WHAT THE QUEEN TALKS ABOUT

"She looks sweet, but I do wish we could hear her speak and know what she talks about!" exclaimed a girl at a picture-palace, when a topical film showing the Queen was flashed on the screen. Her Majesty could be seen smiling and talking with various people.

Royal ladies do less "public speaking" than their male relations, so that we have fewer opportunities of hearing their voices.

The Queen has a clear, distinct speaking voice, which compels attention. She looks directly at the person to whom she is speaking and uses her eyes as well as her lips. Her Majesty is a good conversationalist and prefers serious subjects.

Books, old and new; historic and architectural antiquities; old prints, china, silver, and fans; travel—these are the things about which the Queen likes to talk to her friends. Often she surprises them by the extent and depth of her knowledge.

The Little Duchess.

Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, has a much shyer voice than her mother, and sometimes she speaks so quietly that it is not easy to hear her. Despite this diffidence of manner, however, Princess Mary's voice has a positive note in it, and when she makes statements or suggestions they are based on knowledge.

The Princess does not take a great interest in antiques, and is not quite so serious in her talk as is the Queen. Children and children's welfare, flowers and gardening, animals and birds of all sorts, from mice to horses and poultry, are among her favorite subjects of conversation. She is also quite fond of discussing clothes with her intimate women friends.

A more definite and much "bigger" voice than one would expect from her slightness of stature belongs to the little Duchess of York. Like the Queen, the Duchess talks in a way which suggests a woman of great capability. She smiles a lot while talking, but always in the right places, but is bright and vital and vivacious. The Duchess like to talk about current topics, is keen to hear about new places and life in various parts of the world, and loves discussing country matters, especially those relating to Scotland.

"Her Royal Shyness."

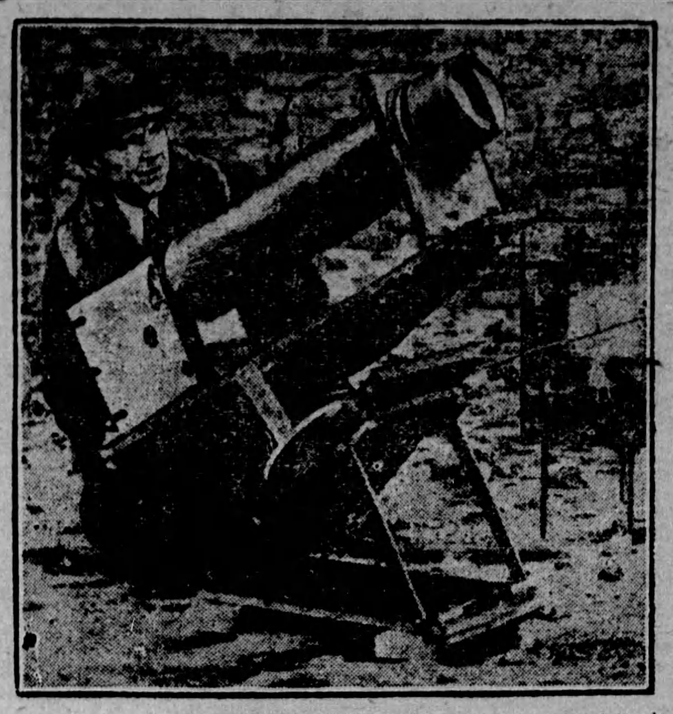
She is very interested in talking about new plays, and since her marriage she has shared her husband's interest in industrial welfare. But where the Duchess scores particularly as a conversationalist is that she has a real gift for talking about any subject in which the other person is interested.

Princess Helena Victoria has a pleasant, smiling way with her, and a voice which I once heard truly described as "motherly."

"She spoke to me in such a nice comforting, motherly way," said a workgirl who had been scared to death by the prospect of facing a real Princess.

Princess Marie Louise has perhaps the best speaking voice of all the British Royal ladies; she speaks with clear crispness and has a wide knowledge of many things.

The Princess Royal, despite her old nickname of "Her Royal Shyness," is an excellent conversationalist, and has very definite ideas upon the things she discusses. Her two daughters, Princess Arthur of Connaught and Lady Maud Carnegie, have both nice girlish voices.



The largest motion picture camera in the world will be used to photograph the total eclipse of the sun on January 14, 1926, at Benkeelen, Sumatra. Capt. Barnett Harris, U.S.R., of the Harvard eclipse foundation, is shown.

