BY AUNT JUNE

Our Boys and Girls Corner

Registered According to the Copyright Act.

DEDICATED TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL IN CANADA

My dear Boys and Girls:—

Is it not perfectly lovely to see the little tight brown buds gradually bursting open on the trees. Have they started to do this yet in your part of the world? On my road there are many trees, and during a high wind last week several pieces of twig were blown down. I had been watching them waving against the sky for some days, and noticed that they had changed very rapidly in appearance since the warm sunshine of the last week or so. Little nobby brown bunches appeared on every twig, and sure enough on this day when the wind blew some down at my feet, and I picked them up, there were the dear little leaf buds almost ready to unroll, and wave out into lovely green leaves. Much I hope that Mr. Jack Frost will not play any pranks by nipping these buds, for if that gentleman behaves properly and leaves them alone, I think in a few more weeks we shall see all the trees in our road green.

Have you planned your garden yet? Doesn't this weather make you long to start planting seeds? Next week I shall give you a list of flower seeds which make pretty gardens quickly. I was so pleased to hear from two helpers who are going to have gardens this summer. I think next to feeding and watching the birds, a garden is the jolliest fun, especially if one grows a few things that are nice to eat. It is such a pleasant surprise when you are able to give mother some cress or radishes for tea grown all by yourself in your own garden. Don't you think so?

Letters from Helpers.

I am just delighted to read the letters in my mail bag this week from Helpers, both boys and girls, and especially from those who have told me about the things they are doing.

Is Your Letter Here?

Dear Aunt June:—

I have read with much interest our "Boys' and Girls' Column" for the past few weeks. I like it very much. I would now like to become a member myself. I will do my best to keep the pledge which I have signed and sent to you. I am going to have a garden this year. Do you think it would be helping if I take some of the things from my garden to people who are sick in bed?

—From Charlie Dobbs.

Welcome to our Helpers' League, Charlie, and to our own corner. I am very glad you will try to live up to the pledge. That is good. I always keep the pledges sent in by the Boys and Girls and have several hundred already sent in from all parts of Canada, so now yours will be put in the place of honor with the rest. Yes, indeed, that would be splendid helping to give away some of the nice things from your garden. I hope it will be a big success and that you will write again and tell me when you have your seeds planted.

PLEDGE FOR HELPERS.

"Do a little kindness to someone every day.
Scatter rays of sunshine all along the way."

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK, wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible, and to endeavor in every way to make myself A GOOD CITIZEN.

Date .....

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

Dear Aunt June:—

I am reading the corner every week and like it very much. I have signed the pledge and am sending it in. I am doing my best to be a true Helper. One of the things I do is to help Mother every evening when I come in from school to get supper, and afterwards I clear away the things and help Mother wash the dishes. Mother says that this is really truly helping. Have you many little girls in your club? I am nine years old, but will be ten this summer. Your loving niece,

—Ellen Burns.

Well done, Ellen. I am pleased to know how you try to help Mother. Some people do not care for washing dishes, but shall I tell you a secret? I just love it. Do you thing that is very funny? When I was a little girl I was never allowed to do such things, and now I am a big, grown-up aunt, I sometimes think there is nothing so lovely as to have a big bowl of soapy water and wash up the cups and saucers after tea, but I will tell you another secret, if I had to do lots and lots of them, I expect I would be awfully glad of a little helper like you to come and do some for me.

Yes, there are a great many helpers altogether. I think more girls than boys, though of this I am not quite sure, as several hundred boys joined me one summer, but however many we have, there is always room for more, so I hope you will tell your friends to come and be Helpers, too.

Dear Aunt June:—

I am so interested in the birds, and Daddy is making me a bird box, which we shall put out in a tree in front of our house. We have several trees in our garden, and I hope some birds will build there this year. I scatter crumbs for them every day, and hope you will tell us more about the birds. Did you ever see a red-headed woodpecker? There are a good many in the summer time round where I live. I joined the Helpers quite a long time ago, so I think I may sign myself, One of Your Old Members, —Andrew Gliddon.

I am very pleased to hear from you again, Andrew, and so glad you have started to feed the birds. They will well repay you if you are so fond of them by their daily visits and amusing little ways. Yes, I have often seen the bird you mention. He is rather a pretty fellow, with hs fine glossy coat and bright touch of color.

To all other Helpers, Aunt Jane sends love and says if your letter is not in this week and you have posted it, look for your answer in our corner next week.

