THE PRINCE NAMES A BABY

Minor trials have been experienced in plenty by the Prince of Wales during his prolonged tour in Africa and South America, but they have never in any way depressed his good spirits.

Indeed, some of these little trials have afforded his royal highness a good deal of amusement. For example, at a village on the veldt in South Africa, a native woman showed the Prince with some pride her children, six boys and one baby girl.

The interpreter informed the Prince of their names. When he came to the baby girl he told the Prince that the child was yet unnamed and that the mother would feel deeply honored if the Prince would name her.

The request took the Prince completely aback. He was for a moment quite unprepared with a suitable suggestion. But his royal highness was only nonplussed for the briefest space. He suggested the name Dawn; it was received with delight by the mother and the baby was so named on the spot.

It was a fairly frequent trial of the Prince during his tour that the days set apart to give him a rest from the keeping of public engagements, had to be sacrificed in order that he might attend some entertainment got up unexpectedly.

A Kiss for the Bride.

One of these little entertainments was a native wedding. The ceremony had been hastily arranged to take place so as to coincide with the Prince's arrival at the village.

The Prince anticipated being able to take a day off and enjoy some hours of really needed rest when he reached the village.

But on his arrival he was presented with the invitation to the wedding; he at once agreed to accept it and duly bestowed a kiss—another unexpected duty—on the bride.

At one little town the Prince had agreed to play a round of golf with a local champion. On his arrival at the links the Prince found that an enormous crowd of all sorts and conditions of persons had assembled on the course to witness the match. This was somewhat disconcerting for his royal highness, who never plays up to his best form before a big gallery.

With Midget Clubs.

But there was another circumstance still more disconcerting—his royal highness found that he was expected to play not with his own clubs, but with a weird collection of "irons" not more than a foot in length.

The Prince put up with a bad defeat with the best of grace, gratefully accepting the strange clubs that were presented to him after the match.

The worst trial that befell was the long delay in Chile, necessitated by the unexpected heavy snowfall in the Andes. That delay meant the total upset of the Prince's program in the Argentine, which had to be rearranged by cable.

This was a necessarily difficult task and kept the Prince's secretarial staff at work day and night. The Prince himself remained up one entire night settling the details with his staff.

A great trial to the Prince in connection with all his tours has been the long train journeys. His royal highness' restlessness of disposition makes him detest sitting still for hours in a train. He wont play cards and does not like reading. When it is practicable the Prince alights from the royal special and takes anything from a fifteen to thirty mile walk, while the special is sent ahead. During his present tour the Prince in this way has walked several hundreds of miles.

The Palace of Justice at Locarno, where the security pact was signed. It was the first time since the war that the German flag flew beside those of the allied nations.

The Automobile

WOMEN SHOW HIGH SKILL IN DRIVING AUTOS.

There is considerable enjoyment for a woman in taking out the family car during the week while the men folks are at business, for a little drive into the country and getting away from the daily routine of housework occasionally. If a woman knows how to drive she will doubtless make use of the car for errands, meeting her husband at the station, if the home is in the suburbs, or taking the children to school. A car will come in handy many times.

According to statistics, one woman out of three, of those families having automobiles, knows how to drive. This, I believe, holds good only in the country—not so much in the city. There is no reason why more do not drive unless it is because nobody seems to find the time and patience to teach them or they are "going to some day." Perhaps the family housework seems to postpone the start. With the present day it is not a difficult thing to learn how to drive.

Only a few years back if one did not properly manipulate the clutch one would start with a terrific jolt almost enough to knock the driver through the windshield, but nowadays the motorist can almost let the clutch in without taking her foot right off the pedal and she will not receive a jolt, although this is not a good policy and will in time injure the mechanism of the car.

INSTRUCTOR ALWAYS HANDY.

If the feminine driver's husband or brother will not teach her, and if she is still anxious to learn, and if she is not near a good automobile school, which would be the best place to go, she can engage the services of a good chauffeur, or, better still, a demonstrator from an automobile service station and have him teach her. These men are often glad to do a little of this work, and one should not have great difficulty in finding such a person.

The best way to make a beginning is to have the rear of the car jacked up and the front wheels blocked so that there is no danger of the car getting away. When learning to operate an automobile the first step is to become familiar with the engine—how to start and stop it—and how to control speed.

FIRST AID TO BEGINNER.

Regarding starting the engine, consult the instruction book that came with the car, and if that is not obtainable, secure another from your local dealer. If he cannot furnish you with one, write to the factory and give them the motor number and where you bought your car.

Having learned to start the engine, the woman should become familiar with the different speeds, which vary with the different cars. Most cars have the standard shift—first speed, left back toward the side; second speed is right forward; and third speed is straight back; reverse is left forward. In other words, visualize the letter "H." The upper left of the letter "H" is reverse; the lower left is first speed; the upper right is second speed; and the lower right is third speed and the line drawn across the two parallel lines is neutral.

If a woman will try these things she has made a beginning to learn how to operate the family automobile. The number of women driving cars is increasing rapidly. Many authorities say that women make better drivers than men. They are more careful.

