For the Boys and Girls

HELPING SAM.

The boys' sleds flew down the hill, one after another. The Snowbird Express, Excelsior Racer, and dozens of others landed their young freight safe and sound at the foot of the declivity.

Cheers, laughter and complimentary comments from the numerous bystanders encouraged the boys to make light work of the laborious part of the fun; the necessity of dragging their sleds up the long hill was but a slight off-set to the exhilarating descent.

Most of the boys were ruddy, active and merry this clear, cold January afternoon. Scarlet or plus mittens, knit by mother or grandmother, kept the little fingers warm, and the nipping "nor'wester" could not frighten them from their sport.

Harry Martin and Ben Thompson dragged their bright new sleds behind them as they made for the starting point, and discussed the relative merits of their comrades.

"I say, Ben," cried Harry, "that's a magnificent sled of Joe Emory's. Just see how he goes! Wonder if he'd let me use it once or twice?"

"He ought to; you let him have your Reindeer all the time while you had the measles, last winter."

"I kind o' hate to ask him, though. I guess I'll not risk a refusal."

"Maybe you are wise. See that lazy fellow just ahead of us, Harry; he's been crawling up the hill as if he hadn't energy enough to breathe."

"Oh, that is Sam Bowman. He isn't lazy; he's sick. I heard him telling somebody that the doctor had ordered him to stay out-doors whenever the sun shone."

And as Harry and Ben passed Sam, they cast a glance at his pale face and slender limbs.

"Poor fellow!" said Ben, when they were out of his hearing. "No wonder he crawls. He looks miserable."

When the two "chums" were again on their upward way, Sam came spinning down the hill with a glow of pleasure and excitement on his pale cheeks.

"His sled is too big for him. A delicate little chap like him ought to have a lighter one," said Ben.

"Yes, but his folks are poor, and he can't have everything he wants," added Harry.

The boys continued the ascent; each thought of the less vigorous boy behind them wearily dragging his heavy sled.

Presently Harry said:

"Ben, let's help Sam up with his sled next time; he'll catch his death of cold walking so slow."

"All right; poor little fellow! I know his legs shake under him. We can haul him up, can we? Are you strong enough?"

"Of course I am!" replied Harry scornfully, as if any real boy should admit that he was not strong—"strong enough to haul a bigger fellow than that."

So the generous boys waited after their next decent until Sam joined them; then Ben said:

"Been sick?"

"Yes," replied Sam. "I had a fever. Why?"

"You look thin and pale. Aren't you cold?"

"Not much. The doctor told me to come coasting if it was all down hill. I'd get on first-rate, but it takes all my breath to walk up."

"Fresh air and out-door exercise is what you need," said Harry, quoting a favorite sentence of his mother's. "Get on your sled and we'll take you up in a jiffy!"

"Oh, thank you! but I can't—"

"Yes you can; jump on!"

And Ben and Harry gently forced Sam into consenting. Hitching the three sleds together, the two active boys trotted up the hill at a lively pace, and then the three went down at a rapid rate.

Sam enjoyed his afternoon most thoroughly, and when he expressed his gratitude to Harry and Ben for the kindly act, he added:

"But I'm afraid it spoiled all your fun; it took so much of your time to drag me."

Harry and Ben emphatically denied this, and with truth, for though they might have had one or two rides the less for their charity to Sam, the glow of satisfaction that warms an honest heart, when one has had a chance to help a less fortunate neighbor, was more comforting than the remembrance of any mere selfish pleasure could be.

As Sam turned down Hancock street, on his way home, an elderly, plainly dressed man, who had been watching the coasters, joined him, as if he were a relative or old friend.

"Is that Sam's father?" asked Ben.

"I don't know; I guess so; I never saw any of the family," answered Harry.

A few days after this, when Harry and Ben had quite forgotten the above circumstances, a number of rough boys got into a dispute on the street, and then into a fight.

