



Magic Buttons.

I have a box that surely puts
Aladdin's lamp to shame;
The magic buttons hidden there
Are never twice the same.

I pour them out upon the floor;
And presto! right away
They change into the very things
I wish for every day.

I stand the shiny ones in rows,
Like soldiers brave and strong.
That big one is a pony cart
That 'gayly rolls along.

This button pony, specked with black,
I know is kind and mild.
I trot him all around the rug
To please my button child.

Sometimes my mother plays with me.
I thought she understood,
Till once I found my pony sewed
On sister's old brown hood!

Caroline's Dough Cake.

Years and years ago a white house with tall pillars and green blinds stood on the edge of a certain village common. In the house lived a little girl named Caroline; and not far away out in the country lived Caroline's Great-Aunt Patience.

One day in the spring Aunt Patience's hired man, coming to market, brought Caroline a message.

"Your aunt is making dough cake to-day," he said, "and she wants you to come back in the wagon and take tea with her. She says you won't mind walking home."

Most little girls would have been pleased at that. Aunt Patience's dough cake was made of the lightest kind of bread dough; it was sweetened with brown sugar and stuffed with raisins. The dough was marked in a pattern with a fork and then baked until it was light brown. But Caroline did not like it, and the invitation did not please her much.

"If only Aunt Patience were baking sponge cake or pound cake or frosted gingerbread," she sighed, "how much better it would be."

So she frowned when her mother dressed her in a yellow muslin frock with ruffles, and she frowned again when the hired man came driving up to get her. In fact she could hardly muster a smile when her little old Aunt Patience came to the door to give her a welcome.

There were three at tea—Caroline, Aunt Patience and Toby, Aunt Patience's little dog, who sat in a high chair and wore a bib and behaved very well. He had milk in a china bowl. The table was set with old blue china, and there were creamy potatoes, pink ham, hot biscuits, golden apple sauce and thick slices of warm dough cake. Caroline should have enjoyed the good things, but all through the meal she was thinking about the dessert.

"Even sponge cake would have been better than dough cake," she thought. She did not consider that dough cake was really cake.

When she refused a large piece cut in the shape of a slice of pie Aunt Patience feared she was not well.

"Dear, dear," she said anxiously, "it will never do for you to miss your dough cake!"

With that she hurried out to the kitchen, for it was time for Caroline to go home, and hurried back with a little package wrapped in a red-fringed napkin.

"Here is a whole dough cake—a little one—for you to take home," she said with a smile. "I've wrapped it in a ragged old napkin that you needn't bother to bring back."

"Thank you, Aunt Patience," said Caroline as she took the package and dropped a neat little curtsy. But she was not thinking thank you; she really did not want that little round loaf at all.

And she did not keep that little round loaf either! It is hard to believe, but when she had reached a dark, shadowy place on the road, deep in the woods, she raised her arm and threw the parcel away, dough cake, red-fringed napkin and all. It fell in the woods not far from the edge of the road.

After that, though the birds were singing and the sunset shone beautifully through the trees, Caroline felt

very wretched. When she reached home she did not have much to say about her visit.

The next day it rained, and the day after. On the third day, when Caroline set out for school with her next-door neighbor, John Gray, they found the world a very damp world indeed.

"Let's come home the long way by the woods, Caroline," John said. "I want to show you the biggest toadstool you ever laid your eyes on."

"Are you sure," asked Caroline, who was full of fancies, "that it isn't a fairy dinner table?"

But John shook his head; it was certainly a toadstool, he said, and a giant toadstool at that.

School seemed long that day, and by the time John and Caroline started homesthey were both hungry.

"I could almost eat some of my Aunt Patience's dough cake," Caroline said. Then she added, "I had a whole dough cake all to myself not long ago." She blushed a little.

"And ate it all up, I suppose. Pig!" said John, laughing.

Caroline did not reply, but she turned several shades redder still.

They turned into the woods just then, and nothing more was said about dough cakes. After they had walked a few hundred yards John began to walk more slowly and to peer under first one tree and then another.

