"MEND YOUR SPEECH"

The story is told of a professor who was looking over the English work of one of his pupils, whom he thus accosted, with half-meant severity: "Sir, your vocabulary is mean and poor—but is amply sufficient for the expression of your ideas." So far as the glory of words is concerned in the expression of our English tongue we may truthfully writ "Ichabod" on the facade of the Temple of Speech. We are in an age of sloppiness and slang. Who can fail to be touched by the delightful spontanity and individuality in the speech of children till the time when they go to school. Then very soon everything is "cute," "peachy," "great." They lose that instinctive feeling for words, and that elemental quality in them, that made their childish talk burn and shine with extraordinary illumination. Everywhere nowadays one may hear men and women talk sloppily. The magazines rarely rise above journalese. The newspapers often fall below that.

This Hurried Age.

Style and literature seem to belong to a past age when people had leisure and desire to write cadenced prose and classic verse. But our language, we think, must be devastatingly direct and shockingly staccato. All too often our written word moves forward with a series of jerks, and with the unmusical effect of a machine gun in action. Our vernacular has become vapid and threadbare, and we seem to have lost sight of the fact that it is through our folk-speech that we attain to the characteristic expression of our nature. It is the mother-tongue which gives to our matured thought the relief and illumination it seeks in the utterance of words. After new impressions are received, comes the comparing, judging, reducing them to order and meaning, and in this act the aid of words is sought when new judgments spring from the wordless recesses of thought or feeling under the stimulus of experience or emotion. It is thus that the thought is enriched and enlarged. Hence we see the importance of an exact and free use of the mother-tongue.

Through its medium we achieve our highest and best literaly expression. Witness Bunyan, Sir Thomas Browne Stevenson, Emerson, Ruskin. All the resources of language lie ready to be quarried and polished to a marble finish, but most people seem satisfied to hack and chop, and to chisel with rough tools. Even in college and seminary there is little quest for elevation of style, and while the modern oratorical address is often sound and helpful, it is likewise often scant in ideas and lacking in rhetoric. The increased, enriched, and pruned vocabulary that avoids garrulity, shallow facility, and the halting manner, is exceedingly rare. Our use of words witnesses to the superficiality of our thought.

Majesty of English.

"Mend your speech," said Shakespeare, "lest it mar your fortunes." When Shakespeare wrote the English language was woven into a cloth of gold, whose lustre we have allowed to become dimmed. The allurements of hidden continents and shadowed oceans, the imperilous life of horizons and the discoveries of mariners and explorers, all drained their essence into literary expression. The rich heritage of that pinnacle of unapproachable splendor in the literary art ought to make us mend our manners and our speech.

"The evil of slang," writes Walter Eaton Prichard, "is its failure of immortality." And an editor who is feeling after finer things for the daily press has recently declared:

"Realism when applied to the speech of the day, can only achieve the success of the day."

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver." It will attract the eye, hold the ear, and delight the heart, feed the understanding. The fit word is the inevitable word, the musical word. The English language is a rich deposit and we ought to draw upon it generously and with discrimination.

PHINEAS FOGG, NEW STYLE

John Goldstrom, aviator-writer, shaking hands with Capt. Rostron, of the Maurentania, on the start of his dash around the world. Looking on is John H. Mears, who circled the globe in 35 days. Goldstrom, using ships, trains and planes, hopes to do it in 31 days.

The Welcome.

God spreads a carpet soft and green,
O'er which we pass;
A thick piled mat of jeweled sheen—
And that is Grass.

Delightful music woos the ear;
The grass is stirred,
Down to the heart of every spear—
Ah, that's a Bird.

Clouds roll before a blue immense,
That stretches high
And lends the soul exalted sense—
That scroll's a Sky.

Green rollers flaunt their sparkling crests,
Their jubilee
Extols brave captains and their quests—
And that is Sea.

New-leaping grass, the feathery flute,
The sapphire ring,
The sea's full-voiced profuund salute—
Ah, this is Spring!

—Arthur Powell.

Hints for Singers.

The successful singer must have so much more than mere voice, and technique that it is a marvel that we have had as many successes as we have, under existing conditions. The singer must be a linguist; he must be a close student of human nature; he must be a thorough musician, and should play at least one instrument, preferably the piano; he should understand something of composition and theory; he should be trained in stage deportment and acting; he should have a good education.

* * * *

He should be thoroughly trained in the various schools of composition, and his education should also include discussions on such standards of education and form of expression, so that he may develop a keen sense of proportion and a knowledge of human nature such, that every color of voice, every change of emotion will be developed, and so he will, in addition, form an ideal which he will never lower, a sanity of judgment and a sense of the fitness of things, which will make a great man as well as a great artist.