A GLAD DELIVERANCE

By George H. Coomer.

Old Captain Bradford, with whom I once sailed, was wont to relate an adventure of his with a pirate off the Isle of Pines. It happened long ago, when the spot was the most dreadful resort of villany to be found in the whole world.

"I was before the mast in the brig Atlas," he said, "and we were lying at Kingston, Jamaica, when six pirates were hung there. Some of them, as they stood under the gallows, made confessions that were enough to start one's hair on end, and after this very little was thought of in our forecastle but the danger we must always be subject to while at sea from such wretches as we had seen strung up with their shoes on.

"At night I would lie in my berth and think of it. What a horrible thing it appeared to me, as vision after vision rose up in my imagination that such miscreants should be out on the lonely ocean, committing awful cruelties where there was no hand to stay them! And sometimes, in that nervousness which a person feels who lies awake when he ought to be asleep, I would see it almost as a certainty that, soon or late, the blood-thirsty monsters would cross my path.

"After a time, getting a freight of six hundred barrels of Jamaica rum, we sailed for Havana, and, as our course would take us around Cape St. Antonio, at the west end of Cuba, we would undoubtedly pass within sight of the Isle of Pines.

"There was much fog in the Caribbean Sea, coming up generally at evening and hanging about us until late in the next forenoon, and so strong with every one was the apprehension of pirates that, whenever toward nightfall we had made a vessel in the distance, even our captain seemed to feel relieved as the mist came rolling over the water to shut her from sight.

"Light breezes and calms made the passage long and tedious, and it was not until ten days after leaving Jamaica that one noon, as the fog left us, we saw, off our starboard-beam, a number of mountain peaks, apparently far inland, while, nearer to us, a line of dark tree-tops appeared above the waves.

" 'That's the Isle of iPnes,' said the captain. 'I meant to give it a wider berth than this.'

'We looked toward it with a kind of interest which I have no desire to feel again. It bore northeast about fifteen miles.

'All the afternoon we lay becalmed, though occasional breezes roughened the water at a distance, and toward night there appeared to seaward the upper canvas of a vessel, standing in, as we judged, toward the land.

"That vessel was a pirate, we had good reason to believe, for, although her distance from us made it impossible to determine her character, or even her rig, the course she was apparently steering caused us to look at each other with very sober faces. We could gather hope only from the extreme lightness of the breeze she seemed to have.

"We had two six-pounders, and these we loaded. I remember how the powder and the six-pound balls and the grape and canister looked as we brought them up from below and put them down near the guns.

That evening the fog did not set in. The night continued clear till almost daybreak, and the anxiety with which we peered through the darkness and listened made the long hours dreadful to us.

"At last the fog came, and sunrise soon followed. A faint breeze sprang up, and the brig moved along at the rate of two or three knots. How glad we weree to be making headway, although so slowly!

"Pirate or not, there was hardly one chance in a thousand that the vessel we had seen, now that we were changing our bearings, would fall in with us in that thick atmosphere.

"Some of us were aloft, rigging out the foretopmast studding-sail boom. How much better we felt, now that the brig was moving and we could be doing something to help her along! But suddenly we stopped in our work and looked around with a start. My heart became like ice. A confused sound of voices at first reached us, and as we raised our heads, a topsail-schooner, full of men, loomed through the dense fog, not thirty fathoms from us.

"She was off our port bow and standing athwart our course. And what a crew she had! Seventy or eighty shaggy scoundrels, that looked frightfully murderous as we caught sight of them through the mist.

Neither vessel was moving faster than the ordinary walk of a man, yet before the crew of either recovered from their surprise, the schooner passed athwart our bow and we athwart her stern, while the hole that each made in the fog closed up as if in quicksand.

We knew that the pirate would put himself in pursuit of us as speedily as possible, but to do this he must go in stays or wear, and would not gather headway for some minutes. We heard his blocks creak and rattle, heard him ease off the sheet of his heavy mainsail, and square in the long yards upon his foremast. But we, too, altered our course.

For half an hour the suspense was terrible, and then hope revived, but it was only to be destroyed by a complete dying out of the wind.

"Should the calm endure until the passing away of the fog, what could save us? We were eight men, with two cannon, against eighty men, with a dozen cannon.

"Soon there came the sound of oars. The pirate's boats were looking for us. Our captain was a man who never invited danger, but whose nerves were steadied by it when it came.

" 'Some here to the guns, men,' he said—"all except the two lookouts. You take charge of the port side, Mr. Greense,' he added to the mate, 'and I'll stand by the starboard. Hark! They are close to us!"

"The fog was breaking and we could now see for a hundred fathoms.

"As the captain spoke, the oars sounded very near. Then a voice cried out in Spanish:

" 'El brigantino! El brigantino!"

"And instantly a boat crowded with men came shooting out of the mist astarboard of us.

"What a moment was that! Captain Brewer stooped quickly to the six-pounder and ran his eye along its top. Mr. Hall, our second mate, stood close by his side with a burning portfire and swung it to give it life. The captain elevated the breech of the gun, then lowered it just a little. The glowing match was almost touching the powder.

" 'Fire!' he cried.

