For the Boys and Girls

ONE SUMMER DAY

BY ANNIE M. LIBBY.

Three pairs of linen, three pairs of [illegible] each plaid, hanging dejectedly on the clothes line, one pair of gray, with little rivers of pie juice flowing down the front, one pair of navy blue, with a big tear in the back—these were Clem's short, broad trousers.

And mother was so unreasonable! If he could only go, he would wear the grays and his ulster, or the blues, or [illegible] day; but the party sailed away down the Narrows, without him, and left him standing alone by the "Spectator" a big rock on the shore.

"I think I'll cry," he said, "but I won't."

Two bright drops rolled down his [illegible] as he spoke.

Uncle Retire looked surprised.

"Why, what's that boy's fears, she's crying on me!" he said scornfully.

Clem dug his toes in the sand, [illegible] sick lying about was the [illegible] cumstance," and "Gib- [illegible] sugar doughnut."

Then he saw Uncle Retire in [illegible] big barn doors, and [illegible] got Uncle Retire if he was go- [illegible] and the old mare [illegible] out a spell."

Uncle Retire [illegible] Clem. [illegible] several [illegible] them in the cart. [illegible] Thunder an' lightnin a [illegible] harness them, and I'll [illegible]

Uncle Retire didn't say a word until [illegible] mount his cart, then [illegible] Clem was if he just remembered [illegible] doleful-looking little [illegible]

"Nobody to your house? [illegible] Prince?"

"Well, I don't have much [illegible]

"Manie?"

"Yes, the tcofache, an' my [illegible] dead, too."

"Was [illegible] up.

Uncle Retire was a short man, with [illegible] hair, a red face and blue [illegible] of his saucy young neighbors [illegible] the national colors when [illegible] on a sailor in his younger [illegible] had never unlearned many [illegible] phrases he had learned [illegible]

"I'll give some funny black figures, and a boy and said [illegible] under full sail was marked [illegible] chest.

"I couldn't believe that— [illegible] won't hurt!"

Uncle Retire didn't talk much, but [illegible] to be happy to care.

[illegible] to see how long he could [illegible] the sun without winking; he [illegible] the horse's feet, to see if the [illegible] went in the track of the forer- [illegible] green ribbon turfs, to see [illegible] the wheels grazed without [illegible] he whistled boats going [illegible] Gurnet, the crows and [illegible] flying over to Pitch-Pine Hill [illegible] and forget Uncle Retire until the [illegible] said:

"I dunno as I ought to a-brought [illegible] Did ever make say that ye could [illegible] anywhere?"

"No, sir," replied Clem truthfully. "She didn't have time, 'cause all any of them said was: 'Where's the salt and who has the pickles?' But one day I asked her if I couldn't be a peddler and she asked me when I got some money. And I don't have any money. I had 10 cents, but it got away. All my money gets away!"

Here the old horse stopped at the top of a steep hill.

On one side of the road was the graveyard, thickly set with white stones and overrun with golden-rod and low blackberry vines. On the other side were pine woods.

The old man stood up in his place and looked silently for a moment over the burying ground, then sat down, and Billy jogged on.

"Did you see Injums?" asked Clem, anxiously.

"My woman's buried over there," said Uncle Retire, pointing his forefinger over his shoulder.

"Why, there's a woman at your house now!"

"She? Om, she's nothin' but a second woman! I s'pose I cried a pint o' tears when Eunice died," said the old man, meditatively. "I was putty weak I felt bad. She was an awful good woman. G'lang Billy!"

They rode a long way in silence.

"Nothin' but a second woman, and [illegible] to be skipper!" repeated Uncle Retire softly under his breath.

By and by Clem fell into a doze, which lasted but a short time, when he awoke and saw a little man ahead, in the middle of the road, a queer-looking thing coming toward them.

By going sharply for a minute, Clem saw it was a boy walking backwards on his feet and hands.

[illegible] the horse reached him he [illegible] to one side and looking up between his legs, called out:

"Stop!"

The boy stopped, as he always did [illegible] met anybody.