* * * *

If we are to obtain a method of educating the singer as he should be educated, we must begin to form such standards of education and such a curriculum as exists in the study of other arts and sciences. Whether this will include a standardization of what we call the vocal method, remains to be seen, but it would seem ridiculous to assume, that to standardize a method of teaching were impossible.

England doubled her consumption of ice cream last year.— Dr. C. W. Larson.

Fiddle Re-Makers.

It seems a little singular that much of the best talent among violin makers of the present time is devoted to remaking violins rather than to making new ones. The present-day makers, with few exceptions, bow before the art of the makers of past centuries rather than attempting to make new instruments to surpass them.

One of the reasons for this is purely commercial. The old violin, bought at a fancy price by the artist or by the connnoisseur, immediately becomes a most valuable piece of property. Its owner, having signed the cheque for his new property, is loath to let any bungler tamper with so delicately constructed and so beautiful an instrument. Therefore he goes to the highest-priced specialist and is willing to pay him a large figure to repair the violin. The instrument may need—repairing a crack, restoring the belly or the ribs to shape, adjusting the base bar, filling worm holes, fitting the blocks and linings—these things require something far more than a sure hand and good craftsmanship. They call for brains and experience. Do you wonder that they cost money? There are comparatively few men who have the skill to repair valuable instruments; and, naturally, their services command large pay.

A Doubtful Testimonial.

Have you ever been curious about a letter that some friend has written about you to introduce you to another? Then imagine how trying it would be to have the letter in a language you could not read! In the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company they used to give "certificates" of good character to those Indians who seemed to deserve it. These the Indians called "teapots," since that was as near as they could get to the pronunciation. They valued them greatly, carried them around with them and always presented them when they wished to do some trading with a white man. One old Indian kept one for year, presenting it whenever occasion offered, and never guessed that what it said was:

"This old fellow is a regular scamp. Watch him or he will cheat you out of everything. He lies like the mischief."

The House Beautiful.

The house beautiful—a place of good influence and great peace. Men and women may sometimes, after great effort, achieve a creditable lie, but the house which is their temple can not say anything except the truth of those who have lived in it.—Rudyard Kipling.

Fancy Nut Cracker.

A novel nut cracker is made in the form of a squirrel, the jaws doing the work.

"THREE FACES UNDER A HOOD"

Colonel Younghusband in one of his books describes a wonderful journey from the Ganges Valley up to the Himalayas. He speaks with enthusiasm of the great variety of plant life he found. Blooms treasured at home in hothouses there grew in wild profusion. There were some four hundred varieties of orchids. There were giant lilies, of new and impressive beauty, with fourteen flowers on a single stalk, each flower four and a half inches across and equally long. It was a great hour to find such exquisite blooms growing wild, but he adds, "We shall never be able to give to even the most exquisite orchid or the most perfect lily the same affection that we give to the primroses and violets of our native land."

Among these flowers of childhood, each has its own favorite blooms, which for him at least is the most potent holder of memory. Not long ago an old man, on holiday in the country, stopped for some time along the grassy margin of a lane, to pick a little flower known as eyebright. He had so picked it as a boy for his mother. For him the little eyebright was a flower of recall.

One of the flowers of remembered childhood is hearts-ease. In memory its 'three faces under a hood" still smile from an uncultivated corner of an old country garden. Grandfather took much pride in his dahlias, geraniums and roses, but thought nothing of the little flowers that shone like stars in that neglected nook. They received no care and were never pointed to with a grower's pride. The garden was not too tidy. It had no objection to a touch of wildness, not at last in that outer garden. For there was an inner garden, shut by means of a small padlocked gate. There, the things that mattered grew. There grew, what to us children were forbidden fruit and forbidden flowers.

The hearts-ease was not forbidden. It grew and the children could gather. In so gathering they found no mean joy, and in the firmament of memory, there is for one of them one glory of hearts-ease and another and lesser glory of dahlia.

Memories of the past gather like clustered hadoes round those simple flowers—a boy's holidays in the country—a clematis covered cottage, a trellised and rose-covered porch, the cooing of a dove, the lane with honeysuckle and wild roses, fir cones and bird nests.

If wild flowers are a sort of music, then these overtones of memory are not their least wonder.

"I never see the wild rose now," wrote Dean Hole, "but I am wandering once more through the bowery lanes with my little sister's hand in mine."

The Quest.

