For the Boys and Girls

LEARN THE NAME.

Gene Phillips father was a prosperous banker. Although he had been in Crawford only five years, he knew more people in that town than other bankers who had been in business there twice as long. When customers entered his bank he invariably called them by name. They were pleased of course and were glad to chat awhile, thus giving the banker the opportunity of learning much about them.

"Father, how can you remember so many people? And you seem to know everything about them too!" Gene said to his father as they were sitting on the porch one summer evening. "Professor Frazer is the same way; he seems to learn the names of all the students in his large classes in no time."

"Professor Frazer and I were chums at college," Gene's father replied. "We were both interested in flowers, trees and birds, and we were careful to learn their names. Wherever we found a new one we could hardly rest until we had looked it up. That naturally led to learning much about each bird or flower or tree, and there was a rivalry between us to see who could learn more. The result was that in all the years since then every tree, bird or flower has been like an old friend to us. But, what is more important at least in a business way, we formed the habit of gathering information. We cannot be satisfied with halfway knowledge. We are just as insistent now on knowing the names of birds and trees and flowers. And to know a person's name is only a beginning. It is like the snowball that you boys make and roll upon melting snow. Everything sticks to it. Information about people, when once you know the name, accumulates in the same way. There are few more valuable habits for a man in business than that of getting the names of people, but it must be formed when you are young."

"I have already begun!" Gene replied, delighted with knowing one secret of his father's success. "I've only been in high school a week, and I believe I know half the boys. And I'll take up birds and flowers and trees next spring. I'll beat you at your own game, father!"

THE CURIOUS HORNBILL.

Animals and birds in the tropical jungles are compelled to adopt various methods for protecting themselves from their enemies. The "hornbill" bird is a curious illustration of this fact. The hornbill and his mate construct a secret nest, which is a complete inclosure made of mud over a hollow in a tree. In this nest only a small hole is left for a window, through which food is passed to the female inside. When the female wishes to lay her eggs, she retires to the hollow in the tree and allows herself to be walled in by her mate, whom she assists in closing up the roof of the nest by means of the mud that her mate brings her for this purpose. The sun bakes it quite hard. For six long weeks Mrs. Hornbill patiently sits on her nest, while she is fed through the window by Mr. Hornbill. In case some animal even attempts to enter the nest, Mrs. Hornbill thrusts her large beak into the opening and snaps savagely with it, which, with its sawlike edges, proves to be quite a formidable weapon. The mother bird loses all her feathers while sitting on her eggs, and thus sits in darkness without any clothes on. The male hornbill collects such food as lizards, small fruits, seeds, and tender roots. These he rolls together in sausage-shaped bundles in his capacious beak and then passes them in to his companion. African natives call this bird the "jealous bird," for it is said that if the male suspects his mate of entertaining other admirers, he seals up the window from outside and goes away for good, leaving the prisoner with her helpless family to die of hunger inside the mud nest.

FATE AND THE LITTLE GREEN CANARY

By J. H. Rosny Aine

Translated by Wm. L. McPherson

I am not one of those who believe that trifling events influence the destiny of the universe. I mean that they have a considerable influence on it," Georges Vardenne began. "The fate of humanity is not changed because a Hindoo, going to bathe in the Ganges, starts out on his left foot instead of his right. But I think that very small happenings can have far-reaching effects on individual happiness and unhappiness."

"Certainly," Tinabre answered jokingly. "If you make a misstep you may break your leg or be run over by an automobile."

As for me," Vardenne went on, the event which I consider the most controlling in my life was the death of a canary. In those days I was in the employ of a wholesale leather dealer, named Sigismond Buttard. I went to the office about 9 in the morning and left it at half past 5. At noon I had an hour for luncheon. I was not badly off, in spite of my modest salary. Nature had given me an optimistic temperament. In the morning I started out early in order to loiter in the streets and along the banks of the river. It was an inexpensive pleasure and it brightened my whole day. In the evening I took another walk. After dinner I visited a cafe. Then I read for a while before going to bed. Saturday evenings I bought a gallery seat at some theatre and on Sunday, when the weather was good, I made trips to the suburbs.

