

PARADE FOR THE YOUNG LADS

CURRENT TOPICS

South of the Congo river in Africa, there is an extent of land more than three times as large as British Columbia. The equator passes through the north of it, so that it is very hot. This is the Congo Free State. The people who inhabit the Congo are negroes, and there are about 14,000,000 of them. More than twice the number of the inhabitants of all Canada.

This land, as you will remember, was discovered by Livingstone. That brave, kind man hoped that when once the tribes of Africa became Christians the terrible slave trade would be done away with. Nearly thirty years ago the European nations sent men to Germany to decide a number of questions about who should or should not rule lands in Africa and other places. The King of Belgium was put in charge of the Congo. The Belgian nation had no power over it. King Leopold soon found out that the forests of this country contained vast numbers of the trees which produced india-rubber, and that there was still a great deal of ivory there. He got possession of all the land in the Congo except that on which the poor natives lived. Then he drove away all the dealers in rubber and ivory under the pretence that they were slave dealers. When he had the natives all to himself, he made them work for him. He made them work for him and to bring him ivory. Terrible tales are told of the cruelty with which the natives were treated. The King of Belgium was not a terrible tales of the doings of the soldiers. It is said that tens of thousands of the wretched negroes have been butchered or tortured by them. Over and over again King Leopold has promised to reform the government of the Congo. British merchants as well as others profited by the rubber obtained by the forced labor of the natives. This year the British government declared the state of affairs in Congo must come to an end. King Leopold has it appears, seen that he can no longer make great profits in the Congo, and he is about to sell his rights in that country to the Belgian nation for \$9,000,000. If he does it is to be hoped that his countrymen are better than that king. It is not likely that now that the world knows about the crimes that have been committed by men who ought to have been civilized they will ever be repeated. The greed of gain will make men commit any crime.

The Emperor William of Germany is a very different man from King Leopold. He, however, has offended the English people. As you know, the English are a branch of the great German family. The Angles and the Saxons, who long ago drove out the ancient inhabitants of Britain, came from Germany. Now, when people who are relations quarrel, their quarrels are often far more bitter than those of strangers. Ever since Germany conquered France, more than thirty years ago, she has been growing more and more rich and powerful. All her people are soldiers, they are well educated and are skillful workmen. But King William is not satisfied with having a great army—perhaps the greatest in the world—he wants to have a great navy. Now, ever since Queen Elizabeth's time, when the Spanish Armada was destroyed, England has been mistress of the seas and Englishmen are resolved that no country shall ever take from her that proud title. They are proud of their navy and are jealous of the attempt of any nation to build a fleet equal to theirs.

When England, in 1900, went to war with the Boers, the emperor of Germany sent a message of sympathy to President Kruger. This roused the anger of the English nation and she has never forgiven the emperor for his rash and unfriendly action. It was, however, believed by many that the great Emperor William, in spite of his big army and his great navy, was building, thinks was a terrible thing which should be avoided as long as possible. When, therefore, he paid a long visit to his uncle, the king of England, it was upon a sign that the old hatred and jealousy would give place to friendship and confidence. But a little thing has happened which shows that in England the fire is far from being quenched.

There are many things in which a king is less free than his humblest subject. He must be much more careful in his speech, and he cannot write letters to anybody he likes on any subject he chooses. Now Emperor William very often speaks unguardedly, and one day he wrote a letter to Lord Tweedmouth, "First Lord of the Admiralty. No one knows just what the letter is about, but a report was spread that the Emperor wanted to have a voice in saying how many and what kind of ships should be built in England. Lord Tweedmouth denied this. From all that can be learned, and that is not much, it would seem that the letter was such as an ordinary gentleman might have sent to another, and nothing would be thought of the matter. If it had not been for the angry feelings shown in England no harm would have been done. There are many people in England and Germany who think that both nations might spend their money more profitably than in building great battleships.

There are some very wicked men in our city just now. Murder and robbery have become far too common.