The disturbance attracted our young friends, and they ran to see what the matter was. Hardly had they arrived at the spot, when one or two policemen appeared on the scene and collared several boys, among them Ben and Harry.

So much for being in bad company, even as spectators!

The two boys in vain protested their innocence; they were marched off to the police court, and, when the policeman explained the case—according to his belief—the judge looked very severe and declared his intention of punishing the offenders.

At this moment, Sam's elderly friend whom the boys at once recognized, entered the room, and said:

"I think your honor is mistaken or misinformed. These two boys—Harry Martin and Ben Thompson—are neither roughs nor fighters; but gentlemanly, kind-hearted boys. I know a great deal about them."

"They say they were present by accident," replied the judge, "and they certainly look respectable."

"Let me tell you what I saw, then, if you do," continued the stranger, who, being a reporter for a newspaper, was frequently in the court, and was well known. And he related how they had helped Sam Bowman.

"That puts a different face on the matter," said the judge. "Policeman, did you see them fighting?"

"No, your honor, I didn't. I think I must have made a mistake, and, with your permission, I will withdraw my accusation."

"Very well. Ben and Harry, you are at liberty," answered the judge. "But let me give you a little advice. Don't permit yourselves to get into any doubtful positions; don't countenance by your presence any conduct whose consequences you would be unwilling to bear. You see what might have come of being in bad company for only a few minutes; and you, boys," continued he, turning to the other boys present, "see how useful a good name is, and how a little kindness to a neighbor may sometimes be returned to us. A good deed or a good word is never thrown away."—By Frances E. Wadleigh.

Sir Christopher Wren's Masterpiece.

Two statements widely different in character, are attributed to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, regarding the great cathedral whose massive dome is the drawning glory of London.

The first of these statements was that he built for eternity, the second that the cathedral would last for two hundred years. And it was just about two hundred years after the opening of St. Paul's that the first signs of serious trouble appeared.

That trouble has now grown acute. Fortunately, however, the statement of the danger to the cathedral has produced a generous response in money, and there should be no difficulty about speeding up the necessary work.

Old St. Paul's had to be "restored" in somewhat similar fashion, though, in these days, contributions to funds for the repair of the cathedral were not altogether voluntary. Early in the seventeenth century a "benevolence" so called because you had to pay up whether you wanted to be benevolent or not—was levied throughout the kingdom to obtain money for this purpose.

Following the Great Fire, the State again took up seriously the question of St. Paul's, and the new cathedral, which rose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old, was built with public money. The greatest part of the cost was obtained by a tax on sea-borne coal; in these days all coal brought to the South of England was carried in ships.

Even with the funds obtained from this tax, however, Wren found himself short of money. The result was that, in certain parts of the work, he had to employ makeshifts, for instance, though he was aware of the danger of rusting iron, he used ironwork freely throughout the building. And the piers which support the dome were made of Portland stone cases filled with rubble.

But for this particular makeshift, the present trouble might not have arisen. For the rubble, some of which consisted of statues from old St. Paul's, has crumbled to dust and fallen to the bottom of the piers, leaving the weight of the dome—between forty and sixty thousand tons—to be carried by the outer facings. So the dome has pressed down on the weakened piers, and cracks and fissures have made their appearance.

In order to strengthen the piers, two of them have been subjected to a special process which is said to have proved successful. This process consists of injecting cement with high pressure into the cavities which exist in the rubble filling. It is now proposed to treat the other piers in the same way. Some authorities, however, are doubtful if this will meet the case, and say that the foundations also are unsatisfactory.

She Wanted to Know.

Grandpa invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens the morning after her arrival at the farm. On her return to the house she inquired, shyly:

"Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"

Faggots.

I stole your faggots for my winter burning
But give you back my candle's glow instead.
I cheated you of stones, that I might leave you
This friendly bread.

Your cloak I wore a little time, unbidden,
Your sandals borrowed for my weary feet,
And in the shielding dusk drank from your table
Warm wine and sweet.