"My mother!— Who's that boy with you?"

"What do you want?"

"I wonder know who that boy is.

"Now, look a-here, Ephraim [illegible] your mother wants any- [illegible] ice, or I'll go right along,"

The boy scratched gathered up the reins.

"Stop," said the boy, still standing on his hands.

Then he saw Clem. "She wants a pint, an' [illegible] got rags to pay for it."

"There is no house in sight here [illegible]

But Billy turned down a lane, [illegible] corner, and they came to a [illegible] house, close by the water.

A woman looked out, ran back, and [illegible] appeared again with a big bag of rags [illegible] Uncle Retire began to weigh [illegible] bargain for, while the boy invited Clem into the barn.

"Did you ever see a calf with ten [illegible]" he asked eagerly.

Clem didn't know.

"There's one," said Ephraim, pointing to a pretty red and white calf in [illegible]

"Two fore legs makes eight, and two [illegible] and. Don't ye see?"

Clem said "Yes" in so calm a tone that the boy was suspicious, and wanted to know if he ever heard that before.

Clem couldn't remember, but guessed some of the calves at his grandpa's had as many as "seven legs.

"How could they? Now prove it. Prove it's sum's I did to you."

Clem wasn't sure. Maybe 'twas seven, maybe 'twas five, or three; but he promised not to tell about Ephraim's calf, and Ephraim gave him a rubber bottle stopper and a large slice of raw turnip.

Clem was hungry and ate turnip [illegible] Uncle Retire begged some gingerbread and milk for him at a house where they called. Uncle Retire had what he called "a bite" before they started from home.

All the long summer afternoon they rode stopping here and there, to buy [illegible] worth of broken glass a boy had picked up, a bit of old iron, a few rags to leave a skimmer, a coffee pot, a broom.

Clem liked to stand by when the [illegible] the cart were let down to show the tins.

There was some especially lovely little red and blue tin pails, and made up his mind to have his mother buy one as soon as he got home.

On the whole, Clem liked peddling very well, but the sun had gone down, and he was hungry again, when they heard a voice calling, "Mr. Pedder, Mr. Pedder!" and looking back, saw a little girl running up to the cart.

"Mr. Pedder," she said, "your rags, [illegible] up!"

What a sight! Back as far as they could see was a stream of rags following them. White, black, green, [illegible] colors, big and little, all sizes—for the biggest bag had burst.

"I'm glad [illegible] me git this hoss hove to," said Uncle Retire excitedly.

"No, sir," said the little girl, "but I'm going to carry this pail of milk to my grandmother, and the wolf might get me if I wait, for it is almost dark now!"

So she skipped away.

The peddler and Clem went back to pick up the rags, Clem looking a little anxiously along the road for the wolf.

They heard of going round the [illegible] was sure that stream of rags did, but he never thought of stopping until the last one was in the bag and the hole fastened up. Then, perched on the cart again, with a long yawn, he asked if Uncle Retire didn't wish Billy was an "okstritch, so they could get home awful twick."

"Here we be!" said Uncle Retire, turning into a new road. "There's your house over there, and here is the barn," he added, as Billy stopped with his nose against the door.

Clem scrambled down, said "Good-night," and was running away, when Uncle Retire asked him to stop a minute.

Clem waited a minute while the horse was unharnessed, while the horse was fed, while the cart was pulled in—how his back and legs ached!—and then, then what were aching and waiting when Uncle Retire took out one of those little blue pails, and gave him for his own?

And Leo and Fannie and Josie Bryce and Scott Tinker all came to meet him, for mother had come from the picnic long ago, and they had had supper.

"I shall get some water for my own supper in my new pail," said Clem.

Scott and Josie swung on the long sweep, to bring it down in Clem's reach.

"You'll lose it, Clem; you'll surely lose it," said Lee, but Clem calmly slipped his treasure over the catch with the big wooden bucket, and they went down with a plunge—went down, but only the big pail came back.

Josie almost went down, too, looking in.

Lee talked philosophically of a looking-glass and magnet, but most of them concluded it was "gone for good."