Such evil deeds as the shooting of Dancy or the murder of Freedman are never committed by men whose lives have been blameless. No man becomes a villain all at once. The boy who starts out at night, listening to profane and impure conversation, and who, as he grows older, learns to smoke and drink and gamble, is entering upon a course that, if not checked, will end in ruin. The boy or man who works honestly for his living and is pure and sober, seldom breaks the law. It requires far more bravery and true manliness to lead a good life than to fall into evil ways. Neither skill nor strength are needed to let the boat drift with the tide, but you must use both to row against the current.

For months engineers have been trying to find out why the great Quebec bridge fell. They have come to the conclusion that the plan was wrong. The engineers were not skilful enough to construct such a very long bridge. They did their best, but they failed. If those in charge of the work had been wise and watchful as they ought to have been, the loss of life might have been saved. The company which have employed an engineer to watch the work as it was going on. The workmanship was good and the materials used strong. It will be possible to rebuild the bridge, but it will cost more than the one which was broken would have done.

It will be a splendid thing for the big boys of Victoria if there is a fine new Young Men's Christian Association building in the city. There will be a good gymnasium and a pleasant reading room in it, as well as other rooms where boys and young men can spend an evening in innocent amusement. Such a building is much needed in this city, and it is to be hoped, not only that the city council will give a grant towards it, but that every one who can contribute something towards making Victoria's Young Men's Christian Association Building one worthy of our beautiful city.

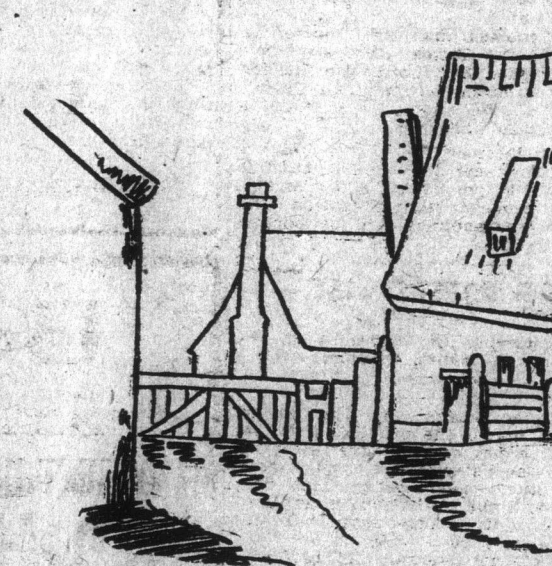
The Salvation Army have brought out a number of people from England. These men and women are ready and anxious to work. They have found employment already. Most of them have taken situations in houses in town. These steady hearty English folk will find this great country a good place to live in. The little children will have plenty to eat and fresh air to breathe. They and the children who are at school in our province, now have a very large and a very rich country to work in. The little hands must grow large and skilful and the minds must be not only well stored with knowledge but trained to plan wisely and act promptly. If British Columbia is to become some day a great country, God has given us a splendid situation, a fine climate, and rich resources. Men must do the rest.

The young King Manuel of Portugal must be a brave lad. Although Barcelona is full of people who

wanted to do away with government by kings he has paid it a visit. His bravery has met its reward, for he has received a warm welcome. The city itself and those men who offended King Carlos will be pardoned. Kindness and goodwill are stronger in the hearts of most people than revenge and hatred, and the citizens of Barcelona met the frankness and trust of the boy king with loyalty. It looks as if freedom and order would reign in Portugal.

Baron Takahira, the Japanese ambassador to the United States, made a long speech in New York on Tuesday which was intended to be read by all nations. He said that the Japanese nation wanted to be friendly with the countries near her. If these countries were peaceful and prosperous Japan would be the gainer. The ambassador said that the United States and Japan had always been friendly, and that there were no disputes between them which could not be settled peacefully. The treaty with England was only meant to preserve the peace of the Far East. When it was made there was no thought of the possibility of a quarrel between Japan and the United States. To judge by this speech Japan has no wish to quarrel with any nation. There is little doubt that the Japanese nation, brave as it is, wishes now for nothing so much as peace. A great deal of money was spent in the war with Russia, and the people want opportunity to do the work for which they are so well fitted.