"I do hope my giant toadstool isn't gone," he said. "It was right by the side of the road, I know. I just had a glimpse of it last night, but it looked big enough for a hundred toads to sit on. Oh, there it is, and—why—there's your Aunt Patience, too!"

Caroline jumped. Sure enough, there beside the huge toadstool was Aunt Patience in her bonnet and shawl. Beside Aunt Patience stood Toby with a bedraggled, red-fringed napkin in his mouth. He was pawing all round the toadstool in an excited way.

When Aunt Patience saw Caroline she began to beam. "There, child," she said, "I was almost afraid you had got lost going home the other day. Toby came running in a little while ago with the napkin in his mouth. I followed him to this spot."

Caroline looked uncomfortable. That was the very napkin, of course, that she had thrown away. "Why couldn't Toby mind his own business?" she thought. "I suppose he ate the dough cake."

She was anxious to change the subject. "See the big toadstool that John found," she said.

Aunt Patience turned and looked. Then she adjusted her spectacles and stooped down and looked harder. Toby was still scratching and sniffing for dear life, and John's face wore a puzzled expression.

"Toadstool?" asked Aunt Patience. She put out one finger and touched the big thing gingerly. Then she stood up.

"I should call it an overrisen dough cake," she said. Her eyes twinkled. "My, how the rain did make it rise! It must have had more yeast in it than I thought."

Caroline stared, first at Aunt Patience and then at the thing on the ground. Presently she covered her face with her hands, for the thing that she had done appeared all at once in its true light.

After a while, peering through her fingers at puzzled John and at pleasant-faced Aunt Patience, she said, "I threw it away. I didn't want it because it was dough cake. O Aunt Patience!"

John had great ado to keep from laughing aloud, the whole thing was so funny; but Aunt Patience took hold of one of penitent Caroline's hands and patted it.

"There, there!" she said. "Never mind. I remember that you enjoyed the rest of the supper, now didn't you?"

Caroline nodded. "But I don't see how I could have acted so," she said. Then they all three had to laugh at Toby, who was worrying the red napkin and pawing at the dough cake by turns.

He was the only one there who did not understand that not a sponge cake, or a poundcake, or even a cake with white frosting could have done for Caroline what that poor little dough cake had done.

The Front He Was At.

Lord Rosmore is an Irish-peer of the traditional, rollicking kind. In his recollection he tells two anecdotes of Irish beggars, who also are of the sort that we have been taught to regard as typical. The anecdotes have the merit, however, of being warranted genuine, whereas many of those that make us smile also make us suspicious of their truth.

The fighting Irish feel a natural sympathy for fighting men. There was a certain hot-tempered old Irish colonel, retired, who detested beggars and who never gave alms except to soldiers. The professional beggars had learned to avoid his house, but one afternoon a beggar, whose day had been especially unproductive, determined to try his luck. Going boldly to the front door, he first knocked and then banged; but the colonel, who could see him from an upper window, guessed his errand and would not permit the summons to be answered. After playing the knocker for a long time in vain the persistent fellow went round to the back door and started the racket afresh. That was too much. The colonel came storming down to the door and flung it open.

"How dare ye bang my door?" he demanded furiously.

"Well, yer honor, I thought maybe ye'd help a poor man—"

"Did ye? Well, get off the premises at once; I've nothing for ye."

"Ah, but, yer honor, I've been at the front—"

"Have ye, then? Ah, that's another matter, me poor man. Here's a shilling for ye."

"Thanks, yer honor! Oh, thanks!" said the man, pocketing the shilling and betaking himself to the foot of the steps before finishing his sentence. "I was a long time at the front-door!"

The kick that the colonel aimed at him missed its mark, and the colonel's angry words fell harmless on rapidly retreating ears.