Life is an endless quest, and its meaning is determined by what we are looking for. It is not necessary that we shall find what we seek, arrive at a pre-determined goal and be able to assure ourselves and the world triumphantly that the thing we have attained is exactly what we always wanted. What matters greatly is that we shall continue to strive and to move onward. It has been wisely said that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. And "a man sits as many risks as he runs."

But a mere restlessness does not make a lifetime noble and fruitful. Curiosity, though limitless and unappeased, of itself produces nothing. We have too much with us those who wish to be electrified continually by the tingling shock of fresh thrills and sensations, though the reaction leaves them spent. They seem to believe the world was made to amuse them; they are onlookers at a play, strollers through a museum, perpetual guests at a feast of bounty and of beauty, whoever remains outside and unfed.

They need a vision; and it is forever true that "where there is no vision the people perish." They need to see that this world, though made for each of us, as Browning said, was made that we might serve it and not merely use it; might give to it and not simply take therefrom, and might add by the contribution of our toiling lives and thinking minds to the sum total of the truth and goodness that we found when we came here. Of little avail is the quest if the outcome is but treasure-trove that we put by for ourselves; and we are bound by the fact of our humanity as well as by our inheritance of the divine to remember always that "the best things any mortal hath are those that every mortal shares."

Advice.

Let any man show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone,
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone. —Lytton.

Two Qualities.

Life is mostly froth and bubbles;
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

Sunday Schools Should Encourage Good Music.

It is fitting that only the best music should be associated with religious work, and there is no better place to begin than in the Sunday school. The history of religion is, to a large extent, the history of music. As one has said, "The church has always worn a garment of praise. From the monotoned prayers of the early priests to the symphonies of Beethoven and to the tone poems of Strauus and Scriabin is one long continuous chain of history. The monotone became a melody. Melody wedded to melody became counterpoint. Out of these three—melody, counterpoint and harmony—the tissue and texture of all music proceeds."

There is another Biblical saying that is applicable here. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Set a poor song for children and you will have poor singing, but give them something worth while, even though it takes more effort, the result will be well worth the pains, for the "reaping" will be of the best.

Who has not been thrilled to hear a boys' choir render some of the great music of the Christian church? And who has not been pained when the same boys had been led to sing some of the "wretched rants" (as they have been called) which are all too common in some of those hymnals designed for the use of children only? Many churches now have junior choirs for the morning service, sometimes composed only of girls' voices, and to hear the fresh opranos, with the budding altos, sing a two-part anthem of the higher class music of the church brings a sense of pure worship to the congregation.

She—"How dare you ask for a kiss?"
He—Because I didn't dare to take it without asking."

Is Forest Conservation Worth While?

The forest property we must protect from destruction by fire keeps a hundred thousand people in work. This number really represents about one hundred thousand families, so that the real number of people depending upon the work of converting the forest into marketable products is at least three or four times as great. The pro ucts of the forest add nearly a half billion dollars each year to our national wealth. Pulp and paper making is our largest manufacturing industry. Sawmilling is our third largest manufacturing industry. The hydro-electric power, which means so much to our industrial development, depends upon sustained stream flow and sustained stream flow depends upon the presence of a green forest cover on the thousand hills where the streams find their sources. Isn't it worth while to invest a larger insurance premium to maintain all these things? Isn't it worth while to make our forest protective organizations more effective, so that they can—win in the nip and tuck race with increasing dangers and liabilities? The forests must be given the advantage in the race if they are to remain with us and with them prosperity.—Dr. Clifton D. Howe, in Canadian Forest and Outdoors.

It is better to lose a minute in avoiding a possible accident than a month in nursing an injury.

Music Language for the Children.

In its last analysis, music is a language, and it grows to the fullness of form, color and content, very much as do the materials of language itself. It would be absurd to teach children to speak by starting them on the alphabet, yet that is what too many people still try to do with the language of music. We let children gain their first vocabulary and considerable fluency of speech entirely by imitation, and in exactly the same way we should let them, and adults as well, pick up the essentials of music language "by ear."

After they have become accustomed to the sounds of music, and can perhaps utter them with some confidence, there is time enough to begin the study of musical spelling, grammar and rhetoric. They will find the notes of music literally corresponding to the letters of the alphabet, and chord combinations corresponding to words of varying simplicity or elaborateness. They will find that these letters and words can be built up into phrases, clauses and whole sentences; that sentences grow naturally into paragraphs, and paragraphs into chapters.

