A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

After a few weeks of quiet, the trouble in Morocco has begun again. An Englishman who has spent many years in Africa says that the quarrel is a religious one and that there is likely to come a time when the Mohamedans will join together to drive the Christians out of Africa. How soon this Holy War will begin he does not know, but it is certain that all the followers of Mahomet are preparing for it. All the people who live in the middle lands that border the Mediterranean, the tribes that wander over the desert and the Soudanese hate the Christians. Whether or not they are strong enough to conquer the Europeans in Africa time will tell. Their great opponents would be the English, the French and perhaps the Germans and the Italians. You know there was a time when the Moors owned most of Spain, and there are still remains of very beautiful castles, palaces and cities built by them in that country.

In the prosperous years through which we have passed both our own province and the Dominion have saved money. Four years ago the government of British Columbia had to borrow $1,000,000. They had to pay 5 per cent. for this money. It was borrowed for ten years, and by the agreement $100,000 with interest was to be paid back every year. Three of these payments were made but this year the government found they had $500,000 for which they were only getting 3 per cent. So they asked their creditors to let them pay back this sum. Now they only owe $200,000. The Dominion finds that besides paying expenses it can reduce its debt by $3,000,000.

There was an election the other day in Nova Scotia. A Conservative member was returned. A very satisfactory thing about this election was the fact that it was honestly conducted. Neither Liberals nor Conservatives tried to get any one to vote against his conscience. Whether we are governed by Liberals or Conservatives does not matter nearly so much as that honest electors should return good and honorable members to parliament.

France has promised to let goods from Canada come in with lower duties than formerly or rather, that bargain was made by ambassadors from Canada, France and England. This shows that England has not only allowed Canada to manage her own private affairs but allows her to do almost as she pleases with regard to other nations. No good son, as long as he enjoyed the protection of his father's house would insult his father's friend. In the same way as long as Canada remains a part of the empire, she must treat the allies of England with courtesy.

In the matter of the fisheries dispute between Newfoundland and the United States, it has been decided to let the Hague tribunal settle it. It is a fine thing to think that in place of going to war England and the United States will allow this peaceful court to decide this matter. Perhaps Canadians may be forgiven if they hope that this time Newfoundland will win. There have been so many disputes between Canada and the United States that have all been settled in favor of the latter country that we have begun to think that it is rather because she has the cleverer lawyers than that she has the better cause that she has won.

The Dominion parliament met last week. It will make several new laws and amend some old ones. Among the things it promises to do is to bring telegraph and telephone companies under the control of the government. It is thought by some people that the government ought to own the telegraphs and telephones as they own the post offices and operate them for the good of the people. The government promises to hasten the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific through the northern part of Canada. A great many people think that the construction of that road should have gone on at a much faster rate than it has.

Captain Boothby and the crew of the C. P. R. steamship Mount Temple are brave fellows. The ship ran on the rocks in a snowstorm near the mouth of the La Have river in Nova Scotia. It was impossible to launch the boats and the women and children were placed in a sort of basket fastened to a line rigged from the ship's rail to the top of the cliff. By twos and threes the passengers were sent along this line. Fancy being suspended high over the water with the wind howling around. But the passage was made safely again and again. Then as the wind went down, the boats were launched and all hands were saved. There was a splendid account of the rescue in Thursday's Colonist. It is good to hear of such brave deeds as that of the captain of this big ship. It would be a poor sort of boy who could watch such a scene and not want to cheer the gallant men who, by their self-sacrifice and bravery saved the lives of helpless passengers.

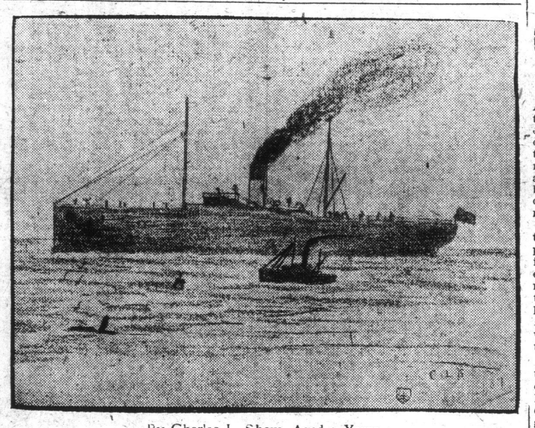
While the crew of the Mount Temple were battling with the Atlantic surges nearly fifty miners met a terrible death near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The mine filled with gas and there was a terrible explosion which closed up the shaft. The men must have been instantly killed by the deadly gas, but it makes one's heart ache to think of the grief of the wives and mothers of the men and boys whose lives were so suddenly and so terribly snatched away.

