For the Boys and Girls

THE GOLDEN BIRD.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, when all the young princes were handsome and all good young ladies were lucky—when witches were as plenty as leaves upon the ground in autumn, and sorcerers did much abound, and when kings were very powerful and very frequently cruel—there lived a young prince by the name of Frederic, who was, by all odds, the tallest and handsomest that ever was seen.

Notwithstanding all this, however, Frederic had the misfortune to offend the king, who commanded him, on pain of death, to fetch him the golden bird.

Now, the golden bird was very beautiful, having plumage of a bright yellow, but her chief value was that every day she laid a egg of pure gold.

Many princes had gone to seek her, but none had ever been successful; and Frederick felt very sad.

However, after bidding farewell to his aged parents, whom he never expected to see again, he set out on his journey, and at length arrived at a large and gloomy forest. He saw before him a narrow path, winding along among the trees, till it was lost in the distance, and after hesitating a few moments, he struck boldly into it.

He was riding slowly and sadly along, when a strange sight caused him to rein in his horse. A butterfly, who had become entangled in the web of a spider was struggling fiercely for life, while at the same time the cunning spider was binding her fast and faster.

Frederic's pity was excited, for he had a tender heart, and, dismounting from his horse, he liberated the unfortunate insect, and placed her carefully on a mossy bank.

For a little while he watched the fairy as the wearied butterfly, but soon his thoughts returned to his own misfortunes. He was startled from his reverie by a silvery voice:

"Frederic! you have assisted me, and you shall find I am not ungrateful."

Frederic rose in astonishment, but could see nothing.

"Look down, Frederic!" said the silvery voice, "to where the butterfly was."

Frederic looked down and saw an exquisite little fairy, sitting on a clover leaf.

"And can you help me, do you think?" asked Frederic, looking doubtfully at the fairy.

"I am the fairy Good-will," was the reply, "and for daring to exercise that quality against the express orders of the queen, I am condemned to wear the form of a butterfly for a time. That time has now expired, and, but for you, my life had ended with it, for the spiders are my enemies. In gratitude, therefore, I will assist you. You seek the golden bird. Now none are able even to see her whose eyes have not been anointed with a preparation which I will give you. Then you will be supplied with a magic knife, with which to cut the bands that fasten her to the tree. All the other princes failed because they had not these, but you will be successful, so take courage, and farewell!"

So saying, the fairy put into his hand a tiny vial and a golden knife, and disappeared.

It was not long before he heard the singing of some bird, and he eagerly hastened in that direction.

The melody was entrancing; but, to his surprise, there appeared to be words which he could understand. It seemed to be saying:

"Fred-er-ic! Fred-er-ic!".

Excitement lent wings to his feet, and he soon stood beneath the tree upon which the golden bird was sitting.

"Frederic!" said the bird, "have you come at last?"

Frederic could not reply for astonishment, for he had never heard that talking was one of the bird's accomplishments.

"I will go with you gladly," continued the bird, "but you will have to come up and get me, for I am bound to the tree."

The golden bird was sitting upon the topmost branches of the tallest tree of the forest and Frederic wondered if he would be able to climb the tree. He grasped the trunk firmly and tried to climb it, but could not for a long time, because it was a slippery elm tree, and as fast as he climbed up a little way he would slip back again. However, at last being determined, he got up, cut the magic bands and succeeded with the bird.

When he reached the palace of the king he was at once shown into his presence, and was regarded as a great hero. When he came before the king he bowed low and said:

"Here, king, is the golden bird."

But before the king could make reply the bird began to sing, and she sang so beautifully that every one paused to listen—even the cook in the kitchen, the servants and all the king's household.

While she was still singing, the king's son appeared, riding in a wearied manner, and was drawn by two horses like a hand, springing out, she touched the golden bird with her wand and disappeared.

Great was the astonishment of all present when they saw the bird transformed into a lovely maiden. Even the king and all his courtiers rose, so great was their astonishment; and all, as soon as they had recovered from their surprise, begged the maiden to explain the strange occurrence.

"I am the daughter of the king!" said she, "and when I was but seventeen years of age my dear father died, leaving his kingdom to me, as he had no son. I had a brother, my uncle, who was a magician and a very wicked man, and soon after my father's death he commenced to urge me to wed his son—who was a magician also—my cousin. To this I refused, for I entertained for him the greatest fear and dislike. On my refusal, he at once seized the kingdom, and changed me into a golden bird, whom no one was able even to see unless his eyes were bathed in an ointment which the fairy Good-will alone possessed.