The language of music is universal, for it is delivered through tones that everyone can hear, and in symbols that anyone can understand. And it has the vast advantage over any and every spoken language that even when it is imperfectly comprehended, it rewards the listener with a direct thrill of pleasure that no one can take away from him, and for which there is no substitute.

Good Company.

To possess a small collection of well chosen volumes, lighting up a corner of your room, is to have beside you the wisest and best men in the world. The pleasure and profit of their company is your own. They are there to instruct you; to make you hopeful, trustful, thoughtful, better. Would you deny yourself this? Know well the volums you can gather together. Help and instruct others to know and like what is best suited to their needs. Teach them how to approach a book. Nothing has greater influence or is more potent in young people than a love for good books.—Thomas Tapper, in "Chats with Music Students."

Aberdeen Again.

A clergyman married a very old couple—the bride was sixty-eight and the bridegroom seventy. The latter had buried two wives.

After the ceremony the bridegroom said, "Well, minister, I may tell ye she was my first love."

"Yes, sir, I was that," said the woman, "for when I was a lassie o' twenty he used to trot me out along the road where your manse now stands."

After a little the bridegroom got more confidential still, and said, "Yes, sir, she was my first love, and it wud hae been better for me if I had marrit her first. It wud has saved me twa burials."

No Eve.

"Can you drive with one hand?" asked the girl in a gentle voice.

"You bet I can," replied the young man eagerly.

"Then have an apple," answered the young creature.

Looked As If He Could.

He—"Can I make love to you?"

She—"Really I couldn't say; but you look as capable as any of the boys."

Wanderer's Song.

The earth is my country,
I travel unknown,
Yet where I may wander
I go not alone,
The hills are my kindred
And the place where I dwell
Knows her son like a mother
And comforts me well.

The wind is my comrade,
His counsel is good,—
Long days on the upland,
At nightfall, the wood;
Her wide eaves are shelter
And her bed is the best
With a rain-song for slumber
When wanderers rest.

The earth is my kingdom,
My king, who is he?
His crown is the desert,
His scepter the sea,
His feet tread the hill-lines
That are lost in the dawn,
And his hand plucks my heart-strings
Compelling me on.

—T. Morris Longstreth.

The Highest Lake in World.

The highest lake in the world is Green Lake, in Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. Forests surround it, and snow always covers the neighboring mountain-tops. One of these mountains, called Gray's Head, is 14,341 feet above the sea-level. The water of Green Lake is as clear as crystal. Large masses of rock are visible at the bottom. Trees, petrified or turned to stone, are also seen in the depth. They are as white as marble, and trout-fish may be seen swimming among the branches.

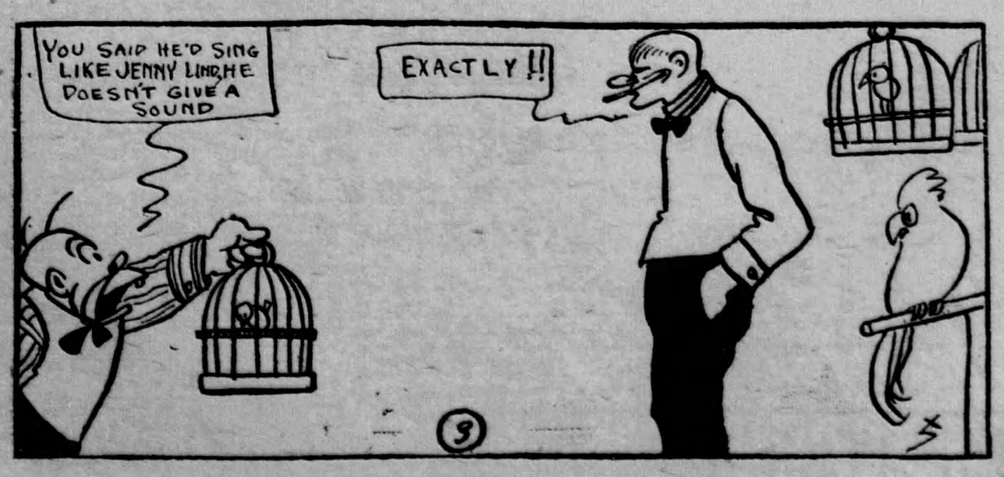
Unkind.

The man and the girl were sitting out at a dance, and for some time there had been silence between them.

"Do you know," he said at last, "that every evening, before I go to bed, I write down my thoughts in my diary? Interesting, don't you think?"

"Oh, most," she answered. "How long have you been doing it?"

"About a couple of years," was the reply.

"Indeed! said the girl, sweetly; "then you must have the first page nearly full."

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES