

For the Boys and Girls

THE STORY OF A THIEF

BY EBEN E. REED

The last recitation of the day was over in the old academy among the maps on the hill, and the boys and girls were gathered in the chapel to listen to an announcement which Professor Leith had told them he wished to make to them.

The room was filled with the buzz of eager voices when he came in. Curiosity to know what the coming announcement was about was on the alert. Some thought one thing, and some another, and all of them agreed that they didn't know anything about it, but they'd soon find out, now that he was here. So a silence fell, and he said:

"This year, we have decided to offer a prize for good scholarship. To the student ranking highest in each class, we shall give something of practical value as a reward for his or her diligence and application. In the graduating class, the prize will be a set of books, to the value of twenty-five dollars, the selection to be left to the faculty. There are several members of this class whose standing is so nearly alike that the reward cannot be made on that alone, but will be determined by the excellence of the essays they prepared for the graduation exercises."

Paul Raynor did not listen to what Professor Leith said after that. He was a member of the graduating class, and he knew that he stood as well as any other in it. He had only one thing to do in order to secure the prize, and that was to furnish the best essay he could do.

There was William Archer. His scholarship ranked as high as Paul's, and he was a fine writer. His essays were always of a high character. He would try, of course, to outdo any other achievement in that line, and Paul had to admit, though he disliked to do so, that he felt sure he would not give it up without a fighting effort. But he! He would write an essay that very night, up to the point where he had ever done it until he felt sure he could beat it. He would decide the next day.

He was fond of books. He liked to read them, and he had always had a good library. He had meant to have a library of his own, but he would have to wait until he had a few more dollars worth of books. He had a few books, but he would have to wait until he had a few more dollars worth of books.

He went home with a heavy heart. No one else had had a chance to see his essay, and he would have to wait until he had a few more dollars worth of books. He had a few books, but he would have to wait until he had a few more dollars worth of books.

So he took the essays to his room and sat down to examine them. There were six of them. All were good, but one was much better than the others. Paul read it over twice, with a sense of envy in his breast.

"If I could only write such an essay as that, now I'd be sure of the prize!" he said. "I wonder who it is. I had to lay claim to the farm across the road. But there was no one to dispute his right to it. No one would know!"

Of all dangerous excuses for wrong-doing is there a more foolish one than that?

He despised himself for ambition urged him to take the prize. He had the moral courage to "No" to what he knew was necessary to submit the essay for inspection and correction. He copied his and handed it in to Professor Howard, who acted as principal. He had no doubt of "excellent" corrections needed.

The graduation day came at last. William Archer came first, with a prize which was well received. The judges who were to decide the merits of the orations and essays were impressed with it. Paul readily saw and he knew that the prize was his. He was thinking that he had done it. He had done it.

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and turn over a new leaf to-day, now, and when tempted to do wrong say "No!"

And when Paul Raynor, with a flush of shame upon his face, bowed himself out of the room, and went home with a feeling at heart that he would never outgrow the disgrace which he had brought upon himself, and he knew that he deserved it all.

When Does the Day Begin?
Strange as it may sound, there is an imaginary line on the earth's surface where the day changes abruptly. When we step over that line we step straight out of yesterday into the next.

Let us see how this comes about. The earth is held by meridians of longitude, with the meridian of Greenwich as the zero, or starting point. Suppose we start from Greenwich, or any other place on the same meridian, and travel eastwards. If before starting we set our watches to Greenwich time, and Greenwich time is which time, we find that we do not frequently put the hands on to keep pace with local time. The amount is one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude. Thus, when we have gone 180 degrees, or half-way round the world, the difference between local time and Greenwich time is twelve hours. Going westwards, of course, the reverse is the case; all watches must be put back.

When, therefore, we approach the 180th meridian from either side, in one case the time is twelve hours fast, while in the other case it is twelve hours slow on Greenwich. The difference is on complete day, so that if it happens to be noon, Wednesday, east of the line, it is noon, Thursday, west of the line. The 180th meridian is therefore called the date line.

Paid in His Own Coin.
The young Australian actor, Dorothy Seacombe, tells the story of an American doctor to her native land who tried pulling a stockman's leg and was paid back in his own coin.

"What do you call those?" the American asked, pointing to a herd of steers. "Cattle of course," replied the stockman. "Ours in America are twice as big," was the comment.