Then the king caused a splendid feast to be prepared, and gave the beautiful princess to Frederic for his wife. Then they set out for her kingdom with a large army, defeated the wicked uncle, and then, all their enemies being subdued, they reigned to a good old age in peace and happiness, beloved by all their subjects.

Picking and Training a Watch-Dog

By L. E. Eubanks

The difficulties of teaching a dog to guard property are very often exaggerated. Many persons believe that only certain breeds of dogs can ever be taught the work, and that it is a sort of individual gift rather than a quality of the species.

No one with any experience will deny that certain breeds are well adapted to guarding, and that of these breeds some dogs will develop faster and more satisfactorily than others. But more depends on the training than on the kind of dog. At least 70 per cent. of the dogs comprising the most common breeds can be developed into reasonably good watch-dogs, if taken in hand when young and properly trained.

The work of dogs with sheep began with guarding, and this was largely instinctive. Driving did not come until the dogs had seen it done by men; and herding, in the broader sense, was a still later and higher development. House-dogs, too, were known in the Bronze Age. Chances are they were house-watchers rather than lap-dogs, since primitive man had little use for luxury.

Size and Breed.

In choosing a dog don't pick one too small to defend the person or object he is guarding. Watch-dogs are usually selected from the medium-sized and large animals.

The special purpose should be considered. A Dalmatian coach dog, for instance, is the best choice for guarding stables. Great Danes are most suitable for large estates. And Shepherds for guarding sheep and cattle.

Do not infer that a watch-dog is good for nothing but his favorite object. Shepherds will not decline to guard houses just because they are more at home with cattle; and many a Dalmatian has been trained for sheep. An Airedale is peculiarly a man's companion, but he can be taught to guard any kind of stock or property—and that very readily.

Probably the most popular of watch-dogs to-day is the police dog—known in England as the Alsatian wolf dog, and in France as the Alsatian shepherd dog. There is no truth in the legend that the police dog is a product of a wolf-dog cross. It is really a shepherd dog, and is so designated by the American Kennel Club.

A Premium on Brains.

Get a well-bred dog with brains—whatever breed you prefer. Many people think of the bulldog as a premier watch-dog, because of his fighting qualities; but I would far rather take a cocker spaniel because the latter, with his superior intelligence, would learn the work more thoroughly and not depend solely on his strength. But one is too ferocious and reckless, the other too timid and weak. For general purposes, choose a police dog or an Airedale.

A puppy whose parents have been closely associated with people will learn to guard a child more easily than any inanimate object. Often a sensible dog will have a disposition to do this without any training.

Dogs Like Children.

A dog's natural love for children is one of his underlying characteristics. A second one is that he dislikes stealth and suspicious conduct in a stranger. If you get a child in a secluded spot and have the dog lie down nearby, then get some one whom the animal has never known to approach craftily—crouching, dodging behind trees, and otherwise acting strangely—the dog is likely to make some show of anger.

You, as master of the dog, should boldly come up to him now and pet him, warning every few seconds to scold the other person, who now skulks away. The dog sees that he has not only driven the danger away but is being praised for it. He knows by this that he has done the right thing, and will do it again even more readily to-morrow.

Sometimes the coat, shoes, or some other article of apparel worn by his master is the finest thing with which to train a dog to watch—especially a hound or a pointer. At first the owner of the clothing should return every few moments, and pet the dog for his services. If he leaves the coat take him back to it, time after time if necessary, and gently force him to stay. Persist in this, switching him a little if he seems stubborn. Pet him just as quickly as he obeys the first time; make quite a fuss over him. He will now have a start, for he sees what you desire.

Teach the Dog to Bark.

Ordinarily, it is advisable to encourage the dog to bark when danger threatens the object of his guardianship. There are times, perhaps, when quietness would be preferable, but as a rule an alarm is all we desire from a watch dog. To deal with the danger ourselves, after the dog has warned us, is much better than leaving the animal to settle the matter alone. He might get you and himself into trouble by biting some one, or might be shot by some excitable person.

Always as some word, the same one, when you leave anything in the dog's care. Having taught him to protect some person or article that he is particularly interested in, you can soon leave him with most anything or at any place. Your instruction, "Watch, Cap," "Stay with this," etc., give him the cue for staying with the article.

It is always best to muzzle him. Some canines are very excitable and might snap one of the persons assisting in his training. Muzzling helps, too, in a way, for it tends to increase the dog's attention and alertness.

Dear Warm Soft Days.

Dear warm soft days in winter's lap
That wake the amazed thrush to sing,
The blackcap fool to cock his cap
And the bright redstart start a-wing,
Ah that the underground mayhap
Shall turn and murmur, Is it spring?
Who at the narrow door doth rap
Runaway knock, run-away-ring?