"For there isn't any bottom to this well," said Scott.

"No, sir!" chimed Pliny Wade. "Maybe a Chinaman's got your pail this minute, drinking puppy soup out of it."

"Never mind, little brother," said Fannie, "you can have another."

Clem winked hard.

"Yes," he said, "I can go peddling most any day and get another," and they all went to the house.

"And so," said his mother, kissing him again and again after hearing his adventures, "my little hero tolled all day, and lost all his wages!"

"No, ma'," mother."

"Why, your rubber, you lost that."

"Yes, I s'pose it's lost. I don't know where it is."

"And your turnip?"

"Yes, I ate that up."

"And now your pail?"

"No, not that, mother," says Clem, putting down his mug and shaking his head earnestly; "that isn't lost. I can't get it, but I know where it is!"

A Thames Backwater.

My boat swings free in this mid-England calm—
A calm too deep for labor at the oar—
Cuckoo and singing reed, an air like balm,
A dulcet Thames above the last weir's roar.

Beyond those meadows, cool with afterglow,
A thin smoke rises and an ancient spire
Basks in that mellow peace the English know,
The ordered quiet of the English shire.

A tranquil haunt, yet down that dreamy tide,
Dim-pinnacled with sunset, long on wattle
London, the Pool, the purlieus scattered wide
Of earth's first city and her hundred gates.

—Eric Chilman.

How Dimples Come.

Have you a dimple? If so, do you know what it really is?

A dimple is actually nothing more than a dent or depression in a part of the body where the flesh is very soft. Dimples are not confined to the cheek alone, and babies frequently have dimpled elbows and knees. Plump children usually have several dimples on their backs and shoulders.

Dimples usually accompany a smile, and when they appear on other people's cheeks we seldom think of their cause. Underneath the outside skin of the face are fibres of varying length, which run in all directions. Occasionally these fibres are too short in a certain spot, and so pull the skin which forms the dimple.

King Solomon Stuff.

In a coal camp in the heart of the Rockies, a justice of the peace, with a desire to emulate Solomon, was listening to a case involving the ownership of a colt. There were witnesses of equal veracity on each side. The justice was undecided what to do; but

"Each of you fellows bring your mare," he told the litigants.

They did so.

He ordered one mare tethered to his right and the other mare tethered to his left.

"The colt will go to its mother," he told them, after taking pains that the colt should see both mares.

Then he slipped the halter from the colt and struck it with a whip.

The colt went up over the hill.

Poor Pay.

"Mrs. Cassiday," said her grocer, when she called to do her day's marketing, "your neighbor, Mrs. Clancy, wants to open an account with me. Do you think she's a good pay?"

"Oi do not," was the reply. "She's owed me an apology for three years!"

Plants grow faster between 4 and 6 a.m. than at any other time during the day.

A detachment of Royal Canadian Mounted Police are shown taking part in the historical pageant at the Calgary stampede recently.

An Eskimo Banquet.

The Eskimos, Mr. Frank E. Kleinschmidt states in a recent interesting article, start out breakfastless when they go hunting the seal. It was twenty below zero on the morning when he rose early to accompany his friend and host, Ipnorak, a mighty hunter, and he admits that he yearned for at least a cup of coffee—for a sip. But no! It would have been against the code. The hunter who hunts fasting is believed to be braver, more determined, surer of success. Perhaps he is. Anyway, the fixed rule is first catch your seal. Then eat.

They were fortunate that day. They caught an ugruk—a great bearded seal, weighing over a thousand pounds—and there was great rejoicing on their return to the village. Couriers were dispatched from house to house, inviting everybody to the feast.

The banquet was a sight in itself. Some score of persons of all ages from four to sixty fell on the seal meat, which was cut, distributed in strips and demolished, every morsel that was edible. They all sat round in the open on the frozen snow and ate the meat just as it was cut from the frozen joints. In this way the Arctic natives prefer to eat meat and indeed fish also.

The children were extraordinarily well behaved, as all Eskimo youngsters appear to be. And there is a reason. The belief of the Eskimos in the reincarnation of departed spirits precludes all chastisement of their progeny. The child born today is verily believed to embody, without regard to sex, the spirit of the relative last deceased. Often I have had a small boy presented to me by a fond parent as "my grandmother," or a little girl as "my late uncle." Hence an erring child is corrected only by a shake of the head, a grunt, a wrinkling of the parent's nose. It is sufficient.

As part of the festivities after dinner there was a game of football on the ice. Everybody took part, young and old, from little Kopuk, in his snow-white raiment made of the skin of the winter hare, to old Anek, the sixty-year-old grandam of the family, who, by the way, kicked off.

The ball is made of reindeer hide stuffed with hair. The rules of the game, if any, are obscure. But there is a great deal of dashing hither and yon and laughter and rolling on the frozen snow. It might almost seem that this display of animal spirits in action is Nature's subconscious method of aiding these people to digest their terrific meal of raw seal meat. The women are quite as active and agile as the men, and they also indulge in merrymaking among the pressure ridges or wherever they come across an ice ramp that offers a chance for tobogganing. Up they scramble to the crest, and helter-skelter down they come, screeching and laughing, usually head foremost. The Eskimos are a marvelously merry people and ever ready for a good laugh.

Had Never Seen It.

She—"Don't you think this touch of rouge improves my complexion?"

He—"What kind of complexion have you?"

If you want to see a girl's face light up, offer her a good match.

THE PRINCE'S FRIENDSHIPS

When the Prince of Wales returns to York House again after his South American tour he will bring back with him, among many other trophies, some photographs of new friends he has made, and these will be added to a special photograph album he possesses made up entirely of people he has met and really liked while visiting in different parts of the world.

For the Prince of Wales has a natural gift for making friends. There is no effort about it, no condescension, and it is all the more powerful when one considers the traditions in which the heir to the British throne was reared. Before 1914 the Prince's friends were chosen for him, and since the idea prevailed at the English court that members of the royal family could be intimate and friendly only with those of royal blood these friends were few. But they were changed all that, and now the Prince chooses his own friends.

Since his tours started in 1919 he has made real friends of people in all parts of the world and in all ranks of society, many of them men of comparatively humble degree.

A typical incident occurred when the Prince visited the Japanese court on his way home after his Indian tour. He went out boating one afternoon on the lake in the palace grounds, and was attended by a servant from the court, one who, like many of the Japanese court circles, spoke English very well. Now this servant had made a hobby of the study of botany, a fact the Prince soon learned, and he began to talk to him on the subject. The interest the Prince took in all the servant had to say on his pet subject was perfectly sincere and natural. Never had the man a more attentive or intelligent listener, and by the time the Prince's row on the lake was finished he had won the devoted friendship of his attendant. The man spread his praise of the Prince everywhere, and something of what he said got into the press and helped to make the Prince's visit to Tokio a most complete success.

Friendships of this kind have contributed enormously to the success of his tours and have formed a link between him and the common people of the countries he has visited.

When he visited George Lane, a Canadian rancher, he met a cowboy who had served in France during the war. The Prince got into conversation with him while riding across the ranch and soon the two were comparing experiences and cracking jokes as "they had been the old pals," and by the time the Prince left the ranch pals they had become.

A Scot hailing from Aberdeen, and now the club professional of the links at Banff, has his photograph in the "special" album at York House. When the Prince visited Banff he played a round with this man, and as he knew the part of the country he came from very well he talked to him about it. When the round was over the Prince and the "pro" sat smoking, talking and laughing together as if they had known each other all their lives. Nor was this the last time they met.

Not long after the Prince had left Alberta a Frenchman visited the same links and asked the "pro" what he thought of the Prince. "He's the kind of man yo would jost'deo for," was the reply.

Irish.

Two Irishmen bought tickets for a football match, and noticed that each slip of paper had the red in print "Not Transferable." Mike was puzzled, and asked what it meant.

"Shure," explained Pat, "it means that you will not be allowed to go in if ye don't go yourself."

