HARVESTING THE HERRINGS

Marvels of Britain's Chief Industries.

When the cold winds of autumn chill the air, the herring, the real British fish, journeys south to warmer waters, and lays its eggs near the coast. The herring forms the chief fisheries of the United Kingdom, and it is estimated that 2,200,000,000 are landed in Britain during one season.

Hundreds of fishing craft sail out from northern and southern ports to reap a harvest amongst the shoals as they travel down the east coasts of Scotland and England.

Following on behind the smacks come the steam-trawlers, and only by yielding up their catches can the fleet keep up with the shoals. In rough seas the transfer of the fish is no easy task, and not a few accidents happen. The work is very often carried out at night with the aid of artificial lights, so it can be imagined how precarious the task becomes. With the swaying trawlers, false shadows are thrown by rigging and hulk, balking the fishers when throwing the cases aboard.

In the small rowing boat, low in the water owing to the cargo piled amidships, the men leave the smack's side. At every pull of the oars the boat rises, then sinks in the trough of the sea with a resounding crack, like that of a pistol-shot. Then strong arms are needed to prevent the open boat from being battered to pieces against the steel plates of the trawler's side. With wonderful balance, one of the fishermen stands in the rocking craft, waiting his chance to throw the cases aboard. It takes a keen eye and a quick hand to throw the heavy cases, when both boats are rising and falling alternately, rocking-horse fashion.

At Yarmouth and Grimsby at this season of the year many visitors come from the North. To listen to the merry laughter and clatter as they wend their way from the station, a stranger would imagine that they were pleasure trippers. Ere long the stranger would discover his mistake.

The sound of clogs upon roadway and pavement; no mere pleasure-trippers these, but Scottish fisher-lassies, who have followed their menfolk down by train to help in the harvest. With their broad Scots accent and colored shawl wraps, they are personalities to be remarked upon.

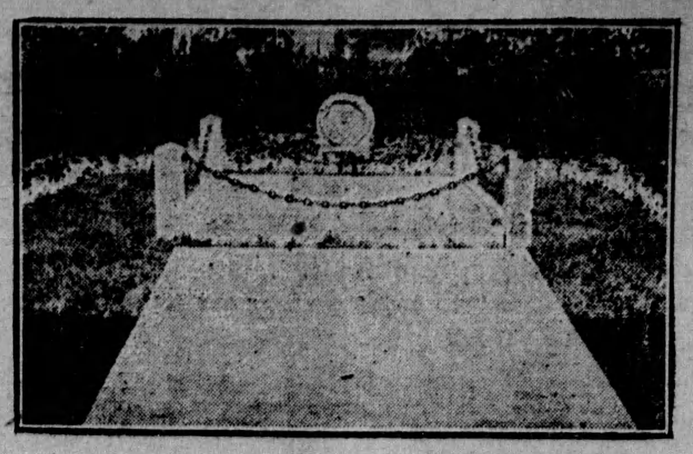
When the fish is eventually brought into port, the women busy themselves at the cleaning troughs, being dressed for their task in oilskin aprons and clogs. These industrious women are never idle, as, strolling to their work, busy hands are employed with knitting needles and wool, making "woollies" for the bairns at home.

Hustle and Sale.

Out of the harbors round our coasts the creak of the block is heard, and as the sails move up the masts the setting sun strikes upon the brown convas, turning them into sheets of glowing red. The smacks move out of the harbor under the freshening evening breeze. As the morning mists begin to lift they silently glide into port, the water practically washing their gunwale, the gleaming fish covering the deck planking.

Once alongside the quay, the derricks are soon at work hoisting the result of the night's catch. The shining heap grows with every additional basket, and soon, in the brightening morning light, silvery rays flash out from the mass of herrings.

The excitement grows as the buyers and their assistants get busy. Whereever one looks there is to be seen fish being counted, weighed, and packed into barrels to be dispatched about the country. As the last load rattles away to the station, the splash of water from the hose is heard, accompanied by the swish of mop and brooms, as the quayside and market is cleaned in readiness for the morrow's harvest.



The memorial in Brussels, Belgium, which marks the spot where Edith Cavell, English nurse, was executed.

Romance of the Ring.

It is certain that the earliest significance attached to the ring was that of authority. In very ancient times the ring was worn by dignitaries as an insignia of their high office and supreme command.

It was a regular practice with the ancient Hebrews to seal all important documents, the seal serving much the same purpose as a signature does today. Even when they left their houses unattended they secured the door with a band and soft clay, impressing their seal on the latter. This ensured that no unauthorized person could enter in their absence without first breaking the seal and thereby risking detection.

