For the Boys and Girls

THE CROW'S NEST.

BY LUCY RANDAL COMFORT.

"Some one must go for the doctor," said Mrs. Bray.

"I'll go," said Johnny.

"What?" said Mrs. Bray, half smiling, "three miles across the mountainside, in all this deep snow?"

"I've often carried my father's dinner to him when he was in the maple-sugar camp," said Johnny, "and that's half a mile further than Doctor Denton's. It's something of a walk, to be sure."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Bray. "But I think I could go quicker than any one else," said Johnny, as he looked pitifully at the little babe in the cradle, whose dimpled face was all flushed with fever. "I love Will, you know, and—"

And here a great lump seemed to rise up in his throat and check his words.

Johnny and Will were motherless children. Their father earned his livelihood by cutting pines in the forests, hauling timber and doing odd jobs generally, whenever he could get a chance. Their mother had died a few months before, and a kind neighbor had offered a home to the children, for the sake of the little errands and chores that Johnny could do.

Mrs. Bray was very kind to them, and took the best possible care of the baby; but there was many a night when Johnny lay awake, softly crying to himself with his arms around Will's neck and thinking of the dear, dear mother he had lost. And it was his greatest ambition to obtain a good situation in the neighborhood, where he could earn little money and help support Will.

"For I know that my father is very poor," said Johnny, "and if I could only assist him, I know that mother would be pleased!"

"Well," said Mrs. Bray, after a little hesitation, "I think you had better go."

So Johnny put on his cap and tied his faded worsted comforter about his neck. An overcoat was an unknown luxury to him, but his coat was warm and snug and he set off at a brisk walk, that was almost a run, in the frozen sunshine, over the mountain-side, that was white and glittering with snow.

For all the dazzling sunshine, a tremendous gale of wind was blowing—such a gale as might make mariners tremble on the decks of great ships, standing far out to sea—a gale that shook the tops of the trees, and made them groan and creek as if giants in pain were bending within their huge, mossy trunks.

And how Johnny found his way through those trackless woods, where there was no path, except here and there the paw-marks of a stealing fox, or wild-cat, or the velvety tracks of rabbits, nobody could guess. I do not think that Johnny knew himself.

He kept his eyes steadily on the sun, and now and then paused, to look for rude signs cut in the bark of the birch-trees, which served as a sort of guide-post to him.

After a long walk, crossing two or three frozen streams, and getting over a huge, rocky chasm by means of a fallen tree-trunk—which groaned dismally as Johnny picked his way across it, as if it had half a mind to snap itself in two and let him down among the snowy rocks below—he reached the doctor's house, on the other side, and left his message.

"The doctor isn't in," said Miss Phoebe, the doctor's sister; "but I'll tell him the very minute he gets back. He can drive around by the road, and perhaps he'll be there before you are."

"I hope so," said Johnny, wistfully, "because our baby is very sick."

"You'd better stop and have a bit of dinner," said Miss Phoebe. "It's most ready."

"Oh, thank you!" said Johnny; "but I couldn't stay—I must get back to Will. I can quiet him better than any one else, when he is ailing and fretful."

So Miss Phoebe gave him a drink of milk and a piece of hot gingerbread, and he started back home again.

It was getting on toward sunset now, and Johnny was anxious to get home.

"I think perhaps it would be a shorter cut," he thought, "if I could get down to the railroad track, and walk on that as far as the Great Gray Rock, and then cross the ice-pond to the old road."

He scrambled down the steep and frozen side of the bleak mountain, and soon came to the single railroad track, upon which a passenger train ran at eight in the morning going south, and five in the afternoon going north. There was a freight at noon also, but this had passed by long since.

"It must be near five now," thought he. "I shall hear the noise of the train as it comes; and, besides, they always blow a whistle at the Great Gray Rock."

He walked along swiftly and steadily, his hands deep down in his pockets, and his nose purple with cold. Suddenly he stopped.

"It's very strange that I don't see the Crow's Nest," he said aloud, as if he were talking to the yellow sunset in the West.

The Crow's Nest was a long-deserted nest of sticks and straw and reeds in the decayed boughs of a lightning-blasted pine tree, which, from its peculiar position, could be seen for some distance away by any one approaching from the northern side of the mountain. And just then Johnny came around the curve of the woods and saw, to his amazement, that the old pine, decayed at the heart, and tossed about by the tempestuous March gale, had split half way down, and fallen, a huge, splintered mass, across the iron rails of the track.

And this was the reason that Johnny had failed to see the familiar landmark of the Crow's Nest.

"What shall I do" cried Johnny, aloud. "The train comes rushing around the bend at five, and all the passengers will be killed! Oh, if I had but a red lantern to signal, 'Danger ahead!'"

He stopped a minute trembling like a leaf, to think what he had better do; and then, starting to run at full speed, he rushed headlong down the track, waving his scarlet comforter overhead.

At the top of the snowy hill by the Great Rock, he knew that he could be seen for a long distance, and, by dint of great exertion, he conceived to reach this vantage ground before the shrill whistle of the advancing train was heard.

It was on a down-grade here, which increased the peril of the situation; and Johnny stood there, the scarlet comforter fluttering above his head, as if he were a little statue, cut in ebony, sharply outlined against the brilliant western sky, where the sun was hanging like a great globe of gold, above the black clouds.

"Now if the engineer only sees me!" thought Johnny, his little heart beating like a trip-hammer, as he could hear above the rush of the wind and the creaking of the tree boughs the hoarse whistle of the train as it rushed onward through the steep gorge beyond.

And the engineer did see him. Small he was Johnny, and insignificant, as was his ensign of danger, the snow-covered hill and the orange sunset made so strong a background for him; but they instantly perceived that something was wrong, and whistled the signal for "down brakes."

And the lives of the passengers were saved, and all through the courage and presence of mind of a boy twelve years old.

Children, this is a true story. It is a thing that really happened. And you will be glad to hear that one of the officers of the railroad company had Johnny appointed to a good place, at the nearest station, where it was his duty to signal every approaching train with a flag.

"For," said the gentleman, "I feel sure I can trust such a lad as that."

Little Will got well, and Johnny dates all his good luck from that walk down the mountain-side, when the March winds were raging in the forest, and the Crow's Nest crashed furiously across the iron lines of the railroad track.

The Calm Mind.

To come into the presence of a tranquil spirit is like finding the deep silence of the heart of a forest or behold the still waters of a pool that mirrors mountain-walls.

Existence, for too many of us, resembles the erratic, fruitless agitation of gnats in the summer sunshine. They dart hither and thither while their brief ray holds, but the power of wings has taken them nowhere. They keep with the same crowd, repeating the silly gyrations. "A fly," says Emerson, "is as intractable as a hyena."

Every human being is on earth with a prospect of usefulness before him, though adverse circumstance may seem to constrain and fetter his volition. He has a work to do. By his mere example, of mean or valorous performance, he changes the aspect that life wears for those around him.

Chief among us of a charge to keep the leaders of mankind are those who with serenity and self-control face what over the day drinks. None of us enjoys immunity from pain or a monopoly of happiness. Look behind the scene in the life of one apparently care-free and you may easily find burdens that the world knows not, carried with unfaltering hope and faith, and in transquillity that never cries rebellion or despair.

There are no riches in a bank vault or casket that compare with the treasure of a mind at peace though beset with vexing problems and loud clamors. The man who rules himself can rule a state. To such it is safe to entrust the administration of affairs in business or the statecraft of a country. Those who consume their fret and worry need to observe and follow the way of those who emerge from turmoil, conserving their energy for any crisis through an equanimity that nothing can destroy.

The Practical Mind.

A man was almost frantic with toothache. The only other person in the room was his pompous, matter-of-fact aunt.

Presently the man burst out: "Oh, I wish goodness people were born with teeth!"

"Your Uncle Alfred, they are," said the relative.

The world's tiniest observation balloon is only fourteen feet long.

Gray of the Elegy.

"Probably on the whole the poem most read and quoted and remembered in the English language," Mr. Gamaliel Bradford in a recent interesting study of Gray terms the Elegy in a Country Churchyard. But it is certain that popular knowledge of the poet does not by any means correspond with the continued popularity of his masterpiece.

"In appearance he was a little, trim, tidy person, very dignified, rather conventional, rater unapproachable," says Mr. Bradford, and he quotes Horace Walpole's description—they had been friends and comrades in youth and after a break were friends once more in later years: "He is the worst company in the world; from a melancholy turn, from living reclusely and from a little too much dignity he never converses easily. His writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable."

Gray, proud, self-conscious and shy, was quite aware of his own lack of the social gift. "People in high spirits and gaiety overpower me and entirely take away mine," he admitted. "I can yet be diverted with their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dullness it sinks me to nothing." Light chatter without wit he found unendurable.

"For me I am come to my resting place and find it very necessary after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company, and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad and (what they call) doing something—that is, racketing about from morning to night—are the occupations I find that wear out my spirits."

He did himself injustice in employing the word "sulkiness," for sulky he assuredly was not, even though he withdrew into his shell turtle-wise when his quiet was assaulted by racketing company. A scholar, an antiquarian, a recluse, given to low spirits and to silence and able better to enjoy humanity in letters and at long range than at close quarters, he was! and fortunately he was able for most of his life to indulge his tastes to the full in the scholastic shades of Cambridge. Tranquillity, twilight and silence appealed to him; and he humorously recognized a natural affinity with the bird of wisdom when he wrote to a friend:

"I keep an owl in the garden as like me as it can stare; only I do not eat raw meat nor bite people by the fingers."

Famous Hymns Based on Apostles' Creed.

How many lovers of music know that the "Apostle's Creed," with which so many churchgoers are familiar, forms the background for three, at least, of the world's most famous hymns?

If readers answer this question in the negative, then the following information will be not only interesting, but instructive as well.

There lived in Ireland, some 30 years ago, a very celebrated woman, Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, wife of the Primate of the Church of England.

This Mrs. Alexander, although long since gone to her reward, was deeply interested in the Sunday School of their church, and wished to teach girls and boys the great truths of the Bible. She thought that one of the best ways in which this might be done was through song; for, if the girls and boys learned hymns which contained these truths, and sang them afterwards, they would never forget. At one time she took one clause and another of the "Apostles Creed," and wrote one hymn and another, that, through these, the young might learn the Faith of the Church. She began with the clause, "I belive in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth," and wrote the beautiful nature song:

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

Then she passed the words

"And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord . . . born of the Virgin Mary."

For this she wrote

"Once in Royal David City
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her baby
In a manger for His Bed:
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child."

This is not only a Christmas hymn, but even more, a song which tells of the childhood and youth of Jesus as the ideal of all young people.

Then when she came to the great clause, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate," she found it very difficult to put the mystery of the Cross into simple words. At last her difficulty disappeared and she taught of Jesus, Who died for us, in the hymn—

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

Thus we have these three world-famous hymns written with the "Apostle's Creed" as the background.

Here is a rare and exclusive photograph of King George, holding in his arms the infant Prince of Wales. The print comes from the private album of Queen Mary and has never before been published.

SEIZE THE DAY

"The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday, but never jam to-day." Thus said the White Queen.

"It must come sometimes to jam to-day," Alice objected.

"No, it can't," said the queen. "It's jam every other day. To-day isn't any other day, you know."

There was wisdom in the saying, and it puzzled Alice. She was too young, too great an optimist, to have realized that a plain bread-and-butter diet is the general rule, and that jam is usually only a mirage of the future or a glamour of the past.

The young girl sighs: "How wonderfully happy I will be when I am married!"

She passes her teens in discontent, fortified only by dreams of the future. But she, who is married, sits moodily by the fire, sighing:

"Oh, this is boring! What thrilling days were those!"

Life's El Dorado.

Our most contented moments, indeed, are those when we make plans for the future, or idly reconstruct the past. How few are the days when, with ecstasy, we can exclaim from our hearts that life at that very moment is wonderful and joyous! Very rarely indeed can we honestly affirm that it is jam to-day.

The quest of happiness is the quest of all mankind. We think to find it in freedom, in work, in love, in art, in marriage—everywhere, in short, but in our present state. During the long summer evenings we think longingly of the firelight, the muffins, the curtained, cosy rooms of winter. When winter comes we gaze into the crackling fire and look back or forward to the wide, open spaces of the country and the hot, scented day of summer days.

It is perhaps difficult for us to enjoy the present. From our very childhood we are taught to "look froward." "When I grow up," "When I go to school," "Hurrah for the holidays!" "I wish I were independent," "If only I were married!" Such are the cries of youth. And when maturity is reached and wisdom not yet attained, there is nothing but laments for past delights.

Sundial Sense.

Have we no philosophy of life? Must we be always regretting the past or pressing forward to the future? Can we have no leisure, no contentment?

There is a saying—usually engraved on sundials—completely disregarded by most of us. It is "Carpe Diem," which, roughly translated, means "Seize the Day."

Happiness is not a shadow of the future or the past. Like the Blue Bird of Maeterlinck, it is always present and amongst us. It is within our grasp this very moment if we will only open our minds and hearts to receive it.

We have read much lately of auto-suggestion, and so have been led to understand that our thoughts have a direct influence on our bodies. "Every day, in every way, I am better, better, better," is the refrain taught by M. Coue. And we have come to believe with him that endless misery and innumerable ills are the result of gloomy, unhealthy thoughts.

Take Hold of Happiness.

We must treat this idea of happiness in the same way. Think that you are happy, believe that happiness is yours. When you find yourself regretting vanished joys, pull yourself together with the reflection that, though possibly you were happy then, you are happy now.

In other words, "Seize the day." Convince yourself that life is beautiful and delightful at this very moment. It should not be very difficult, because, after all, there are so many wonderful things to think about and to do.

"Seize the Day." Don't wait for jam to-morrow. The White Queen was perfectly correct when she argued that to-morrow never comes. It is always to-day. And bread-and-butter is the most of us the usual diet.

But it isn't unpleasant if you bring happy thoughts to bear upon it. After all, you will get tired of cake and ron glace before you get tired of bread-and-butter.

Stories About Well-Known People

Menus of the Far West.

Rev. Edward Hester, the Anglican missionary in charge of All Saints' Church, Aklavik, in the delta of the Mackenzie river, in a letter to "outside," lays stress upon the quantity of fish required to feed the Indian pupils at the mission schools. "They have fish and potatoes for breakfast, potatoes and fish for dinner and both for supper," he declares.

Where is Canada?

Sir William Mulock, when on one of his periodical trips to Great Britain, fell to discussing with certain government officials in London the knowledge of the average Englishman regarding Canada.

"I'll warrant," he declared, "that if the question, 'Where is Canada?' were put to the first ten people you met on the street, nine of them would give incorrect answers."

The point being disputed, it was agreed to put it to the test. The first person a man—to whom the question was put, after meditatively scratching his head, replied: "I've lived in London nearly all my life, but am sorry I cannot direct you to the place." And the results were equally unsatisfactory with the following nine persons interrogated. With the tenth person—which happened to be a woman selling trinkets on the kerb—the question was varied, being, "My dear woman, can you tell me if you favor Canada or not?"

"Look a 'ere," she replied, blazing with fury, "if you sye that again I'll give you a slap in the face. Don't you dare insult a lidy."

Sir Arthur Currie Explains.

Sir Arthur Currie recently addressed the Canadian Club of New York, protesting that this talk of annexation showed a lamentable ignorance of the Canadian state of mind. Next day, according to the story, Sir Arthur met a prominent American publisher and the subject cropped up again.

"Well," said the American, "we're annexing a lot of your authors anyway. And we have annexed the greater part of your market for reading matter. I was surprised to learn that in 1923 the United States shipped to Canada 564,000 tons of paper, books and reading matter, or more than half of our imports of newsprint from Canada, which were just 1,000,000 tons. That tremendous amount of American reading matter must be making an impression on the Canadian mind, even if Canadians are on exceptionally hard-headed people."

