For the Boys and Girls

ONE AUTUMN NIGHT.

It was a dark, chilly October night, and one single, bright star was shining in at the chamber window where Charlie and Will Rogers were supposed to be wrapped in the healthful, innocent sleep of boyhood.

But for more than an hour Charlie had been gazing at that twinkling star, that seemed to wink knowingly back at him, and his thoughts were very, very busy all the while.

And considering the fact that Charlie was a well-bred lad, those thoughts were very strange ones. Finally he flung the quilts aside and turned over to wake Will with an energetic pinch.

"O-o-oh!" said Will, now wide awake.

"I say, Will! Do you like honey?"

"Of course I do."

"Do you want some?"

"I shouldn't object."

"Let's get it then."

"Where?"

"From old John Alton's apiary. There's lots there. I saw it to-day when I carried his saw home. He was at work among the bees. He's taken the most of it away, but there's lots left."

"You wouldn't steal, Charlie?"

"You don't suppose he'd give us any, do you, Will? He's too stingy for that. He'd never miss what little we'd take, and it isn't so bad to take anything from him. He's an old skinflint, anyhow."

"Oh, Charlie! As if stealing wasn't stealing, no matter who we took it from!"

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to have some."

And Charlie began feeling for his clothes.

"Of course I'm with you, Charlie. I want some honey as bad as you do, but it doesn't seem just right."

"We won't take but a little, and no one will be the wiser. Don't make any noise. Come on!"

It is strange how each individual stair will groan and every door will utter a moaning protest in the stillness of night loud enough to awaken the soundest sleeper. The boys never had thought of it before. In fact, this was their first nocturnal raid.

Down the stairs they crept, catching their breath as a stair creaked louder than usual under their cautious footsteps, and reached the kitchen door without disturbing the deep snoring that came from the bedroom where Mr. Rogers and his good wife were peacefully slumbering, unconscious of the fact that their sons' footsteps were straying into forbidden paths. Suddenly there was a break in the sonorous sounds, a hush, the door creaked loudly as it was slowly opened by Will's hand, and there father's voice was heard:

"Who's there?"

"Quick now, Charlie!" whispered Will, as he slipped through the small space, not daring to open the door further.

They tiptoed through the woodshed and slipped behind the rain barrel by the outside door.

"Strange!" said their father's voice. "I'm sure I shut this door, and here it is open. It must be the wind is rising and blew it open."

"We're in luck, Will," said Charlie. "Father thinks the wind blew the door open. Come on, now; the coast is clear."

Then they crept across the yard, climbed the fence and ran rapidly along the highway toward John Alton's house.

To reach there, however, they had to cross a dark, dismal swamp near the lake, and many fear-inspiring stories were told of savage, wild animals that inhabited it. No one had actually seen anything terrible, but many were ready to affirm that they had heard unaccountable noises in the gloomy swamp at nighttime.

"I wish we were there and back again," said Will, as they entered the darkest part of the swamp.

The trees nearly met above their heads, and the autumn wind moaned and sighed through the tall evergreens.

"What's that, Charlie?" asked Will, with chattering teeth.

And they both stopped to listen.

"That? Why, that's only a hemlock stump. Come on. Don't be a simpleton. It'll be morning before we get our honey, if we don't hurry," answered Charlie ,with a show of bravery he was far from feeling.

In fact, Charlie had much rather be safe in his bed watching the twinkling star as it winked through the window of his room; but he wouldn't say so, nor turn back—oh, no; not for the world.

"It isn't a hemlock stump this time," said Will, grasping Charlie's hand. "Listen!"

Once more they stopped and listened intently. No; that was no fallen tree trunk. Charlie acknowledged that; but he could not tell what it really was, and then came such a strange, unearthly noise.

Again it sounded, nearer than at first—the most hideous, awful noise they had ever heard.

All the stories of the lonely swamp came fresh to their memories now, and Charlie was the first to run. Never before had they been known to run so fast, not even when the minister's barn was burned. But something ran faster than they.

Each time the terrible noise sounded nearer than before, and soon they could plainly hear the rapid steps of the something that was pursuing them.

"Climb a tree, Charlie," gasped Will, who felt that he could not keep that headlong pace much longer.