Nations generally try to hide the faults of their own army or navy and when they have discovered them set to work to remedy them before other nations will have a chance to find out. The United



Drawn by Philip R. Twigg, Aged 8 Years, Victoria.

States, however, are telling all the world how full of faults their ships are.

President Roosevelt believes that no school is a good one that has not a good playground, and that children should not be forced to do work for which they are not strong enough. How many boys are there in Victoria, that do as much work as is good for them? In both Canada and the United States, many of the men who today are honored by all, spent much of their time, when out of school, in working on the farm. They learned to be men by doing their share of work as boys. It is a very bad thing for a little fellow to have to work too hard, but perhaps it is worse not to be obliged to work at all.

Nearly all boys and girls will have read of the terrible accident in the school in Collingwood, Ohio, where one hundred and seventy children were burned to death. None of us can even imagine the sorrow of the mothers and fathers of that little town. It will be many years before that terrible day can be forgotten.

That awful waste of life might have been prevented if there had not been a panic. It is true, the school was badly planned, but the children might have escaped if they had not crowded on the stairways. If we could only learn not to give way to mad foolish fears, at least one half the danger of fire would be removed.

CHARLES DICKENS

If the world is a better place for children to live in now, than it was when your grandfathers and grandmothers were little boys and girls, you have Charles Dickens to thank for it. More than any one else, few people, perhaps no one, since Jesus, took up the little children in his arms in Galilee and in Judea long ago have loved the children as he did. His world seemed to be filled with suffering children and he taught people to hate the wickedness and cruelty that made them miserable.

This he did by telling stories, not by preaching sermons. Oliver Twist, Little Nell, Poor Joe and David Copperfield were some of the little ones. The books which tell about these children are very much more worth reading than many of the tales boys and girls read now only to forget them almost as soon as the book is closed.

Charles Dickens was born nearly a hundred years ago, at Portsmouth, England, where his father was in the pay office of the navy. There were six children. His father's salary was small, and the family was poor. When Charles was a very little fellow they moved to Chatham. He does not tell us when or how he learned to read, but as a very little boy he read books that most big boys now-a-days and perhaps in those days, too, would have found hard to read. He did better than that, he thought of what he read. The people in his books were real to him. Like Hans Andersen, he was a story-teller and he was often mounted on a table to sing comic songs.

Those happy days did not last long, for his father moved to London and things went from bad to worse till at last the father was in prison for debt and Charles was set to work in an old warehouse to cover blacking boxes. How the ten-year-old boy hated the work and the loneliness. He earned five shillings a week and a dollar and a quarter a week. He was always shabby, often hungry and terribly lonely. At last he begged his father to let him live near home, and the affectionate boy was happy when he could take breakfast with his family in the prison. He was, when twelve years old, sent to school again. In Barnaby Rudge and David Copperfield he has described the schools of those days. They were, for the most part, places where boys and girls were to be happy or good. The wise, kind teachers, so easy to today, were to be found in but few of the schools in fifteen, Dickens went into a law office as apprentice. His father by this time was released from prison and found employment as a parliamentary reporter.

Charles Dickens loved to listen to the members speaking in the House of Commons. He learned to be a reporter. He set to work to learn shorthand. Every spare minute he spent in the British Museum reading books of all kinds. When he was nineteen he began to report the speeches of members of parliament, and by the time he was twenty-three, he was the best and most rapid reporter ever known. One would think this was work enough for this young man to have done. But busy as he had been with books, he had been far busier studying men, women and children. He noticed everything, especially everything odd in manner or in dress. His keen, but kind eyes took in every one he passed. Then he began to write, and soon he had all England laughing at his sketches of the dandies of his own, whom he loved dearly. He worked very hard and for a rest took long rides into the country.

