquake unless something occurs to recall it to memory.

In India and China people are crowded together in a way that we cannot even imagine. If there is a dry season it is followed by famine. During the famine the poor people are too weak to keep the cities and even the country places clean. Those who live until the next harvest brings plenty are often in a very miserable state of health. Then it often happens that a terrible disease called the plague breaks out. This awful scourge used to be common in every country in Europe—even in England. As people learned how even great cities could be kept quite clean and as civilized nations seldom suffered from famine the plague disappeared from northern lands. In the countries of southern Asia it is seldom quite stamped out. The very short time in which a journey across the Pacific can be made has rendered it possible for the disease to be carried to the cities in America on the Pacific Coast. A few cases have broken out in San Francisco and we were startled last week to hear that it had reached Seattle. Fearing that it might come across the Sound the doctors and the mayor have given orders that every one should see that their premises were clean. Even if the plague does not come near us we should obey that order. There are very few diseases that cannot be traced to filth and typhoid fever and diphtheria are among the worst of those from which people in temperate climates suffer. If we can avoid these by cleaning up and keeping clean we will be well repaid for the effort. Did you ever think what splendid cleansers we have in Victoria in the fall rains and the winds that sweep over the city?

The accident which happened to the Empress of China destroyed 3,000 sacks of flour. When she reached the Outer wharf here her dynamos were out of order so, as no great steamship goes to sea in these days without her own electrical machinery, she had to remain till the dynamos were ready to go to work again. Speaking of electricity reminds us that Marconi messages will soon be sent to Shotbolt's Hill. There is a station there under the management of E. Haughton and two assistants.

In St. Petersburg last Monday a young woman shot and killed the head of the prison department and when arrested immediately after the murder had enough explosives hidden in her bosom to blow the whole building and all in it to pieces. The reason given for the terrible crime committed and the more terrible one intended was the cruel treatment of prisoners confined for crimes against the government. The dreadful tyranny which causes women to lose their natural gentleness and become as fierce and cruel as wild beasts cannot surely last much longer. At Vladivostock the crew of a torpedo destroyer filled with the same hatred of the government which caused the crime in St. Petersburg attacked the four warships in the harbor and one in the forts. She was, of course, destroyed and the mutineers shot to pieces or taken prisoners.

Mr. Kipling has returned to England. He will carry back with him a knowledge of Canada and a belief in her greatness which he will make known to the people in the Old Land. It does not make our wheat fields more fertile, our orchards more fruitful, our mines richer, our fisheries more valuable or our timber areas larger because Mr. Kipling talks about them, but pay no attention to lesser men, people will listen to him who and we in Victoria will long have reason to thank him for the kind things he has said about our beautiful city. But Kipling has done something better for us than teaching other people to believe in us. In all his speeches he has tried to teach us to believe in ourselves. A proper degree of self-confidence is a good thing whether for a boy, a girl or a nation.

AUNT ANNE SAVED

(By Uncle Jack.)

Bessie clapped her hands when she first saw the ocean. It was such fun to see the foaming breakers chase up the sand, one after the other. And she was not happy till mamma had taken off her shoes and stockings, and she was with the other children on the beach.

But when Aunt Anne took her by the hand, and tried to lead her down to where the water would just cover her feet before sliding back down the slope, she did not want to go. And once, when the water barely touched her little pink soles, she screamed.

"Aunt Anne! Aunt Anne!" she said, "help me, or I'll drown!"

Then Aunt Anne took her up on the sand, far above the reach of a single drop of water. Then she left her playing with her shovel and pail, digging holes, and covering her feet with the clean sand.

After a while Bessie missed her Aunt Anne. She looked about, but could not discover her. Where was she? Perhaps she had been carried off by the waves!

With a gasp, she looked again. And how relieved she was when she saw her, not twenty feet away, standing with her back to the water.

But as she looked, her little heart almost stood still for fear. There was a wave coming straight toward her dear Aunt Anne! And she did not see. Closer and closer it came. Oh, it would drown her!

"Aunt Ann! Aunt Anne!" she called. But Aunt Anne was talking, and she did not hear. There was only one thing to do. She must save her. She feared the water, but she loved Aunt Anne. So, dropping her pail, she ran down the beach, and did not pause till she reached the other side of Aunt Anne. Then she tried to push her out of danger. But she was too late! The water, creeping higher up the sand, covered first her own little feet and then Aunt Anne's.