The second anecdote concerns Lord Rosmore's friend, Lady Pilkington. She was once walking with another lady, who was accompanied by an arrogant and ill-tempered poodle. They met an old beggar woman, whose looks so enraged the dog that it made a rush and bit her leg. Her howls and lamentations so touched Lady Pilkington's tender heart that while her friend was occupied in reducing the snobbish poodle to proper penitence she slipped ten shillings into the old woman's hand. The poor old soul seized the money, gave one look at it and dropped upon her knees in the road, with her clasped hands upraised in prayer. The ladies were much annoyed, and finally, as she continued to pour forth her supplications, Lady Pilkington bent over her and ventured to ask what she was praying for so vehemently.

The aged vagrant paused and blinked up at the sympathetic countenance. "Sure, and I'm asking the blessed saints," she whispered confidentially, "to persuade the crathur to bite me on the other leg!"

Do not threaten unless you can carry out the threat. The old dog that shows his teeth gets either a laugh or a kick.

Gender in Surnames.

Although the derivation of family names is a perennially interesting subject of study, few persons know that some of our common surnames are properly of the feminine gender. Middle English had a feminine suffix, -ster, which still survives in the word spinster, the feminine of spinner. Until the year 1500, the word tapster, which now carries no hint of sex, was the feminine of tapper, the man who draws liquor from a cask. When Chaucer in the Pardoner's Tale wished to say, "Then immediately there came dancing girls, well-shaped and small, and young fruit girls," he wrote: And right anon thanne comen tombe-sters, Fetys and smale, and yonge frute-sters.

If we were to keep to the ancient rules of our language, we should by the same token call Mr. Baker's wife "Mrs. Baxter" and Mr. Brewer's wife "Mrs. Brewster." The feminine of dyer was dyester, from which Dexter is sometimes derived. Webster is the feminine of weaver and webber; and Sangster preserves as a surname the Anglo-Saxon feminine for singer.

In the sixteenth century, when people had forgotten the feminine meaning of the suffix -ster, they formed various deprecatory words like gamester, punster and rimester on the analogy of such words as brewster and malster. Those later words of course are not feminine.

Be Lazy and Live Long.

For the lazy man no one has a good word to say. Yet in a way he is wise. Laziness, at its best, conserves energy, and it is the demands we make on our store of energy and vitality that use us up. The absence of stress on the body and mind means, therefore, that each lasts longer.

Hustlers and over-hard workers die, many years before they should. They use themselves up. The moral is obvious. Be lazy—not in the sense of being a parasite, or a shirker, or work-shy, but in the very sensible sense of taking things quietly, and thereby conserving your energy and vitality. That sort of "laziness" means longevity. You last longer, like all machines that are run quietly and not "raced."

Medical men have many times pointed out that in cases of illness or accident it is not so much the medicine or the surgeon's skill that saves life as the store of vitality that the patient has to draw on. Hustlers have little or none; "lazy" folk have plenty. The former have a fight for life, and as often as not fail. The latter live through. So be "lazy," in the proper sense, and live long.

Micky's Definition.

In the matter of making bulls, as the following story indicates, even the youngest Irishman may be proficient.

"Now," said the teacher of a village school in Ireland, at the close of her long lecture on elementary chemistry, "I want some one to give me a good definition of salt."

"Sure," said Micky, a bright, blue-eyed youngster. "It's the stuff that makes potatoes taste nasty when you boil them and don't put it in."

The Ladybird Express

Several years ago the citrus industry of California, which produces a large part of the oranges, lemons and grapefruit of the country, was seriously threatened by a foreign insect, called the cottony-cushion scale, which was brought in from abroad, says a Boston paper.

Since, as its name implies, the cottony-cushion scale was covered with a secretion like floss or cotton it was found impossible to kill it by spraying with insecticides, for the cottony covering prevented the spray from reaching the body of the insect. So the scientific men went back to the land from which these scale insects had come and found that in their own home they were held in check by a ladybird—much the same kind of ladybird, or ladybug, to which children sing the old rhyme, "Fly away home."

These ladybirds were put into little cages covered with cheesecloth or wire netting; they were provided with scale insects to eat on the journey and were brought to California, where they were kept for a while in an insectary. When their numbers had increased they were placed in cage-like boxes and sent wherever the cottony-cushion scale was threatening the oranges and lemons. Now the State of California is almost free from this destructive pest, and the citrus industry has been saved.

