MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY

Plays Piano at 104.

Mrs. Eleanor Coates Tylden, West Norfolk, plays the piano at the age of 104. She celebrated her birthday the other day. Mrs. Tylden's home adjoins Sandringham, and the King and Queen periodically pay her visits.

Cyril Maude's Last Play.

The news that Mr. Cyril Maude is making his last appearance on the stage in "The Wicked Earl," at His Majesty's Theatre, London, will be a disappointment to his admirers all over the country. But he has definitely decided not to act again. In fact, after he had promised to take the leading part in this play he tried to draw out. He was too old, he said, to pretend to be man of forty, and he had dreamed that he came back and was a failure. But he was persuaded to carry on. When this play is ended he will retire to the country.

Perhaps the best story he tells concerns a command performance at Balmoral. When Mr. Maude retired to his dressing-room the King came with him. Imagine Mr. Maude's embarrassment when, without turning round, his valet, hearing his step, called out: "Well, gov'nor, has he made you a peer yet?"

Saved by a Serial.

Sir Emsley Carr, the editor and part-proprietor of "The News of the World," has revealed that a clergyman once called upon him and put the surprising question, "Sir, does the heroine of your serial die?" He added: "My daughter is very ill. She is reading the serial in your paper, and she believes her complaint is the same as that from which your heroine suffers. It has so preyed upon her mind that I am convinced if your heroine dies the effect upon my daughter will be fatal."

Regretfully the editor had to confess that according to the manuscript the heroine should die. "For Heaven's sake let her live," cried the distracted father. "She is all I have." So the concluding chapters were re-cast, the heroine was permitted to live, and later Sir Emsley received a letter to say the clergyman's daughter had recovered, and attributing that happy result solely to the influence of the story.

A Curious Compliment.

Here is a good story of Mr. Thomas Hardy, which the great author is said to have told to a friend. The novelist happened to notice a book in a little village shop which he wished to buy. His usual comfortable old tweed suit misled the shop-owner. When Hardy asked the price, "Sixpence to you," he said. "It's a pleasure to find a man like you taking an interest in good literature."

"Hand-Shague."

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, the wife of the British Premier, does not shirk her duty. After a speech at Peckham the other day—a speech in which she defended Prime Ministers against those who are apt to peck 'em—she shook hands with 600 women. Was it a coincidence that, on the following morning, a facetious medical student offered to cure people suffering from "hand-shague"?

Hitherto I have heard it called handshakeitis, and it is really a very troublesome complaint, belonging to the family of writers' cramp and tennis knee, and other complaints that can be traced to a definite pursuit. The Prince of Wales suffered from it badly on his last tour. Mr. Lloyd George and the Earl of Oxford and Asquith have both been laid up with it. And Mr. Bernard Shaw has decided never to risk it again.

PEACE BRIDGE WILL LINK NATIONS

The above photograph of the Vehicular Peace bridge was taken from the Canadian shore, looking towards Buffalo. On the Canadian side, its terminal will be on the ground on which was fought the battle of Fort Erie, in the war of 1812. On the American side the terminal will be on land once occupied by the buildings of Fort Porter in Buffalo. This bridge will be open to traffic about the first of June, although cars were actually driven over it last Saturday. It was built by the Buffalo and Fort Erie Public Bridge Co., of which William A. Eckart is the vice-president and Edward P. Lupfer is the chief engineer. It is expected that the Prince of Wales and President Coolidge will formally open the bridge in August of this year.

Ways of Carrying Babies.

The Asiatic Indian woman carries her infant in a blanket hanging in front, somewhat below the waist; the Bengalese woman, with the child astride low down upon her left hip, and her left arm supporting its back.

The Egyptian woman carries hers in a stately manner, the child sitting astride her shoulder, with its hands upon her head, and without any clothing to speak of.

The Brazilian woman carries hers in a somewhat similar manner, also in full undress, it sitting astride her neck. The Chinese baby is carried upright upon the back in a blanket, and the South African in a bag in front, formed by a blanket about the hips of the mother.

The Lower Austrian woman carries hers by swinging it in a blanket over one shoulder upon her back, while the Northern Austrian carries ters bound upon a board, after the styles of candy-models in confectionary stores.

The Lapland baby is carried in a sledge-shapped cot, made of leather. It seems to have been chucked in, feet foremost, and then a frame tied over the opening for its face, whether to prevent it from crawling out or to keep the dogs from kissing it, is more than can be imagined.

The most unique style of all is that of the Esquimaux woman, who wears wide, high-top boots, and puts the baby, right-end foremost, down in the outside of one of them, and doubtless carrying her cooking and heating utensils in the other. The North American woman carries her papoose strapped to a board, and that strapped upon her back by a band over the forehead.

Petty Pride.

Rennie was once traveling in Scotland in a stage-coach. The axletree broke near a blacksmith's, and the son of Vulcan being out, Rennie himself lit the fire and welded the axletree in a masterly style.

His fellow-passengers, who had been very communicative and friendly during the earlier part of the journey, now became very reserved, and the "respectables" especially held themselves aloof from the man who had so clearly revealed his calling by the manner in which he mended the axle.

Arrived at their journey's end for the day, the travelers separated, Mr. Rennie proceeding onward to Eglinton Castle.

Next morning, when sitting at breakfast with his noble host, a person was shown in, and proved to be one of Mr. Rennie's fellow-travelers, whose confusion at finding the "blacksmith" breakfasting with my lord may be easily imagined.

Spring's on the Way.
Snowman—"Here's where I pass out of the picture until next winter!"

Clock Ran for 471 Years.

The clock which Charles V., of France, ordered to be constructed for his palace ran for 471 years.

Merit and the Throng.

A thousand men filed in by day
To work and later draw their pay;
A thousand men with hopes and dreams,
Ambitions, visions, plans and schemes.
And in the line a youth who said:
"What chance have I to get ahead?
In such a throng, can any tell
Whether or not I labor well?

Yet merit is so rare a trait
That once it enters by the gate,
Although 'tis mingled with the throng,
The news of it is passed along.
A workman sees a willing boy
And talks about his find with joy,
A foreman hears the word and seeks
The lad of whom another speaks.

So up the line the news is passed
And to the chief it comes at last.
A willing ear to praise he lends,
Then for that eager boy he sends
And gives him little tasks to do
To learn if all that's said be true.
Among the throng the lad is one
He keeps a watchful eye upon.

Oh, youngster, walking with the throng,
Although to-day the road seems long,
Remember that it lies with you
To say what kind of work you'll do.
If you are only passing fair,
The chief will never know you're there,
But if you've merit, have no doubt,
The chief will quickly find it out.

—Edgar A. Guest.

No Use Trying to Please Everybody.

"If you please," said the weathercock to the wind, "to turn me to the south. There is such a cry-out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this north quarter."

So the wind blew from the south, and the sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please to turn me from the south!" said the weathercock to the wind again. "The potatoes will all be spoiled, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here rain it will; and, what with the heat and the wet, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the wind sifted into the west, and there came soft, drying breezes day after day.

"Oh, dear, dear!" sai the weathercock. "Here's a pretty to-do! Such evil looks as I get from eyes all round me the first thing every morning! The grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock, and what is to be done?

"As to the gardeners, they say there won't be a pea to be seen, and the vegetables will wither away. Do turn me somewhere else."

Upon which the wind grew very angry, and, with a fierce puff, sent the weathercock into the east.

"What do they say to you now?" he asked.

"What?" cried the weathercock. "Why, everybody has caught cold, and everything is blighted—that's what they say. And there isn't a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the east wind."

"Well," cried the wind, "let them find fault. I see it's impossible for you and me to please everybody; so, in future, I shall blow where I list, and you shall go where you like, without asking any questions. I don't know but that we shall satisfy more than we can do now, with all our consideration."