"Oh, Aunt Anne! You're drowning, and I tried so hard to save you!" she cried.

Then Aunt Anne, scrambling to a dry place on the beach, caught her up in her arms and said:

"Oh, you dear little darling! Aunt Anne is safe."

And Bessie, from the sheltering arms, could only sob out:

"Oh, take me away from this mighty o-shun—please, Aunt Anne!"—S. S. Times.

FOOTPRINTS

"Eddy, oh-h, Eddy, where are you?"

"Here, mother," came a shrill little voice from the back yard.

"Come here, Eddy; I want you to do something for me."

Then the back door opened and Mrs. Taylor heard the soft thud of bare feet along the passage. But when Eddy entered the sitting room, and stood by mother's sewing table, she only said:

"Why, Eddy, what's the matter?"

Now, there were no cuts or bumps or bruises about the little boy. Why should the mother think anything was the matter? Because his brown eyes, which generally looked right up at you, like two little birds flying out of a cage, now had an uneasy look; neither here nor there, but away.

"Nothing's the matter," said Eddy, looking out of the window. "What did you call me for, mother?"

She had wanted him to run down to the village postoffice to mail a letter, but the letter was forgotten now. Mother was silent for a few minutes; then, seeing something between her table and the door, she spoke:

"I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me about going to the apple bin without leave." Eddy gave a little start. "The reason God put me here as your mother, Eddy, is because he thinks I know better what you ought to do, and ought not to do, than you do yourself."

Eddy did not answer. He was asking himself how mothers knew everything a fellow did.

"I am especially sorry that you should disobey me by sneaking through the coal-room window," said Mrs. Taylor. "I would much rather have you say, 'I won't mind you,' and go in before my eyes, than go in by telling a lie."

"Why, mother, I didn't say"—began Eddy, glad of a chance to defend himself.

"Do you think you only talk with your lips?" interrupted his mother. "What do you suppose has whispered to me that you have been in the apple cellar, and that you went through the coal room?"

"I can't imagine," said Eddy, honestly.

"Look behind you."

The little boy turned, and there, between him and the door, were five coal-dusty footprints on the white matting. Mother could not help smiling at the look of surprise and dismay on the little face, but it was a rather mournful smile.

"Do you think we can ever do wrong, Eddy, and not leave marks of it somewhere?" she asked. "And, O my little boy, marks that sin leave on your heart, which ought to be clean and white for God's eyes, instead of being all tracked over by wrongdoing."

"Won't they come out?" asked Eddy. He meant the footprints on the matting, but his mother was thinking about those other marks, when she said: "'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' You must ask him to forgive you, Eddy, and take away your guilt and to make you hate sin, which leaves such ugly footprints on your little life."

And then, for a punishment, and for a reminder, mother kept the footprints on the sitting room floor that whole day, so that Eddy might see them and remember how every wrong deed left dark stains on his little heart.—Elizabeth P. Allan, in the Sunday School Messenger.

IT WOULDN'T TICK

Archie Beldon's father had bought him an alarm clock.

"Now take good care of it, my boy," Mr. Beldon said. "Wind it every night when you go to bed, and obey when it calls you to get up in the morning. That will save other people a great deal of trouble. It isn't easy to run to the top floor mornings to call a boy to breakfast."

"All right, sir; thank you," Archie returned, and then he carried the clock to his room, feeling so proud to think it was his own.

Several days passed, and both the clock and the boy behaved nobly. The boy always jumped out of bed when he heard the alarm.

There came a morning, however, when there was a complaint against the clock.

"Father," said Archie, "that clock is no good; it won't tick any more."

"Won't, eh? that's queer! Do you wind it carefully every night?"

"Yes, sir; and this morning I hook it and shook it to get it going again, but it was no use."

"Well, the man where I bought it said he would keep it in good order for a year. Bring it down and I'll stop with it this morning on my way to business."

So Mr. Beldon went off with the clock. That evening he brought it back with him.

"My boy," he said, handing the timepiece to Archie, "do you know what was the matter with it?"

"No, sir."

"You hadn't wound it up."

"Hadn't I?" Archie asked in surprise. He could scarcely believe it.

"You know you went up to bed late last night," his mother reminded him.

"There, I took that clock down to the man and was laughed at as soon as he examined it. If I had not been in such a hurry this morning I should have found out the trouble myself," Mr. Beldon said. "Next time, laddie, when you find things going wrong, be sure that you have done your whole duty by them before you begin to complain."—Selected.

NATURE STUDY

So Animals Gather News

There are no books or newspapers amongst the lower animals, yet they get plenty of interesting news all the same.

Whole volumes of information are obtained by their keen sense of smell. A fox, or a wolf—to say nothing of hosts of other animals—knows by its powers of scent what other creatures have passed over the track it is pursuing, or what visitors have been to its den during its absence.

Even the bigger animals—like the lion, tiger, and moose deer—get an immense amount of jungle news by this method. The ground is as full of records for them as a phonograph cylinder, and they read it unerringly.

The four-footed animals even have their purveyors of news amongst the birds. Many birds on beholding a hunter utter a shrill cry of warning or alarm. The quadrupeds know the signal, and act upon it.

The deer are also rapid news-gatherers. After a buck has caught sight of a hunter and given its sharp note of alarm, no experienced sportsman will wait for any deer to show themselve.

Even the domestic animals show marvelous powers of gaining information by smell. A dog-lover relates that he once kept a small pug which was at war with a sheep dog.

"Whenever I had touched the sheep dog or been near him,' said the narrator, "the pug knew it as soon as he sniffed at my hands or clothing. I might have fondled a dozen other dogs, but the pug could always pick out the scent of his enemy, and never failed to bark furiously.

"I had a fox terrier, Pat, which suffered with an affection of the eyes that made it impossible for him to recognize me a dozen yards off by sight. But I could never lose Pat if he found my tracks. He was fond of frolicking with a dog neighbor, and could always find his playmate by smell whenever he wanted a game.

"Pat was death on rabbits. Once during his absence a live rabbit was brought into the house, escaping almost immediately afterwards. He knew all about it when he came home. His nose told him the story."

How the Stormy Petrel Flies

A naturalist visiting Algeria bought from a sailor four captive stormy petrels. They weighed about 1.65 pounds apiece, their wings were five inches wide and had a spread of four feet. The ability of the petrel to breast the most furious storms has been universally admired. Its name is derived from its power of walking on the waves, like the Apostle Peter, and its courage and strength in planting its footsteps on the crests of the most tempestuous sea, have given a text to many writers. The naturalist, wishing to release his captive petrels, threw one of them into the air. It tried to fly but fell headlong, went crashing against a stone wall and battered out its brains. He took the second petrel to an upper storey and launched it from a window, but, having no initial velocity, it, too, fell like a stone. The third bird he took to the top of an observatory, and pushed it out into space. It flapped its wings desperately, but nevertheless lunged downward and broke its wings against a post.

The naturalist was now convinced that the stormy petrel's feats at sea are made possible because it first gets up momentum by running along the top of the water. Wishing to give the remaining bird a chance to demonstrate his theory, he took it out into a desert-like plain bare of grass, smooth as the surface of a calm sea. 'Here,' the naturalist reports, 'I set my fourth petrel down. It squatted at first and then turned with its beak to the wind and its wings outstretched, and started running, beating its wings, not hampered by any herbage. It ran a hundred yards, carrying its weight less and less on its feet, and finally on its wings, but all the time skimming the ground. At last with a single bound, catching the wind, the petrel rose sixty feet, careened around and flew past me overhead and glanced at me on its way, as if to say, 'Success in flight is all based upon momentum.'—Harold Bolce, in Everybody's.

A Remarkable Spider

In a Singapore newspaper, W. Strickland, of that city, reports a spider with most remarkable eyes, brought to him alive from the island of Java. This arachnid is furnished with two large and protruding eyes (in addition to several smaller ones) which usually are dark brown in color like the body of the animal. Under excitement or other cause these will turn suddenly to a bright grass green, and as quickly back to the original color. This change takes place apparently at will and in one alone, or in both eyes simultaneously. No similar phenomenon is known among any creatures except this 'Attis' family of spiders.—New York Post.

Known as "The Milky Sea."

Of the many sights witnessed in the oceans of the globe, one of the most curious and most weird is that described b sailors as "the milky sea," ships being surrounded for several hours by water that appears to be of snowy whiteness.

The spectacle is restricted to the darkness of the night and rare occasions, and while it is limited mainly to the warmer waters of the tropical belt, it appears to be more common in the Indian Ocean than in the Atlantic and Pacific.

From the white water the light is so strong that ordinary newspaper print can be read on board ship, but the scene all round is of an awe-inspiring description. The horizon is blotted out, sea and sky seem to become one in a sort of universal luminous fog, which robs the observer of the sense of distance and direction, the deck being lit up with a ghastly, shadowless light. A bucket of white water emptied back into the sea resembles molten lead.

This curious sight has interested scientific investigators, but while it is no doubt, related to the many phosphorescent displays common at sea, no satisfactory explanation of the cause of the phenomenon is forthcoming.

Not in the Contract

A youth spending a holiday in Yorkshire went out alone one morning to shoot grouse. He took an unemployed mill hand with him to carry the bag.

Crossing a field on the way to the moors he was savagely attacked by a bull, and was compelled to shoot the beast in self-defence. The mill hand, who had ben left some distance behind, on ariving on the scene, could not make head or tail of the occurrence. At last, with a puzzled look in his eyes, he said:

"Ah, weel, sir, if that' be the kind o' game you're gaun to shoot, I'm awa home and ye can carry the bag yersel'."

Mr. Selous, the "mighty hunter," was born for adventure and deeds of daring. When he was at Rugby, his feats were the admiration and despair of other boys, and it was quite sufficient that a thing was dangerous or forbidden for young Selous to do it. He was an inveterate poacher at fourteen, and such was his determination that when he once set his heart on a couple of heron's eggs he stole out of school one bitter day, swam in his clothes to the island in the middle of the lake at Coombe Abbey, where the heronry was and brought back the eggs triumphant. He is still remembered at Rugby as much for the fact that he was the youngest member the school football team ever had as for the traditions of his daring adventures.

IT SOLVED ITSELF

After a hard day's work the boys' raft was at last finished. Of course, grandfather must see it launched; and they rushed pell-mell to the house to bring him down to the creek. Grandfather admired the new raft, even as much as the boys thought it deserved, and that was a very great deal.

"But this isn't the first raft I've seen on the creek this summer,' he said. The boys looked at him in astonishment.

"Why, how can that be, grandfather?' Ted ventured. 'We're the only fellows that play here, you know; and we never built a raft before.'

"The other raft was made of leaves,' grandfather began, with a twinkle in his eye.

'Of leaves! What good would that be?' Hal interrupted.

"But it really was made of leaves,' grandfather insisted; 'of dried leaves and twigs, all nicely sewed together with silk. It doesn't sound exactly serviceable, I know; but it carried its owner very comfortably. He sat on his raft—

'Sat on it, grandfather!' Ted's eyes were growing wider and wider. 'Why, we have to stand on ours. If we sit down, over it goes, in a minute!'

'His doesn't, though,' laughed grandfather. 'He sits and floats all day long, whatever the wind and water may choose to carry him. His meals are brought to him, too—all he can eat. He's a ravenous fellow, a regular wolf for hunting and devouring.'

'Is it a riddle, grandfather?' Hal asked suspiciously.

'Well, perhaps; see if you can guess it! The raft builder is very beautifully marked, and has exceedingly strong jaws; and whenever a water insect floats too near the raft, he is quickly seized in these strong jaws, and swallowed before he can even try to get away.'

'Is it a frog, grandfather?'

'No.'

'A kingfisher?'

'No.'

'Is it—oh, what is it, grandfather?'

But just at that moment a tiny floating platform of leaves and twigs came sailing slowly toward them down the creek; and on it, looking round with bright, greedy eyes, sat a large, beautifully marked spider, eager and alert for food.

'There! there!' cried both boys. 'There he comes now—old spider wolf! It is, isn't it, grandfather?'

'Yes, that's the raft builder,' said grandfather, 'and he's a bloodthirsty fellow, too. See how he watches for every water insect on his way! He's ready for them every time.'

And when the odd little raft sailed out of sight round a bend, the boys' raft was successfully launched, and grandfather stood on the shore clapping his hands and cheering. But nobody cheered Mr. Water Spider, who had built his raft all alone!—'Sunday-school Visitor.'

OUR LETTER BOX

Dear Editor:—I had a little letter for you weeks ago, but somehow it got lost. We spent a very pleasant summer at Shawnigan Lake in our little cottage. I learned to row and often went out in our boat and tried to catch some fish, but only got two trout, but they were very tasty. Some of our neighbors got a good many, and we were treated to some of them. Mother, sister, and I went in bathing nearly every day. It was fine fun. I wish I could swim like mother and hope to learn next year with the bathing wings.