"I also allowed myself the pleasure of keeping a couple of canaries. These canaries were a legacy from my Aunt Elizabeth—a legacy accompanied by a hundred francs or so of income.

"The male canary was named Isidore, the female was named Bocassine.

"Isidore was a green canary, very elegant in his person and a marvelous singer. Bocassine was yellow as fat as an oil-olan always before the seed-box or the cracked and had a surly disposition.

"Isidore, who was younger than Bocassine, paid court to her at first. But Bocassine was unsentimental. She responded to Isidore's advances by pecking him on the head. So he spent many melancholy days. Sometimes in the spring he ventured to sing. He tried to repeat the hymn of his canary ancestors.

"But she promptly interrupted him so effectually that he hardly ever sang any more. In short, he was an out-of-luck canary."

"This story seems to me to be extraordinarily interesting," said Tinabre with a yawn.

"I was living on the fifth floor of an old house without an elevator," Vardenne continued. "Paying a moderate rent, I had a bedroom, a sitting room, a kitchen and a little balcony. This balcony was a delightful place. What charming hours I have spent there on mild days!

"Alongside the run-down building in which I lived a sumptuous new building had been erected. My little balcony adjoined a long and comfortable balcony opposite, on which a big man, with a crotchety face, sometimes appeared.

"He took a few steps, looked at the sky, the street and the chimneys, and then re-entered his apartment. This man, like my employer, was a wholesale leather dealer."

"I foresee a sudden change of fortune," said Tinabre.

"You are right. And this is what happened. One Sunday morning I found the female canary dead. Stretched out in the little zinc bath tub, she lay with her beak wide open, and the young Isidore, very much frightened, was jumping from one perch to another.

"Of what did she die? It was a mystery. I did not make any inquest to find out, but merely took the little body out to the garbage can. After which I carried the cage out on the balcony. The weather was fine. Isidore showed unwonted cheerfulness and, presently he began to sing. He sang ecstatically. There was no longer any one to torment him. There was no longer any one to give him vicious pecks on the head.

"Ah! little rascal! He was celebrating in his way the death of his companion. In truth, his voice was marvelous. Soon a few neighbors listening to him with delight. Swelling out his little bagpipe, he sang of spring, of the returning green, the great lyricism of the woods, everything which makes canaries continue to celebrate through atavism.

"About 10 o'clock my big neighbor appeared. He listened to Isidore with the greatest satisfaction. He remained there fully an hour. And as I came out to take a look at the street he said to me:

"'This canary, monsieur, is a great singer. He is the Caruso of canaries. There are nightingales which do not sing any better than he does.'

"Tastes and distances are mysteries. This big leather merchant loved to hear birds sing. He came to listen to Isidore every day thereafter, and when I was on my balcony we exchanged some words.

"Little by little my neighbor showed me good will, then sympathy, so that on a certain Sunday he invited me to take breakfast with him.

"His character was like his physiognomy, I mean, to say that he was cross-grained. But it has been observed long ago that the cross-grained are not necessarily bad people, and, as for me, I believe them to be more constant and loyal than most other human beings are.

"He bought a canary of high pedigree which we mated with Isidore, and presently we hatched out four little canaries, half of which promised to be singers equal to Isidore.

"We divided the brood, so that the following year the leather merchant enjoyed on his own balcony the melodies of the woods.

"In the interval he had taken me into his establishment and became so much attached to me that he gave me rapid promotions and ended by giving me his niece in marriage. As she was his only heir I found myself, naturally enough, associated with my employer's fortunes.

"And that is how it is. I believe that if Becassine had not died I would still be a simple employee and that my greatest ambition would be to lay up a little income against my old age."

"I believe as you do," said Tinabre. "In all times canaries have played a great role in human affairs."

Production of Beet Sugar in Canada.

The profitable development of the beet sugar industry in Canada is a question of great interest and importance to both the agriculture and commerce of the Dominion. The production of Canadian home-grown sugar is not as yet a large and widespread industry, although reports indicate that extensions are now under way. The production of sugar beets fluctuates from year to year but the following figures for 1923, supplied by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, show the extent of the industry in that year: acres sown to sugar beets, 17,941; yield in tons, 159,200; value of crop, $1,922,668; total production of granulated sugar from beets, 39,423,160 pounds.

