For the Boys and Girls

BOYS! LET'S TALK ABOUT THE WOODS!

The young Canadian should know what a forest is. He should be able to identify all the trees not only in the woods, but along the roads and in the streets of towns and cities. He should also know about forest plants and animals, and everything else in relation to the forests.

This is a big order for any boy—but not an impossible one. It will require both study and actual experience in the forest. It will not come quickly, but slowly and surely. There is much to learn.

What a forest is, is well and briefly told by Prof. J. S. Illick:

"A forest is a community of living things. It is more than a mere collection of trees, for associated with the trees are many other plants and animals, all of which live in close relationship with one another.

"There is a right and wrong way for forest guides to find out what a forest really is. Many hours may be spent in school rooms, libraries, and parlors studying about the forest and its inhabitants. Such a method has some good points, but there is a better way. The right way to become acquainted with the inhabitants of forests consists in getting ready, going out hiking right into them, and there beginning a first hand acquaintance with the many and interesting members of which it is made up.

"Do not plan to become acquainted with all the forest inhabitants the first trip, for there are too many of them. Just as it is impossible to become acquainted with all the inhabitants of a city in a single day, so it is beyond the realms of the possible to learn to know all the many members of the forest on a single hike.

"A good plan for the first hike to the forest is to list or make a census of all the different groups or class of plants and animals which you may observe, that is, to make no special attempt to name the individuals. This may be done by making a table of two columns, the one with the heading: 'Plants,' the other: 'Animals,' and listing under each all the living things observed. Only two columns are required, for all living things are either plants or animals."

THE FOREST FIRE SEASON.

This is the season of forest fires, and the young Canadian will find much to do in protecting the forest from fires and fighting those which start. He should know how to do both. Professor Illick makes the following suggestions:

1. Do not start a forest fire.
2. Tell all your companions about the damage forest fires do.
3. Report all forest fires to the nearest forest officer.
4. Learn how to fight forest fires, and take a hand in putting them out.
5. Plant forest trees in vacant corners, waste places, abandoned fields, on barren mountain ledges and other unoccupied forest land.
6. Help clean up the forest by using the dead wood found on the forest floor.
7. Cut out only undesirable trees and guard the more valuable ones.

A BEGINNER'S LUCK

The first flight that Major Elmer Haslett took over the German lines makes an amusing story in his book, Luck on the Wing, he says that his squadron had been with the French for a month without being allowed to participate in a single mission. Finally, he gained the consent of the commandant and went up with a French pilot to guard the aeroplane of a fellow aviator named Jones, whose task was to adjust artillery fire.

I looked at my map, he writes, to find where the panels were displayed. They are large, horizontal strips of cloth that are placed on the ground in various symbols near the battery, and that are used as a means of communication between the battery and the aeroplane. Among the signals formed by the white panels, which are quite clearly discernible from the air, are those meaning that "Battery is ready to fire," "Battery has fired," "Fire by salvo," "Change target"; and many, many others, including the signal, "There is an enemy aeroplane near you," which is the most dreaded panel that can be displayed.

In a few minutes I found the situation of the panels; I had a little chart on my map board showing their meaning. I had had some instruction while I was at observation school, but I had decided on crossing that bridge when I reached it; so I had not paid a great deal of attention to them. The descriptive chart on my map board explained the panels in French, and I was not sure whether the chart would do me any good after all, for my knowledge of technical French, or indeed of any other French, was meagre.

I saw the panel, "Battery is ready," and then the aeroplane headed toward the lines. In a moment the panel changed to "Battery has fired"; so I looked behind the enemy's lines but could not find where the shells had hit. To my mind they were hitting everywhere. I again saw, "Battery is ready," and looked directly toward the supposed target. In a moment I saw four shells strike close by, and my vigilance was rewarded, for I was to witness an actual adjustment of artillery fire against a real enemy. Then I took a genuine interest in the adjustment and paid very close attention to every detail. In fact, I was so attentive that I forgot that my mission was to protect the leading plane.

Suddenly I looked down at the panels and saw a huge Y displayed. I did not pay much attention to the Y, but saw Jones taking a steep spiral toward the earth. I did not call the attention of my pilot to it, because I thought Y was something usual, meaning, perhaps, that the signals were not understood. Jones was probably going down to get closer to the battery, in order that his wireless could be heard. But Jones kept going right on down near the battery, and finally kept circling round close by at about three hundred feet altitude. I did not pay any great heed; I thought he would soon climb up again. In a few minutes I saw the battery take in their Y and put it out again; take it in and put it out, as if to attract my attention. Then I saw them running back and forth in different directions with different panels, which had a sort of cinema effect. They brought out double panels and made a great, huge Y.

"Y must mean something," I thought, if they are making all that fuss about it. Y—Y—Y—Y.

It was a memory test for me. I felt that I should remember some of those panels, and here was the chance to think clearly and quickly. I went through the various memory courses I had taken and tried in every way to determine the meaning of Y. After trying to figure it out by the law of association, the law of likeness of sound, the law of impress and by five other such hopeless laws, I began to regret that I had paid so much for that memory course. Then I casually took out my map chart in order to learn what Y meant. As I ran slowly down the list of signals I came to Y and, looking across the page, I saw, "Attention! Ennemi avion pres de vous"; which in English means, "Look out! Enemy aeroplane close to you."

I thought I did not know French, but if I didn't I certainly acquired it with the speed of lightning. I dropped my map board like a shot, jumped up in my cockpit, grabbed by machine guns, released the swinging tourelle, and, whether I knew anything about that tourelle or not, threw it round three times in a complete circle, without stopping—I was bent on getting anything that came near me.

I stopped and looked frantically at the pilot, expecting to find him dead. He had turned round to learn what the trouble was. I did nothing except to give him a sickly smile, for I had nothing else to give him. A signal commonly used among sky spies was to describe a cross with the forefinger, and point when the observer saw a German aeroplane, but that was among the thousand things I had not learned. So the pilot went on flying, just aimlessly drifting on.

I gradually calmed myself and looked into the sky above me and saw seven aeroplanes, which were hidden from the pilot by the wing. From the lectures I had had in America from the instructors who had never been at the front, I was quite sure that you can easily distinguish an enemy aeroplane by the huge black cross that is painted all over it, and so I skimmed my eyes over them, trying to discern the cross. I could not see it; and yet the aeroplanes stayed about six hundred meters above me and kept circling round.

I looked down again. They were still putting out that big Y, and my pilot was just floating along as if nothing had ever happened; in fact, he had never seen the panels and was not paying any attention, having undoubtedly an abundance of confidence in the ability of the American observer. Since I could not disappoint his splendid confidence in my ability I just used my perfectly splendid logic and decided that, if they were German planes, they certainly would have attacked me before that time, and since they had not attacked, they could be no other than French. The battery had probably received notice from the squadron commander that there was a new observer up, and so they were on me, believing that I would run home, and thinking, perhaps, that I had not seen Jones go down in his rapid spiral. So I decided to show them that they could not "fox" me, and I stayed up there, floating round. After about fifteen minutes Jones started for home, and when I saw him shoot off in that direction I decided that perhaps the signal had been changed, that Y probably meant, "There is no further need for you," and that they were just trying to attract my attention, so that we would start for home. I decided that I should not show any more ignorance and should say nothing of the incident.

So we went home, and I felt pretty glad that I was in sight of the aerodrome again and still alive, and that nothing unusual had happened after all. Jones got there about five minutes ahead of me.

The entire flying personnel, including adjutants, sergeants, corporals, lieutenants and aspirants (cadets), were there with the captain to meet and greet us. Jones, of course, had got out and told them about our narrow escape from the seven aeroplanes, and you can imagine the excitement of a bunch of Frenchmen when anything so preposterous as that happens, especially with a new American who as yet was untried in valor on the battlefields of France.

It was manifest destiny, for I found that the reason why those Geramn planes did not attack me was that one of the aerial tactics in vogue at that time was to send an aeroplane as low as I was, with a strong pursuit patrol high in the clouds above, so that when the enemy attacked the lower aeroplane, the pursuit planes could dive upon him, thus having the great advantage of position, speed and surprise.

The seven aviators thought I was a dupe. I was, but not the kind they thought. Mine was a case of ultra-distilled beginner's luck. — Youth's Companion.

How "Alice" Was Illustrated.

The recent death of Harry Furniss of Punch has recalled to mind the amusing account that he once gave of his experiences with Lewis Carroll of Alice in Wonderland fame, one of whose later stories, Sylvie and Bruno, he had undertaken to illustrate. He had been asked to do so only after Sir John Tenniel, also of Punch's staff, the pictorial creator of the immortal Alice herself, had refused in disgust to attempt the task, saying that he absolutely could not stand "that conceited old don" any longer.

Whether or not conceited was the proper adjective to apply, it is quite certain that the Rev. C. L. Dodgson in fact was as difficult to get along with as Lewis Carroll in fiction was delightful. He had no understanding of art; in criticizing it the man of fancy vanished and the mathematician came to the fore in a manner as exasperating to an artist as it was absurd.

"He subjected every illustration when finished to a minute examination under a magnifying glass," said Mr. Furniss. "He would take a square inch of the drawing, count the lines I had made in that space and compare their number with those made on a square inch of illustration for Alice by Tenniel. In due course I would receive a long essay on the subject from Dodgson, the mathematician."

It was too much! Mr. Furniss stood it for a while and then declared that if it were to continue he must throw up the job. Mr. Dodgson was shocked and surprised; he wrote that it was a cruel disappointment to him to receive such a declaration "on account of a single square inch of a picture as to which we disagree"; and he suggested —of all things!—that they should settle their differences in print.

"You shall have your say first, and my paper will come out as an answer to yours," he offered, evidently intending to be scrupulously fair; and he added: "I am sure you will not object to my giving a few mathematical statistics, which my readers can easily verify, and pointing out that by actual measurement—I have just done it carefully—the height of Sylvie, with the dead hare, is just under six diameters of her own head."

Mr. Furniss did not accept the idea of settlement by public dispute; neither did he try to correct Mr. Dodgson's estimate of how many times, allowing for proper perspective and foreshortening, a little girl's height should contain the diameter of her head. He merely reiterated that he would not be further interfered with. He finished the illustrations of Lewis Carroll's last story; had there been yet another one the Rev. Mr. Dodgson would have had to secure another illustrator.

And It May Be Good Advice.

1st Lady—"And why are you getting a divorce, dear?"

2nd Lady—"My doctor advises a change of husbands, you know."

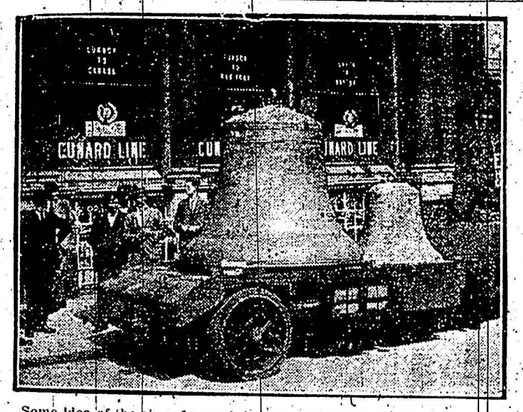
No Such Place.

Social Novice—"What do you do when you get something ending with 'R.S.V.P.'?"

Wireless Enthusiast—"Don't let 'em fool you. There isn't any such sending station."

Daughters of the Empire.

The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire which has just reached its silver jubilee, has 30,000 members throughout Canada.



Some idea of the size of one of the new carillon of 53 bells which will be installed in the memorial tower on Parliament Hill, Ottawa. The set, when completed in England, will be the largest in the world. The heaviest bell weighs ten tons.

Loot.

I am pent like a thief
In cell all alone,
Packed round with thick clay
And bound to the bone.

Without I can see
There is treasure untold
Where galleys star-laden
Sail for beaches of gold.
How rich must the Kingdom
Be when the King
Can squander his jewels
On moths on the wing!

Could I break from my prison,
Steal wings for the flight,
I would fly all the way
To the Foundry of Light.

I would break to the treasure,
Even here I can tell
What a world is to loot
Were I out of my cell.

—O.L.S.

Why Bread and Butter?

Until recently no one was able to say just why bread and butter are always associated as articles of our diet. It has now been shown that there is such a substance as an "anti-vitamin," or good property, which nullifies the influence of the bad property in bread and other cereals.

The new discovery shows, for example, why the people of the cold north eat blubber and animal oils, while people of the south use olive and vegetable oils. Animal oils, it has been found, have properties that are possessed by the sun's rays. In the Arctic regions sunlight is comparatively rare, and so fat is eaten in its place. Vegetable fats, on the other hand, do not contain this property.

Nothing is lost until you've lost your courage.

A Lost Continent.

Does the Atlantic Ocean roll over a lost continent? Le Plongeon, who deciphered the hieroglyphics among the ruins of Yucatan, in Central America, came upon inscriptions describing a catastrophe which submerged the old Atlantean continent, legends of which have survived in literature from the earliest times.

It may be that this catastrophe gave rise to the equally widespread belief in the Food which destroyed the early inhabitants of our planet. Certain it is that the American continent, although called the New World, is geologically the oldest land on the globe, and the monuments found in the jungles of Yucatan were ancient when the Pyramide of Egypt were built.

The catastrophe is supposed to have taken place about 9000 B.C., and at that time there was a highly-organized civilization in Yucatan, which would seem to be a remnant of the lost continent. It is not a very large country, yet, in spite of the great difficulties of exploration, the ruins of 172 cities have been discovered. Some of these are so extensive that they must have contained half a million inhabitants, and it is possible that the pyramids found in the jungle gave the pattern at a much later date to the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Worm in Dandelions.

The dandelion, that universal springtime pest, is itself pestered. It is subjected to a widespread infection by a threadworm, or nema, which makes a large percentage of its plants unhealthy. Fortunately so, for if it had no diseases at all it would be an even greater nuisance than it is.

A fruit-grower in Quebec has an apple tree which produces apples without seeds and without cores.

Stories About Well-Known People

Baldwin as Hobo, Gave $1000 to Poor.

How Prime Minister Baldwin pretended to be an anonymous tramp in order to give $1000 to an institution for indigent, feeble-minded girls is recounted by H. Wickham Steed in a characteristic anecdote of the Conservative leader's modesty.

Mr. Baldwin once came upon an asylum maintained by two impoverished women and on learning it was in financial straits, walked to the next town and procured 200 of the dirtiest pound notes obtainable.

Then he composed an illiterate letter, purporting to have been written by a passing vagabond whose heart had been touched by seeing the institution and by the realization that he himself might end his days in a similar place. He wrapped the money in a newspaper and got a villager to bribe a boy to deliver it at the asylum.

Mr. Steed also recalls the prime minister's anonymous gift of a fifth of his fortune to the Treasury during the war, which he made known only by a letter to the Times signed with false initials, in the hope that his example would be followed by others.

He purchased $500,000 worth of bonds and sent them to the Treasury for cancellation. In all, only four times that amount was sent for cancellation during the entire war.

Huxley's Polite Fly.

Mr. Julian Huxley, the biologist, who recently visited Canada, has been talking about the thinking powers of insects, and he gave a very curious instance to show that flies seem to understand politeness.

A fly in a box was observed to seize and devour an insect which came within reach of it, but when a female of its own species joined it in the box the male fly immediately offered her the next insect he caught, carefully wrapping the morsel up in silk, and placing it in front of her for her to eat.

Even when the female had gone the male fly still remembered its manners, for, catching another insect, it again packed the victim up in silk and left it for her.

A Bit of a Salute.

The writer is reminded, by the appointment of General Sir William Birdwood to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, of an incident when "Birdie," as he is familiarly known, was in command of the Anzacs.

One day he came across a hefty Australian who was lolling, pipe in mouth, near where the General had expected to find a sentry.

"What are you?" he asked the private.