My father shot a deer in the woods, and our neighbors and we enjoyed it for several dinners. A man shot one as it came down on the beach one morning early. We had several picnics in the woods. It was nice to always have meals outside.

DOROTHY.

Victoria, B.C., Oct. 29.

Travel In Corea

A trip from Tokio to the interior of Corea, four years ago, involved preparations as for an exploring expedition into a barbarous country, says the New York Evening Post. Today, one can leave Tokio at 3.30 p.m., by a first-class express train which in twenty-nine minutes takes him to Shimonoseki, whence a steamer ferries him across to Fusan in ten hours. From Fusan another express train, with Pullman cars and engines of the latest pattern imported from the United States, conveys him to Seoul. In building the railway to Seoul the Japanese had to overcome some formidable difficulties in the way of viaducts and bridges. There is a tunnel 4,000 feet in length, and much of the route is through a mountainous region. At the station in Seoul all the employees, porters, and jinriksha men are Japanese. At the post-office the stamps sold are Japanese. Most of the policemen are Japanese, and so are the soldiers in the barracks. The shops are still Corean, as are the costumes worn by the natives. If the traveller is a globe-trotter who wishes to proceed to China, he will find an express train to take him to Chemulpo in a Pullman, but from Chemulpo to the cities of China the steamers are irregular and of inferior order. However, by this route it is now possible to go from Tokio to London with only fifteen hours on the water.

Iron

Children, when you see an old iron bolt, nail or hook you do not stop to think about the great importance of the metal it is made from. Yet it would be difficult, indeed, to imagine the world getting on without iron, for today it is the most necessary metal in use. Should the supply of iron suddenly give out and all that is now in use be destroyed by rust we should go backward numberless centuries.

The same cannot be said of any other metal in existence. We could get along without gold, silver, tin and coppér. While those metals are vastly useful the world could go on in its advancement without them, for there would be found a substitute for each.

We have no way of knowing just when this mineral first became known of, but it came into use probably soon after the stone age. As warfare dominated the mind of man at that remote period, it is only reasonable to suppose that iron was first employed in the making of weapons.

The most ancient records mention the use of iron, and we have reason to believe that the most useful of useful metals was known many thousands of years before the Christian era. It is a recorded fact that among the earlier peoples iron was held as infinitely more valuable than gold.

To quote from one writer on the subject of iron and its many uses:

"The most remarkable remnant of early work in iron is the famous wrought-iron pillar of Delhi, which is supposed to have been erected in about the year 319 A. D. It is nearly 48 feet in height, 16 1-2 inches in diameter at the bottom and 12 inches at the top. It weighs about 17 tons. In a temple in India are iron beams of great magnitude, one of which is over 26 feet in length."

Livingstone, the great explorer, found the different African tribes manufacturing iron. Of course their process was a simple one, but they had their furnaces for smelting, their charcoal pits and forges. The iron was employed in the forming of arrow points and many articles for personal adornment, such as necklaces of beads and bracelets.

Self-Lighting Life Buoys

One feature of the big "Lusitania" which attracted crowds when she was open for inspection was the automatic life buoy which is fastened between decks on a slanting frame in such a way that it can be released by the presence of a button on the bridge. On each end of the four arms of a large cross-shaped frame work is a copper ball. These balls are so weighted that when the buoy strikes the water it will float upright. To the cross arms are fastened long brass cylinders. These cylinders are calcium carbide lights so arranged that they flare up by contact with the water. Should a cry of "Man overboard" be raised at night the officer on the bridge presses the button, the buoy hits the water, and the lights flare up. If the man overboard be a swimmer he can reach the buoy, to the arms of which loops are attached to aid him in keeping above water. The ship also has a mark to guide it after it has been put out.—Washington Post.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

From Chums

"Tain't Likely."

The home team had been trying for over an hour to get the visitors out, and they were fast losing heart at the score that was being made against them, when, after a batsman had been dismissed, a stern young man, with a square jaw, took his stand at the wicket.

At once the leather began to fly. Three times he sent the ball into the long grass in an adjoining meadow, each time causing a long delay. At last an extra-big hit proved too much for the home umpire.

"Out!" he roared, as the ball went soaring over the fence.

"Out?" gasped the astonished batsman. "How can I be out?"