Victoria boys will be pleased to hear that people are praising Dr. Robertson, who started the Manual Training schools here. It was Sir William Macdonald who sent the first masters here and paid their salaries while the grown-up people were learning what manual training really was. But it was Dr. Robertson who went all over Canada and told people how good a thing it would do to teach children to use their hands and eyes.

Dr. Robertson has done more for the young people than many a man who has gained great riches and honors.

A. W. Donly last week told the people of Victoria a great deal about Mexico and advised the people of British Columbia to send cargoes of coal, lumber and apples there and get back fruit, hardwood, salt and tobacco. Mexico has the richest silver mines in the world. It has an advantage over many places for trade with this province because it can be easily reached by water.

We have to thank the children heartily for the drawings they have been kind enough to send us. Those published this week are by Elsie Creeden, Charlie Shaw and Hazel O'Connell. Others have been received from Mildred Beattie, Thelma Lees, Rose Crowther, Earl Pierce, Josephine Lees, V. B. Maude, Roy McConnell, Olive Wilby, Arthur Henry Jameson, Maggie King and Florence McNeill.



By Charles L. Shaw, Aged 9 Years.

We hope to have many more pictures to publish, and think that some of our Victoria children will show that they are going to be real artists.

The government of Japan wants to know exactly how Japanese immigrants are and have been treated in the United States and whether it is any use for more people to try to come from Japan to that country. The emperor has sent for Viscount Aoki so that he may be able to make the Japanese government understand exactly how the Japanese are treated in the United States and what is the state of feeling there with regard to the Japanese nation. It is thought quite reasonably that there are many things which can be found out better when people speak to one another than can be ascertained by letters, no matter how long they may be. Aoki declares that there is nothing but the most friendly feeling between the countries.

Now, it is the people of Portugal who are dissatisfied with their government, and it is thought that perhaps the king (who by the way is named Charles), may be put off the throne and a republic established.

Old King Oscar of Sweden is dying and his son has been appointed regent. The members of the government have quarrelled and some of them have resigned. But Sweden, like England, is governed by the people, and no great disturbance is likely to follow a change of government.

Another case of the folly of wickedness comes from Ottawa. A man named Laballe contrived to get money from men who had something to hide. By false pretences he was able to obtain thousands of dollars. If he had tried half as hard to make money honestly he might have lived to an honored old age, instead of spending years in gaol and bringing disgrace and misery on everyone belonging to him. It is as true now as it was thousands of years ago that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

The president of the United States has really a great deal of power, more, in many ways, than the king of England, and a great deal more than the governor-general of Canada. Last week he gave a message to congress, as the body which makes the laws for the United States, is called. He told the members how the laws had been carried out through the past year and advised them where he thought changes were necessary. President Roosevelt's speech was very long but there are some things in it that are of interest to Canadians as well as Americans and next week we shall try to learn more about it.

Secretary Taft, who was on his way home from his visit to Japan, was, a few days ago, at St. Petersburg. He has returned by way of the Trans-Siberian railroad and declared that he was calling at the capital of Russia to thank the Czar for the courtesy by which that monarch made his journey safe and pleasant. He spent half an hour in the building where the Russian parliament was sitting. Secretary Taft declared that the United States desires peace with all the world and praised the Czar as the founder of the Peace conference at the Hague, which wishes to put an end to war. It would be interesting to know what this messenger from the country which above all others boasts of its freedom really thought of the signs of tyranny which he must have seen all around him.

The editor wants to speak to the children in their own page about a duty every one owes to work that has been well done.