See, now I offer carven bowls and flagons
Ivory pale, wrought through the lilted night,
Wrought through a lonely hour by moon-dipped fingers
For your delight.

My flame fills all your orange lamps at twilight
My song upon your window curtain blows
And where my tears fell on your garden trembles
Another rose.

—Joan Dareth Prosper.

What Do the Microbes Do?

It is easy to ask this reasonable question, but it takes a lot of answering. A few microbes find entrance into the body and in a few hours, it may be, the man is dead. The effect seems somehow out of proportion to the cause.

"Behold how great a fire a little spark kindleth!" Within the food-canal or in the blood, or in the windpipe and lungs, the invaders multiply with extreme rapidity.

A bacillus less than one five-thousandth part of an inch in length multiplies under normal conditions at a rate that would cause the offspring of a single individual to fill the ocean to the depth of a mile in five days.

Dr. Macfie calculates that the cholera bacillus can duplicate every twenty minutes, and might thus in one day have a progeny of five with twenty-seven noughts after it, and weighing over 7000 tons. But before this happens, the patient is dead.

It is not, however, by sheer multiplication that microbes kill, nor, in most cases, by making holes in tissues, blocking passages or devouring blood-corpuscles.

These things may happen, but the main answer to our question, as far as bacteria secrete albuminoid poisons or toxins which are fatal to various kinds of living cells within the body. In other cases the toxins are only set free by the destruction and solution of bacteria which is continually taking place.

All that we can say in a few words is that the living matter of the body cells is disastrously susceptible to the presence of these strange albuminoids, and it must be borne in mind that even an innocent stuff like white of egg may act as a virulent poison.

Furs as Money.

In those countries and regions where animals bear costly fur and are slain for that reason, trade, traffic, and culture are usually farthest behind. The most primitive conditions prevail, neither railway, highway, nor even money is known. The pelt has become the unit of value. The general means of payment; in fact, money. A sleigh or a boat cost so and so many furs of this or that variety; and the different furs frequently bear a direct ratio of value to one another. In the fur districts of Siberia, sable forms the unit of value and the currency; in certain remote hunting districts of North America and in Alaska the beaver pelt is the most important means of exchange and the best measure of value. In former centuries this fur money was in general use in the northern countries of Europe also.

All Fighters Should be Trained.

Wife—"I don't think I approve of this movement to train young people for marriage."

Hubby—"What! Ain't pugilists and soldiers and all other fighting people trained?"

Living the Simple Life.

The bill of fare of the Afghan is very simple and reflects the poverty of the country. Bread, fruits, vegetables, tea, sweet milk, sour milk, and cheese are the main foods. Rice, mutton fowl and sweets cooked in various ways are found on the tables of the well-to-do. The average Afghan has no particular fondness for wine or spirits.

Miss Wanda Landowska, the "muse of the harpsichord," is said to be the only person in the world playing this instrument in the manner of a master. She is Polish and makes her home in Paris.

The Virtue of Thrift.

Those who do not know France except through press articles, short visits to Paris, the world's capital of luxury, learning and amusement, might easily fancy that France as a whole was extravagant and spendthrift—strange error, for France as a nation is exceedingly thrifty. The glories of Paris are the result of thrift. The peasant or workman arriving often on foot and often from long distances, wearing a blouse and sabots, looks around him with eyes of wonder and admiration; his heart beats the faster at its unimaginable splendors, his ambition is aroused, asking himself, can I also partake of this splendor? Yes, there is one way—one way only—work, thrift, courage will realize his newly-born ambition. Most Frenchmen have these qualities—born workers. Our peasant sets himself resolutely to the self-imposed task, to become, by hard persistent work well-to-do. He "arrives," as the French say; he gives his children a good education. The grandchildren of the man of blouse and sabots become "somebodies"; instead of staring with envy at the passing handsome carriages and luxurious automobiles, he buys one himself; his boys go to college, all the professions are open to them; the girls go to the convent schools and learn everything that is useful for a woman to know. The French Prime Minister declared in a recent speech that France had always in her most tragic history been saved by her brave workers and traditional thrift, and would always be so.—Edw. Fox Sainsbury.