"Don't ask no questions," stormed the umpire. "Out I says, and out you goes. That's a match-ball you're knocking about, and it cost us four-and-six. 'Tain't likely we're goin' to let you lose it for us. We want it for next Saturday's match."

Too Much to Miss

The farmer's son was ploughing, and a great black crowd of crows followed the plough, picking up the worms that wriggled in the rich, chocolate-colored furrows.

The farmer ran into the house, got his gun, fired at the crows, and peppered his son's legs with shot. The young man fell down, and when his father ran up to him, he groaned:

"Didn't ye see me, father?"

"Yes," said the old man, "I saw ye well enough, but I didn't like to miss the chance at the crows."

Informed

"It seems to me," said Mr. Wakeman, pausing to let the schoolboys, just released from bondage, rush by: "that school must be more interesting than it was in my time. The children acquire so much general knowledge nowadays—so much that is useful—"

"They do," agreed Mr. Northrop, promptly. "Now here comes little Johnny Greenfield—we'll ask what he learned. Here, Johnny! Tell us what your lesson was about today?"

"About octogons," replied blushing Johnny.

"And what," pursued Mr. Wakeman, "is an octogon?"

"It's a many-sided animal," blurted the lad, "that grabs you when you go in swimming."

Denied, But—

A gentlemen tells how, when, as a boy, he was spending a holiday in Scotland, he set out one morning on a fishing trip with a large hamper in his basket, intending to be absent for the day.

He fished till noon. Then hunger seized him. At the same time, however, he recalled the fact that he had left his lunch at the foot of a cliff on the road where he had stopped for a while to rest.

The cliff was two miles back, but the hungry youth set out for it at once. On the way he met a shabbily dressed Scot.

"Did you," he asked, "find anything on the road as you came along?"

"Na," said the Scot. "Na, not I. Could nae a stray dog ha' found and eaten it?"

As He Saw It

The Mulraney family had fallen upon hard times, and at last they had decided upon leaving the old country and trying their fortune across the Atlantic. Packing was proceeding silently, when Patrick, that brith of a boy, the "finest foighter" and the "biggest eater" in all Donegal, entered.

"Father," he said, "sure 'tis meself that's not comin' to Ameriky wid ye?"

"And why not?" said Mulraney; "'tis a great counthry, bedad! Why do ye wish to desert us, Pathrick, me boy?"

There was a moment's silence before Pat spoke.

"I've been taykin' to Father O'Flinn," he said then.

"And what did he tell ye?"

"Sure he says that when it is 12 o'clock wid us here 'tis 9 in the evening in Ameriky."

"Well?"

"Well, father, sure 'tis yersilf that knows I was always a hearty aiter, and be this and be that, I'm more than I could do to wait that long for dinner."

Father: "What's all this you are doing?"

Johnnie: "Please father, the schoolmaster told me if I wanted to learn quickly I was to put down every word I didn't know and ask you what it meant."

Father: "That's an excellent plan, my boy."

Johnnie: "Well, father, I've got a hundred words so far."

Father: "Johnnie, it's about time you went to bed."

"See anything about that painting you admire?"

"Yes; the frame."

"But the frame is not the picture!"

"No; but it's about the picture, isn't it?"

"I always knew that thirteen was an unlucky number. Clarke of the fifth form gave a grand supper in the dormitory the other night, and there were just thirteen at the spread."

"Well, what happened?"

"What happened? Why I wasn't invited!"

WITH THE POETS

A Gentleman

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs today.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched,
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—Margaret E. Sangster

Babies and Kittens

There were two kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandma said with a frown:
"It never will do to keep them both.
The black one we had better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear" to tiny Bess,
"One kitten is enough to keep.
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late
And time you were fast asleep."

The morning dawned, and rosy and sweet,
Came little Bess from her nap.
The nurse said, go in mamma's room
And look in Grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma with a smile,
From the rocking chair where she sat.
"God has sent you two little sisters,
What do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment.
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandma soberly said:
"Which one are you going to drown?"

—L. M. Hadley.

What Can You Do?

That's what the world is asking you.
Not who you are,
Not what you are;
But this one thing the world demands
What can you do with brain or hands

What can you do? That is the test
The world requires; as for the rest,
It matters not,
Or who or what
You may have been, or high or low,
The world cares not one whit to know.

What can you do? What can you do?
That's what the world is asking you
With trumpet tone,
And that alone!
Ah, soul, if you would win, then you
Must show the world what you can do!

—Selected.