At the great insect incubator in the capitol grounds at Sacramento they rear millions and millions of ladybirds, and all that a man has to do, if he has scale insects in his grove or his orchard, is to write or telegraph to the insectary, and on the next train will go the little boxes, all wrapped and labeled, with several hundred hungry ladybirds ready to clean up the scale insects. After the man has called at the express office and paid the charges he takes the boxes into the orchard, opens the covers, and the hungry ladybirds fly away, soon to find their dinner in the shape of scale insects. Not only the parent ladybird but also the worm, or larval form of the ladybird, feed upon these pests. They feed continually, for they have enormous appetites, and the orchard is soon free from scale insects.

Recently a man in Shasto County

wrote for a supply of ladybirds. On the next train went the colonies, all ready for work; but when they reached their destination the man who lived back in the county on a ranch, could not be reached by telephone.

The poor freight agent was at his wit's end; he did not know what to do. He was afraid that if he did not feed the ladybirds, they would die, and he would have to pay for them. Finally he telegraphed to Sacramento: "Can't locate consignee. What shall I do with the ladybirds?"

And the Sacramento insectary telegraphed back: "Open the boxes and let them fly away."

Of course that was the thing to do, for were they not within a few miles of the orchard? Their instinct would lead them to their food just as surely and almost as quickly as if the orchardist had put them upon the trees himself.

So the secret of pest control is "out of the bag," and science has solved it. When we get a foreign insect pest and cannot control it we go back to its native land and find another insect that is not a pest and bring it home to destroy the evil one. At the present time the State of California has a man in South Africa, not far from the famous diamond fields, breeding insects to bring back to California to kill the destructive black scale that has become so serious in citrus and in olive orchards. Another man is in Japan, where he will stay for three years in order to find the natural insect enemies of the Japanese beetle.

Only a few years ago a man went to Smyrna to find out how Smyrna figs were pollinated. Soon we shall not have to depend upon Smyrna for figs, for California will be producing plenty of them. Another man went all over India and the Philippines, looking for a friendly bug to kill the white flies, which are so destructive to various kinds of citrus fruits; but, sad to relate, although he found the friendly insects and transported them from interior India to the coast in wagon trains, all of them were dead by the time they opened the box cages in Florida.

Promotion in the Kingdom

Then came to Him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshipping Him, and desiring a certain thing of Him. . . . But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto Him, We are able. —St. Matt. 20: 20-22.

There is a sharp contrast between our Lord's declaration concerning His betrayal and death, and the plea of the mother of James and John. How could such a request have been made by one who heard the Master tell of His own future sufferings? Perhaps there was an interval of time between the two recorded events. Let us hope so, for it would have been heartless for the mother of two men to ask such a favor when their Friend was foretelling His own generous sufferings for all the world. And yet I am afraid we forget at times, in our desire for earthly pleasures or advancement, how the Son of Man lived and died for others. How cheap and poor all worldly pomp and glory appear when we remember the story of the cross! Yet Christ was very gentle in His answer. They did not understand that His kingdom was not an earthly kingdom. The great truth of redemption was only grasped by them later after the Holy Spirit was given at Pentecost. And so He told them that the advancement they desired depended upon a life of sacrifice. They, like Himself, must give up all thought of self and all desire for worldly honor if they would stand near to Him in the heavenly kingdom. "The throne is the price of tolls, not a grace granted to ambition; a reward of righteousness, not the concession of a request."

James and John, with Peter, seemed to have a closer relationship with Christ than the other apostles, and perhaps they, or their mother, relied upon this when they made their plea for promotion. How easy it is to take advantage of circumstances, and how unworthy! Nepotism, that is, the granting of favors to relations, has always been condemned by true men. In political life it seems to be taken for granted that those who have advanced the cause of a successful candidate should be rewarded with positions of importance, and it is one of the harmful fallacies of our common method of electioneering. Christianity brings quite a different message. He who would be near his Christ must disregard himself and think not of his own interest.

Wrong Kind of Promotion.