Both Are Desirable.

Greater usefulness and not a long life should be man's aim, a health expert insists; nevertheless, the impulse in some men is to strive for both.

The Table Game.

The object of this game is to teach the children to set the table correctly for a meal. A teacher said recently that she was almost grown up before she knew on which side the plate the knife should be placed. In many homes the children help to arrange the table and clear it away and they might as well learn the graceful and proper way in the first place. Learning through a game is such fun that rules are taken as sweets and not as medicine.

Choose one child to be the plate and ask him to take his stand in the front of the room. The plate then chooses the knife and fork. The children who represent these must go to their proper places, one to the right, the other to the left, of the plate. If they make a mistake, others may be chosen.

The knife then says, "I need a spoon." The child who represents the spoon must go to the right of the knife. The fork then asks for another fork, which may be the salad, or pie fork. It is best to keep the table arrangement simple, as many homes do not have elaborate service.

The plate may then decide what else he needs to complete the service. If the child cannot do this, questions should be asked of the class to see who will remember that the glass and the bread and butter plate have not been added. As the children are selected, they go to the place they would occupy on the table, until the most necessary articles have been gathered and are represented by children standing in well-spaced and correct positions. Then if suggestions are asked for, from the class, a few more things may be added, such as the cream and sugar dishes, a napkin and extra dishes as desired.

Several of these groups may be formed in the front of the room, thereby giving opportunity to those who failed to set the table correctly the first time.

In connection with the game, it might be helpful to ask the children to bring pictures, cut from the papers and magazines, showing both simple and elaborate ways of setting the table. Possibly the children may find a few short articles on table arrangement, or they may be encouraged to tell of any beautiful party tables they have seen.

This game may be varied to fit the holidays by having the children plan to represent the Thanksgiving and Christmas table and others which may be suggested. The ideas back of our table service which stand for neatness, convenience and beauty may easily be stressed by means of this game.

Canada Now Fourth Greatest Tea Drinking Country.

Each Canadian drinks over four pounds of tea per year, or practically five times as much as our American cousins to the south of us. Great Britain (including Northern Ireland) leads the world in point of consumption by using yearly over 400 million pounds (nearly 8¾ pounds per capita). Then comes the United States with 100 million, but only 9-10ths of a pound per capita. Next comes Australia with 49 million and Canada with 36 million. No reliable statistics are available for China or Russia. Both these countries consume a large amount of tea, but the per capita figure is very small.

A great deal more tea would be used on this continent if the public were educated to demand fresh tea. Old tea is flat and unpalatable.

Tea is a very delicate vegetable growth, which deteriorates unless kept sealed. A bottle of ginger ale soon loses its flavor if exposed to the air. This is exactly what occurs in the case of tea.

Correct.

Even the grave and dignified British Civil Service commissioners could not resist being amused at an answer given at a recent examination. The question was:

"Give for any one year the number of bales of cotton exported from the United States."

The applicant wrote: "1491. None."

A Canadian Landscape Rug.