Presently a mob of sheep was encountered, and again the visitor asked what they were. "Sheep of course," answered the Australian. "Thought they were rabbits," said the American.

At last three kangaroos hopped along. "What are those?" asked the American. "Kangaroos," snapped the stockman, and grinned broadly.

Sentence Sermons.
If we only knew—the flight he was making he would never call him a down and outer.



Easier than beating drums. This African lad of the Nigerian village at Wembley finds mysteries of the gramophone intensely interesting.

OTHER PEOPLE'S "UNION JACKS"
The man who claims to know all about flags will have to look to his laurels, for of late, mainly on account of the provisions of various peace treaties, there have been numerous additions to such emblems.

Some of the new flags are interesting innovations. One, seen for the first time last year, is flown from Westminster Abbey, and represents the Banner of the Abbey Church of Westminster. This flag is intended to inaugurate a new custom. It is hoped that all cathedrals that have official coats of arms will grace their towers with their own distinctive emblems, and reserve the Union Jack or the Red Cross of St. George for the King's birthday and other days of special importance.

Laws of Heraldry.
This is in accordance with flag law, under which arms or holy symbols of which is a person to use it on a flag that can be flown on his or its house. When the Duke of Norfolk is in residence at Arundel Castle, Sussex, his family flag may often be seen flying from the staff, and the same custom is observed at other stately homes of England.

The Skipper Scored.
A good instance is the "duster" of a certain firm. Originally this was the Red Flag of St. George, which is identical with the flag of an admiral in the Navy. One day the admiral's commanding a certain station saw in harbor one of the firm's ships flying its house flag, whereupon he sent a message to the captain, ordering him to remove it immediately. The skipper had to obey, but he was not defeated. Twenty minutes after the flag had been down, it was run up again, with a blue silk handkerchief sewn in the middle, and this was afterwards the house flag of the firm as long as it existed.

Music as Medicine.
A medical journal has recently announced the results of some experiments made to ascertain the relation of music and medicine.

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PACKING UP YOUR TROUBLES

Ways of Conquering Worry: By a Doctor.

That "laughing philosopher" of olden times, lived to a great age. We all admit that it is not work but worry that kills. Both of these call for the expenditure of a proportionate amount of nervous energy. Work, however, has a definite aim and termination, the result of which is the feeling of satisfaction we all have in our hearts when we have accomplished our task, and having no definite objective, and less, achieving nothing beyond a prodigal waste of energy, accompanied by actual wear and tear of grey matter and nerves that may in the long run be productive of physical weakness.

Mind Spectra.
Obviously, the worrying habit is very bad, and to be rigorously eradicated from the mental make-up of a prudent person. "Don't worry," say all, don't worry over trifles. Well, say that, and most of us, at some time or other, have it said to us. But we might as well say to a drowning man, "Don't drown!" or "Never drown!" less than five fathoms of water. Such injunctions are equally futile and futile. Normal people, who wish either to worry or to dread, would do neither willingly if they could help it. What they really need to know is the technique of preventing such unpleasant possibilities.

Many people are temperamentally capable of worry. They possess a natural sense of humor which, among other things, enables them to see the inevitable disturbing incidents of life in their true perspective and laugh them. Thus the tenant who, unable to pay his rent, decided to leave his landlord to do the worrying was probably wrong. He knew that no amount of worrying himself would raise the required money (however much the crying of his friends might contribute to that result), since he perceived that particular mental process.

A Poem You Should Know
"Baby Mine,"
Charles Mackay is perhaps best known to this generation as the father of Miss Marie Cobelli, but years ago his song, "Baby Mine," set to music and sung by Henry Russell, still rings in the ears of many who have heard it.

First Railway Signal.
Railway signals were the invention of a railway policeman. At one time the police had to stand on point duty, directing traffic by hand. One who found the job very monotonous invented a crossed stick arrangement controlled by a spring. When he pulled the string the crossed sticks fell to a horizontal position, which was an indication that the engine driver might proceed. The idea caught on and led to the establishment of the present signalling arrangements.

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PUNCTUALITY

By R. W. L.

Some one defines punctuality as the quality of being on time. It is not one of the most popular virtues, but it is one of the most useful. It is a habit that can be learned, and it is a habit that can be taught.