"The whole deck felt the shock as the cannon went off. The heavy charge of round shot, grape and canister struck the boat in the bow and raked her fore and aft. Scattering five or six feet wide, it swept before it every man of her crew.

"Such was our sense of relief that we foremast hands cheered wildly; but the captain was not the man to crow till he was out of the woods. At once his stout rammer was at work, and he was just sending home the last of the canister when the mate, from the other side of the deck, called hurriedly out:

" 'Here they come; Here they come."

"We looked around, as Mr. Green, in almost insane excitement, threw himself down to sight his gun. Quickly he gave the order to fire, and off went the six-pounder, the charge

As to the pirate vessel, as we saw nothing of her after the squall, she probably never righted, but sank with all her crew.

Sees Taurus Companion of Sun.

The astronomer Luyten says the sun is moving through space at twelve and a half miles a second toward the far off star Vega, and is taking our earth and the other planets of the solar system with it. Measurements of the stars outside show an apparent motion in the opposite direction. But in the case of one star in the constellation Taurus, the bull, Dr. Luyten finds this motion absent. The only explanation he finds for this is that this star is moving in exactly the same direction and with the same speed as our own sun and is a companion to our sun.

Prevention of Crime.

The best time to save the criminal is before he becomes one.

It costs less—saves money, time, patience, social machinery, institutions of all kinds.

Prevention is always more important than reformation.

Crime and its solution is largely a matter of efficiency in child-protection.

The criminal was once a child. Salvage should begin farther back.

We can win boys to a good life by example and companionship.

Earl of Ronaldshay, eldest son of the Marquis of Zetland, one time viceroy of Ireland, who succeeds Earl Reading as viceroy of India. He was former governor of Bengal.

Money.

Money, money, money that jingles in my pocket,
To buy a golden locket
Or a house that keeps the rain out,
Or a gown to gaily flout—
But may it never buy for me a friend.

Money, money, money—so much will money buy—
Titles, great and high,
Jewels rare and olden,
Pleasure fair and golden,
But cannot buy a sunny day.

Money, money, money that many live and die for,
And the weak and wistful lie for,
That's after all so futile,
Compared with things worth while,
O may it never swerve me from high heaven.

—George Elliston.

Turning Day Into Night.

It might be supposed that a forest fire would turn night into day by its huge illumination, but such a fire produces so much smoke that the opposite is the effect over very large areas.

A recent big forest fire near Lake Huron was estimated to cost shipping companies $50,000 by reason of their vessels losing so much time in the dense blackness.

At Portland, Oregon, some years ago, all lights had to be on day and night for a week, although it was midsummer, as the sun was completely blotted out with acrid and dense smoke.

Even navigation thousands of miles out at sea has been seriously interfered with by the black masses of smoke that have been blown from a fire ranging over many square miles of forest on the mainland.

Ingrained Hostility.

The proverb about leading a horse to water is illustrated by this story of two old women, living in an English village, who had sustained a mutual quarrel with zest for many years.

After taking an immense amount of trouble, says Sunbeams, the vicar of the parish succeeded in reconciling the two old women. He even induced them to meet under the vicarage roof. In his drawing-room they shook hands. After an embarrassed silence one of them said:

"Well, Mrs. Tyler, I wish you all you wishes me."

"An' who's saying nasty things now?" snapped Mrs. Tyler.

Canada's Natural Resources Harvest.

The bountiful crops which the Canadian farmer has this year reaped and which have made his heart glad are, fortunately not the only harvest that has shown a material increase in Canada in 1925. The Fisheries Branch of the Dept. of Marine and Fisheries reports that the fisheries production for the first half of this year exceeded that of last by over $624,000, being nearly $9,780,000. The increase was largely in cod, salmon and lobsters, the latter representing nearly one-third of the total fish caught for the first half of the year. It must be remembered, however, that the open season for salmon on the Pacific coast is not included.

So much for the fisheries. The mines of Canada have also been showing some big production. For the first half year of 1925 the output was larger by over six million dollars than a year ago, or over 90 million dollars. Advances among the metals were general. Gold rose to a new record. Lead passed the high mark attained in the first half of 1924. Nickel production was well maintained. Copper was up a million pounds. Silver showed increasing values. Zinc followed the trend in lead to almost double the output recorded in the first half of 1924. Cobalt production continued to improve.

Canada often boasts of her great resources, and apparently with good reason. But resources lying fallow satisfy few wants and contribute but little to the actual wealth of a nation. It is through the development of resources that prosperity comes.

Your Mind is a Garden.

Your mind is not at all like a machine—all ready-made and automatic. Ask any doctor and he will make this plain to you.

No, your mind is more like a garden. It is the use you make of it that counts.

You can grow these fine plants in your mind-garden—courage, initiative, imagination, will-power, kindness and knowledge.

You can have a garden of ideas and skills and efficiencies. What a garden Newton must have had! Or Darwin, or Huxley, or Veverhulme, or Pasteur, or Carnegie!

If you let your garden alone it will go to weeds and grass. That is the usual crop.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

Jeff's Rehearsal Was Indeed Realistic.