There was not a corner of London that he did not know and there was no place so bad that he did not know it. His books were widely read and he became very rich and famous. When he was a little boy he and his father were passing a very beautiful dwelling called Gadshill

Place, near Rochester. The little fellow told his father that he would like to live there. Instead of scolding or laughing at him the father said, "If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard you might come to live in it." Dickens, the great author, obtained the wish of his childhood and became master of Gadshill Place. There, fifty years after, in June, 1870, the great, loving heart ceased to beat.

UNCLE'S NEW GAME

Why, what's the mat-ter, Net-ty? You do look mis-er-a-ble," cried Uncle Will. "Have you been get-ting in to trouble?"

"No, Uncle, on-ly we have so few toys, and Mar-jor-ie is tir-ed of them," answered the lit-tle girl, jump-ing up to kiss him. There are on-ly the two doll-ies and our paint-box, and we can't both use that."

"Mar-jor-ie was not ve-ry well and in-clin-ed to be cross, and it was ra-ther dull in the nur-ger-y. Mum-mie gave us a pen-ny each be-fore she went a-way," con-tin-ued Net-ty, "but now we mustn't go out to spend them and be-sides you can't get a nice toy for a pen-ny."

"I think I can," said Uncle smiling. "Re-al-ly! Quite a new one?" asked Mar-jor-ie eas-er-ly.

"Yes, some-thing you have nev-er had be-fore, and I don't think you will ev-er get tir-ed of play-ing with it," cried Uncle gail-ly, "but you must be quite good till I come back this af-ter-noon."

"Yes, we will, dear Uncle; here are our two pen-nies. You won't forget, will you?" asked Net-ty, and he pro-mis-ed to re-mem-ber.

What a long time it seem-ed un-till the af-ter-noon



Drawn by Philip R. Twigg, Aged 8 Years, Victoria.

came, and how they won-der-ed what the new toy would be!

Ve-ry soon af-ter din-ner the twins heard Uncle Will's voice down-stairs, and pre-sen-ty he came up-stairs with a lit-tle long-pipe in his hand.

"Well, have you been good chil-dren?" he asked. "Yes, as good as gold," Nurse says; do show us what you have brought," cried Net-ty.

Uncle o-pen-ed the box and took out—what do you think? Two lit-tle white pig-lets!

"Do you know what these are for?" he asked, and when the twins shook their heads and look-ed rather dis-ap-point-ed, he took a bowl from the cup-board, and asked Nurse for some soap and hot wa-ter.

"What are you go-ing to do?" asked Mar-jor-ie cu-ri-ous-ly.

"Well, first of all I am go-ing to make some soap-suds, like this," said Uncle, "and then we will o-pen the win-dow—I'll see they don't fall out, Nurse; then fill the pipe with suds, and blow. You watch!"

The twins watch-ed breath-less-ly as a ti-ny bub-bled ap-peared at the end of the pipe and grew and grew, un-till, as Uncle waved his pipe, it flew off and a-way over the gar-den, chang-ing in-to the most lo-vely co-lors to fore it burst.

"Oh! how pret-ty! Do let me try!" ex-claim-ed Net-ty eas-er-ly.

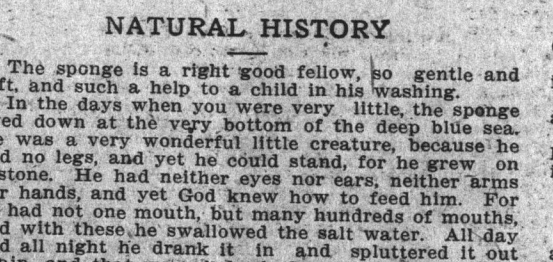
"Here you are, and here is Mar-jor-ie's pipe," said Uncle. "Let us see who can blow the best!"

What fun it was! The twins were quite sor-ry when their time came and they had to stop.

"Well," asked Uncle, "what do you think of my new toy?"

"It's the ve-ry nic-est in the world," cried Net-ty, and Mar-jor-ie ad-ded with a kiss, "And you are the ve-ry nic-est Uncle in the world too."