Britain's Loneliest Man.

The protection which is now extended to our wild birds has led to a number of people taking up a new profession—that of bird-watcher, says an English newspaper.

Women are being attracted to this life, in spite of the fact that it is a solitary one. But few women would like to change places with Henry Edwardson, the loneliest man in Britain.

Edwardson became guardian of the birds of Herma Ness, Unst, Shetland Islands, in the eighties, and for the last nineteen years has been watcher under the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

For a third of every year he lives in a small hut on the crags, and his only contact with human beings is once a week, when food and letters are brought from Haroldswick, the post office, "farthest north." Out to sea from Edwardson's hut is the Muckle Flaggo Lighthouse, which just beats the watcher's home as the most northerly inhabited dwelling in Britain.

Live Owl in Police Court.

Among the list of lost property published by the police of Leeds, England, is a live owl with rings on its legs.

Every Day.

The main concern in life is not to gird ourselves that we may face exceptional, overwhelming crises, but rather to meet with courage and good cheer the occurrences of every day. We are not to blame when the longing stirs in us for a new and thrilling incident, a change of scene or a contact with a fascinating personality that shall transport us from the environment we know so well to a different sphere of thought and feeling. The urge is natural and primal. It may supply an incentive or create a fixed ambition. The thought of a good time coming is an inspiration while we labor in a task of duty and of conscience wherein the element of fun is meagre or nonexistent.

But one of the lessons we have to learn as we graduate from youth to maturity and to the assumption of responsibility is that life cannot all be play, that holidays are the guerdon of working days, and we have to make up our minds, if we are to be of lasting account, that on the way we do each day's work depends our ultimate rating as servants of the race. We are not called on by our fate to lead a cavalry charge, or direct a symphony orchestra, or thrill the multitude from the motion-picture screen, or write a book that tops the list of best sellers, or sold exalted political office, or wield a far-ramifying power as executive in corporate administration. But with every worthy design of making the most of our opportunities and the best of ourselves, each of us in his place every day has the same amount of time committed to his charge, to use well or ill according to his own free choice. The day belongs to each of us, the same number of sunny or beclouded hours are bestowed on "rich man, poor mon, beggar man, thief," for virtue or for vice, for business or indolence. It rests with us, one by one, to decide how we shall use the time. The kind of day it is to be depends not on the weather, not on the caprice of fortune, but on our own valorous performance, each in his own place, through thick and thin.

Rama VI.
King of Siam, who passed away recently after having occupied the throne for fifteen years.

The Shepherd.

The shepherd is an ancient man,
His back is bent, his foot is slow;
Although the heavens he doth not scan,
He scents what winds shall blow.

His face is like the pippin, grown
Red ripe, in frosty suns that shone;
'Tis hard and wrinkled, as a stone
The rains have rained upon.

When tempests sweep the dripping plain,
He stands unmoved beneath the hedge,
Ans sees the columns of the rain,
The storm-cloud's shattered edge.

Short speech he hath for man and beast;
Some fifty words are all his store.
Why should his language be increased?
He hath no need for more.

There is no change he doth desire,
Of far-off lands he hath not heard;
Beside his wife, before the fire,
He sits, and speaks no word.

—Arthur Christopher Benson.

A Poem Worth Knowing.

An Ideal.

During his brief life of thirty years Percy Bysshe Shelley wrote a great mass of poetry. He was constantly in revolt against the narrow spirit of his times, but his verse is noble and filled with the very breath of freedom.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent:
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

Every time it rains the real optimist consoles himself with the thought that the sun is shining somewhere.

On Style.

Mere attention to words is not enough; for real style is not a matter of showiness. Solicitude over verbal niceties quenches the ardour of imagination. But no appropriate word will be lost, if one . . . by prolonged and judicious reading acquires a plentiful stock of words and applies thereto skill in arrangement, and, further, strengthens the whole by abundant practice, so that all is constantly at hand and before one's eyes. When our words are sound Latin, significant, elegant, and fittingly arranged, why should we labor for anything more?—Quintilian.

The Poor Porter.

A traveler, being in a great hurry, told his hotel porter at the station to buy his railway ticket for him. The traveler then got aboard the train, and just as it was about to pull out the porter galloped up to the window breathlessly.

"Yer ticket, sir," he said. "A dollar ninety-eight, sir."