"A bit of a sentry," came the reply. "What are you?" "A bit of a general." "Then," said the sentry, "wait a minute and I'll get my rifle and give you a bit of a salute."

During the war Sir William was known as "the Soul of Anzac." On the occasion of his appointment to India, he has been raised to the rank of Field Marshal.

On Saving 4s. 6d.

No one, according to the popular opinion, knows more about saving than Sir Harry Lauder. He gave his views on the subject to a gathering of Scotsmen in Hong-Kong recently, when he told of his first big engagement.

"I pawned my watch to pay my train fare," he said, "and then looked out for cheap lodgings. I went to the theatre, took off my tie and collar, took out a muffler from my bag, and went round back streets looking like a working man. So I got a room for 7s. 6d. a week. If the landlady had known that I was from the theatre, she would have charged me 12s., so I was 4s. 6d. to the good on the first week."

Telling of his first visit to London and his first success, Sir Harry said:—"I wrote my wife and told her that London was on fire again, and that I could see her driving through Hyde Park in a carriage and pair. And the day came when she did, too."

HEAD COVERINGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

A well-known hat manufacturing concern hired a high-salaried expert to search back through the ages to find the earliest records of the common everyday hat so that it might boast to its customers that it knew all there was to be known about head coverings, ancient and modern.

"The historian did not find out how long ago the first hat was worn, but he managed to compile a lot of exceedingly interesting facts about hats worn in the last 6,000 years. The results of his findings have been published in pamphlet form by the company and after reading the booklet one develops considerable respect for his own straw, for he learns that instead of being a mere article of apparel the hat has been a symbol around which the great dramas of history have been woven. In fact, one learns that a man has been identified by his hat ever since he wore a headpiece.

"For instance, the hat marks us off as freemen instead of slaves. Among the ancient Romans when a slave was freed his head was shaved and he was allowed to wear a simple hat or cap which thus became a symbol of freedom. In the Middle Ages opposing armies distinguished their leaders by the colors of their headgear. In the thirteenth century Pope Innocent IV made the hat the distinctive symbol of the cardinalship. The French Revolution was a war between the red cap and the cocked hat.

When Green Was Significant.

"Perhaps the most peculiar mark of distinction conferred upon its wearer by the hat was in France in the early part of the sixteenth century, when bankrupt Jews were compelled to wear a green hat so that people might avoid losses by trading with them. This is said to have been the origin of the query: 'Do you see anything green about me?' which serves as a retort or an implication of mistrust.

"The hat from early times was worn by Hebrews to distinguish them as 'the chosen race,' a reason, perhaps, why the odthodox Jew has clung tenaciously to wearing his head covering on all occasions, with the adoption of the skullcap as a characteristic emblem. The dignity of the hat is stressed in the refusal of Quakers to uncover in court or before royalty, so that William Penn braved severe penalties for his insistence upon wearing his hat when arraigned for trial.

Hats were made 6,000 years ago. Egyptian art portrays the Pharaohs surmounted by imposing headgear and depicts the preparation of materials for hats. In Assyrian bas-reliefs are shown rulers wearing upon their heads structures that seem to have been intended to overawe their subjects. Travelers, hunters and shepherds 2,000 years ago wore a broad-brimmed hat somewhat like the modern wide-brimmed sombrero. The pointed Phrygian cap of liberty and its descendant in the liberty cap still seen in symbolic use on our own coins today.

Through the centuries the hat has been variously humorous, the picturesque, the grotesque. It rose to the curves of the richly ornate, took on fantastic shapes, was decorated with plumes and jewels, hats of the troubadour and the jester. It assumed the shape of a cocked hat. A badge of office at the time of the French Revolution, and now a remnant of valor, it has been the head-dress of pomp and circumstance for the coachmen and the royal entourage.

The Glory of the Felt Hat.

The fourteenth century the crown of the hat began to rise, the brim itself and gaudy jewels were worn to give way to the plain, round. When Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, and his associated band of refugees landed in New York they wore soft felt hats, and soon hats of this type were widely adopted, thus beginning the era of the felt hat as we know it.