F. M. H.



NATURAL HISTORY

The sponge is a right good fellow, so gentle and soft, and such a help to a child in his washing. In the days when you were very little, the sponge lived down at the very bottom of the deep blue sea. He was a very wonderful little creature, because he had no legs, and yet he could stand, for he grew on a stone. He had neither eyes nor ears, neither arms nor hands, and yet he knew how to feed him. For he had not one mouth, but many hundreds of mouths, and with these he swallowed the salt water. All day and all night he drank it in and spluttered it out again, and that was all he had to do. He was a delicate web.

From the minute animals in the sea-water the sponge built up hundreds of fine cells and fibres, and ranged round many tubes, so that they could swallow the water quickly. The little cells grew together like a delicate web.

When the sponge had grown big enough there came a fisherman in his boat, carrying a long pole with a fork at the end of it. With this he hooked the sponge and drew him up from the bottom of the sea. On shore he washed him well, and dried him in the sun.

When the sponge had been well cleaned himself he was fit to wash others, kings and queens, lords and ladies, and you children, too.

A Wonderful Dog

I resolved to teach my dog to spell his name. I drew the letters of the alphabet on square bits of cardboard and laid them in front of him. He was of his name mixed in with others which he was not used to. I did not teach him the names of the letters but simply said, "Let me see you spell your name."

Where is the first letter? . . . The second letter? and so on until he had spelled the word. I spent five or six lessons teaching him, but he learned very readily. I thought, however, that when I taught him another word, and asked for the letters in order, he would not know which "first letter" to choose. For this reason I drilled him very carefully in his name, and did not teach him "anything new" for several months. Then I taught him to spell his name. He seemed to learn it as fast as I told him the letters, and did not confuse the two words in the least. More surprised than even I taught him still another word, with the same result.

Next I decided to try arithmetic. I taught him to add every combination of two as far as twelve. For instance, I would say, "Show me six and two," at the same time putting his foot on eight. He seemed never to forget after I had once told him. Later I taught him to add the three. Suddenly one day I noticed that when I said for the first time, "Where are seven and three?" he put his foot on the correct answer before I showed it to him. I thought it was only an accident, but I said, "Show me three and eight." He put his foot on eleven. I gave him problems in multiplication and division. He got them all right. The problems were entirely new to him and in no case did I indicate the result to him beforehand. Not knowing what to think, I took out the letters and said, "Spell dog." This was a word which he had never spelled before, and I gave him no clew whatever, yet he spelled it correctly and without hesitating. I said, "Translate it into German, Roger," and he spelled "hund." Then I said, "Spell it in French," and he spelled "chien." I merely placed the letters of the words before him, mixed in with others, and he picked them out correctly. Not once did I previously indicate the proper cards. He seemed to know them all, even being told. I resolved to experiment a little, so I took out the figures again and said, "Show me two times three," at the same time fixing my attention on the eight. He put his foot firmly on eight. Here was the clew! All this time when he seemed to be learning rapidly he was being simply getting the cards of which I thought.

No further education was necessary. He could spell anything which I could spell without being taught. I asked, "The constantinople," "phthisic," "pneumonia," and for problems like $2 \times 3 = 4 - 2$. He never made a mistake. Fractions presented no difficulty to him. He selected cards correctly the first time he saw them and made change as quickly as any cashier. I also found that he could do all the other tricks for me without being asked. If I merely thought of him as he looked when he was a "dead dog," he straightway became a "dead dog." At first he would not perform at all, but after a few days, sometimes, when another person was working with him and several other persons were present he got his cards. I thought of when I was out of sight in the farthest corner of the room, and he would perform for several of my friends when I am not present, selecting the cards of which they think. Of course, he does not do quite so well for them as he does for me, and if I am present he gets the card I think regardless of any one else. From B. B. E. S., "Roger," in the Century.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

"JACKY FISHER,"

The Strong Man of the Navy

Sir John Fisher, G. C. B., O. M., Admiral of the Fleet, is a silent man. He does not write to the press, nor does he make speeches. "He does not advertise," as Kipling wrote of another "great little man"—but he works, works, works very nearly night and day in the interests of the Navy he knows and loves.