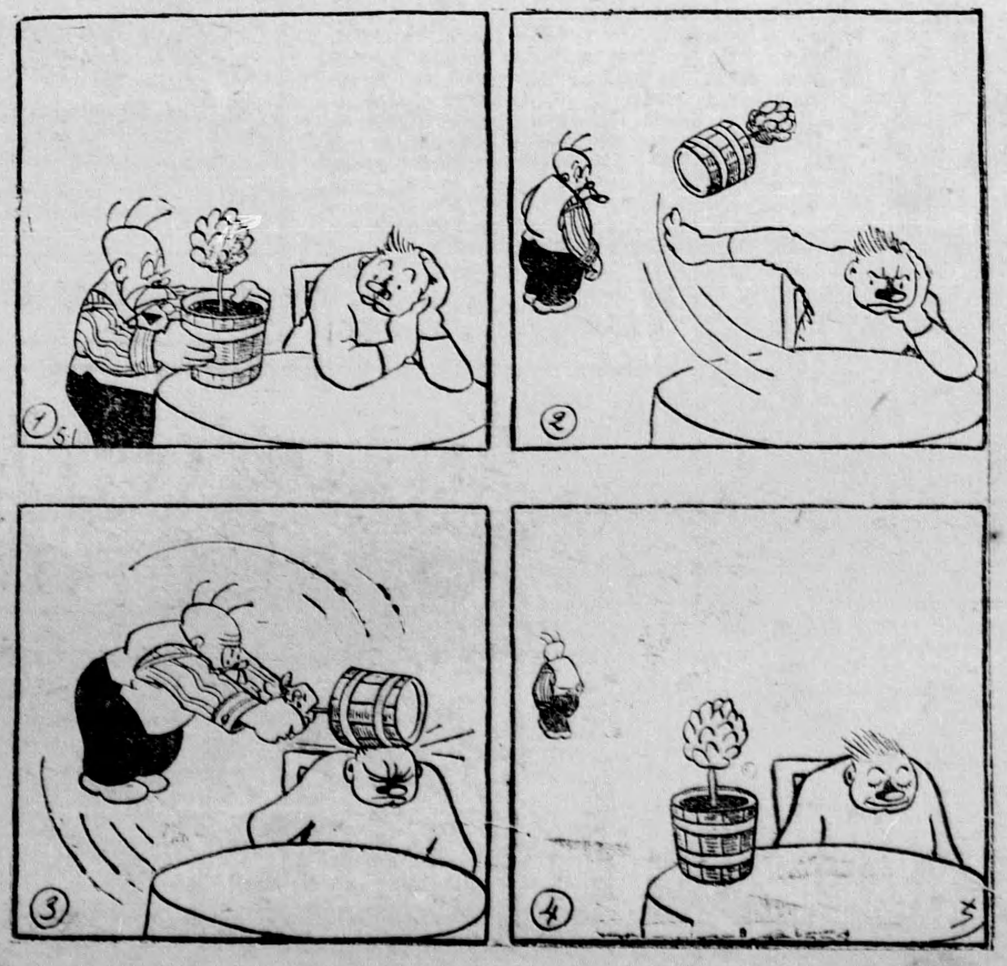
Last summer in Evanston, Illinois, I was able to purchase a very charming, hooked rug that is thought to be over 100 years old. It was made in Canada and the design shows the St. Lawrence River, the Heights of Quebec and the Lookout Tower on the nearer side of the river, where is now the town of Levis.

The time of day is sunset, which gave the maker a chance for interesting color effects. We see the bright reflection upon the water, tinting, too, the sails of the boat on the river, the delicate tones of the opposite shore and the brilliancy of the golden glow topping the heights. A little house near the tower is outlined in black and there is a black border. A red flag waves from the top of the tower and a bit of red at the foot suggests a flower bed. The green of the large tree and the grass on the Levis side is much faded, but the whole thing is suggestive of memories. The artist, a primitive worker of course, apparently designing on burlap the scene with which she was familiar, may have spun the wool and woven the cloths of which it is made and perhaps colored it with vegetable dyes also made by herself.

How much of industry, patience and appreciation of beauty has gone into the making of this bit of human expression which now adorns a modern apartment in Des Moines, far away from its original habitat. No doubt there was joy in the making, and the fact that it is still in good condition after more than 100 years proves that it has had care. No doubt it has been appreciated by the descendants of its maker and shown with pride by her successors up to this time. It came to me from the last one, a very old lady selling her possessions so that with the money she can go back to her home.

The rug is still giving pleasure, for I weave about it many mental pictures. Quebec, 100 years ago! Romantic, historic city! Beautifully situated. A bit of old France!—L. H. C.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.



Niagara's Big Voice..