The Nile is noted for the variety of its fish. An expedition sent by the British Museum brought home 2,200 specimens.

The Sailor.

Mile upon mile, in soft and golden light,
The county lies; while long and silent shadows,
Sharp-hewn from solid sunlight, over meadows,
Across white roads, climbing whatever height
They meet, are thrown from every upriising slight;
From tufts of grass, from bushes, and the higher
Strong trees and walls, the whole ripe floor of the shire,
Green and gold, slashed by shadow-shafts, waits the night.
A thousand miles to westward of the land
A gull across the dark horizon swerves,
Spreading its sturdy wings over the low tide.
Behind the same sun sets. On either side
A gray drear waste of waters heaves, and curves,
A very desert, and his chosen bride.

—J. C. Bird.

Atrocities Will Rise.

"You say Turkish atrocities will rise to new heights this year?"

"Yes; Turkey is importing automobiles as never before."

WHERE WE GET OUR CORK

The cork oak indigenous to Portugal, Southern Italy, Spain, Algeria, and Sardinia, Corsica, Morocco and Southern France yields an article of great commercial value. Portugal rates first among all countries in the exportation of corks and cork oak products, the combined production of Algeria and Morocco being second. The United States is the largest importer of cork.

The cork and olive trees are botanical companions. The cork oak tree grows in all parts of Portugal, but is especially prolific in the Alemtejo or Central Portugal, which produces the best quality bark.

At the age of seven the cork oak is ready for its first stripping, and is stripped every ten years thereafter. After taking the bark from the tree, the trunk remains of a reddish color for a year or two which gradually changes to gray. The first yield, of inferior quality, is used in the manufacture of pen holders, floor coverings, bath mats, interlining for cardboard, and for the protection of bottles and other fragile articles. It is also used in the fabrication of life preservers, and by fishermen throughout the world for net floats. At the age of seventeen the tree is stripped for the second time, each stripping gives a better quality of cork. The quality also depends upon the soil and the health of the tree. The life of the tree is about one hundred years.

The bark is taken from the tree during the months of May, June, July, and August, according to the district. The strips are brought in bundles to the factory where they are stacked in piles, remaining for several months to dry. When seasoned the raspidores, with a triangular metal instrument, scrape the hard outside bark, this bark or refuse is used for packing life-preservers.

The selected wood is then boiled and after remaining some time to set is given to the redaneadores, or drawers, who cut the bark into geometrical lengths or slabs. They are then given to the squarers or quadradores, the squares are determined by the size and thickness of the wood. The next process in the manufacturing of the cork is rounding, which is done either by hand or by machine. The hand method, though more expensive has two advantages—the economy in the amount of cork used, and the perfection of the finished product. By this method a knife is placed in a metal wedge fixed in a bench, and the cork is very dexterously turned against the edge of the knife. The corks are then sterilized, sized, and divided into six or seven qualities, after which they are placed in sacks, each sack containing about twenty thousand corks. The first and second qualities are sometimes impregnated with a mineral wax, the wax is insoluble, tasteless, odorless, and innocuous to liquids. An additional charge of two cents a gross is made for what is known to commerce as impregnated, or druggists' corks, as the druggist, chemist, and pharmaceutical college demand corks treated by this method.

The export price for a sack of twenty thousand corks is from one dollar and twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents a sack, free on board, and for the first quality. The second, or inferior quality, is sold for seventy-five cents to a dollar a sack; the third quality, or culls is shipped in the raw bark, in bales weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds and bound in wire.

In the Algarve and the Alemjeto one traverses by train or diligence many miles of cork forests. It is not unusual to see piles of bark stacked to a height of fifteen to thirty feet and covering many hectares in area.