Whitethroat will clear his throat anon,
Bids to the woods to gather May.
Wimples the stream was cold as a stone
Sure it is Flora's holiday.
For Jack not dill shall walk alone;
Twain shall they run and twain shall play.
The feather'd sober folk put on
And cleanly and sorrows pack away.

Goldfinch and greenfinch think to make
Gold house for two in the green shaw
Bright burnished is the crest of the drake
And purple feathers to the daw.
Rattles the buzel on the lake,
And rookeries answer caw and caw,
Too soon the trusting loves awake
To the sweet day without a flaw.
Dear warm soft days!

—Katharine Tynan.

Beautiful Santiago.

It is strange that neither picture nor description of Santiago de Cuba gives us the slightest idea of what the city looks like.

Instead of nestling at the base of a hill on a low, flat plain, it is in reality built on the side of a mountain, and from the harbor at night resembles an altar lighted in a church.

This effect comes from the terraces rising one above the other, and the lights of the houses resting thereon. The rise in places is so rapid that the roof of one house is on a level with the foundation of another. Some of the streets leading from terrace to terrace are so steep that it is impossible for horses or mules to ascend with a heavily laden truck, and to assist them wire cables operated by steam power run above the pavement, to which any vehicle can be attached by means of a grip provided for that purpose, and be pulled up as easily as our underground cables draw a street car over a hill. Arriving at the desired terrace, the driver cuts loose and goes about his business.

Defended the Weak.

"Do you believe in defending the weak?"

"Haven't you time and again heard me taking up for near-beer?"

What is celebrity but being known by a great many people whom you don't know?

The economic possibility of generating electricity by wind is to be thoroughly investigated by the Agricultural Engineering Institute of Oxford University, England. For this reason the queer apparatus, above, has been erected.

Winds of Spring.

Winds do many things besides blowing your hat down the street. They carry the climate of the ocean to the land and of the land to the ocean. They transport solid material in enormous quantities from one part of the earth to another.

Farmers must often fight them with windbreaks and other expedients, lest their fields be buried in drifting sands and their crops suffer the parching effects of "wind-burn."

In the temperate zones winter is, in general, says Nature Magazine, windier than summer on account of the greater contrasts of temperature that prevail in the cold season between higher and lower latitudes. This effect lags in some regions into the early spring.

March measures up to its proverbial reputation over the greater part of Canada, where statistics show a greater total wind movement for this month than for any other in the year.

In Daniel Defoe's book, "The Storm," published in 1704, the successive degrees of wind force were listed as follows: Stark calm, calm weather, little wind, a fine breeze, a small gale, a fresh gale, a topsail gale, blows fresh, a hard gale of wind, a fret of wind, a storm, a tempest.

In 1805 Admiral Beaufort introduced the scale bearing his name, the degrees of which are based upon the speed of an old-fashioned frigate or the amount of sail she could safely carry.

This scale has since been modernized and is now known to sailors all over the world, has also been used to some extent on land. The Beaufort scale expresses the force of the wind in numbers, from 0 to 12, and also by a series of descriptive terms, viz.: Calm, light air, slight breeze, gentle breeze, moderate breeze, fresh breeze, strong breeze, high wind, gale, strong gale, storm, hurricane.

A Prodigy in Both Music and Chess.

Music and chess cannot be said to be closely allied terms, yet there is a story told of one who was a prodigy in both these directions. The reference is to the celebrated Walter Parratt, who was knighted by Queen Victoria.

Young Parratt played the organ in a Yorkshire church when only seven years old. At ten he performed all of Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues without the music before him, and in later life he accomplished the extraordinary feat of playing, blindfolded, three games of chess and one of Bach's fugues at the same time, manipulating the keys of the organ and calling out his moves on the chess board simultaneously.

Ancient Dispensary.

About 4600 B.C. a public dispensary was established in Egypt, the medical attendant for which received the equivalent of $500 a year for his services. This was at that time about five times the amount received by a skilled laborer.

A CORNER FLOWER-BED

By Ann K. Robinson.

Why not turn that scraggly place under the old tree in the fence corner into a beauty spot by building a rock bed and planting it with wild flowers? I did that last spring, but fall does just as well.

I loosened the ground as for gardening, and placed ontop of it stones about the size of a hat, and just about touching each other. Then I filled dirt in between them to half their height. I was careful that all crevices were filled and that no air-holes were left to hinder the upward travel of moisture. This is important, as all roots must have direct connection with Mother Earth.

I put on a layer of slightly smaller stones between the larger ones, pressing them down well, and adding more of my good rich loam. When I was through, a few jagged joints worried me, until I thought what nice trellises they would make for some delicate vine.