Among the more important factors which contribute to the successful production of beet sugar in Canada are efficient labor, cheap fuel and limestone, and an adequate supply, within reasonable distance, of high-quality beets. It was with respect to the quality—the richness and purity—of Canadian-grown sugar beets and the influence thereon of soil and climatic conditions as occurring and prevailing in various parts of the Dominion, that the Department of Agriculture inaugurated an investigation in 1902 and continued it to date. The results unquestionably prove that beets of excellent quality for this purpose can be raised in many widely separated portions of Canada, as shown by field experiments carried on at a number of points from Prince Edward Island in the East to Vancouver Island in the West. In outline the plan has consisted in growing beets of approved varieties for sugar production on the larger number of the farms and stations of the Experimental Farms system, and analysing as to richness and purity a representative sample of the harvested crop. The products of both home-grown and imported seed were tested, and it is a matter of considerable satisfaction that Canadian-grown seed has given excellent results fully equal to those obtained from imported seed of the best factory varieties.

Seagull Song.

My thoughts are mighty seagulls,
Shining out of sea,
As white and strong as seagulls,
As avid of the sea.
They rest upon the green waves,
They mount up, one by one,
My thoughts are godly seagulls,
Lovely in the sun.

My body stays in bondage
Upon the shore, I know,
But lazily float the seagulls
Like great flakes of snow.
Lazily float the seagulls.
Drifting in the blue;
My thoughts are bright as seagulls,
Their flight as true.

They scorn the towns, the shoreline,
Their home is in the sky;
They joy to breast the tempest,
My thoughts more strong hold me.
Mean household tasks may hold me,
And four walls conquer me,
But my thoughts are seagulls,
Lifting out to sea.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

More Important.

"Jack dear, why not let us end it all right now?"

"For the simple reason that I have five bottles of Scotch home that I haven't touched yet."

Pi.

The form, full of type for the next day's paper, dropped to the floor with a heart-rending crash, and the compositor turned pale.

"Go," he muttered hoarsely to a fellow workman, "for the sake of everything, go and tell the chief!"

"Go yourself," the other remarked. "You're better at breaking news than I am."

Fishing for compliments is about as useless as dangling a bent pin on a line in a pail of water.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?

"I'm going to Canada, sir," she said. And here she is in Montreal; suitcase, dolly, dimples and all. Her name is Miss Lila Mary Courtenay, and she is two and a half years old. She comes from Bromley, England, and crossed the mighty Atlantic all alone on the Canadian Pacific steamship "Minnedosa," rested a day at the Canadian Women's Hostel, Montreal, where she is shown above, and then proceeded, still unaccompanied, to Calgary, Alberta, where her father met her and escorted her home to Edmonton.

Capetown the City of Colors.

When the Prince of Wales visited Capetown, he noticed the large number of Dutch and French names over the shop-fronts—Dutch and French because the Dutch founded a settlement there many, many years ago, while Huguenots settled there a little later. From these two stocks came the Boers. Great Britain did not add Capetown to her possessions until 1814, more than a hundred years after the arrival of the Huguenots.

Another thing the Prince noted was the races of people—black, white, brown and yellow.

Above all, the Prince was delighted with the maze of color and costume, the bright sunshine and clear air, and the general feeling of happy contentment which is everywhere to be found.

The vegetation is one of the chief charms of this part of South Africa. At the Cape, in an area smaller than the Isle of Wight, there are two hundred more species of flowering plants than in the whole of England.

Another great attraction of the district are the many seaside resorts, with miles of wonderful golden sands and safe bathing beaches.

A favorite excursion is the ascent of Table Mountain. It is so called because its broad top is almost as flat as a table. The ascent is steep, but the view from the top is magnificent.

When clear, one looks down on the town with its white roofs and walls, and its beautiful suburbs spreading away on either side, and climbing up the lower slopes of the great mountain.

A great historian once wrote: "In all the world, there is, perhaps, no city so beautifully situated as Capetown."

