



Notes.

I thought I heard, as I said my prayers,
Sweet sounds that crept up over the stairs;
A beautiful tune she played that night,
When I lay in bed with eyes shut tight.
The door of my ear was open wide,
And the pretty round notes came rolling inside,
Like wonderful marbles of every hue—
Gold and emerald, rose and blue;
I cannot tell what the others were,
Rolling into a rainbow blur.
They rolled—and rolled—and rolled again,
To the little far corners of my brain;
Rolling over a velvet floor,
Till I could not follow them any more;
But into a dark and sleepy crack
They rolled away, and never rolled back.

The Letter Friends.

Stanley folded the letter he had been writing and slipped it into an envelope. Then he addressed the envelope. It was a hard task, for the line would not keep straight; when he had finished the words looked as if they were tumbling pell-mell down a steep hill.

The address read: To the Boy in the Big Gray Stone House on Columbia Street, City.

Stanley had been living in Brookville only a month, and for much of that time he had been shut up in one room with whooping cough. So he did not know much about his neighbors. But for two weeks he had been watching the second-story bay window of the gray stone house that stood on a corner some distance away. He felt certain there was a boy in that house, for often he saw a figure at the second-story window. He was sure, too, that the boy, like himself, was obliged to stay at home, for he saw the figure at all hours of the day; moreover, the doctor's car often stood at the gray stone gate.

"I will write him a letter," Stanley said one afternoon. "I'll tell him that I'm a stranger here, and that I am very lonely shut up in one room with nothing to do and no one to talk to. Maybe he isn't too sick to write me a letter in answer."

Then Stanley got pen and ink and paper and set to work. He signed his own name, but he wondered what he should do about addressing the letter, since the name of the street was all he knew. Finally he decided to describe the place on the envelope and let it go at that.

"There's no other big gray stone house on this street," he said to himself, "and no other boy in the house."

The morning after the day he mailed his letter Stanley drew a chair to the window and began to watch the gray stone house. At ten o'clock he saw the letter carrier turn in and leave the mail; then a few minutes later he saw the figure appear at the bay window and stand there a while.

"He's looking," the boy thought. "Maybe he's coming; it won't hurt to get ready for him, anyway. I do hope he likes to collect stamps and things."

But the morning passed—a long, rainy morning—and nothing happened. Stanley went back to the fire and tried to read again a book that he had just finished but soon put it down with a sigh. He was tired of that story; he was tired of that room, and of the rain. He was even tired of his precious collection of stamps.

The next morning it was still raining. Stanley, watching at the window, saw the carrier wave a letter at him as he came up the walk. Two minutes later the letter was brought

in on Stanley's breakfast tray. He read:

Dear Neighbor,—I am as lonesome as you are, and so your letter was very welcome. Whooping cough is not much fun; I remember when I had it. The doctor won't let me go out much, but we can write letters anyway. I'm glad you collect stamps, for I do, too. Here are three from Japan and two from South America. Have you any of this kind from Bermuda? And I like butterflies and bugs.

Yours most sincerely,
Matthew Black.

It kept on raining and raining for a week, but Stanley forgot that he had ever been lonesome. Every day the mail brought him a letter or a package from his new neighbor. Once he received a knife; another time, a picture puzzle. Then came an exciting new book, and on the fifth day, to Stanley's wild delight, a whole stamp collection to look at.

Stanley returned the courtesies. He mailed Matthew Black his own collection of stamps, a box of paints and a top that sang a queer tune when it spun.

At last the long rain stopped, and the doctor announced that Stanley was well enough to go out for a little while. The second time he went out the postman brought him an invitation to dinner with Matthew Black. Stanley accepted promptly.

When he reached the gray stone house he was ushered into a big room where an old gentleman sat before the fire. He was a very thin, small old gentleman, not much larger than Stanley himself.

"How do you do?" said the old gentleman.

"Almost well again, thank you, sir," Stanley replied. He looked round for his friend, but there was no one else in the room. "I have come to see your little boy," he explained politely.

"But I haven't any little boy."

"Oh!" said Stanley. "Well, I mean the little boy who lives here—Matthew Black, you know."

"I am Matthew Black," said the old gentleman. "I am not a boy, to be sure, but I like boys very well. When your letter came I took it for myself, since there was no boy here to take it."