There is a lesson for mothers here, and for fathers, too. How easily ambition for our children is centred in earthly glory! Mothers wish their

The curiosity of him who wishes to see fully for himself how the dark side of life looks, is like that of the man who took a torch into a powder mill to see whether it would really blow up or not.

not dried up. New methods may be required. It may be men need to approach their business from a different angle and study it more closely; but that need not mean discouragement. Send the pickax of thought down a little farther.

Don't stop on this side of success. Just out of sight lies the unfailing spring of successful endeavor. Tap it before you lay down your tools, and never say, "I am beaten." No man is ever beaten so long as he has two strong arms and a stout heart.

John D. Rockefeller has given \$475,000,000 for benevolent purposes.

Marvels of a Scrap of Paper

Only a sheet of paper. Yet it embodies thousands of years of unexpected romance.

When our forefathers were gnawing bones in glacial caves, the so-called "heathen Chinese" was reading his books, printed on paper cunningly fashioned from the bast of the mulberry-tree or of bamboo-sprouts; and three centuries before Christ was cradled he had his factories for its manufacture from silk-waste.

Julius Caesar was a comparatively recent memory when the Chinese statesman, Tsai Lun, became the pioneer maker of paper. The Egyptian was little behind the Chinaman with his paper made from the pith of the papyrus plant, moistened with water from the Nile, pressed and dried and made smooth by rubbing with ivory.

And where China and Egypt led the way, Persia followed. In the eighth century we see a flourishing factory at Bagdad, turning out paper made from linen cloths; followed by rival works in Damascus and along the north coast of Africa.

Europe lagged far behind these pioneers of the East. It was the Moors who first introduced paper, in the twelfth century, into Spain, whence its manufacture spread to Italy, France, and Germany. But it was not until the middle of the fifteenth century that we find a paper mill established at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, followed a century later by another at Dartford.

Paper can now be manufactured

from hundreds of different materials. As long ago as 1839 one might have seen at the Paris Exhibition sixty rolls of paper, each made from a different vegetable fibre. Books, containing hundreds of pages, have been published, each leaf differing in its composition from every other—the materials used ranging from straw, jute, and bamboo, to esparto and maize-leaves.

Although the materials from which paper can be made are so numerous, only two—esparto and wood-pulp—are now used to any great extent, since rags are no longer available in sufficient quantities.

It was in 1856 that Mr. T. Houtledge began to manufacture paper from esparto—a grass grown in the South of Europe, which yields excellent pulp. For a generation it was used to the extent of millions of tons, until a formidable rival appeared on the scene in the form of wood-pulp, which, when mixed with rags and some fibrous material, was found to make splendid paper at a smaller cost.

So popular did its use become that within twenty-five years hundreds of square miles of forests in Sweden, Norway, and Canada were being laid low to feed the world's presses; and the forests of Russia, Newfoundland, and Germany were soon called upon to yield their tribute. To-day wood-pulp constitutes the bulk of the world's supply of paper. To what vast proportions the paper industry has grown is shown by the fact that to-day the world's paper-mills exceed five thousand.

Britain is Building Two Giant Airships.

Two great airships, the R-36 and R-37, are being built for the Civil Aviation Department of the Air Ministry to serve as passenger carriers, says a London despatch. One of the

Laugh!

Do you work a little better every day?
Do you laugh aside the troubles on the way?
Have you faith that, after all,
Nothing evil shall befall?
Friend of mine, you are a winner—and to-day.

aircraft probably will make its first trial flight some time the end of this month, carrying a party of officials and guests.

The R-36 is to be fitted to carry fifty passengers, for whom are provided bunks in little curtained compartments, lounges, washing facilities and even an electric kitchen for cooking meals.

Cargo capacity will depend on the length of the journey contemplated. On a journey of 600 miles it is estimated that the ship could carry 17.43 tons, while on a 16,000 miles journey only 10.75 tons could be accommodated. Each of the ships is fitted with four 350 horsepower Sunbeam engines, giving a total horsepower of 1,400. The normal rate of speed will be 62.8 miles per hour. Each of the giant ships is 672 feet long.