Sentence Sermons.

Our Greatest Glory—Consists of our ability to make good in little things.

—Is our dependability under any circumstances.

—Lies in our ability to make new friends without losing the old.

—Appears when we refuse to allow success to spoil us.

—Never seems to impress the home folk much.

—Is not in unusual performance, but unflagging effort.

—Is won on the day we overcome our greatest difficulty.

A Bit Catty.

She was newly engaged, says the Tattler, and was confiding in her dearest friend.

"Do you know, dear," she said, "Tom and I understand each other perfectly. He tells me everything he knows, and I tell him everything I know too."

"Really," exclaimed the friend. "Don't you sometimes find the silence rather oppressive?"

Boots and Shoes.

Big shoes, little shoes, dainty shoes and neat,
Clumsy shoes for working men, and shoes for women's feet.
Shoes that must be extra strong for school-boys heed them stout;
And shoes of suede the finest make—when Belle goes "walking out."
But Gran'fer scans them every one, those shoes are by the score;
He doesn't find just what he wants in all that variety store!

Boots for tramping country roads, and boots to wear in town.
Boots for golf and cricket boots the shopman takes them down.
Boots for gouty, weary feet, and slippers, satin-lined.
But these are not the styles at all that Gran'fer has in mind.
And then he spies wee things of kid, all tiny, soft and white.
"I'll take a pair of those," he says. "She only came last night!"

—Hilary Brown.

Hockey on Horseback.

Polo is the only athletic game Europe has borrowed from Asia.

The very first game ever seen in England was played at Aldershot in 1869 by the officers of the 10th Hussars—with crooked-handled walking sticks and an old ivory billiard ball.

Their tutor was a retired colonel of the Indian Army, who had learnt the game from the Manipuris on the North Western frontier of India. He had, however, forgotten its name if he ever knew it—so it was christened "hockey on horseback."

Acoutally the name is nothing more than the Tibetan "pulu," or ball made from a knot of willow wood.

The following year saw the first polo match played by teams properly equipped.

The rival teams were drawn from the 10th Hussars and the 9th Lancers, and all fashionable London turned out to see the new game.

Since then, polo has gained popularity in all parts of the world.

Inherited.

Johnny Browne was the brightest boy in his class, but was also the naughtiest. After a time the teacher's patience was exhausted. She wrote a note and gave it to Johnny for his mother, who read the following:

"John Browne is the brightest boy in the class, but also the most mischievous. What shall I do?"

Without a word John's mother wrote the following in the upper left-hand corner: "Do as you like. I've my hands full with his father."

A dog's devotion puts human friendship to shame.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN CANADA

There is one feature about the Canadian Rockies that has not been appreciated as yet in this country, and that is the reputation which these mountain ranges have with the most experienced mountain climbers of the world. It will surprise some to learn that many parts of the Rocky mountains are exceedingly well known in Europe and in the United States, and that men who have for years spent their holidays in the Alps are now coming to Canada year by year. The reason for this fact is the great extent of our climbing field—twenty times that of Switzerland—the excellent character of the climbing, and the accurate maps of these portions that have been surveyed.

The notable thing about mountain climbing as a form of recreation is the fascination which it has for those who have been initiated into its delights. When they find a region where the game can be played to the best advantage they return year after year to try new hazards and to conquer the unconquered; and in the intervals they spread the news and impart the visions to others. The great Alpine societies in different parts of the world maintain journals devoted to mountain climbing and every year scores of profusely illustrated books and pamphlets are published at the expense of societies and individuals, describing the feats of past seasons. The point is that to-day more space than ever before is being devoted to the Canadian Rockies. A perusal of these writings shows that this territory appeals to Alpinists as containing vast virgin fields of the finest territory for climbing

SPLENDID CARILLON FOR OTTAWA TOWER

WONDERFUL MEMORIAL ON PARLIAMENT HILL.

Largest of Fifty-three Bells Weighs Ten Tons—Only One Like it in World.

Work on the memorial tower on Parliament Hill has been resumed, and slowly but surely the contours of the lofty spire are being evolved. In the meantime the carillon of 53 bells which will fling its music down the Ottawa valley and across to the Gatineau hills, is in process of construction by the British company, to which the contract was awarded.