No one should, in any way, injure or deface a building. It is disgraceful to see the broken windows in an empty house. Yet children who would not steal a cent often destroy in this way many dollars worth of property. There is a still sillier and more shameful practice too common in Victoria. It is that of marking with chalk or lead pencil on walls. Even when the words scribbled down are harmless they are the sign of a bad nature. There is a wall in a beautiful building in this city quite ruined by such work. It may be that the parents of the naughty children or young people who defaced it have been made to pay a fine for to mar in any way another's property is a crime. It is too bad that strangers visiting the city should judge all children of Victoria by the work of such naughty girls and boys.

Robbie wanted some more chicken at the table, but his mother thought he had as much as was good for him. He insisted, and to divert his mind his mother proposed that he and his aunt pull the wishbone. They did so, and Robbie got the long end. "Now," said his aunt, "you are to wish, and you will get whatever you wish for. What is your wish?" "I wish for some more chicken," said Robbie.—Ex.

FAMOUS MEN

Emperor William

As the Emperor William has been visiting his Uncle, the King of England, we will see what we can find out about him.

He is, as you all know, the Emperor of Germany, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, nations on the continent of Europe. He is the descendant of the famous King of Prussia, Frederick the Great. His grandfather and his father were not only great soldiers but good men who lived for their country as well as fought for it. His mother was the daughter of Queen Victoria.

When the Emperor was a boy Germany conquered France and became a great nation. Perhaps that is why he loves his army and seems to enjoy nothing so much as the reviews of his fine soldiers.

Yet strange as it may seem, this king who delights in the title of war-lord has done much to prevent war. But it is rather as a man than as a ruler that we will consider William II. today. Like his grandmother, Queen Victoria, the emperor is a very hard worker. He rises at five o'clock and after a light meal works hard till ten. His workroom is furnished more plainly than the office of many business men. His work completed, he goes to breakfast at 10 o'clock with the Empress and her family. He has six boys and a young daughter. Some of the boys are now grown up and are only home on holidays now. The emperor, though kind is a strict parent and even his only daughter has to be very careful if she wishes to satisfy him. It is said that when she was a little girl, she was not allowed to wear finery and now that she is almost a young lady she must be more careful about expense than many a girl who has her living to earn. There is a little story which shows how carefully the family at the head of this great nation live. The Empress with two of her court ladies was sitting on a terrace in the park of Sans Souci, at Potsdam Palace, when another lady of the court, a countess, approached. The Countess was accompanied by her little girl and the Empress called to her own little daughter, the Princess Victoria, who was playing down below, to come up and make this child's acquaintance. A few minutes later the Empress felt somebody tugging at her sleeve.

"Mamma!" whispered a small voice at her ear, "see what beautiful things that little girl has!"—the Countess's daughter was most expensively dressed. "And it is not Sunday, and there are no Uncle-Kings here. And I am a little Princess, and she is a Countess. And she has on as beautiful things as you give me on Sunday and when an Uncle-King comes. May I put on my beautiful things?"

"No, little sweetheart," the Empress whispered in reply; "your papa is under too great an expense to permit you to wear your good clothes every day. We must be as careful as we can with our clothes, so as to help him in every way possible." And the Empress stealing a hasty glance at the gorgeous costume worn by the "little Countess's" mother, and doubtless reflecting that the money to pay for it came out of the imperial purse, looked down at her own plain attire with an amused smile.

The meals at the palace, though sociable are very orderly and quiet. In the afternoon the Emperor goes to work again. He receives visits from all who have business with him and listens very attentively to what they have to say.

He does not let any one else do anything which he should do himself, but atends carefully to every detail. As a lad, the Crown Prince, his eldest son, was very mischievous. One day he amused himself by calling out the guards for the fun of seeing them salute. The noise of the drums and the marching interrupted his father who was working busily. When he found out that the interruption was caused by one of his son's pranks, the emperor went to the boy's room and, as a punishment, commanded him to remain there for the next three days.

The emperor makes friends of all the really great men of his kingdom. Painters, scholars, engineers, men who do things. This offends the nobility, some of whom are not fit to be the friends of any good man. Unlike too many men in high station, the emperor is truly religious. He feels that he has been sent by God to rule over the German nation and he looks to Him for guidance in all that he does.