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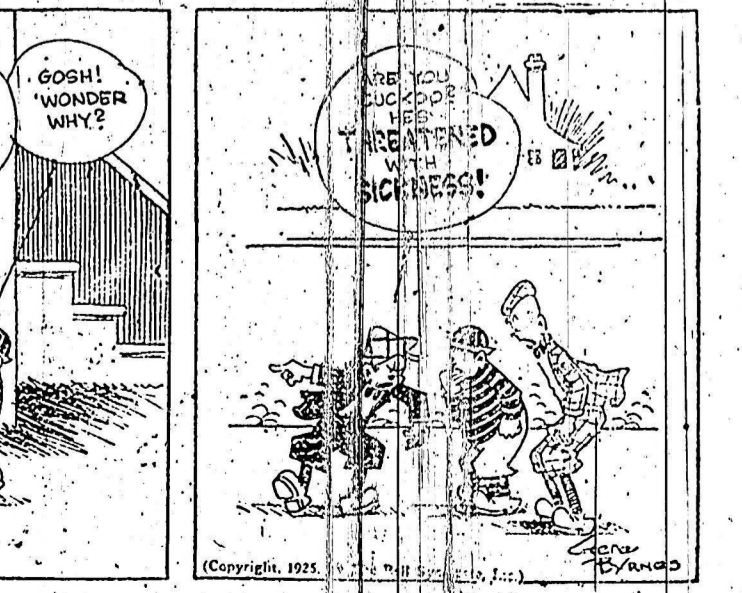
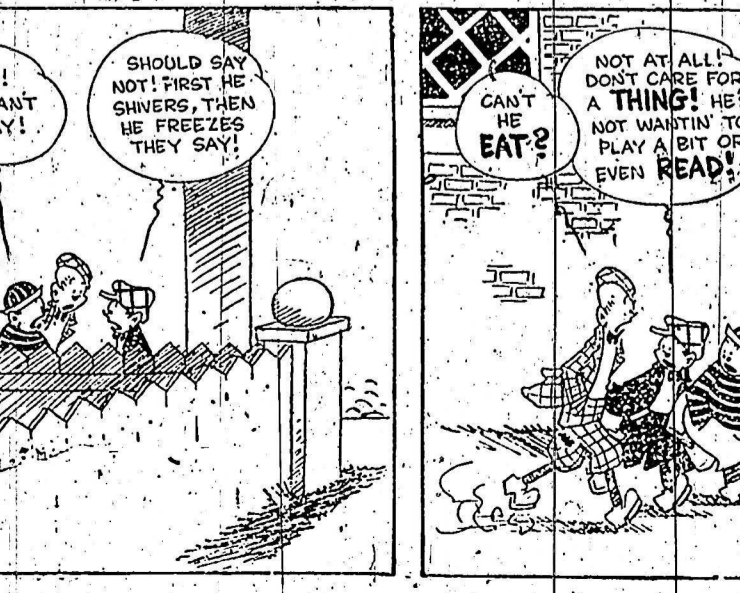
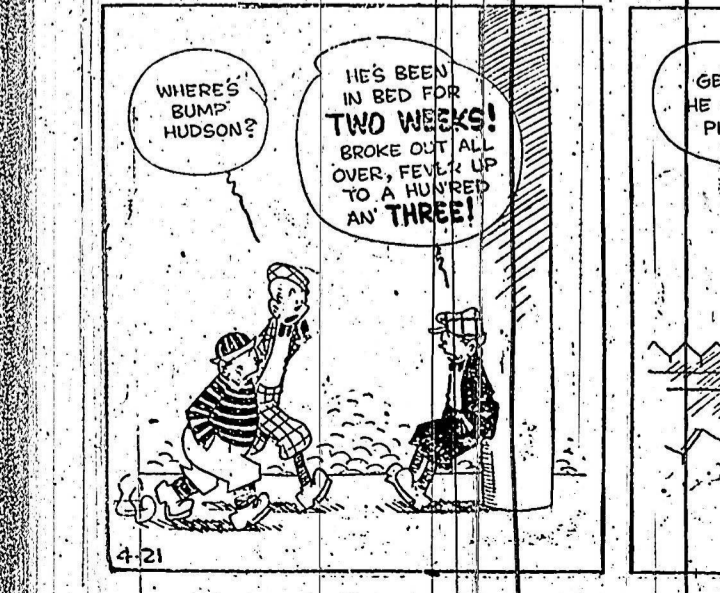
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REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



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