"If the American mind was as weighty as the matter it requires to express itself to us, doubtless the impression would be profound," responded Sir Arthur. "But when the discriminating Canadian mind has separated the chaff from the wheat in the imported product of the American mind—well, it finds a few grains worth grinding and mixing with its native product."

THE GUILTY ONES

By B. [illegible]

The writer having camped for [illegible] seasons in the lake country of [illegible] and having visited the forests of Canada from New Brunswick to Vancouver Island, is qualified to express an opinion regarding the principal causes of our forest fires.

Lightning and railways have often been considered to be two prime agencies for starting forest fires. My observations lead me to believe that compared with the chief agencies these two are inferior, because fires as are occasioned by lightning are nearly always extinguished by the accompanying downpour of rain, and as concerns the railways, the companies are most diligent in watching and in taking precautionary measures. I have often found trees which had been ignited by lightning and which only partially consumed owing to the rain.

Three classes of people are chiefly responsible for our forest fires and the psychology of their actions shows two motives: one is the clearly defined intention of burning the forest, the other is pure carelessness, which most frequently on ignorance of forest conditions and exaggerated self-confidence.

The Prospector.

First, consider those who are known to set fire to the forests on purpose. People are anxious to discover rich veins of minerals and a certain section of the country is known to be metalliferous, but over this section there may happen to be a large and ancient forest. The ground is covered several inches deep with years of decaying forest leaves and debris, absolutely preventing the search for mineral veins. If the forest were not there, the rocks would be visible and to expose the rocks the prospector has been known to set the forest ablaze. Then? It makes little difference to him, he is interested only in minerals.

There are others who have seen starting fires, incredible as it seems to any right-minded person. Men are out of work, perhaps hungry and under such circumstances their stock of good-will to humanity is running pretty low. The world owes them a living but somehow it seems has gone to others. Good wages are paid to the fire fighters, as long as the fire lasts. It is not such a rare incident for men so situated to start fires already started and even to begin a conflagration. With a full instruction in the value of the forests might be given to such men were they required to saw wood a few years within prison walls.

Berry-pickers constitute another class of people who frequently set fire to the woods in anticipation of a good crop of berries in a year or two. While such fires are generally confined to small second or third growth, they often spread when a fire arises from semi-clearings in the forest.

The Summer Tourist.

But by far the greatest offender is the careless, over-confident, summer tourists and inexperienced campers, not ill-will on their part, by any means, for in almost every instance we found that they had no idea of the danger, never thought that such a little spark could start a conflagration, and often thought that their fire had been extinguished. They resemble those who thought the gun was unloaded.

Perhaps they are moving camp and the sun is shining brightly. Naturally, of course, visible among the trees in the bright light and so they think the camp-fire has burned out. They embark, gaily singing and dreaming of the trouble brewing in the morning breeze arises and the dying ember into a blaze may pass before the volume of smoke has become sufficiently to attract the attention of the camper. If the fire is well under way any attempt to extinguish it is futile.

The only safe way to put out a fire is to build it on rock or on soil such as sand and at a considerable distance from any forest or forest earth and leaves, in a shallow hole and cannot scatter. It is always safest to have someone standing by to watch the fire. If there are forests and clearings in the forest, they have to be burned. If timber to the value of [illegible] not safe to throw cigarette butts. What to do with them? Why swallow them! Why, rock, or better still, bury to dispose of. A pipe is a means of [illegible] only when the bowl is cold. As for pipes, a man always crumbs between his fingers the fire is dead.

The Careless Settler.

The careless settler who burns and old stumps and the careless offender who throws [illegible] has destroyed many miles of forest. Miramichi fire of 1825 destroyed over 6,000 square miles of white pine forest and many lives, and the fire at Hinckley, 1894, were started from a man clearing land. A man can confine his small clearing there is no danger but when the wind rises sparks are scattered, the fire spreads. Old stumps and logs may smoulder for many days and are a source of constant danger. The protection of our forests requires constant vigilance, a greater degree of public appreciation of the forests, the utmost concentration of effort on the part of those who live in the forests. The natural beautiful timber is now [illegible] unless the citizens of Canada [illegible] better protection of our natural resources will be [illegible] and our playgrounds and our children deserts.