Stanley was so astonished that he did not know what to say. But he liked the twinkle in the old gentleman's eyes, and presently his own twinkled back in answer.

Matthew Black took Stanley's top from his pocket.

"This is a fine-looking top of yours," he said. "But I give you my word I can't find out the way to spin it."

"Ho!" said Stanley. "Let me show you. And just listen to it when it does spin!"

They had a good time with the top, and then they looked at some beautiful stereopticon pictures. After dinner the old gentleman showed Stanley a wonderful book on butterflies, and a still more wonderful collection of shells and minerals.

When it was time to go Stanley gave Matthew Black his hand and looked him straight in the eye. I like you the best of all my boy friends," he said.

The old gentleman chuckled. "Same to you," he replied.

Approximately 500,000 workers in all are involved in the crisis in the British spinning industry.

The mileage of Canada's chief railways is as follows: Canadian National and Grand Trunk Systems, under Government control, 19,000 miles; Canadian Pacific Railway, 22,000 miles.

"Grand Old Men" of Great Britain

The British Empire has and is proud of many men who can smile at the Psalmist with his three score years and ten. Perhaps the first in international fame that comes to mind is Arthur Balfour, who was born in 1848 and is still going strong, as the shrewdest diplomatic heads of the world very well know. He attributes his longevity to hard work, a comfortable philosophy and good golf.

Lord Haldenbury, a veteran Lord Chancellor, is 98 years old and is now engaged daily on the trying work of codifying the laws of the British Empire. Lord St. Aldenbury, who is 73, is talked of as the successor to Lord Chief Justice Reading. The Duke of Connaught is on another Imperial tour at 70. Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, a prominent figure in English life, recently challenged his cousin to meet him in mortal combat, in anticipation of which he trained on the ancestral arms and said he was just as good at 73 as he was fifty years ago. Dr. Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, is the same age as Mr. Balfour.

Sir Thomas Barlow and Sir James Cantlie, two noted physicians, are 76 and 70 respectively. Sir John Le Sage, managing editor of the Daily Telegraph, is at his office every morning despite his 84 years. Thomas Hardy

will be 81 this year, and Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, is 77 years old. Lord Leverhulme, almost as well known on this continent as in England, will soon be 71.

T. P. O'Connor is still fighting as strong for Ireland at 72 as he has been for the last five decades and the House of Commons still rings every time the Irish question comes up with the voice of his "Father." And, to be perfectly fair on the Irish question, Sir Edward Carson is only four years younger than "Tay Pay." Asquith is still a youngster compared to these septuagenarians, but he will be eligible for membership in their class next year, and Lord French, young enough to sidestep Sinn Féin ambushes, is only a few months younger than Asquith.

Sir Oliver Lodge has gone far in the Spiritualistic world, but in June he will have done 70 years in this one. Sir Hall Caine is 68 years old. Sir Charles Cameron, the eminent Irish physician, has turned 90. Major General James Calder Stewart was born in 1840, and Cardinal Michael Logue is over 80. Viscount Bryce, former British Ambassador in Washington, is 83 years old.

In support of the old sporting axiom, "Youth will not be denied," there is Sir Thomas Lipton, who will be 71 in May and is going to try again,

The Papers in the Black Tin Box

All knowledge is power if we are called upon by circumstance to make use of that knowledge. A farmer's widow has perhaps more chance to make good by going right on with her husband's business than has the wife of a man employed in anything else. And because the wife of the average farmer, by reason of her every-day associations with farm methods, has learned the way to raise farm products, to make the poultry flock pay, to increase the livestock output and to garner in the grain, she should be insistent on carrying her education further and should learn the business end of farming.

How many women know what is represented by the papers that are placed so carefully in the black tin box with its lock and key, or in the safety deposit vault of the town bank? It is not enough to know that these papers are deeds, mortgages, farm leases, agreements with hired help, tax receipts, insurance papers and elevator stock records; it is also necessary to understand the wording of them, to understand the percentage rate of taxes, the careful phrasing of the insurance papers, the unnoted loopholes in hastily drawn-up farm agreements.