As often as possible, Emperor William sends for some of his friends and he and they go off for a trip on his yacht Hohenzollern to the coast of Norway. Here he forgets for a time that he has anything to do but enjoy himself. He loves his boat and knows all about her machinery. He likes to play cards and is not pleased when his partner does not appear at the appointed time. Altogether, this German Emperor is a good, earnest, honest man, who strives to do his duty. If he sometimes makes mistakes, if he is unduly stern and perhaps a little boastful there is no one perfect. He is one of the people whose great virtues far outweigh their small faults.

SHORT STORIES

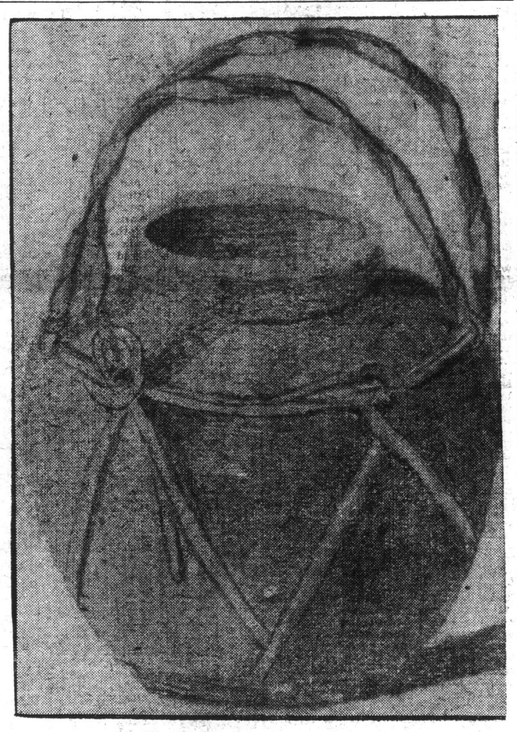
The Tale of a Tyrant's Zoo

Open your atlas at the map of Africa, and there, set like a pearl on the northwest shoulder of the continent, you will see a country called Morocco. It almost touches Europe; at the narrowest part there is but nine miles of strait between it and Spain, and you might think the Moors had become quite civilized in the course of ages through having European neighbors near by.

It is not so, however. And, strange to say, the more they see of Western progress, the more they despise it. It is a big country, this Morocco, and explorers have left it alone, for the natives detest Christians, fearing lest they will take away from them their lovely land, where it is always summer, and where the soil if just scratched with a crooked stick responds with a teeming harvest.

Close your eyes and come with me to the gates of Fez, the wonderful capital of the Empire. It has a very high wall around it, just as in Bible days. And this wall is pierced with gates before which sit the blind and the lame crying out for alms, just as they did to the Apostles at Damascus.

A fairy city of green minarets, or prayer-towers, and of beautiful snow-white domes! As we enter we see walls within walls, cities within cities, bewildering as a Chinese cabinet. The innermost of all is the Emperor's palace. This is a vast, rambling series of squares and buildings of red mud



By Elsie Creeden, Aged 10 Years.

and green tiles, white domes and slender towers, whose tops are ragged with the nests of sacred storks.

Now, is it not strange to find a real Arabian Nights king in this place today? His name is Moulai Abd-el-Aziz, the "Slave of the Most High." He has plenty of other titles, and is the spiritual as well as the civil head of all his people. His word is the only law. No senate or congress restrains him when he wants to chop off the head of some one he dislikes.

We are apt to think of an Emperor as a very dignified personage surrounded by grave advisers and always doing the correct thing. Here in Morocco, however, things are topsy-turvy, and the Sultan is what is called a "tyrant." That is to say, he has absolute power and may indulge his every whim and caprice without restraint. Although there are no roads in the empire, he insisted upon buying automobiles; and he also imported nearly a hundred bicycles.

Next the Sultan tried a billiard table brought thousands of miles across the sea; and after that came big steam traction engines, balloons, cameras of gold and silver, and other toys quite unworthy the attention of a grown-up emperor. But you will notice in history that tyrants are the most unhappy of all men, and get bored the soonest. And Moulai Abd-el-Aziz was no exception.

