For the Boys and Girls

NUMBER TEN

BY ELSIE LEIGH WHITTLESEY.

In a little, old, brown house by the roadside, with a speck of a garden in the rear, and a row of half-dead poplars in front, George Durrall was born.

There were already four girls and five boys in the small frame house when George came, a dark-eyed, tawny-haired baby, whom no one was particularly glad to see, save, perhaps, his mother; for there were so many Durall children that it did seem to a superficial observer as if Number Ten could well have been dispensed with altogether.

But George came, and grew plump and rosy as other babies, born under more favorable circumstances; and his mother—a care-worn, worried-looking woman, whose face always wore an anxious, asking expression, as if her mind was in a constant state of doubt as to where the next meal was to come from—if she secretly regretted his arrival, she only did so because bread and clothes for so many little ones were hard to get, and she knew the road must needs be rough and toilsome wherein the little tender feet would be called to walk.

The whole ten, however, managed to live after the ordinary manner of poor folks' children, working around among the neighboring farmers as soon as they were old enough to be of any use, going to school at odd times, when they had nothing else to do, picking up here and there such stray bits of useful knowledge as chanced to fall in their way, and making the most of what they learned, no matter how obtained or how applied.

The two eldest, who were girls, married young, and went West with their husbands, poor, hard-working men, but nevertheless men who had a good deal of the money-making spirit in their natures; so the girls did very well, all things considered—so well, in fact, that they never thought it worth their while to come home again.

Then came three boys—Asa, who was ambitious at one time to be a lawyer, but thought better of it, and became a machinist; Will, who struck for Colorado while yet a mere lad, and proved so indifferent a correspondent that his family seldom heard from him; Sam, who joined a travelling circus company that happened to visit the town near which he lived, and in the course of a few years had the pleasure of seeing himself billed as the greatest bare-back rider in the world.

George at this time was a serious-eyed boy of seven or eight years, who ran barefoot from March to November, and was not esteemed of much account by his brothers and sisters. But he was his mother's darling, and when the twilight began to shadow the poplars, and the old house grew still after the hurry and clatter of the day, she would take him on her lap, part the clustering curls from his forehead, and hush him to sleep in her arms, just as she used to do when he was a baby.

Her hair was now quite white, her form stooped, and time and care had left their furrowed impress on cheek and brow, but her lips had not forgotten their cradle-song, nor her hand its gentle, caressing, mother-touch.

Time, it was imperative, their pay, and new interests and new affections had taken possession of their hearts.

Somehow those five children who had left her had done so seemingly with very little regret, and had not thought much of either the old home or the old mother, when once away from them, being so poor, that the children should early learn to do for themselves, but the mother could not reconcile a little when she thought of her were not John and Harry and to follow the example of their elder brothers, and were they likely to be less forgetful than the children who had so gladly turned their backs on the old, brown house, and never cared to enter its low, dingy doorway again?

Time went on. One by one the sons and daughters left the old, weather-beaten house, till George alone remained beneath the homely, moss-grown roof, that had sheltered so many young eyes open to the light.

His father died, and was buried in a weedy corner of the village cemetery, the summer preceding George's twentieth birthday; but old Mr. Durrall had not lain long in this quiet corner before the weeds disappeared, a neat stone was put up, a rose-bush or two planted, and the grave nicely tended.

George did it all, and so quietly that the stone was up and the roses blooming before anybody knew much about it. People were wont to speak of him as being "the best and brightest of the Durrall boys;" and so on, chancing to find him alone one afternoon, not far from the poplars, I said:

"How is it, George, that you plod on here, when you might be doing so much better somewhere else?"

"I'll show you," he replied. "Come with me."

I followed him up the garden-path and around to the back of the house.

Beside the open window, in a low splint-rocker, sat an old woman, with snow-white hair, pale, wrinkled face, and spare, bent figure.

She was mending some worn, faded garment, that looked as if it must soon be consigned to the rag-bag, and was so deeply engaged in her work that she neither saw nor heard us.

"You see the reason," said George, taking off his straw hat and fanning himself, reflectively. "Ever since I can remember, she has been working for some one of us, just as you see her now. It was always toil, save, scrimp and worry, when we were little, and, when we grew up, it was every one for himself—a maxim which poverty wonderfully intensified—and, in the all-absorbing scramble for bread, the old folks were forgotten. I could do much better elsewhere, I have no doubt, but, while my mother's gray head is above the earth, I cannot leave her."

I gently laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Noble boy, Number Ten, after all, proves the best child worth the having."

George ran his sun-burned fingers through his wavy hair, and smiled quoerly.

"Number Ten, I well recollect, was thought to be a Durrall superfluity; but there is room enough in the world, I think, for us all. I was the last to come, and it was not very welcome at first, I've been fortunate in being able to live down early prejudices, and win some small share, at least, of respect and love."

"That you have, my brave boy—the respect and affection of everybody. It is proverbial that the last is always the best, and sure success awaits the son who remembers and is kind to his mother."

He did not reply, but, when we parted at the gate, he pressed my hand warmly, and I knew that I was understood.

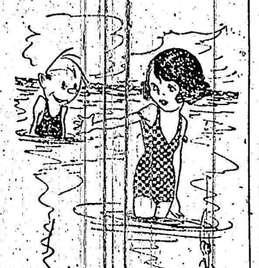
George did go West after a while, but he took his mother with him, and, in a few years, he was master of a handsome fortune.