"Babylonians and Assyrians and the Greeks and Romans used it in their hats. For centuries after the fall of the Empire, however, the art of felting apparently lost in the West, although fur felt hats are worn by Chaucer and heavy felt hats have been made in Flanders since 1300.

"According to an old tradition followed by Gulliver, we have our discovered by a wanderer named St. Clement, who was in the patron saint of the hatters. It was told that he put a piece of wool in his sandals to ease his feet and to his surprise at the end of the journey that it had become felt.

"The tradition has always reflected which he lived, so the pictures given as the traditional hat, with its pair of long tassels combined with a lofty crown and the brim, suggesting the broad hats of our day for efficiency during the youthful spirit of the sweeping hat of a more

THE GLORY OF COMMON THINGS

The glory of common things is nowhere more evident, and yet nowhere more unnoticed, than in language. Science and legend, the four corners of the earth, the earliest history of man, have all contributed to the growth of our common speech.

So romantic are the stories of many of our words that even the simplest sentence contains histories quite as interesting as novels.

We have seen how in recent years our common tongue has been enriched with such words as "camouflage," "radio," and "Blighty," and we know that over a thousand years ago the invaders of England brought new words with them. This growth of language, therefore, is no new thing; it has been going on through all the centuries.

When we say a thing is as "plain as a pikestaff," we refer to the time when pilgrims carried staffs as a symbol of their vocation, while not to care a brass farthing" is an allusion to the debased coinage issued by James II.

When we partake of supper we ought, according to the origin of the word, to take a "sop" of bread soaked in gravy, and because many years ago the status of a guest was indicated by the table by his position above or below the salt-cellar, an unworthy person placed above the mark of dignity was said to be not "worth his salt."

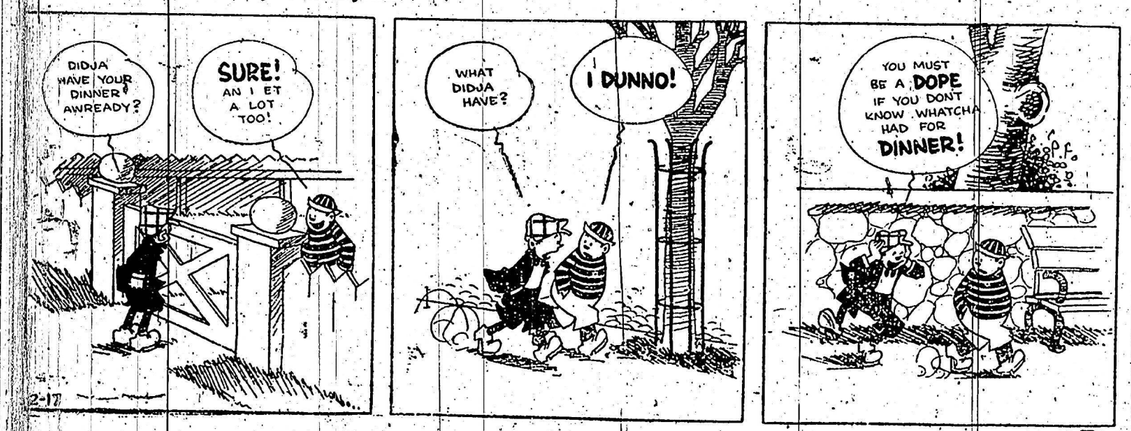
Who does not know the desultory person, the man who begins a task and halfway through leaves it to another? He is so-called because in a Roman circus the athlete who sprang from one horse to another was a "desultor."

A horse going at an easy gallop is said "to canter," simply because he is proceeding at a pace similar to that of the pilgrims to Canterbury; and a stalliner was at first a dealer in all kinds of goods from Milan.

Many words and expressions in common use come from the Bible. A few needing no explanation are "forbidden fruit," "Ishmaelite," "babel," "Good Samaritan," and "widow's mite."

Other books have contributed to the common stock. Sir Thomas More's visionary land of "Utopia" has now given its name to any idealistic state, and from "Lilliput," the land of little

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



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