The Cork oak finds a greater variety of utility than other botanical autocrats.

HYDRO DEVELOPMENT IN CANADA

British Columbia is Generously Supplied With Water-Power Resources.

With practically two million twenty-four-hour horse-power available under conditions of ordinary minimum flow and five million during at least half the year British Columbia is generously supplied with water-power resources. The present turbine installation in this province amounts to 355,000 horse-power and this total will be largely increased by the developments now approaching completion in the Stave Lake watershed, on the Kootenay and Powell rivers.

The Powell River Company has raised the height of its dam on the Powell river fourteen feet, increasing its storage capacity by 630 square mile feet, and proposes to increase the capacity of its power plant by 20,000 horse-power. The East Kootenay Power Company has just completed a 15,000 horse-power development on the Elk river, while the West Kootenay Power Light Company has completed its 4,000 horse-power plant at Lower Bonnington Falls on the Kootenay river and has commenced a development of 60,000 horse-power capacity of which the initial development is to be 40,000 horse-power.

Provide for Future Needs

The works now in progress on the Stave river and on the Alouette lake are of considerable magnitude and are designed to provide for the growing requirements of Vancouver and district, which has already a considerable amount of water-power development to its credit; the supply of electricity being maintained by the British Columbia Electric Railway Company and its subsidiaries which dates from the end of the last century began to supply power from a steam power station and which is responsible for the present works.

The water-power supply of Vancouver is provided from three stations, Coquitlam-Buntzen No. 1 of 45,000 horse-power, Coquitlam-Buntzen No. 2 of 40,500 and the Stave River station of 52,000 horse-power, that is to say until recently the total water-power development supplying Vancouver and district amounted to 136,000 horse-power. The work now in progress will increase this supply by 45,000 horse-power, and it is to be obtained by erecting a station on Stave Lake using water drawn from Alouette lake and by raising the head, adjusting the existing units and adding a new unit to the power station on Stave river.

Briefly outlined, the work now in progress involves raising the existing dams and rebuilding the four existing units on Stave river to produce 60,000 horse-power as against their present capacity of 52,000 horse-power and the addition of 15,000 horse-power to the additional water diverted from Alouette lake and the construction of an entirely new development in connection with Alouette lake of 40,000 horse-power.

The increase involves a considerable amount of heavy construction. On Stave river the intake dam is raised twenty feet and a new one installed and, in order to give stability to the higher structure, four buttresses have been required. That the large wells required for the penstocks could be filled in, concrete and all five penstocks are now provided with rollers. The main dam has been raised twenty feet and lengthened sixty feet, the sluices filled in, a concrete roadway constructed on the deck of the dam, and the power house has been enlarged to take the new unit. About a quarter of a mile to the east of the main dam is another channel which is usually blocked by a small timber crib dam having ten foot sluices. This has been replaced by a concrete structure 640 feet long containing ten twenty-eight foot sluices and four larger gates opening.

The work in connection with the development involves the construction of a hydraulic fill dam on the river a short distance below to raise the level of the lake a maximum of forty-five feet. The tailrace will be constructed of a four-foot square channel 1,200 feet long to a power-house to be built on the shore of Stave lake.

New Developments.

The new developments providing for extensive storage of water only represent a most desirable conservation of the water resources of this watershed, and enhance the possibility of developed power-site on the Ruskin where, when a market exists, the development of 100,000 horse-power is available.

The attention of the Interior has been concerned with the Alouette development as required for electrical purposes are within its jurisdiction and are therefore, in dealing with the department, has to be submitted for its approval has only been the department itself that has to deal with the protection of the watershed.

SECRETS OF THE KREMLIN

Small countries have sometimes exercised great influence on world affairs, as witness the growth of the British Empire. But it is not generally realized how considerable a share of the partners in that Empire, Scotland, has had in the development of European history.