At first these seals were worn round the neck much as the woman of to-day wears a pendant to her necklace, but later they were inserted in the backs of rings and worn upon the finger.

Chinese Women Thinking.

Chinese women are demanding a larger part in the affairs of their country.

A Jolt for the Doctor.

Doctor—"Did you tell that young man of yours what I thought of him?"

Daughter—"Yes, papa, and he said you were wrong in your diagnosis, as usual."

Stories About Well-Known People

A Long Tenancy.

Five hundred years is a long time for a family to occupy the same house.

This is the record of the family of which Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, Bt., who has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Leicestershire, is the head. The house, Noseley Hall, came into the family away back in the fourteen hundreds.

Sir Arthur Hazelrigg is a former captain of the Leicestershire County Cricket Club. He is still a good boxer and a first-class shot, while he is also a magistrate of "infinite understanding," as a friend describes him.

When He Was Young.

Charles Chaplin is applying his genius to music. In his early days in England he and his brother and two other children formed a band known as the Hammersmith Hornpipers.

"We picked up quite a lot of money," he once related, "from unmusical folk who wanted us to leave their premises!"

Charlie also learned to imitate animals, snoring men, and buzzing mosquitoes on his fiddle.

For Luck.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, the poet, who has just reached the halfway mark between forty and fifty, published his first book of verse when he was just out of his teens. Its appearance made him vow that he would earn a living by writing poetry—an astonishingly bold resolve!

He has one charming superstition, by the way; he likes, when lecturing, to have his wife in the audience, wearing a bunch of violets for luck.

A Life-Saving Pony.

Although many people are aware that Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, is a lover of animals, and that he has done a great deal to better the lot of the unfortunate pit ponies, the following story, told by Sir Harry himself, will be new to many of our readers.

"I was a pony driver in the coal mines," he has said, "and one day I was driving into the coal face. I was going through what they call a drift, and my little pony stopped where the roof was very high and very dangerous. I wondered why the pony stopped for a second or two. Then I gave him a crack with my whip.

"Immediately I struck him with the whip he turned round to the side of the little tub I was sitting in, and I am not exaggerating when I say that about one hundred thousand tons of roof fell. Had it not been for the acuteness of the hearing of that pony we should both have been buried alive. I owe my life to that Shetland pony, and when I saw what happened I jumped out of the tub and put my arms round his neck and I kissed him."

No doubt the pony felt well repaid!

THE COAL SITUATION

It is markedly evident that Canada's coal situation as it affects the great importing Eastern industrial area is changing. The raising of the duty on slack coal imported from the United States an the troubles which have beset production in the Republic this year, taken in conjunction with the favorable reception which has been accorded to British coal imports in the past two years, have had the effect of bringing to Canada in the first seven months of 1925 a volume of British anthracite in excess of the total imports of this commodity in 1924.

Taking the Canadian coal situation as it existed at the end of May, the last date at which complete statistics are available, the output of coal in Canada was 74 per cent. of the five-year average for the period, the imports of coal into the Dominion 87 per cent. of the five-year average, and exports but 37 per cent. of the same average. Yet in the 1925 period imports of anthracite coal from Great Britain totalled 95,047 tons, against 436,039, as against 25,319 tons of the British product against 1,433,021 tons of the American in the previous year. In other words, whilst imports from the United States remained practically at the same figure, those from Great Britain in the five months increased by nearly three hundred per cent.

Great British Increase for Year.

The import of British coal has continued substantially at the port of Montreal, and according to authoritative figures, at the end of July 246,316 tons of Welsh and Scottish anthracite had been brought to Canada, as against a total import of 219,327 tons into the Dominion in all 1924. Furthermore, marking a departure in the Canadian coal importing business, 762 tons of British coke were unloaded at the Quebec port.

It is clear that, favored by Canadian importers and consumers, the product from the United Kingdom is gaining a firmer foothold on the Canadian market. At the same time efforts are being continued towards effecting an economic provision of coal for Central Canada from the Western provinces. The combined movements should gradually bring about an amelioration of what has long been the area's most pressing and irritating problem.

Jingles for the Little Tot.

Once a fairy came and played
With a very little maid.
And the game was hide and seek.
"Shut your eyes and don't you peek,"
Said the fairy, and she hid
In a tulip. Yes, she did.