Let no man trust to luck that, should anything unforeseen occur, his wife will be able to run the farm with the help of her growing family. Unless she has had careful instruction in the business side of farm dealings, she may not have the courage to go on. The paying off the mortgage, the renewing of run-out leases, or the settling up of insurance requires knowledge that is worth possessing. It is not sufficient to ask your wife to sign a paper, letting her rest in your assurance that all is well. She should understand the paper which she is asked to sign.

Take the family in on your business deals, Mr. Farmer. It will pay. And whether it be only the signing of an agreement or the making out of a deed, make clear each clause and sentence and point out the dangers of omitted words and phrases that would make a "catch" in the document. It can be no more clearly demonstrated anywhere that knowledge is power than when a woman is left to take up the unaccustomed burden of supporting a family.

In order that a farm woman may be able to support her family by carrying on her husband's work, see to it that she has an understanding of legal matters and the business side of the work. Then her complete knowledge will prove a power indeed.

Smoke Candle Vapor Deadly

One of the many ingenious contrivances developed during the recent war was the "smoke candle." Such candles were little cylindrical boxes containing smoke-producing chemicals, which could be ignited at a moment's notice by a sort of friction device. They were used to conceal the movements of small groups of men. When touched off they were simply placed on the ground, to make a smoke screen.

The Americans thought it would be a good idea to use smoke candles that would give off a poisonous smoke. These improved candles did not come into use during the war, but since then the chemists of the U. S. War Department have perfected them. The poison stuff used is a coal-tar product which, a solid at ordinary temperatures, vaporizes in the heat of the burning candle. The vapor will penetrate most gas masks. The military authorities think that such poison smokes will find very extensive use in future warfare.

The smoke of a smoke-candle is usually white. To be effective for concealment, it must, of course, be as opaque as possible; and it must also be heavy, so as to be not easily blown away by a light breeze. Candles that produce a smoke of zinc chloride meet these requirements admirably, but the addition of "diphenylchlorine" makes them poisonous as well.

Look up at the sky. Find the planet Venus. It is only 22,000,000 miles away. And we think we travel!

An Ingenious Fool

We read much of Sydney Smith's wit, but few persons have ever read of his inventive faculty. Ingenuity of an eccentric and bewildering sort is said to have marked his everyday life. Even here he was a humorist. Residence in the same house with him must have been perpetual surprise, for he bent himself to endless experiments with practical means and ways.

At one time he made a series of tests as to the best food for laborers, and greatly won the boys of the village benefited thereby; for he had them brought to the rectory in an appropriately ravenous condition and plied them with broth, rice and porridge to ascertain which would most satisfactorily appease hunger.

Prominent on his farm were his "universal scratchers," which he thus defined:

"I am all for cheap luxuries, even for animals. Now, oxen have a passion for scratching their back-bones. They break down your gates and pullings to effect this. Look! There is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. You have no idea how popular it is."

He raised a very fine race of horses,

Noses Made From Ribs

Some wonderful results have been achieved by surgeons in restoring the features of soldiers who received disfiguring face wounds during the war.

By plastic surgery, which consists in replacing lost parts in the cheeks, lips, nose, jaws, and other places by skin, fat, muscles, cartilage, and bone taken from other parts of the body, the most terrible disfigurements can be restored to an almost natural condition.

"It is now possible," says Major H. D. Gillies, in "Plastic Surgery of the Face," "to give a man a new nose that looks like a nose, has a good color, a good circulation, and a good airway." The pug-nose, in which the nostrils open forward, and even upward, can be remedied by implanting cartilage (gristle) taken from the patient's own ribs.

"The best-looking nose is made from skin taken from the forehead, which is similar in color and of the greasy nature of the natural nose." But it can also be re-made from skin from the arm, cheek, or back.

As an illustration of the cheerful resignation of soldiers suffering from face wounds, Major Gillies tells of a private of the Royal Munster Fusiliers who had a large portion of the left cheek, the corner of the mouth, and the upper lip blown away by a shell. The soldier was found one morning looking into a mirror and smiling with the remaining side of his face. Asked why he was amused, he replied: "Sure, I was thinking phew! an easy time the barber will have in future."

Did Noah Have All This Bother?

There was trouble enough for every one on board when a collection of wild animals was shipped from India to the London Zoo. As you read the story in The Times based on the diary of the man who had charge of the animals, you cannot help wondering whether Noah suffered like vexations.