"Yes—come!" replied Charlie, as the noise sounded not thirty feet behind them.

Darting across the ditch, they grasped at the low boughs of the first tree they came to and luckily, each chose the same tree—a low-limbed spruce, among whose dense green branches they soon sat in safety.

"Will it go by? Can it climb?" questioned Will, as he hugged the trunk of the tree.

No, it did not go by. On the contrary, it stopped directly under the spruce, and sent forth another awful roar or screech, the boys did not know which to call it.

But it did not climb. It was content to watch at the foot of the tree, now and then making that hideous noise to let them know that it was waiting.

"What time do you suppose it is?" said Charlie, at last. "The moon is up, what little there is of it. See if you can tell what kind of a beast it is, Will. It's on your side of the tree."

Will cautiously crept out on a large limb and looked downward. "It" was lying quietly at the foot of the tree—he could tell that much; but he was quite certain that he had never seen anything like it.

"How large is it?" asked Charlie.

"Larger than old Bruno, and you know he weighs most a hundred and fifty pounds. Maybe—oh, Charlie! maybe it's an 'Indian devil.' Tom Jones says that they will never climb a tree their intended prey is in. Is it—oh, Charlie, is it?"

And Will shook with fright as badly as he had done with the cold.

"I—don't—know—I'm sure," answered Charlie very tremulously. "I wish we'd never thought of coming—that is, I wish I hadn't. You were not to blame, for I coaxed you."

"No, you didn't, Charlie," averred Will, eagerly, ready to bear his share of the blame. "I needn't have come in, if I hadn't a mind to. But I wish we were at home, and I never, never'll go to steal again," groaned the poor boy, as he crept to his seat by the tree trunk.

"Nor I, either," said Charlie, emphatically. "No wonder father says the way of the transgressor is hard."

Then they waited in silence for the day to dawn, two cold, shivering, repentant boys perched among the thick branches of the spruce tree, with an awful "something" at the foot of it.

Slowly the darkness gave way to the gray dawn, the weird, fantastic shapes around them took familiar form in the rosy daylight, that was never half as welcome before.

"Look now, Will," said Charlie, as the first sun rays lighted the dark swamp.

Painfully Will crept out on the limb, his body aching with the nip of the keen autumn air and the cramped position on the limb.

Just at that moment the "something" jumped up and leaped across the ditch into the road.

"Charlie!"

Will nearly fell from the limb in his surprise.

"Will!"

Charlie had never felt so ashamed in the whole fourteen years of his life. And for what?

There, in the road, his dull eyes staring into the astonished faces of the boys, his long ears expectantly erect, stood—not a dreadful "Indian devel," no, not even a black bear, but—Peddler Shugerean's old gray donkey!

"I guess," began Charlie, laughing in spite of his chagrin—"I guess we'd better go home and do the chores. What do you say, Will?"

"I think it would be a good plan," agreed Will, as he slid to the ground. "This is the last expedition of this kind for me."

"And me, too," said Charlie, as he started the animal toward home. "Not to know Shugerean's donkey! Will, we ought to hide our heads. But the noise he made did sound awful at night in the woods."

"That's so. Well, no one knows it but just us, and I for one don't mean that any one shall ever know."

And Will looked inquiringly at his brother.

"Nor I," replied Charlie. "If we can only get to the barn without being seen, that's all I ask."

Mr. Rogers was greatly surprised on going to the barn to feed old Dobbin to find his two boys hard at work, and the morning chores nearly done.

"Out early, aren't you, lads? I thought I was going to surprise you. I didn't think you remembered it was your birthday. Lucky you was both born on the same day of the same month—it saves me a sight of bother. Come and see your presents. I got them from John Alton yesterday."

And leading the way to the garden behind the house, he pointed gleefully to two new, white hives—two beautiful swarms of bees!

The brothers were speechless with amazement and remorse.

"I knew you'd be surprised, boys. One for each of you, or the two to own together—just as you like. And now come into the house. Your mother has got up a birthday breakfast for you. Then you can spend the day as you like. Birthdays are holidays."