HURTFUL "HOME TRUTHS"

Dorothy Dix on Family Mischief-Makers.

The great cry nowadays seems to be for labor-saving devices and social reform. But what we need is not so much to improve the houses we live in as the spirit within them. There is not such a burning call to enlarge our rooms as there is to give the members of the family more personal liberty.

We all have our own ideas about how the home should be reformed so that it would be, in reality, the home of our dreams, the dearest spot on earth to us, instead of being the vicinity from which we are most anxious to get away.

Family Cross-Examination.

I should begin home reform by prying every family to put the [illegible] the questionnaire. Why we [illegible] and hate so answer questions [illegible] know. Probably because we [illegible] them as a deadly blow at our [illegible] Possibly it is because we instinctively resent the stripping away of the reserve in which we clothe [illegible] and the vulgar prying into [illegible] social affairs.

Anyway, there is nothing [illegible] us so quickly or rags our [illegible] surely as being put through [illegible] examination about everything that happens to us or doesn't happen. Family curiosity is the bane of life. It is the thing that makes more husbands and wives and [illegible] more children away from home [illegible] anything else on earth.

"Where are you going? [illegible] you going? When do you [illegible] see? When will you be back? [illegible] are you going to say to [illegible]

"Where did you get your [illegible] Why did you buy one? Why [illegible] get a green one instead of a [illegible] Why didn't you go to a cheaper [illegible] instead of an expensive one?

At last the harried victim flees from home to some place where [illegible] knows them well enough to [illegible] a single question.

Poisons Worth Taking.

Old-time physicians made great use of animal medicines. Balsam of bats was used in Elizabeth's days. Philo Mayerne, the French physician who attended James I. and Charles I., gave his patients with "rasplings of human skull unburied."

To-day, after a century or more of [illegible] herbal and mineral remedies, [illegible] are again probing the animal [illegible] for curative agents. [illegible] specific in that dread disease [illegible] is being obtained from the [illegible] The angler or "fishing frog," [illegible] misshapen denizen of sal- [illegible] tempts its prey by means [illegible] long spine proceeding from the [illegible] head and baited, like a fish-rod, with a blob of murky matter [illegible] at its top.

A serum obtained from the [illegible] said to be valuable as a cure for consumption. It is the invention of [illegible] man physician, Dr. Friedrich [illegible] mann. Another anti-tubercular [illegible] is prepared from certain snakes [illegible] this, too, is a German invention, [illegible] was tested with great results at [illegible] him at Hadbury, in Warwickshire, just before the war.

Sera for the cures of bites of poisonous serpents are now prepared on a large scale from the venom of the snakes themselves. The [illegible] for rattlesnake serum is so [illegible] that the collection of these reptiles has become a regular industry.

The poison obtained from the [illegible] monster, a venomous lizard [illegible] in Arizona, has been used as a remedy for the kind of [illegible] known as "locomotor [illegible]

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Many insects are of value [illegible] cine. Pulverized Spanish [illegible] cantharidin, cochineal [illegible] ministered in small [illegible] ing cough, and lac insect [illegible] given in cases of dysentery. [illegible] ply formic acid, a powerful [illegible]

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Adrenaline, a light yellow [illegible] is extracted from the supra-renal [illegible] of bullocks. Since a pair of glands yield only .025 of a gramme, substance it is naturally [illegible] Adrenaline is of enormous [illegible] surgery, for when injected [illegible] extraordinary effect in contracting [illegible] small arteries, and is therefore [illegible] in cases of hemorrhage.

Then She Was Suspicious.

Caller—"Your children [illegible] ly."

Mother—"Excuse me a [illegible]

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HOLY SEPULCHRE'S SITE UNSOLVED QUESTION

DISCOVERY OF 3RD LINE OF DEFENCES IN JERUSALEM.

Research Director Says Location of Tomb Will Always Remain Obscure.