The heaviest of the bells will weigh ten tons, and will have a diameter of eight feet and two inches. The lightest will weigh only fifteen pounds and will measure only seven inches in diameter. The note of the largest bell will be in the key of E. The semitone immediately following will be omitted and the notes of the remaining bells will advance by semitones through the chromatic scale.

The contract for this magnificent carillon was placed with the celebrated firm of bell founders, Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, England, who will also manufacture the heavy mechanism necessary for driving the hands of the four sixteen-foot diameter clock faces and for striking the hours and chiming the Westminster quarters on the carillon bells.

Duplicate of New York Carillon.

The Ottawa carillon will be identical in size, height and number of bells with that destined to be placed shortly in the tower of the Park Avenue church, New York, and now nearing completion in the Croydon foundry. These two sister carillons will therefore be the largest in the world, the next in size being that in the tower of St. Rombaulds cathedral, at Malines, which has 45 bells, the heaviest weighing about six tons.

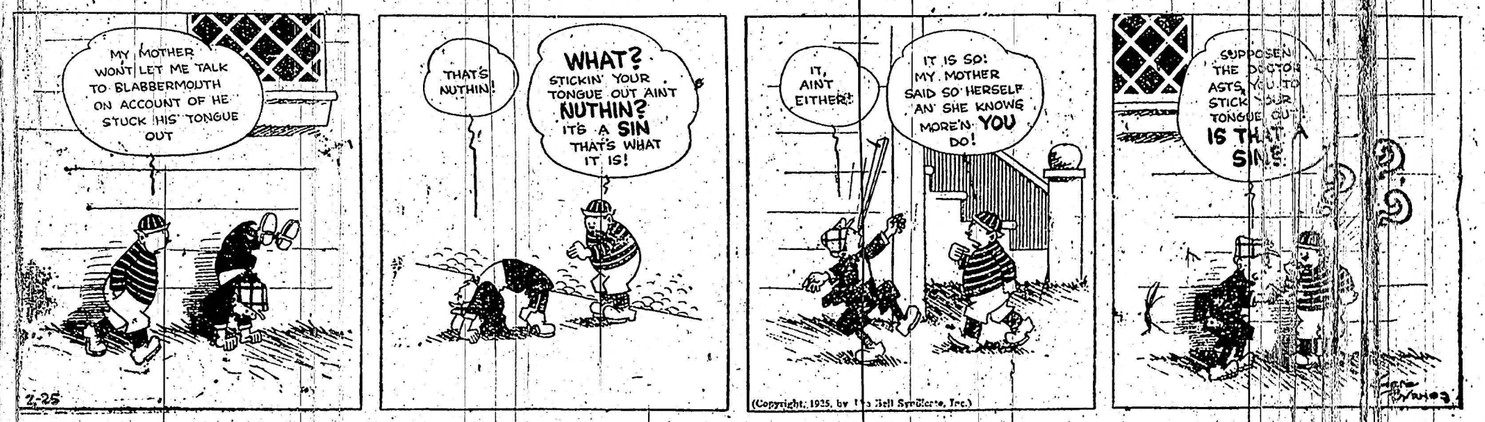
The bells will be arranged together in the belfry in such a way that as the passenger elevator travels upwards to the observation gallery every bell will be visible, while the works of the great clock will be displayed in a large glass case in the centre of the clock chamber.

The carillon will be played by a carillonneur or bell organist by means of a hand clavier, the arrangement of which is identical with the console of an organ, except that light wooden levers take the place of the ivory keys. These levers are attached by means of wires and cranks to the clappers which strike the bell on the inside surface at a point near its greatest diameter; the travel of the clapper is about one inch, which is sufficient to bring out the full volume of sound required for carillon playing, while still allowing the delicate touch necessary to enable a single operator to manipulate so many bells.

May Use the Feet.

Pedals are attached to the levers connected to the larger bells, so that these can be played by foot or by hand; this enables the player to ...

REG'LAR FELLERS



That Makes a Difference—By G... Barnes.