Then this little girl so fair
Hunted for her everywhere,
Underneath the porch she crawled,
"Hunko! Hunko!" then she called,
Which I needn't here explain,
Is a sign the search is vain.

All the yard she wandered o'er,
Looked behind the kitchen door,
Looked behind the maple tree,
Everywhere she thought she'd be.
Couldn't find a single trace
Of that fairy's hiding place.

Then she saw a tulip sway
Back and forth, in just this way,
And she tip-toed up to see
If the fairy there could be;
Out the fairy jumped kerslam,
Laughing, shouting: "Here I am!"

—Edgar A. Guest.

Forged Papers Aged.

Criminals are not often so thorough in their work as to discolor the paper of forged documents, when these are supposed to be some years old. Such an instance, however, has recently come to light. An analyst's suspicions were aroused by what appeared to be brush marks on a yellow paper. Chemical analysis revealed that the paper had been brushed with a weak infusion of tea to give it the age corresponding to the forged date.

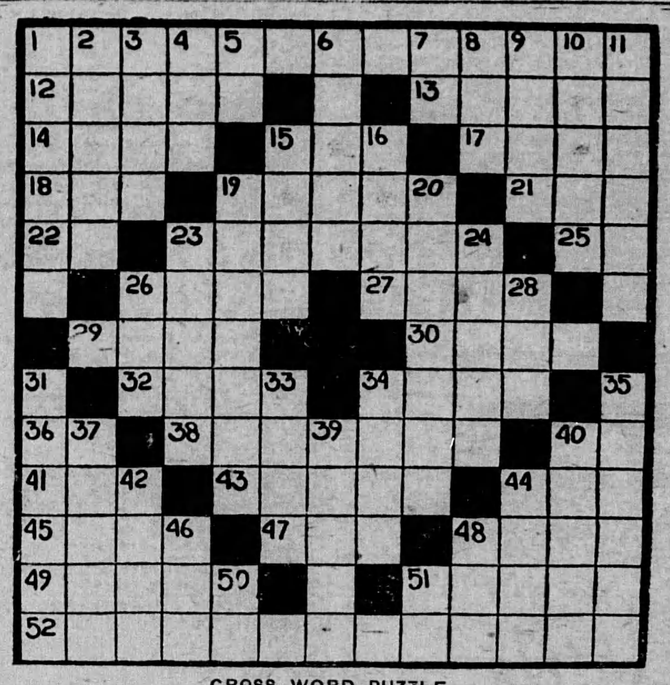
Short Measure.

Sharp Maid—"Do you call this a pint?"

Milkman—"Yes!"

"Well, it won't do. When we want condensed milk we buy it at the grocer's."

Most of the cheese consumed in England is produced within the British Empire. Only twelve per cent. is foreign.



CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Every number in the form represents the beginning of a word, reading either horizontally or vertically. If there is a black square to the left of the number, the word is horizontal; if above it, the word is vertical. The same number may of course begin both a horizontal and a vertical. The definitions for the correct words to fill the form are found below, with numbers corresponding to those on the form. Run through the definitions till you find one that you recognize, and put it in its proper place on the form, one letter for each white square. This will furnish several cross-clues to the words linking with it at right angles. Continue in this manner till the form is completely filled. If you have solved the puzzle correctly it should read both horizontally and vertically with words corresponding to the definitions.

Horizontal.
1. In an entertaining manner.
12. Destines
13. A Russian girl's name.
14. The God of love.
15. Common level.
17. Heated
18. To request
19. A citrous fruit
21. Woe (Scotch)
22. Left end (Football abbr.)
23. An occupation
25. Tin (symbol)
26. Fog
27. To ensnare.
29. To stop
30. A musical instrument.
32. A metrical composition.
34. To preserve in brine.
36. Exist.
38. A large genus of shell fish (plural)
40. Grain (abbr).
41. The cover.
43. A jet of steam issuing from a fissure in the earth.
44. A southern constellation.
45. A den.
47. An epoch
48. Ran.
49. An ant (dialect).
51. A desert animal.
52. Composed; serene; collected

Vertical.
1. A standard of perfection (plural).
2. Of or pertaining to Scandinavia.
3. Grasped.
4. Printers' measures.
5. Rupees (abbr.).
6. Unites.
7. Part of the verb "to be".
8. At this time.
9. To bite with repeated effort.
10. A coin of Italy (plural).
11. In China the official headquarters of a mandarin (plu.).
15. Saucy.
16. To defeat.
19. Splendors; sheens.
20. The final emancipation of the soul from transmigration (Buddhism)
23. One who steers a boat.
24. Flexible appendages.
26. A representation of the earth's surface.
28. A cooking vessel.
31. Surrounded with a wall.
33. Anything very small (slang)
34. A long upholstered seat.
35. An infant's bed.
37. A Southern resort
39. Revolves.
40. To welcome.
42. Makes less bright.
44. A girl's name.
46. A kind of ribbed fabric
48. An implement for stirring up a breeze.
50. Tantalum (symbol).
51. To proceed.