[illegible] of the wall enclosing [illegible] by Agrippa, one of [illegible] kings, and destroyed [illegible] an unearthed portion [illegible] of the wall, some forty [illegible] knees, has been made [illegible] Exploration Society. [illegible] discovery has excited [illegible] in archæological circles. If this is the third wall built around [illegible] it brings into question [illegible] authenticity of the site of [illegible] Sepulchre, which lies [illegible] city walls.

The third wall was [illegible] Agrippa after he was [illegible] interrupted by the [illegible] of Syria, to be completed [illegible] Jews before the [illegible]

By all accounts [illegible] which protected the [illegible] north, built successively [illegible] protection of the [illegible] defences and to allow [illegible] ady growth of the city [illegible] ing of the Christian [illegible] and second walls [illegible] the time of Christ [illegible] fixion and burial [illegible] ide them.

No Solution Expected.

Some scholars have [illegible] site of the Holy Sepulchre [illegible] Jerusalem, which [illegible] fixions did not take [illegible] city walls. Adherents [illegible] community, who have [illegible] Points about the Holy Sepulchre [illegible] proved to be the third wall [illegible] declare that the second [illegible] which is enclosed by the [illegible] wall.

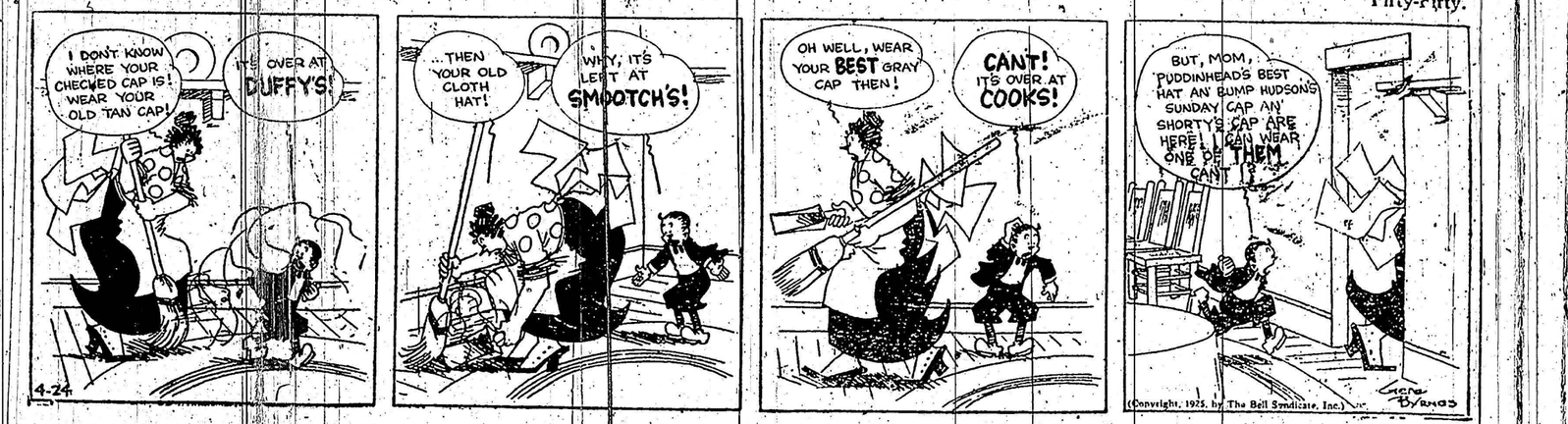
Along with this discovery there has been unearthed a mosaic belonging to late Byzantine period. According to the Greek inscription on the mosaic, it was the tomb of a nun, and apparently there also was a small Christian chapel.

How to Cut the Cost of the Sunday Dinner.

A man out Birmingham way killed a chicken for his Sunday dinner. He used the good old method of cutting head off. Like all decapitated chickens this one took one final wild run before finally giving up the ghost. It happened to run right in front of a swiftly speeding auto, which brushed it aside. The driver stopped his machine and came hurrying back.

"Awful sorry, old man," he exclaimed. "I'm in a terrible hurry. Will this square things?" He handed the man a bill and jumped back into his car. That dinner didn't cost much.

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



Fifty-Fifty.