During the early part of the voyage the heat was intense. The two tigers were prostrated and had to be revived by a bucketful of water dashed into their faces; and a pig-tailed monkey, a tragopan and two flycatchers died of heat apoplexy. The third day at sea the captain had a canvas shed erected on the upper bridge for the small birds, for they suffered from the calm.

During the night the elephant managed to get at a bag that contained her supply of sugar and looted it.

On the second day out from Colombo the sea began to be rough, and both tigers refused food. The elephant ate very little, refused to lie down and suffered from a chilly trunk. During the stormy weather, which continued for three days, the cage that contained a civet cat broke, the cat escaped, hid by day and at night helped itself to some of the rarer little birds before it was caught. A gibbon went down to the engine room and burned its foot on a hot plate.

On the way to Marseilles the weather became cold; the elephant caught a chill, but recovered after some big doses of quinine and the application of blankets.

Between Marseilles and London the elephant plunged her trunk for half a yard into a pot of white paint. She permitted her keeper to clean some of it off with an oily rag, but would not let him touch the end of her trunk. Accordingly, the keeper oiled her front legs, and she cleaned the tip of her trunk by rubbing it against the oily surface. During the rest of the voyage she behaved well, except for tearing into ribbons two of her blankets and the awning that sheltered her.

Executioners "Struck."

The official executioners in the Ukraine recently "struck" at the number of victims killed by the Bolsheviks, and the latter had to advertise for volunteers.

A special chapel will shortly be installed in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in memory of Lord Kitchener. It will cost \$50,000.

It's as cowardly to speak ill of a man behind his back as it is dangerous to say it to his face.

Lessons on Citizenship

Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.—St. Matt. 22: 21.

We must remember that when our Lord speaks of public duty and of social responsibility He always speaks in the light of true religion. In other words, we can find in Christ's teaching not a system of government nor a code of social laws, but a strong declaration of the necessity of loving and obeying God and of loving and serving one another. The error of some writers who try to find in the Gospels a system of economic or social reform is that they leave out two most important truths—first, that we are all God's children and His will is the only guide in righteous living, and second, that Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners and He shed His blood that we might be made clean and pure. It is a grave question whether a man who is not a Christian can be a good citizen. And it is also a grave question whether any man who is not a Christian can have a clear and true judgment regarding human relationships between man and man. The reason is quite clear. God made the world and He made man, and He alone can show men how to live. And He came to earth in the person of Jesus Christ to teach us by His example of holy living, and to die for our eternal redemption. To talk about good citizenship or about social reform without regard to Jesus Christ is about as foolish as it would be for a student to study any branch of science without a knowledge of or a belief in the attraction of gravitation.

So when Christ answered the Pharisees' question about taxes He referred them at once to God: "Render unto God the things that are God's." In other words, He taught that to attempt to render to Caesar the things that were Caesar's would be futile and foolish unless they also rendered to God the things that were God's. And He made the lesson still plainer and stronger when He said to the lawyer who asked Him which was the great commandment in the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He so linked love for God and love for men together that they can never be separated. He that loves God must love his brother, and he that loves his brother must also love God. Brotherhood without God is weak and without character. Love for God without brotherhood is an emotion, unreal and bound to fail.

A Citizen's First Duty.

Good citizenship must recognize, first of all, the will of God. It is a saying, many times repeated yet scarcely accepted, that God's will is the only measure of righteousness, and without righteousness there can be no knowledge or desire amongst men to serve one another. God has placed us in families and communities. Animals are gregarious—that is, living in flocks or companies—because of fear. They would protect each other. But men live together to

love and to help one another, and citizenship which is true is always looking for and striving after the common good. If anything is needed for the health or pleasure of the community the good citizen favors it and tries to bring it. If any bad thing threatens the common welfare he seeks to drive it away. But how can he surely know that this need is actually for the common good or that this evil is harmful? Experience is all right so far as it goes, but, unfortunately, experience often comes too late and the evil has rooted itself or the good has lost an opportunity. Rendering to God the things that are God's means, amongst many other things, caring for the happiness and welfare of His children. He is the guide, for He knows, better than men can know, where and how lasting happiness is gained. So we find, as history teaches, that it is Christianity that builds hospitals and schools and orphanages, that urges pure water for people to drink and clean streets for people to travel, and fresh air for people to breathe. And the same Christianity has always fought and always will fight against bad amusements, and a broken day of rest for all, and cruelty to children and to animals. Yes, and the same Christianity calls upon every Christian to do his part in upholding the good and driving out the bad, and unless he obeys he is a poor and unprofitable citizen, making it harder for people to live healthily and happily, and more difficult for good Christians to do their duty.