One day some one brought him a baby lion as a present, and this gave the sultan the idea of an immense and costly zoo filled with all the strange birds, beasts, and reptiles of the earth. I must say this took greater hold upon him than any other whim. "Here am I in Africa," he would say, "yet I have never seen elephant or rhinoceros, giraffe or hippopotamus. And they tell me of monstrous striped cats from southern Asia; giant snow-white bears from the Lands of Ice; great snakes twenty feet long, and marvelous birds of mountain and forest. Am I not emperor of Morocco, from the Mediterranean to the Saharra desert; and can I not send forth my tax collectors to this tribe or that, demanding the moneys I want?".

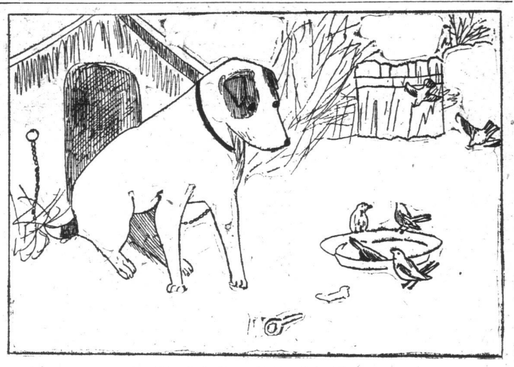
No sooner said than begun. Nearly a thousand slaves were set to work digging the foundations for the Zoo under the superintendence of Berber and Arab overseers, who in turn were directed by French and Italian architects. Far down in the south of Morocco the tribal princes said bitter things when they heard that their ruler required hundreds of thousands of dollars to gratify his latest caprice.

What they wished the savage beasts might do to their Sultan would make grievous reading. But of course they had to pay, and pay pleasantly. Otherwise a big army would come and literally eat up their country. And after that they themselves would be escorted to Fez, and either thrown into prison for the rest of their lives or their heads might even be put above the gates as a lesson to others not to stand in the tyrant's way.

Agents were sent to all parts in search of animals. The lion man took ship for Aden, in the Red Sea, and from there he went on to Adis-Abeba, the very strange capital of the emperor of Ethiopia. Here lions are so plentiful that on one occasion King Menelik caught more than thirty for a certain Swiss lion-tamer, specially brought over to amuse him. The Sultan's polar-bear man went up into Greenland; and a third agent went into the Congo after elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and giraffe.

A fourth set sail for Bombay to procure tigers; and Asiatic Russia was drawn upon for big, fierce black bears. Of course there were eagles and vultures; birds of paradise, and so on through the feathered world, right down to little flashing jewels of humming-birds, with breasts of rose and gold, from Central America.

And soon a veritable fleet of Noah's arks were on their way to Tangier, a Moorish port only thirty-five miles from the great British fortress of Gibraltar, in southern Spain. No such argosy of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles ever sailed the seas; and terrible was the consternation among the natives when the monsters landed. From far and near the tribesmen came, half-inquisitive, half-terrified, to see the mighty caravan crossing the sandhills



By Hazel McConnell, Aged 10 Years.

toward the orange groves of Tetuan and the mountain ranges that enclose the ancient city of Fez, now over a thousand years old.

Most of the animals were in big cages, and you would have thought a great circus was going south to amuse the Sultan. The elephants and giraffes walked, of course, and all kinds of grotesque stories were current concerning these strange creatures. A monster elephant weighing nearly six tons, and standing over eleven feet high, was said to be only two or three days old! In his prime, it was whispered, he would grow to a colossus, dwarfing all the hills around. The giraffe, of course, when he had finished growing, would browse amid the silvery pastures of the moon! And so on.

The journey from Tangier to Fez, which takes about eight days in the ordinary way, took over three weeks on this memorable occasion. And if there was excitement in Tangier—which is on the sea, and therefore accustomed to some extent to the world's wonders—how do you suppose the people of Fez greeted the immense beasts and the strange, big birds? Truth to tell, they were deeply impressed by the Imperial power that could wave a wand, as it were, and summon within the palace precincts so many creatures clearly not of this earth.