Towards the back, I placed the taller plants — rhododendron, tiger-lily, lady's slipper, and wild flowers transplanted from the woods. Even a skunk-cabbage, which is beautiful, in spite of its name, will look well.

Ferns for Shady Places.

There are many varieties of ferns you can use, from those that grow two feet tall to the tiny fronds that spread over the ground star fashion. You can get ferns from the woods.

Toward the front of the bed have May-apple, jack-in-the-pulpit, adder's-tongue, squirrel-corn, bloodroot, wood-lily, or any of the frail, dainty wild flowers to be had for the getting. Wild violets grow splendidly among rocks. The common blue ones are the most popular, for they are so cheerful, but you can have some of the white and yellow ones too. You will have to watch so that they don't crowd everything else out in a year or so. Put in a cowslip, a catnip and a mint root, and a few mountain-sea plants that have such pretty bright berries. And after everything is as you want it, add a vine or two, the lovely arbutus, ivy, laurel or any of the vines Nature uses for carpeting purposes. And see if you can get a little moss to cling down among the deeper shadows.

Bulbs for Spring Blooms.

Slip in a few bulbs for early-spring blooming. They will have had their season in plenty of time for the root plants to grow; the darling little crocus is up before the snow is gone, and daffodils are in bloom before the woolly fern fronds are unfurled.

A rock bed can be made in strong sunlight, using, of course, flowers that thrive in the open. Here the choice of plants is almost unlimited; any low-growing plant that is friendly with the sun does nicely. Use portulaca, or candytuft, or pansies, or cultivated daisies, or ice-plant, whose cool-sounding name is so restful on a hot day.

In my corner I saw late tulips lording it over the modest pansy; they held their heads high while their day lasted, and when finally they faded, the velvety pansies covered the bed with their loveliness, and dainty light-green poppy foliage was showing.

Leave bulbs in the ground all the time; they will take care of themselves and be the earliest to bloom in the spring, dauntlessly lifting their cheerful little faces to a cold spring blast.

HIS MAJESTY ENJOYS CRUISE

King George of England is a man of varied interests, but two of them dominate all of the rest. One is kingship; the other is the sea. It is because he has worked so hard at the first that now, for the first time in years, he will be able for a few weeks to devote himself almost entirely to the second.

Almost entirely, but not quite; for in the words of the principle which underlies the unwritten British Constitution, "the King's government must be carried on"; and the crown is the permanent part of this country's government. Even during his convalescence cruise in his yacht, the Victoria and Albert, the King is not quite wholly to divest himself of the cares of state.

The fact that the King is cruising in the royal yacht, and that a British ship is, legally speaking, British territory, reduces to some extent the problems which normally arise when the sovereign goes traveling. The legal doubts whether the crown could do, in law, outside the kingdom what it could do within it, which arose during Queen Victoria's frequent illnesses abroad, do not occur in the present case. King George still is, technically, within his own jurisdiction.

Just the same his absence from the country must interfere seriously with the normal work of administration. Even though he delegates some of his powers to a Commission of the Privy Council, he cannot divest himself of all of them. Few people, outside of court circles, have any idea how much the King's own signature is required by law. Statute after statute has been passed requiring that the royal "sign manual"—which is only an ornate phrase for the Kings own handwriting—shall be necessary to set the machinery of government in motion.

The complexity of the political situation in Britain since the war, combined with the vast increase in government by administrative order, serves to explain why, aside from his annual visits to York Cottage, at Sandringham and to Balmoral, King George has taken no real vacation in sixty years of age the hardest-working man in the British Empire would have been wiser to... strength a little more... done. But he is able to... day now with the assurance... doctors insist upon it if his... be restored for the strain...

...ns of vacation which they recommended him nothing... King George better than the... they advised him to take... said that one of his two... sets in life is kingship; he... of man to throw himself... ely into his job, whatever... But if the King has any... probably that fate made... instead of leaving him, as... King Edward's second son... of the direct line of succession... simple naval officer...

...ral pleasure to sail with his... former officers of the royal... must say, the crown bears... ...life of the sovereign is... ...for the comfort of... ...always easy to live... ...him when before the...

...King G... ...expense with the... ...and knowledge... ...the most important... ...ral of the... ...ment," for example... ...Duke of Connaught... ...of an annual... ...living. Now, unofficial, and... ...he looks... ...the lovely... ...the former... ...of sunshine... ...Mediterranean... ...No regal... ...impressive... ...a patient... ...log book... ...home.

Bathing in Their Clothes.