"Thank you very much," said the traveler, taking the ticket as the train gathered speed. Here's a dollar—you can keep the ninety-eight cents for yourself."

Mamma Has Her Reason.

Visitor—"Do you like to recite?"

Marjorie—"No; but mamma always asks me to because it makes visitors go home!"

Automatic Fog Warnings Made by New Device.

Thanks to the invention of a young professor in the National University of Ireland—J. J. Dawling—Dublin is the first port in the world to possess a completely automatic lighthouse and fog-signaling service.

Mr. Dowling has devised a quite simple arrangement by which the advent of a fog starts the warnings of the apparatus. It has been under test at the Dublin port for the last year and, having answered all the demands made upon it, is now pronounced a complete success.

On one side of the River Liffey is a lamp which projects a ray of light obliquely across the channel upon a large lens window in the wall of a lighthouse. The light is thereby concentrated on a light sensitive cell within the lighthouse producing a minute electrical effect which is enlarged by a magnifier until a current strong enough to operate a relay is produced. When the light ray is weakened sufficiently by a fog, the relay current reverses and closes an electric circuit, causing the powerful fog-signaling machinery to operate.

A special device prevents passing ships, puffs of smoke, seabirds or other transient interruptions from operating the apparatus, a persistent weakening of the light, due to fog, alone having any effect. The apparatus is capable of operating without attention and the original installation, after a year's service, is giving complete satisfaction.

Doves.

What folly lies in forcasts and in fears
Like a wide laughter sweet and opportune,
Wet from the fount, three hunded doves of Paul's
Shook their warm wings, drizzling the golden noon,
And in their rain-cloud vanished up the walls.
"God keeps," I said, "our little flock of years."

—Louise Imogen Guiney, in "Happy Ending."

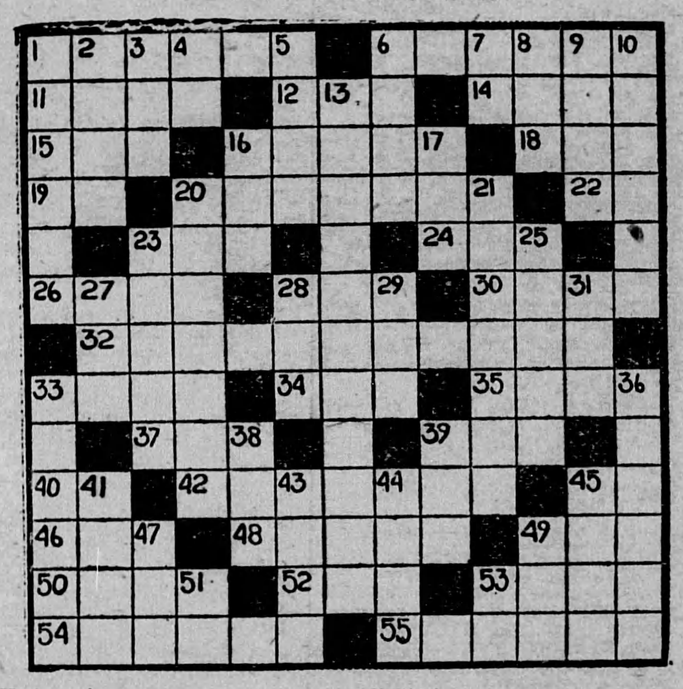
Virtue.

But never will we barter virtue for gold. Virtue lasts for ever; money flies from hand to hand.—Solon.

How Styles Change.

As a means of boosting the mortality rate the appendix has long since given place to the accelerator.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



Horizontal.

1. Treats maliciously.
6. To stake money upon a certain event.
11. A game played on horseback.
12. To be ill.
14. Affirmative votes.
15. The whole quantity.
16. Took dinner.
18. And so forth.
19. To perform.
20. Crumbles into small particles.
22. A cry of surprise.
23. To color.
24. An affirmative.
26. To be in motion.
28. A character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
30. A demonstrative pronoun.
32. Looked forward to.
33. A combat between two persons.
34. To employ.
35. Thin.
37. A large body of water.
39. Human beings.
40. In such a manner.
42. Put in a stable.
45. You and I.
46. To make a certain kind of lace-edging.
48. Brilliancy of success or effort.
49. To invite.
50. A public school in England.
52. A number.
53. Countenance.
54. An island of the Mediterranean Sea noted for a Colossus.
55. Conveyed or transfered by deed.

Vertical.