Made Himself at Home.

A young deer of Mt. Rainier Park knows a comfortable bed when it sees it. Last summer the guests at Paradise Inn were startled to see a deer enter the great front door of the hotel and, walking up to the fireplace in the lobby, take a drink and then go out. After that the animal remained in the hotel grounds and allowed people to pet it at will. As a fawn the same deer had frequented the grounds the summer before. A few weeks after it had drunk from the fountain an employee entered one of the guest rooms to make the bed and found the deer lying comfortably on top of it.

Handicapped.

May "Madge seems to have lost her popularity since she returned from the beach."

Maud—"My dear, she simply can't wear a bathing suit in town."

Opportunity.

do me wrong who say
no more
en once I knock and
you in;
very day I stand outside
door
old you walk and
and win.
not for precious
away,
op not for golden ages
wand;
night I burn the record
day,
unrise every soul is born

Undersea City.

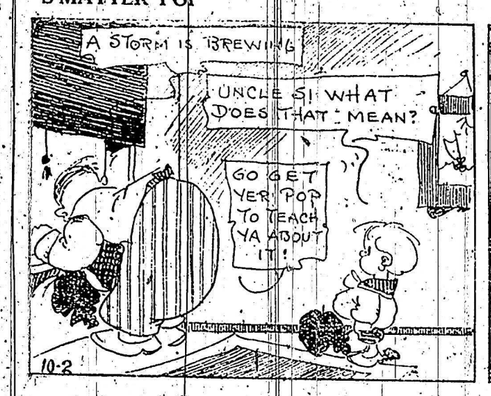
merged 30 feet below the
Mediterranean Sea, off the
ats, the ruins of an ancient
been found by divers.
that many large stone buildings
visible, outlines in
andy bottom, and that
d out of crumbling
ists are preparing to make
xplorations. Authorities
ched to the discovery are
waters described by Virgil
the "Isle of the Lotus Eaters"
ch Homer sang.

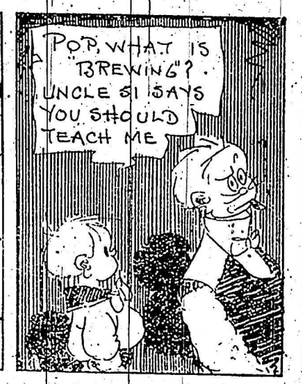
Timely Warning.

Astronomer Royal of Great Britain
plates that one day his
recently shifted downward
commanded a part of London
ht in front of him he saw a
steeple down which ran a
le that even the vibration of the
might have caused it to
telephoned at once to the
on being told that this steeple
fall at any minute thought
he victim of a practical joker.
he finally realized the
of the warning he closed
at once.

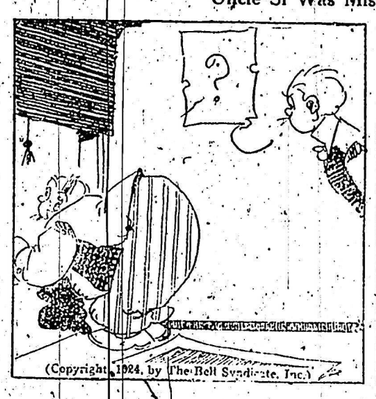
every day over one week that
for hatching are kept four per
ess will hatch, poultry expert

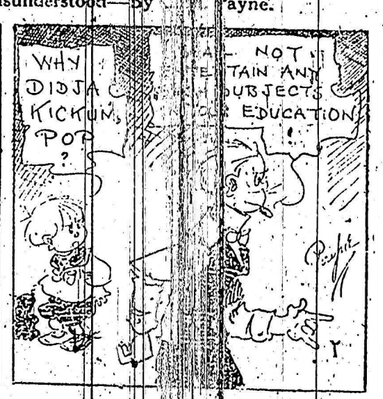
S'MATTER POP





Uncle Si Was Misunderstood—By [illegible]ayne.





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