The interesting item of information that the Tibetan Lamas now visiting England indulge in but one bath a year suggests a state of primeval savagery to our Western ideas of what is right and proper. But in various parts of the world strange customs prevail which to the practical British mind would be classed as sheer madness.

It is probably news to many that high-caste Hindus take their daily bath with their clothes on! And yet it is a fact. Their religion compels them to have a bath daily. They will neither touch nor eat anything before having their bath. It is considered indecent to bathe naked, even within the walls of houses, and a rich zemindar or a poor Burman obeys the same rule.

Men, women and children are usually seen bathing in open wells and on seashores with dhoties on. A dhoty is a piece of white cloth about six or eight yards long wrapped round the body. After the bath they put on a dry dhoty round them and, as the wet one slip from underneath, so that they neither expose their bodies nor let the dry cloth get wet. Even when traveling they manage to have their daily bath at stations where the trains stop for about twenty minutes.

Most of the railway companies build walls near such stations specially for this purpose, and the spectacle of this strange religious rite being carried out with unfailing regularity is one which causes tourists to marvel at such zeal.

The Most Expensive Parts.

Friend: "What parts of the car have you found the most expensive?"

Discouraged Motorist: "The immobile parts."

An Experiment.

"Well, Pat," said Bridget, "what kind of a bird have you brought home in the cage?"

"It's a raven," replied Pat.

"A raven?" And why did you bring home a bird like that?"

"Well, I read in a paper the other day that a raven has been known to live for three hundred years. I don't believe it, so I am going to put it to the test."

He alone is wise who can accommodate himself to all the roughnesses of life, but the fool contends, and is struggling like a swimmer against the stream.—Latin Proverb.

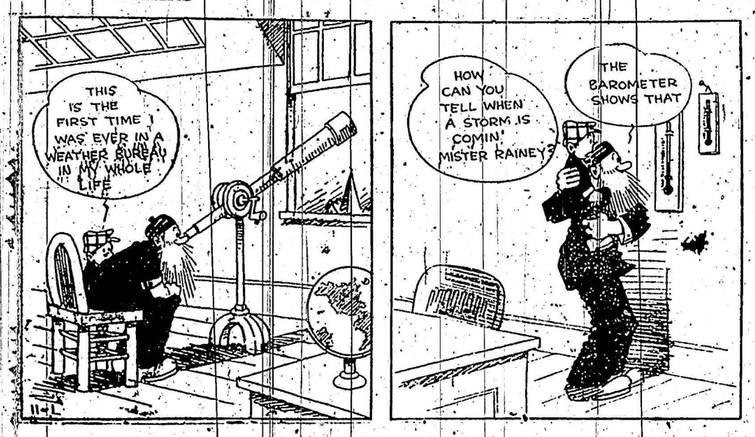
Canadians Are Small Newsprint Consumers.

Comparison of consumption of newsprint in Canada with that in the United States brings out some interesting information. Canada produces more than one-third of the world's supply of newsprint, or about 2,000,000 tons, of which 1,900,000 tons are exported, principally to the United States. Canada's own consumption of newsprint was 300,000 tons in 1921, using certain figures. In the same year the United States produced 3,339,250 tons and consumed 6,691,483 tons of newsprint, the balance being made from chemical pulpwood.

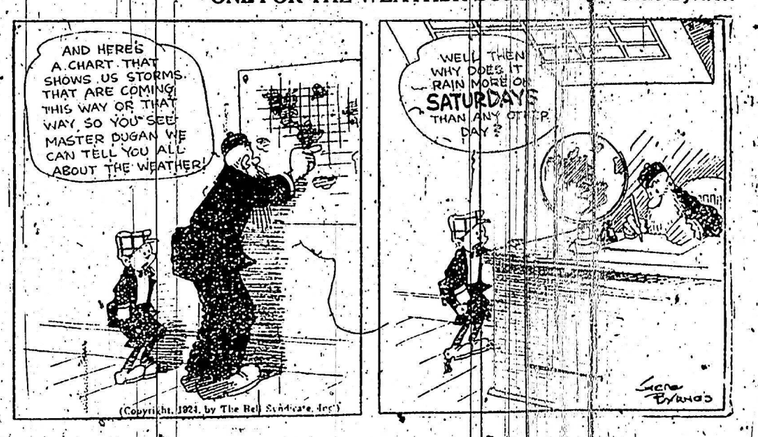
Willing to Listen.

"You propose to take my daughter from me without any warning?" demanded Young Man: "Not at all. If there is anything concerning her that you want to warn me about, I'm willing to listen."

REG'LAR FELLERS



ONE FOR THE WEATHER BUREAU — by Gene Byrnes.



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