By this time the big zoo was ready, with its well-lighted galleries and corridors and sanitary cages that would do credit to New York, Paris, or London. All the animals were installed according to their condition and requirements, and began to furnish young Moulai Abd-el Aziz with inexhaustible merriment. A favorite joke of the sultan's is to enter into grave conversation with some high prince, who protests loyalty even unto death, with much boasting of prowess, past and to come. Thereupon his majesty will escort the loud-voiced one into the zoo and calmly request him to stroke the tiger's head, or go into the lion's cage and bid good-day to the great-maned monster, who lies regally at full-length awaiting his daily meal!

I fancy the sultan makes the most of this zoo of his. I have known tribal princes to come to visit him whose loyalty was open to grave suspicion. And the only thing that impressed them was the sight of a few elephants, horned rhinos, and the cavernous gape of a Zambesi hippopotamus. On a day appointed the sultan rides forth from the imperial pavilion attended by many slaves, grand viziers, fly-flickers, and other functionaries—not forgetting the man who holds above his imperial head the big scarlet umbrella, which is always the symbol of royalty in the east.

The sultan receives in silence the offerings of these princes and then directs that they be shown all the wonders of his court. Their amazement and dismay in the presence of some of the larger beasts are most amusing to the sultan. And one elephant was carefully trained to deal some one of his visitors a sly, quick, harmless blow with his trunk, that would lay the prince prostrate.

The sultan himself, too, will often take such guests through the galleries and corridors of his zoo; but he finds it very difficult to convey to them any idea of the home-country of, say the polar bear. For people living in a land like Morocco can form no idea of what ice is.—W. G. Fitz-Gerald, November, St. Nicholas.

Zeppelin Navigates the Air.

The most successful aerial voyage hitherto achieved in any dirigible balloon was recently made by Count Ferdinand Zeppelin, the German aeronaut, who spent four hours and seventeen minutes in the air, during which time he completely circumnavigated the Lake of Constance and passed over five different states. The speed of the airship is estimated to have been at least thirty-eight miles an hour, and when both motors were in operation it easily outdistanced the numerous steamers laden with observers that followed on the lake. Count Zeppelin, who is sixty-nine years of age, was captain and executive officer of his own airship, which bears his name. With him were two assistants and seven men to run the motors. The airship executed the most diverse evolutions possible, with the greatest ease, parading back and forth before the windows of the royal castle at Friedrichshafen, making the turns on a very small radius, and ascending or descending at the will of the pilot. The machine is said to have cost $250,000, and is owned by the German government. It is 420 feet long and 37 feet in diameter, but fortunately for it there is plenty of sea-room overhead.—Zion's Herald.

NATURE STUDY

Can Animals Think?

Opinions differ on the question whether animals can reason, but it is certain that some of them act as though they had the intelligence of human beings.

Take, for example, the case of a dog which sells newspapers for its master, a newsboy in the American city of Boston. The boy is a cripple, and instead of walking about selling newspapers, he gives one to the dog. The animal runs to the passers-by and offers the paper, returning with the money that the purchaser drops into a bag which the dog carries fastened to its body by a strap.

Then there is another dog owned by a gentleman in New England. This animal shows its cleverness in an undesirable way, for it steals money. It began by finding a two-dollar note in the street and bringing it to its master, who praised and patted the dog for its intelligence. That gave the animal an idea. It did not wait to find lost notes after that, but paid a visit to a shop, and snatching a five-dollar note from a desk, brought that to its master, who now began to be suspicious.

Soon afterwards it reappeared, on this occasion carrying in its mouth a note for ten dollars. But this time it was pursued by the enraged shopkeeper, who explained that the dog had snatched the note from the cashier! Of course, the money was restored with apologies, and the dog was taught the difference between finding a thing and stealing it.

A certain farmer's horse shows instincts of quite a trade union character. Each morning at six o'clock the horse leaves the stable and is put to work in the fields. It works cheerfully, never balking even at the heaviest loads. But nothing will induce the animal to work after six o'clock at night. At that hour a whistle is blown as a signal to the farm hands, and the horse at once starts for the barn. It cannot be tempted to do another stroke of work.

A Canadian backwoodsman tells a story which shows that even the lynx can perform remarkable feats. He had set snares for a fox, but in one of them a young lynx was caught. Approaching the trap stealthily, the trapper noticed that the mother lynx had arrived on the scene, and was making desperate efforts to free its young one. It bit savagely at the trap and at the chain which held it.