This Scottish influence in Continental affairs was for the most part indirect. It was the work of individual Scotsmen who had been forced to leave their native land, usually for political reasons, and who found their way to all the courts and camps of Europe.

They even penetrated to Russia, which, in those days, was hardly regarded as part of Europe at all, indeed, but for them, it is quite possible that Peter the Great would never have been born.

Emperor and Lover.

Peter's father, the Czar, Alexis Mikhailovitch, frequently visited the house of Artamon Sergueievitch Matveief, who was his favorite counsellor. In those days Russian women were strictly confined to the "terem," or women's part of the house, which was as sacred as the women's apartments in Oriental countries. But Artamon Matveief married a Hamilton, a relining member of one of the Scottish loyalist families which the triumph of Cromwell had sent into exile. The lady had brought the manners of her native land into her new home, and her guests met the women of her family on exactly the same terms as if she had been entertaining at Edinburgh instead of in Moscow.

The Czar found this little oasis of Western culture and Western freedom very pleasant, especially after he met the adopted daughter of the Matveiefs, Nathalia Naryshkin. This charming brunette was the daughter of a noble and obscure country gentleman, but her beauty seemed to the Czar far more important than riches. He fell in love with her, and she with him, which [illegible]

The Crown to the Fairest.

Matveief, however was more alarmed than pleased at the turn affairs had [illegible]

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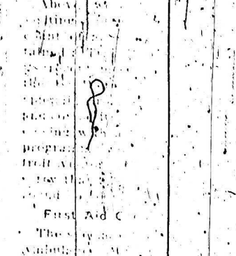
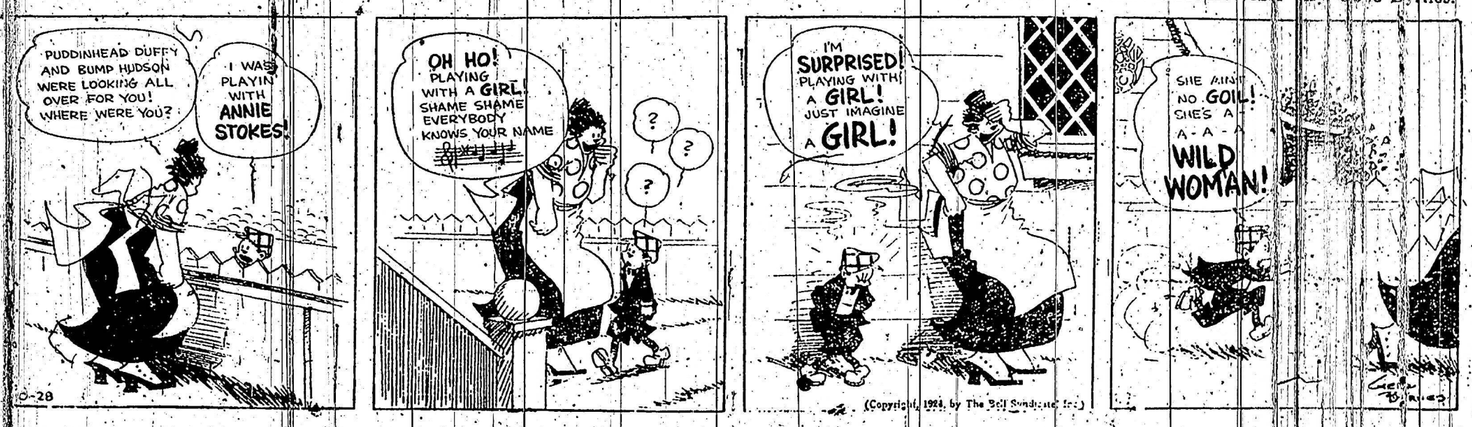


"RUN DOWN
Dr. Wil
Pink P
They Give New Vita

REG'LAR FELLERS



MORE TRUTH THAN OTHERWISE—By Clare Briggs.

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