This puzzle took fourteen minutes to solve. See how long it will take you to solve it.

False Notes.

In describing music, many famous writers have made "howlers" of which the veriest amateur would be ashamed. Everyone knows "Come into the Garden, Maud," but how many have stopped to think of the orchestra which Tennyson described? It consisted of flute, violin, and bassoon—a perfectly impossible combination. But worse follows. In order to make a rhyme for "bassoon," the poet laureate described the dancers as "dancing in tune." He confused "tune" with "time."

Another famous poet, Samuel Coleridge, made an equally bad mistake. In his poem, 'The Ancient Mariner," he speaks of the "loud bassoon." Of all the instruments in the orchestra the bassoon is the quietest; no one who has heard its grave voice would care to describe it as loud.

Charles Lamb frankly confessed that he knew nothing of music. He said that he could not tell a soprano voice from a tenor, and only knew a "thorough bass" by its being extremely harsh and disagreeable. No one will doubt his ignorance of music after reading that sentence, for he has confused the bass voice with "thorough bass," which is a musical shorthand.

In a once popular novel the hero is in the habit of bringing out his 'cello and playing Beethoven's symphonies! It is not necessary to be an expert musician to know that a symphony is a work for an orchestra; while it is possible to play a version of a symphony on the piano or organ, to attempt to do so on the 'cello would be ludicrous.

The absurd idea that it is possible to play the piano or sing without technique still lingers. Not long ago an eminent French writer wrote of a lady who played the piano, although she had never practised! She had a wonderful touch, and played, amongst other pieces, a study of Chopin's. As it happens, this study is one of the most difficult ever written, and even a Paderewski or a Pachmann could not play it perfectly without study!

Looking Ahead.

Manufacturer—"What's your idea in naming our product "Ouioui?"

Ad Man—"Free publicity. Six letters, all vowels. Within six weeks it'll be in every cross-word puzzle that's published.

About Some Customs.

The origin of customs is a very interesting study. Many of our customs are so old that we cannot trace them, but others we can.

For example, shaking hands. This is supposed to have originated in the days of chivalry. If two knights joined their right hands, of course they were rendered unable to draw and use their swords against each other. In this way, shaking hands was a token that they would be, for the time, at peace with each other—friends, and no longer enemies.

Lifting the hat is another custom that no doubt has a military origin. In old times, soldiers wore helmets, or iron hats. To remove the helmet, was to put the head at the mercy of another—in other words, to show trust and confidence in the honor of the other party.

After awhile, to lift the hat, which was a remnant of the custom of removing the helmet, came to signify somewhat of the same thing—a trust in the courtesy, the friendship of the person met. Of course, it is nowadays a mere act of formal politeness, and may not always be intended in its full sense; but that is its meaning. "I bare my head to you, for you are my friends; you will not take advantage of my unprotected state to do me any injury."

The military salute is said to have originated at tournaments. All the knights who had ridden, as they passed the lady who had been chosen Queen of Love and Beauty, raised their hand to the eye, as if to shield the sight from the dazzling loveliness of the queen.

"Good-bye" is a form of the old and fuller expression, "God be with ye," as "farewell" is of "fare thee well," and "good morning" of "I wish you a good morning."

Bowing to another is a remnant of military days. When one army conquered another, the conquerors selected the chiefs of the vanquished side, or some of the principal legions or regiments, and made them pass under a spear laid across two others planted in the ground. Bending the head is, therefore, a sort of sign of humility before the person bowed to. Nowadays, it is a formal act, and signifies only deference and politeness.

In other countries other modes of salutation, and of showing politeness, exist. For instance, in some lands, two people meet, drop down on their knees, and touch their noses together! It would be very rude to meet a friend and not touch your nose to his; he would feel that you did not care for him any longer.

In early days, and in Eastern lands, persons used to fall down on their faces before others, if they wished to show them great respect.

Customs are queer things, but it is well to observe all proper ones; and, if any are evil, to try and correct them.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

Does Mutt Act Like a Blooming Bounder? Well Rawther!