Finally, when the animal found all other means useless, it took the desperate course of biting at the leg of its little one. Soon it had gnawed the bone quite through, and the young lynx leaped from the trap and limped off with its mother. Only a fierce love for its young could have induced the old lynx to resort to such a rigorous measure.

Rabbits are such shy and timorous creatures that it is curious to hear of one running to a human being for protection. Yet a sporting doctor tells how, while shooting in Maine, a rabbit came running towards him and crouched at his feet. Looking up, he saw a wild cat bounding after the rabbit.

Enraged when the man defended its prey, the cat savagely atacked the doctor, who, having no time to load his gun, held the savage sreature at bay with his knife, finally killing it. Even then the rabbit did not run away, but stood quietly by, looking at him as though grateful for the service he had rendered it.

For Winter Months.

In the autumn (a naturalist recently said) the birds and beasts of the countryside occupy themselves in preparing their supplies of winter clothes and bedding just as human beings would do.

And by their winter clothes (he continued) I do not mean merely the extra thick suits of fur or feather, but all kinds of artificial rugs and blankets, which they manufacture themselves.

Take, first, the water rats, which are famous blanket makers. They fill their lairs in autumn with sheets of the grey vegetable down that grows on various plants in the marshes and by the banks of rivers and brooks. Their beds are often composed of the soft heads of reeds that have been dried and ripened by the autumn sun, with rushes and vegetable down for bedclothes.

Then there are the field mice, which make their winter beds with layers of dried grass and dead leaves. They are also fond of a few stray feathers and moss, but most of all they prize the white fluff of a kind of grass which makes for them a luxurious mattress. Curiously enough, they do not care for sheep's wool or the hair of any animal, warm as it would be.

Weasels, on the other hand, despise feathers, and are partial to hay and also dried thistles (a prickly sort of a bed one would suppose). They hunt for wool or hair, and, when they have collected sufficient, weave it up with the hay into a very snug bed.

Explained by a Naturalist.

Speaking of the causes which lead to the long journeys undertaken by birds of passage, a naturalist says:

The two chief causes are food and climate. The frosts of autumn banish the insects, and so the birds which live on insects are forced to depart to warmer latitudes.

Ducks, geese, and other water fowl travel south in search of open water, while certain birds which, even if well provided with food, would be unable to bear the winter cold, migrate to countries where the conditions are more genial.

The instinct which leads birds to travel, wonderful as it is, occasionally misleads them. Feathered travelers have been known to linger too long, and be overtaken and killed by wintry storms, or to miscalculate their distance and stop in some region not sufficiently far south for their comfort.

Even the delicate little humming bird of Mexico is a traveler. At midsummer it will stray as far north as Canada, but it will be back again in its own latitude at the approach of the northern winter.

It has been noticed that migratory birds which have been reared in confinement become restless when the season of migration arrives, showing that the instinct is an inherited one.

Nest Varieties.

In formation and in material nests are as varied as the birds themselves. Birds of the same family build nests pretty much alike. Thus the blackbird and the thrush have nests much the same in character, so have several of the finches, the buntings, the different crows, and other birds one might mention. Some birds are wonderfully clever at nest-building, others are content with a mere shakedown, and others again may be said to use no nest at all. The small birds, as a rule, are the best nest-builders. The larger birds, for some unexplained reason, often appear to think that nests are of secondary importance. The sea birds, practically without exception, rub along with the merest apology of nests; one reason, no doubt, is that cosy materials are not handy among the rocky places where the web-footed folk reside. Sticks, seaweed, fishbones, and such-like stuff is mostly utilized. Some of the sea birds, such as the wild duck, come ashore to breed, and then nest-building occupies more attention; but these birds spend nearly as much time about the coast as they do on the deep water, and, consequently, are not so strictly sea birds as the gulls, the puffins, or the guillemots. These latter birds are accustomed to greater hardship, and their young do not seem to require the careful nursing which birds reared inland call for.

Would Be Very Useful.

"Dictated but not read," is now stamped upon the busy business man's letters. Another needed rubber stamp is "Written but not spelled."—Louisville Courier-Journal.