1. Garden implements.
2. A game played on horseback.
3. Sick.
4. A preposition.
5. A piece of canvas used on a ship.
6. Mirth.
7. Belonging to me.
8. A stinging insect.
9. A thin narrow sthip of wood used in building.
10. One who accompanies someone.
13. Not capable of being divided.
16. A deer.
17. Free from moisture.
20. Shrubs with evergreen leaves and white or rosy flowers.
21. Established a dwelling.
23. Partakes of a certain meal.
25. Luster.
27. A Greek letter.
28. A small shield carried in the 14th century.
29. To imitate.
31. A girl's name.
33. An implement used for dusting.
36. Required.
38. Consumed.
39. Came together.
41. A solemn appeal to God.
43. Parts of plays.
44. To go ashore.
45. Small rodents.
47. Also.
49. Wicked.
51. Initials of a northwestern state.
53. Ferrous (Symbol).

Man Who Chose Unknown Soldier Works for Grocer.

Auguste Thin, the private selected to choose the body of the hero who lies beneath the Arc de Triomphe and to whom millions already have paid homage, is now a grocer's assistant in Paris, and is glad to be alive.

On November 10, 1920, he was summoned by the Minister of War, who handed to the private a small bunch of flowers saying: "Soldier Thin, you have in front of you eight coffins draped with the Tricolor. The coffin upon which you deposit this bunch of flowers will be designated to represent the Unknown Soldier of France."

Thin saluted, trembling—he was 18 years of age. He stumbled past the eight coffins and half-dazed, placed the bunch of flowers on one.

Then four privates, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, the French Military Medal, the Croix de Guerre with many bars, stepped out and while "La Marseillaise" crashed out its inspiring hymn the coffin of the Unknown Hero of France was removed from the citadel of Verdun to a beflagged gun carriage to be entrained to Paris and thence to the Arc de Triomphe.

Thin now sells half a pound of butter, a box of sardines and with his meagre wages keeps his little family. His daughter, aged 2, accompanied M. and Mme. Thin to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier recently. The three Thins were in the crowd, but Mme. Thin was inwardly more proud than the diplomat strutting under the Arc de Triomphe, while more than 200 French flags dipped as they were carried past.

Answer to last week's puzzle:

S	A	I	N	T		S	T	E	A	L	S	
A		S	U	E	T		O	K	R	A		
G	O		T	A	R	T		E	T	C	H	
E	V	E		M	E	E	T		S	E	E	
S	A	M	P		E	A	R	S		D	R	
	L	I	A	R		L	I	P	S		O	
R		T	R	U	E		P	E	L	T		
U	S		K	E	Y	S		D	A	R	K	
B	U	D		R	E	A	P		M	A	R	
B	R	A	T		S	L	A	B		M	O	
E	G	R	E	T		T	R	A	P		N	
R	E	T	A	I	N		T	A	S	T	E	

Protecting the Farmers' Savings.

A matter that is causing grave concern to Canada's responsible financial and business men is the investing of the farmers' hard-earned savings. Canadian farmers have had good crops this year and are receiving fairly good prices therefor. By far the greater portion of them have a little put away in the bank for a rainy day. This is all to the good.

Unfortunately, there are certain parasites that find easy pickings among Canadian farmers when times are good. These are the promoters of doubtful companies and salesmen of securities or articles that are not worth the prices paid therefor. All kinds of companies are floated and stock sold at from a few cents a share up. Much of this is unloaded upon the farmer. He receives a stock certificate, and in many—nay, the majority—of cases, this is all he receives. Farmers should beware of these gentry. Any proposition that is worth the price to-day does not have any difficulty in placing its securities. Legitimate bond houses report a dearth of good securities. This is evidenced by the keen competition for government and municipal issues.

When the Canadian farmer is approached by those who would have him part with his savings, before signing any paper he should consult his bank manager. The latter is in a position to safely advice, and his advice should be taken. The responsible bond salesman will be only too glad to have the banker's endorsement, while the fake promoter will endeavor to show that the banker is prejudiced against his scheme. This should be sufficient to put any investors on their guard. After the farmer has parted with his money regrets will be of little avail.

The Incomplete Bible.

"Is any of the Bible lost to the world?" Yes, nine books and one psalm are mentioned in the Bible, and we have no trace of them. These are lost to the world—while many of the other books are lost on the world!

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

Jeff is Very Efficient at Doing Some Things.