Justice for Every Citizen.

Good citizenship frowns upon the few who disregard the profit and welfare of the many, because God has established the right of every man to have his share of life and happiness. Selfishness and greed are the enemies of human progress and goodness. Hence the true citizen quickly demands justice for all, since God is just. Many of our modern laws are the result—a rather tardy result—of this very rule of Christ, and we are learning that any kind of prosperity or pleasure that oppresses any one must be dealt with. It is rather a difficult problem because we are so ignorant and foolish and because the blind selfishness of the strong has held down the weak. It has taken us 1900 years to understand the golden rule and even yet in some cases our understanding is darkened. It is not easy to deal justly one with another, for we are apt to look upon only one side of a question and ignore the other side. The rich man, unthinkingly perhaps, takes advantage of the poor man; and then the tide turns and the poor man hates the rich man and tries to defraud him. We must be patient one with another as we are seeking a just solution of problems. "Caesar's things" are pretty big things sometimes, and they need the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, and above all else, the grace of God. But we must insist upon that love which God alone can bestow and which bids us not only worship but serve.—Rev. F. W. Tomkins.

The Laugh Remedy.

A hearty laugh, it seems to me, is something of a remedy for almost any sort of ache that one may have and wish to shake.

When you are feeling sick and sad or blue or worried, sore or mad, a laugh will often do more good than fifty other doses could.

When troubles come that weary us there's something quite mysterious about the magic way they quit when we have laughed a little bit.

And thus I argue on behalf of any

good and hearty laugh, because it puts the fits to rest for those who laugh and try it out.

A single trial with a pure-bred dairy bull will convince any man that like will produce like, and that the progeny will inherit the form and characteristics from the parent that possesses the strongest blood lines.

Skulls found during excavations prove that mankind existed at least 1,500,000 years ago.

Ancient Chinese Humor

Although the Chinese may seem serious, like the Irish, he is not without a genuine sense of humor. His literature is highly seasoned with witticisms and humorous situations. Unfortunately, brevity, which is essentially the soul of wit of his proverbs, is impaired in the translation into English. Also there is much of Chinese humor, even that found in the books of the most famous writers, that is too broad for a literal translation.

Nevertheless human nature is, and has for a thousand years, been fundamentally the same. This is shown by the following epigrams, taken from the work of a writer, Li Shang Yin, who lived 1,200 years ago in the Flowery Kingdom. The translation from the Chinese was made by W. F. Mayers.

The headings are the Chinese author's own:

Conditions Out of Place.

A poor Parsee.
A sick physician.
A fat bride.
A teacher who does not know his letters.
A graybeard given to flirting.
What One Does Not Despise.
When one is hungry—coarse victuals.
When one is on the tramp—the sorriest nag to ride.
When one is thirsty—cold rice water.

Comparisons.

A courtes—like pumpkins, which grow best in the dark.
A crow—is like a fiddler; he makes music when he's hungry.

A judge—is like a tiger, never moves but he does some injury.

What It Is Better Not to Know.

A fiddler had better not know music, or he will be thrown out of work.
A woman had better not know poetry, or she will lose her reputation.
A servant had better not know his letters, or he will get into trouble.
A scholar had better not know anything about handicrafts, or he will be held in contempt.

Vexation.

Sitting down to a feast and feeling the stomach ache.
Finding the bottle empty in the midst of a jolly night.
Not being able to get rid of one's poor relations.
The Extreme of Unpleasantness.
Blundering upon matters which are taboo in a friend's house.
Meeting a creditor when one can't pay one's debts.
Hearing drunken babble after one has become sober.
Tribulations.
To invite a distinguished guest, who fails to come to dinner.
To have a disagreeable fellow come on his own invitation.
To be butt-holed by a drunken man.
To have no money when things are cheap.
To be seated opposite the man you hate.

The Growing Follies of the Age.

Envy, hatred and malice.
Invoking the gods when one is drunk.
Women clacking about the streets.
Mortgaging one's property.