And the worthy man led the way to the kitchen, where "mother" and "the girls" were waiting with their surprises, unconscious of the lesson his dutiful sons had learned during the darkness of the night.

The birthday breakfast was a bountiful spread of everything dear to the appetite of a healthy, growing boy that could be prepared by loving hands; but the boys saw nothing but a great dish of golden honey that occupied the centre of the well-filled table.

"I knew how fond you were of honey, dears, and Jane ran over to John Alton's yesterday to buy a box especially for your breakfast. Next year, if you have good luck, you can eat your own honey," said Mrs. Rogers, with a motherly smile.

The girls brought forward their gifts.

The boys praised and thanked, and got through with it somehow. They never really knew how. But one thing is certain. Even to this day—and they are men, with boys of their own—they never see a box of honey without thinking of that cold autumn night when they shivered in the top of the thick-limbed spruce tree, while a donkey stood guard at the foot.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it; when a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.
—Lord Dewar.

PETER McARTHUR

Well known writer, who died on Oct. 28 in a London hospital. The Sage of Ekfrid was a genial and philosophical humorist and his writings never failed to win the reader's heart. This picture was taken by A. S. Goss, a Toronto friend.

Words.

There is a vast snobbishness
In the world of words.
"Intrigue" is a climber
While "meticulous" begins to wear the air
Of shabby genteel.
No day laborer would say to his brother
"Verisimilitude"
And to the Bishops
"Bokunk" is verboten.

In the millennium things will change
There will be self-determination
And there will be democracy
Among words.
Verily, verily I say unto you
It will be easier for a camel
To pass through the eye of a needle
Than for "epistemological"
To enter the kingdom of Heaven.
—Robert M'Blair.

Polite—For This Day.

"Is he a polite man?"

"To be sure he is—never fails to offer his seat to some woman when he's about to leave a car."

Stories About Well-Known People

A Mystery Man's Mystery Wedding.

There are few more mysterious figures in the world to-day than Sir Basil Zaharoff, who is thought by some to be the richest man alive. Nobody really knows who he is or what he does! His fortune has been estimated at one hundred million dollars. Sir Basil is interested in banking, in oil, in armaments, and in a hundred and one other things, including the Casino at Monte Carlo. He shrinks from all kinds of publicity. His only hobby is cooking, and he has invented several new dishes.

Now Sir Basil has married as mysteriously as he has done everything else! His bride was the Duchess de la Villafranca de los Caballeros, a is the culmination of a long romance. Twenty years ago Sir Basil swore his devotion to her. Not until now has she been free to marry him. Only a few friends were present at the ceremony, and Sir Basil and Lady Zaharoff disappeared immediately afterwards.

The Only Way.

In "Spunyarn," Sir Henry F. Wood's book of reminiscences of his adventures ashore and afloat, a story is told of a visit to a Malay Chief at Singapore, who had forgotten all about an offer of horses when the visitors called.

"There was no one who could speak English. . . . Turning to my companion, 'Look here,' I said, 'we shall never get the horses this way! Down you go on your marrowbones,' giving him a push forward.

"Over he went, and as he placed himself in the familiar nursery attitude for daddy to give baby a ride, I sprang upon his back and began spurring him with my heels, whilst I beat him behind with an imaginary whip. The effect was magical. The old fellow dropped his pipe and tumbled over with laughter, nearly rolling off the divan. He clapped his hands—and the horses were forthcoming."

An Awkward Question.

Few men have a bigger fund of Fleet Street stories than Robert Blatchford, the veteran author and journalist.

One that he is fond of telling concerns a brother newspaper man who was holding forth to a mixed company of literary men, amongst whom was a well-known novelist.

The journalist was saying that he had recently been engaged in revising the obituaries held in readiness by his paper. Turning to the novelist, he added: "I've just been writing you up."

The novelist, who apparently had not been following very closely, woke up with a start, and said, eagerly: "When is it going to be published?"

Arms and the Man.