RIDDLES.

Answers to Last Week's Riddles.

R.—What is the difference between a ship and a sailor at the top of the mast? A.—One sails over the sea and the other sees over the sail.

R.—Why is your face like two lilies? A.—Because it has two eyes (i's).

R.—When is a bank note like a bar of iron? A.—When it is forged.

THIS WEEK'S RIDDLES.

Can You Guess These?

R.—When are eyes not eyes?

R.—When is a Scotchman like a donkey?

R.—What is that which is bought by the yard and worn by the feet?

Now I am afraid there is not room for another line of news this week, so we must save our little talk on the birds for next time.

Yours lovingly,
AUNT JUNE.

Here is a story that a young Scout Helper sent to me this week. He's only nine years old and he wrote the story all by himself:

If you have a farm you no how to treat all cindse of catel when I went to the farm we had to horses one was lame and the other had a sor foot. after a little while we sold them and we bot to mor and we cepet them in the barn. one day we let them owt to see what thai would do insted of macking friends thai fot whith each other. after whille thai maid friends and one is afraid of cars but she is good and strong.

UNCLE JIM'S STORY

KIMBO DOES A GOOD TURN.

"Flutter bird, flutter bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire and your children will burn."

Kimbo, the little green monkey, was always eager to help every one who was in trouble, but this morning Kimbo was worried to death because he didn't know what on earth to do.

"Peep—peep—help me. I'm lost and one wing is hurt, and I'm going to be eaten by a cat in a jiffy if you don't do something for me."

It was a tiny yellow canary, hopping about at the side of the road.

Kimbo looked at her sternly.

"How did you ever get out in the road like this?" he squeaked. "I can't do anything for you. I've five kittens in my cage in the Street Fair tent. You wouldn't even make them one good meal."

"Peep—peep—peep." The canary was dreadfully frightened now. Five kittens! She hopped frantically about. Kimbo thought of all the cages in the Street Fair tent.

Kimbo looked all around him. No one in sight. Just the hole under the fence through which he had crawled. He looked up at the sky, but only Mr. Yellow Sun was there shining so brightly that Kimbo had to blink several times before he could even see the canary again.

Kimbo began to feel very cross. This was just his luck.

"Meow! Meow!"

What was that? Kimbo jumped as if it had been the roar of a lion. Kimbo knew the ways of the world very well. He could see poor little Flutter Bird being swallowed in one gulp by some black and white tom cat.

"Peep—peep—help," chirruped the little canary.

Something had to be done and done quickly. Kimbo had not been taking care of the five kittens for nearly a week without learning how sly and spry even a small kitten can be.

Kimbo made a grab for little Flutter Bird. And so did a black and white kitten who had been hidden behind a bush. But if kittens are quick, monkeys can be quicker. Kimbo had Flutter Bird in one brown paw and was chattering and scolding at the surprised black and white kitten.

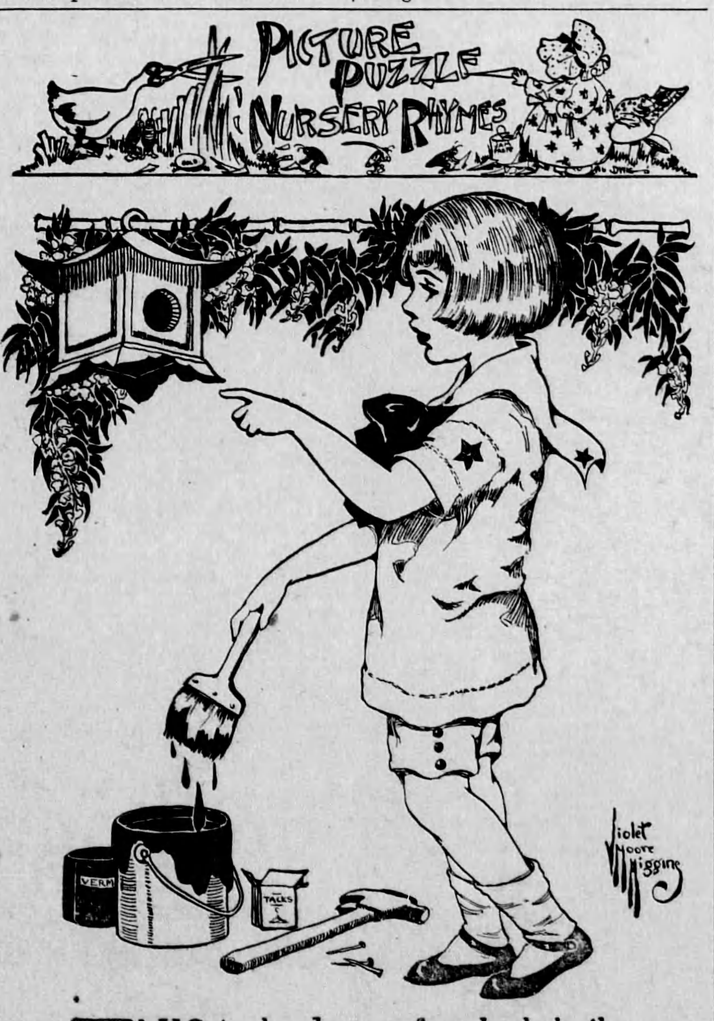
"What do you mean by trying to eat up little yellow birds?" he screeched. "Phist—get away—gr-r-r, get out of here!"

Then Kimbo listened very hard. He heard some one running down the path, whistling as he ran. A small boy exclaimed: "Well, for goodness sake, if there isn't Sis's yellow canary. Can you beat it?"

And before Kimbo could count five the little boy had snatched the bird out of Kimbo's paw and started running back towards home.

"Meow," said the black and white kitten very sadly. "Such a good meal as that canary would have made!"

"Humph," said Kimbo, as he scrambled back through the hole in the fence. "He never even said 'thank you' for my saving his old canary."



THIS is the house that Jack built,
A bird house for the lawn.
It's finished now--all but the paint—
Jack's worked since early dawn.

Find another house builder. Upper right corner down, on blouse.

SONG OF THE WIRES.

Most of us have wondered at the curious "singing" of the telegraph and telephone wires often heard along quiet country roads. It is suggested by one authority that the noises are due to vibrations transmitted to the wires by the posts, which receive them from the earth, and that they are the result of earth vibrations identical with those that the seismograph, or earthquake detector, records.

The song of the wires, it is said, is the song of the barometer; if it is low, a change in the weather may come in two days; if sharp, it may be immediate.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON
A Goldwyn Eminent Author

HERE'S WHERE YOU LAUGH

Mr. Pester—That place looks all right to me, but it's so far from the neighbors you might be annoyed by tramps.

His Wife—Oh, tramps don't scare me any. They're nothing but men. But the house is so old I'm terribly afraid there are mice in it.

Bill Nye, known in his day as a humorist, owned a cow which he wanted to sell, and put an advertisement in the paper which read like this: "Owing to ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

Jones was hurrying along a street the other day, when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of a side street and the two collided with force.

The second man looked angry, but Jones, with his inborn courtesy, raised his hat and said:

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it."

Then he tore away at redoubled speed.

A sentimental young lady was on the quay, where she saw a young girl sitting on a trunk in an attitude of utter dejection and despair.

"Poor thing," thought the romantic young lady, "she is probably alone and a stranger. Her pale cheeks and great sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy."

She went over to the traveler to win her confidence.

"Crossed in love?" she asked sympathetically.

"No," replied the girl with a sigh; "crossed in the 'Frolic,' and an awfully rough passage too."

The motorist was a little mixed as to his route, as he stopped his car beside a grizzled old patriarch, who was sitting on a stone just off the roadway.

"Pardon me," said he, "but may I ask you where this road leads to?"

The person addressed replied: "To be sure you may."

"Well, where?"

"Durned if I know," drawled the man, "I'm a stranger around here."

Mrs. Brown was boring Mrs. Jones stiff with the wonderful stories about her Willie.

"Yes," she said, "he's top of his class this week, and his father is going to take him to the zoo."

"Really," yawned Mrs. Jones. "We're sending Charles to college."

"Sir, I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand."

"All right, my boy, I think you'll find it in the dishwater."

Then the young man left, smiling, knowing that if such was the case he had won a prize.

Lady of the House: "And what caused you to become a tramp?"

Ragged Rupert: "The family physician, mum; he advised me to take long walks after my meals, and I have been walking after 'em ever since."

A Lone Apollo.

Maud—So that's the young fellow you were raving about. I thought you said he was handsome.

Ethel—I—I thought he was. You see, I met him at Exclusive Beach and he was the only man there.

Beauty No Object.

Yes, said the prospective buyer, I always judge a motor car by its engine.

But don't you pay any attention to its finish? asked the seller, who had been extolling the upholstering and trimmings.

Never! My motor cars always have the same finish—a brick wall or a ditch.

Impossible Prescription.

You are suffering from brain fag and ennui, announced the specialist. You should take more interest in your business.

I would like to, replied the patient.

Then why don't you? demanded the specialist.

The law won't let me, replied the patient. I'm a pawnbroker.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson IV. April 25.

RUTH'S WISE CHOICE.

Lesson—Ruth 1. Printed Text—Ruth 1: 14-22.

Golden Text—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." (Ruth 1: 16.)

Historical Setting.

Time.—About 1173 B.C. Place.—Bethlehem.

The Lesson Text.

14.—And they lifted up their voice, and wept again; and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her.

15.—And she said, Behold, thy sister-in law is gone back unto her people, and unto her god: return thou after thy sister-in-law.

16.—And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God;

17.—Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: Jehovah do so to me; and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

18.—And when she saw that she was stedfastly minded to go with her, she left off speaking unto her.

19.—So they two went until they came to Beth-lehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Beth-lehem, that all the city was moved about them, and the women said, Is this Naomi?

20.—And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

21.—I went out full, and Jehovah hath brought me home again empty; why call ye me Naomi, seeing Jehovah hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

22.—So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, who returned out of the country of Moab; and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

(Copyright, 1901, by T. Nelson & Sons. Used by permission.)

Comments.

Verse 14. Ruth was possibly a contemporary of Gideon. She was the great-grandmother of David, though not a Jewess. In addition to the pastoral purpose of the book, it was written to show that the daughter of an alien race could be a pattern of high virtue, and by her marriage take an important place in the history of the Jews. Read Verses 1-13 for introduction.

Verse 15. Israel's God was Jehovah, and each other outlying territory "had its own deity inseparably connected with it." When Orpah went back she returned to her native god. By going with her mother-in-law Ruth cast her lot with Jehovah's people.

Verse 16. "It is worth noting that this picture of the very sublimity of love paints two women, not two men, as do other well-known stories." The beauty of this narrative and the incident it describes is not surpassed in all literature.

Verse 17. Ruth was making her choice for life. She had doubtless counted the cost, and did not consider it an unjustifiable sacrifice. It meant much to an Oriental to be taken away from the family place of burial. Ruth's use of the name of Jehovah shows that she was already a believer. This was probably due to her mother-in-law.

Verse 18. "Since Ruth's purposes reached beyond a mere impulse and family ascension, Naomi was safe in allowing her to face all the consequences with her."

Verse 19. Inasmuch as Bethlehem was a small place, the return of Naomi, accompanied by Ruth, could not escape notice and comment. The death of Naomi's husband and sons would create quick sympathy.

Verse 20. Naomi means sweet, while Mara means bitter. She was simply telling her sorrows to her sympathetic friends.

Verse 21. When she had left them her cup of joy was full; when she returned it was in sadness. She attributed the cause of her grief to an overshadowing Providence.

Verse 22. By making this choice, Ruth found her personal success through devotion to her mother-in-law. She had beauty, character and a gracious presence.

Illustrated Truth.

The Christian who is himself an illustrated Bible will find many readers (v. 16).

Illustration.—When new students come to a certain illustration of learning, it is customary to ask them what led them to choose the school. In this way it is possible to estimate the value of the various advertising mediums used by the school. One day a young man came to the school from a rural region many hundreds of miles away. The registrar asked him how and where he had gotten hold of an advertisement of the school. He replied that he never saw one. "There was a teacher in our town who came here to school," he added. "And I suppose he recommended the school." "No, he didn't, but I could see for myself."

Beautiful ideals make beautiful characters (v. 17).

Illustration—The character of Ruth was shaped by her faith in Jehovah. Two young men from different parts of the country met and became close friends. One was raw and undisciplined; the other a young man of fine Christian principles. Gradually their habits and ideals became the same. The rougher of the two said the other one influenced him because he made religion so attractive. All young people are influenced more by the religion they see practiced than by the religion they hear of in theory.

Origin of Sugar Cane.

In all probability the sugar cane came originally from India or China, as sugar is mentioned in the earliest literature of these two countres.

RULER'S COFFIN OF SOLID SILVER

Strangely Embalmed Bodies of Imperial Austria---Caskets That Had Been Prepared Before Death.

Vienna is known for its art and architecture above all else, and to make a complete round of her churches would easily monopolize a day or two of absorbing interest. One way is to begin with a trip to the famous church of Capuchins (Maria zu den Engeln), which is located in the Neuen Market. Upon the approach from the busy Tegetthoff street one is little impressed by its exterior, which is plain and unattractive. This little church, however, has the distinction of being the resting place of the late Emperor of Austria and other notables who died years ago.

Having gained admission into the Capuchins there are three particular things to note: A pieta made by Peter von Strudel in 1711 commands a timely interest, as well as a tablet in memorium to Pater Marcus Avianus, who won himself a worthy name because of a victorious part played against the Turks. The most imposing sight is a painting of the Last Supper by Von Fuhruh in the refectory.

Descending many stone steps and traversing a long, narrow hall, the crypt is reached, and this underground spot is the chief curiosity. One hundred and forty members of the imperial family lie here, and a few not of it, notably the Countess Karoline Fuchs Mollard, who was governess to Maria Theresa's children.

Casket Before Death.

It is extremely difficult to describe the exact sensations experienced in this sacred place, for each coffin had been prepared before death, and this is a peculiar thought in itself. The most elaborate one is that in which the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico rests, and it even excels in richness of design Empress Elizabeth's casket. The former is of old bronze and richly carved.

The Crown Prince Rudolf, ill-fated as was his murdered mother, is placed in a sort of vault, with a thick railing of iron work enclosing it. The sarcophagus in which the Empress von Sothringen lies is the work of Moll. Beside it is an altar erected over the resting place of Empress Elizabeth, upon which is a life-size bust of her majesty.

The coffin of the late emperor is of solid silver, with shields and helmets. (Owing to the fact that the crypt holds these caskets in preparation before death, as before stated, the writer was able to see, before hostilities, that which would hold the remains of Francis Joseph.

It is not far to the Church of St. Augustine, situated in the street of its name, adjoining the Josefplatz. This church is one of the finest types of Gothic architecture in Vienna. In 1349 the church was consecrated, having been founded ten years before, when Schone laid the corner stone. The interior is highly decorative. One massive work of art is a monument to Archduchess Marie Christine of Sachsen-Teschen. This statute portrays two girls of Grecian beauty dressed in the flowing draperies of their romantic country, standing against the open door of the vault of a woman. To the left of this is the figure of a little child leading a blind man, and the other side shows hovering angels in the background, with a medallion portrait of the archduchess above. The monument is the work of Canova.

The Loretto chapel back of the altar is renowned for its silver urns, which contain the embalmed hearts of the imperial family. St. Stephen's cathedral is of predominant interest. It was started by Rudolf the Fourth in 1144, and consecrated three years later. It was not entirely finished until 400 years afterward, in the time of Maria Theresa.

The sacristy is at the north end of the cathedral and this is famous because of its open air stone pulpit. Here a mausoleum of Prince Eugene of Savoy is in evidence, beautifully carved, and many persons are daily seen to pay homage to his memory.

An Expensive Altar.

In the center of the cathedral is the main altar, which is of solid black stone, and fabulously expensive. It is entirely railed in and is so huge that when standing at the bottom steps the priests seem lost at a vast distance. The choir is considered one of the largest and most glorious anywhere, and there are choir stalls sufficient for 200 singers.

Parts of the cathedral were built at different times. The south tower was commenced in 1389, while the northern one was begun in 1433. The first peculiarity which strikes the tourist is the fact that these towers are not of the same height, and hereby hangs a tale.

It is said that during the building of the second one (the south tower) a laborer was killed and believing this to be a bad omen, the archbishops demanded it should remain at half height. There are 266 steps leading up to the tower at the northern extremity and just half that number to the other. The former has firemen stationed at its top constantly, for a panorama view of all Vienna may be had from this spot and fires throughout the city are so determined. A signal is given from the tower, and thus the general alarm is spread broadcast.

Japanese Children Educated.

Japanese children are taught at an early age to write and draw with both hands, and to this fact has been ascribed the superiority of Japanese art in certain directions, especially in neat sewing.

Artificial Gems.

Nearly all artificial gems—that is to say, stones that are really made by artificial means—are compounds of alum crystallized under special conditions.