All the way, I had remembered the tales of the road of the water, and now it can be heard for miles, but what I heard was only the train, and even when I stood in Niagara, within five hundred yards of the American fall, I hardly heard it; what I heard was the rapids above the fall, which are picturesque and beautiful, in spite of the ice, yet perhaps nothing out of the way in the magnificent sense. They are a rush and a wild crying of rather clear greenish water much broken by falling and by rocks and by the big Goat Island in the middle of the falls.

I wandered down the stream and quite soon saw the edge, with the water going over the edge, and nothing beyond the edge except the Canadian shore four hundred yards away. Just at the edge the water greened and went very fast; so I hurried up right to the rail by the brink, and as I came within ten yards (going in the direction of the stream) I heard the fall's big voice, and then, when I looked over the edge, it was really terrific.

It is all heaped and built up below with mounds and skulls of gigantic ice, wih icicle teeth in their jaws. These mounds come up halfway the height of the falls, and the water goes down into the chasm among them, and ten yards down from the edge it ceases to look like water, but is like teased wool . . and out of the chasm comes a smoke of water, infinitely strange and like the ghost of water, and this rises and flies about, overhead and everywhere, and fills the air with drops, and falls on the trees and freezes three inches thick.

I crossed over to Canada, and wandered on till I could see the Horseshoe. I suppose the gorge is some two hundred feet deep or more, and this vast bulk of water topples into it and comes up again in a mist much higher than the fall, and floats around everywhere, not like mist so much as escaping steam, and in among it are great noble sea-eagles, drowsing and drifting and cruising, and underneath is a vast, glacier bulk of ice, with rifts of bedeviled water, and a whirlpool going round and round. . . .

The fall itself is not easy to describe. It is rather clear, greenish water, and it is quite quiet, not very deep, just before the fall, and it rises and goes over the lip almost like metal, and then seems to see what it is doing, and seems to try to get back, and ceases to be water, or anything like water, or anything on earth, but something rather white and devilish and astonished, and one could watch it all day forever, not with awe, perhaps, but with a kind of kinship with it.

The air is so mist soaked that everything near, roads, gorge and rails, is caked and heaped with hard, white ice, and this will sometimes stay till July, they tell me, in its bigger heaps.—John Mansfield, in "Recent Prose."

Watch That Mirror.

Even on days when the sun is not particularly strong there may be danger of its rays starting a conflagration when reflected by such an object as a shaving-mirror.

One or two cases where fires have been stopped only just in time have been brought to public notice lately. In another instance, where the rays were reflected from a mirror on to a light curtain, the house was set on fire and had a narrow escape from being completely destroyed.

Some years ago, too, an officer's tent was burned down at a rifle meeting, the sun's rays, reflected from a shaving-mirror on the tent-pole, setting the canvas in a blaze.

Even a glass bowl or bottle filled with water may sometimes act as a burning-glass. The wise housewife will leave nothing about that is likely to catch and reflect the sun's rays in this manner.

Homemade Flower Support.

Nothing is less decorative than a bouquet in which all the flowers are wedged tightly together or stand in a stiff, angular fashion.

The flower supports sold in the stores and intended to sit in bowls, often hold the flowers too rigidly. A contrivance that works better and is homemade, is a round piece cut from wide-meshed wire. That used around chicken yards is good for the purpose. With pliers cut the piece out a little larger than the bowl in which it is to be used. Then bend down the cut edges until the flat surface of the netting comes as near the bottom or top of the bowl as you wish, this depending on the height of the bowl and the kind of flowers used. With this wire support the flowers can be arranged to make a loose and very graceful bouquet.

His Honor Was Safe.

This story is told of a New England judge, now dead, who was as famous for his wit as for his learning. He was coming down the icy steps of his courthouse one January day when he slipped, fell and rolled down to the bottom of the steps.

A passer-by who knew him hurried to his assistance and as he helped him to his feet said solicitously, "I trust your honor is not hurt?"

The judge's eyes twinkled. "My honor is not hurt at all, thank you," he replied, "but my elbows and knees are badly scraped, I think."