I saw a ragged laddie in the street
With capless head and bootless, grimy feet;
His face was dirty, yet it wore a grin
That plainly proved a happy thought within.
What could he have, this boy, to grin about?
Surely, if anyone's, his luck was out!
I looked him up and down, and understood
Why life to the poor urchin seemed so good,
A coat too large, as well as old, he wore—
His father's, I imagine, long before—
And 'neath its tatters, rakishly displayed,
There stuck ten inches of a bright tin blade!
You who were young once, you know how he felt—
So conscious of a cutlass in his belt!
He was no ragged urchin; in his heart
He played some reckless and romantic part;
His Glasgow was not Glasgow grey and cold,
But some wild city full of loot and gold;
For all I know he stood, that lucky one,
On stout deck planking warped by salt and sun,
Or else—for he was quite a tiny boy—
He had no dreams clear-cut, but just vague joy
Because he bore a shining sword, and knew
It was the thing that proper heroes do.
—W. K. H.

More Trouble for Parents—The first essential in training a child is to have more sense than the child.

The Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey was made in 1296. It has only been outside the Abbey once since that date.

Winter Cruises of 1925.

Three continents are visited by the Fabre Line excursion ships in their 35-day cruise from New York to all the principal ports of the Mediterranean. Shore trips, included in the rate of passage, are made to all the places of interest. These shore excursions are under the direction of the Fabre Line and are carefully planned for the convenience and satisfaction of passengers.

The S.S. Patria and S.S. Providence, which make these cruises, are built expressly for the Mediterranean service. The carefree enjoyment of these trips is long remembered by the tourist. Concerts, lectures and social diversions of all sorts are provided, as well as moving picture and wireless daily news.

The Azores is the first point of call, where twelve hours is given to viewing the semi-tropical gardens where pineapples grow in hot houses.

Gibraltar, unique in position, in picturesqueness and history, claims the admiriation of the visitor. From an altitude of 3,000 feet he views the beautiful panorama of Madeira Island, famed for its embroideries. Algiers shows the striking contrast of the Old and the New, gay life and Arabian leisure.

Following a north-easterly course, we reach sweet smelling and voluptuous Palermo with its rich background of orange and olive trees. Naples, gem of Italy, is famous for beautiful situation and remains of glorious history. Athens stands as the last beacon of the Golden Age, dominated by the great Parthenon towering over the ruins of the Acropolis.

The mystery and fascination of the Orient is nowhere more potent than at Constantinople, at the cross-roads of two continents; a splendid view over the Bosphorus, the Asiatic Coast and the Sea of Marmora.

A three-hour trip in autos from Jaffa brings the traveller to Jerusalem, the most interesting city in the world, the city that was adorned by Solomon and hallowed by Christ. There is scarcely a paving stone of the old city without its wealth of religious association, its legends and traditions. Much is still unchanged for the admiration and reverence of the ages.

Next we set foot upon the ancient soil of Egypt, land of the Pharaohs, and the pyramids, relics of an age long past. Cairo and the Nile and Alexandria, then westward over the sunny Mediterranean to the Reviera, garden of Europe.

A voyage to charm and edify, an excursion into the delights of three continents. Information regarding these cruises may be obtained from James W. Elwell & Co., 17 State Street, New York City.

Coco-Nut Palm Perfumes.

The coco-nut palm is the most widely distributed and most generally known tree in the tropical regions of the world. To such an extent do the people of all warm countries depend upon the coco-nut palm as a source of food or income that it is difficult to imagine how they would get along without it.

While every part of the palm is requisitioned for special uses, it is not generally known that it supplies a ryeing material of no mean importance, especially in the Far East. The dye it yields is in the rind. The latter is ground or powdered, and then soaked for a few days in water and afterwards boiled. The material to be dyed is washed in this water.

Oil is present chiefly in the flowers, which are gathered for their fragrance, and in a small way the oil is extracted and sold for making perfumery.

Correct English.

Ardent Suitor—"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

Irate Father—"Young man, go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter."

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.
Phillips Brooks

HEIR TO BRITISH THRONE ON OLYMPIC WITH CAPTAIN HARWORTH

Shortly before the Olympic sailed from New York for England, the Prince of Wales consented to pose for the photographers in company with the vessel's skipper, Captain Harworth. He is seen bidding au revoir to America, after having announced that his two-month holiday in Canada and the United States had been one of the most pleasant of his career and after having promised that, following his South African tour next year, he would return to this continent in 1926.