"Jacky Fisher" he is called in the Navy all up and down the flag and masts, and since a nickname is the sign of popularity, it may be judged that the place he holds in the hearts of his subordinates is no small one.

"Jacky" is the son of a soldier, and he was born sixty-five years ago. At thirteen he became a naval cadet, and not long after he was fighting as a midshipman in the Crimea.

Some Mottoes

An explanation of the gallant Admiral's silence may possibly be found in a tale he tells of his first ship—a small two-decker of course sail-rigged.

"When I first went on board," he says, "I saw engraved in great, big gold letters the word 'Silence.' Underneath was another good motto: 'Deeds, not words.' I have put that into every ship I have commanded since."

There is another good motto story in connection with "Jacky" Fisher.

When he was commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean he went to inspect a small destroyer of only some 250 tons.

The young lieutenant in command—he had so much swagger he might have been in charge of a line of battle ship—showed his superior round.

The little craft was in beautiful order, but when "Jacky" reached the wheel he saw on it some most unofficial carving.

"It was an inscription, and it read, 'Ut Veniant Omnes.'"

"Hullo!" said the Commander, "what the dickens is this?"

"Let 'em all come!" sir, answered the "lootenant."

"Now that was a motto after 'Jacky's' own heart, as he explained afterwards; it was not boasting; it was 'the sense of conscious efficiency.'"

A Bluff Seadog

It is said of Admiral Fisher that he is very honest and very frank—as frank as only a seaman can be—and that he cannot understand why the plain, blunt truth should ever offend.

He was a great favorite with Queen Victoria, and on one occasion, whilst he was paying a visit to Osborne, the visit of a French admiral was being discussed.

Relations between France and Britain were not so pleasant then as they now are, and Queen Victoria took occasion to remark to "Jacky":

"We hope you will be very nice to Admiral Gervais."

"Madam," replied he, "I will kiss him, if he desires it, and that capacity he was responsible for the very which gave the engineers a rank in the ship more in accordance with their important positions."

And now "Fighting Jacky" has reached the very top of his profession. He is Admiral of the Fleet, and was appointed in December two years ago, and, in accordance with his important positions, he will be able to work for his beloved Navy until he reaches the age of seventy, in January, 1911.

"Good luck to Jacky!"

Murillo's Boy

More than two hundred years ago a little dark-eyed Moorish boy rapped at the door of a stately house in Seville, Spain, and asked if the master was within.

The attendant ushered him into a large room where a grave, sad-looking man was talking to a group of young artists. They were all listening to a tentatively for the man was the greatest painter of his time—Bartholome Estaban Murillo.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" inquired Murillo.

"I heard you wanted a boy to sweep your rooms, grind paints, and wait upon you. I have come for the position."

"Well, you can have it, you little monkey. And you can go right to work."

In this way little Sebastian Gomez was introduced into the studio of the great Murillo. He remained there till he was fifteen years old, doing all the odd jobs for the painter and his pupils, and taken very little notice of by any of them.

There were a dozen or more of these young painters studying under Murillo—gay, showy fellows, and disposed to be somewhat careless in their work. Often the great Murillo was obliged to lecture them sharply for their shortcomings.

One morning when they had been worse than usual, he scolded them unmercifully. "You are never expect to become painters," he said, "if you do not put more care and labor into your work. Why do you do better work than some of you? Why do you do better work than some of you?"

Murillo intended it for a sharp rebuke, and the young painters so accepted it. Their faces flushed with wounded pride, and they promised to do more efficient work. No one, however, but the poor Moorish lad, who had heard the words and was blushing as furiously as some of the pupils assembled, several of them not without reason, for they were not as they had left them the previous night.

"Hello! who has been here?" cried curiously-headed Vincenzo, one of the brightest of Murillo's pupils. "Some one has put a child's head on my canvas that is none of my work."

"And here is a Virgin's face on mine," said Jose Parede, the laziest of the school. "Who could have done that?"

Others were exclaiming meanwhile, for every canvas had received a touch of some kind, and it was all admirable.

"Let me congratulate you; you are improving," said the master. "Why Parede, that is very good for you."

"But it is not my work, master," said Jose, faintly.

"Not yours, whose is it then?"

"That's the puzzle," answered Vincenzo. "I listened to continued to be for several mornings, for the most wonderful things were done by the invisible painter."

"Well, gentlemen, I think this has gone far enough," said the master. "Tomorrow morning we will come an hour earlier, and see if we cannot catch this unknown artist in his work."

Surprised enough were they the next morning to see seated at one of the pictures the "little monkey," Sebastian Gomez.

"Who taught you how to paint, boy?" said the artist.

"You, master."

"But I never gave you a lesson."

"I listened to what you told those gentlemen and I remembered it."

"Bravo, Sebastian!" cried the school. "You have beaten us all!"

And I have made a painter," said Murillo.

Some studies will be much more difficult for you to master than others. It may be arithmetic, it may be history, or it may be a spelling lesson, I have known many bright people who found English spelling difficult.

Very well. Devote more time and more work to the hard study. The extra effort will soon give you a most delightful feeling of mastery, never brought out by the easier studies, and, strange to say, it will not be long before you will actually begin to like the difficult book."

A former teacher of mine, an expert mathematician, once told me that when he was a boy he detested mathematics; but he was determined to master it, and he did. And now he would rather do a problem in calculus than eat. But of course he is a "grown-up." I don't expect any of you boys to reach his exalted standpoint for a year or two!

War Horses at School

A chum who lives near a cavalry barracks sends me some interesting particulars as to the training of horses for military purposes, which is by no means an easy task.

They have to be taught, for example, to gallop fearlessly up to a line of infantry who are blazing away with their rifles—loaded, of course, with blank cartridges. Even more severe is the ordeal of facing batteries of cannon, and it is a serious fact in connection that since smokeless powder came into general use thousands of horses which would face without flinching the smoke of guns using black powder were found to quail and shy at the flash and roar of cordite and melinite.

Besides what may be termed the battlefield training, there is also field work across country, with steep climbing, jumping over barbed wire, and similar exercises. The education of the modern war-horse also includes the swimming of deep and wide rivers. After a time, in many cases, the horse becomes as ardent a warrior as his rider, and will instantly obey the word of command without needing any guidance from the rein.

WITH THE POETS

A Very Exceptional Eskimo

Shall I tell you a few of the things I know of a very exceptional Eskimo? If you don't believe—but of course you will—Strange things have happened and happen still; And some of the strangest things ever known Occur far up in the Arctic Zone.

In the Arctic Zone by the Great North Pole Lives this Eskimo, in a scooped-out hole In a great snow-bank that is mountain high— If you reached the top you could touch the sky! And his clothes he wears with a proper pride, They are all white fur with the fur inside.

When he wishes his friends to come to dine He calls them up in the Polar Line And says, "Please come at the hour of two, And partake of a dish of seal-skin stew, With codfish oil and a water-ice And a blubber-pudding that's very nice!"

When he goes to ride he can start his sleigh And never stop for a whole long day— Lickety-whizz-z-z-z! Down a slope of white! And a reindeer carries him up at night While the polar bears from his path he warns By blowing one of the reindeer's horns!

When he goes to bed it is not enough To hide his nose in a bearskin muff, But his ears he wraps, if it's very cold, In a feather-bed, and I have been told That he toasts his toes with a hot brandy glass. If he didn't, the cold might freeze his dreams! —Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in St. Nicholas.

Working Together

Said a sunbeam one day to a bright drop of dew, "We are small folks indeed and oh what can we do? For you are but water and I am but light; What can happen, I wonder did we but unite?" So the sunbeam shone out on the small drop of dew And there soon came a sight that was lovely to view, For the dewdrop became a small world all of light, And it glint