All he touched turned to gold, men said—a fact which his brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts and nieces and nephews, married and single, were not slow to avail themselves of.

"George had such a knack of getting along, it wasn't at all difficult for him to make money," declared the dear relatives, who turned up in such alarmingly large numbers, when George began to grow rich, and have about him the air of a moneyed man.

George smiled in his quiet way when he heard these pretty speeches, for he knew his "knack" consisted of nothing more pleasant than honesty, perseverance and energy, exercised in the right direction.

But there is a little, white-haired old lady in his home, who explains it all in a very different way.



She—"Money talks with me."
He—"It never even notices me."

Militaristic Old Lady.

The pretty maiden asked if she could have the day off to see her aunt.

"Oh, please let her, mamma," pleaded little Peggy, "her aunt's just been made a sergeant."

Ditto is the English form of the Italian word *detto*. In the original it means "as aforesaid."

Trimming Thackeray's Whiskers.

In A Nineteenth Century Childhood, her recent volume of reminiscences, Mrs. Desmond MacCarthy, niece of Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, relates how she once accompanied her beloved "Aunt Anny" to Westminster Abbey on an errand that was certainly unique. Never before had those solemn and sacred precincts been the scene of a barbering operation, nor is it likely that they ever will again.

"For many years, when ever she went to the Abbey, Lady Ritchie had deplored the length of whiskers on each side of the face of her father's bust. The Italian sculptor, Marochetti, made them too long, and they spoiled the likeness for her. She longed to have them clipped, and so at last she begged Onslow Ford, the sculptor, and the Dean of Westminster, to let her have her wish. Rather reluctantly they consented, and one morning the two ladies, 'Aunt Anny' a trifle nervous about the 'odd little errand,' and her young niece awed and excited, drove to the Abbey, where they found the Dean ready for them. He conducted them down into the crypt, where they found Mr. Ford, his assistant, and the Bust of Thackeray that had been moved there from the Poets' Corner.

"Chip, chip, chip, fly the bits under the white-bloused assistant's chisel. Mr Ford stands by, very cross, for he does not like undoing another sculptor's work, and if the daughter of Thackeray had not happened to be such a charming old lady it is probable she would not have had her way. She laughs; admits that there is something absurd about the commission, but is firm that it shall be carried out; so she talks to him without paying any attention to his crossness and makes him at last smile as he superintends the work. Finally the bust is flicked over with a cloth, as after a shave, and it is carried up into the nave and back into its own niche, and the silence and dignity of the Abbey receive it again. We all survey the bust in silence and then disperse.

"Aunt Anny is a little emotional as she gets into the victoria, smiling at her tears, then weeping again as she smiles; she is triumphant, for it has been a great relief to her mind."

Steering in Their Sleep.

It was recently stated that a motorist had been fatally injured in a road accident caused by dozing while he was driving.

A number of motoring experts seem to incline to the view that many drivers have dozed at the driving-wheel at one time or other during their career. But they add that usually in such cases the man who dozes is still perfectly capable of driving his car without danger to himself or other passengers.

One case which occurred during the War seems to suggest that, in such circumstances, some special instinct keeps the sleeper right. An Engineer who was driving for the General Staff was ordered out with a big car after a heavy day. He found it difficult to keep awake, and finally succumbed to sleep. He was unconscious for about ten minutes, when he suddenly awoke to find that he had brought his car correctly to a standstill in front of a closed level crossing.

When Mendelssohn Became A Journeyman.

When Mendelssohn, at the age of fifteen, had passed certain examinations and tests which delighted his teacher, Carl Friedericht Zelter, the latter felt that he ought to show some special consideration to the boy for his attainments. Therefore, on the fifteenth birthday of the prodigy Zelter declared at the boy's birthday party, in the language of the ancient guilds:

"My dear son, from to-day you are no longer an apprentice, but a journeyman; I advance you to the dignity of a journeyman in the name of Haydn, in the name of Mozart, and in the name of the old master, Johann Sebastian Bach."

Little did Zelter realize, however, that the boy in less than three years would produce an overture which is still classed among the greatest in the form—the overture of the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Nasty!

They had not been married very long, and so it is not very strange that until this day they had never had a quarrel.

However, now they had their first little tiff, and she turned to him with tears in her eyes.

"Well, John," she said, "even though I have been extravagant I get a bargain to-day."

"Yes?" he replied. "I'll bet it was a bargain! You have no idea of the value of money. I suppose you think you get something for nothing?"

Her eyes gleamed for a moment.

"Yes, dear," she said sweetly. "I get a present for you."

The word "vaccinate" comes from the Latin "vacca" a cow.

France's tribute to the Second Australian division at Mt. St. Quentin, where the Aussies suffered their heaviest losses.

SHARPEST BLADES NEVER CUT

No matter how sharp a blade may be it never actually cuts anything. When, for instance, a blade passes through a loaf of bread it parts the bread, but it does not cut or destroy the particles which make up the loaf.

All the blade does is to separate the atoms, to push the tiny things aside and pass on to the next.

An atom is such a wee thing that it cannot be distinctly seen even through the strongest microscope. The only way to see an atom is to look at a mass of atoms under a glass because the actual individual atoms are too small to be seen.

The head of a pin contains so many minute pieces that it would take an expert an hour to write down enough figures to represent the number of atoms. Atoms cannot be actually cut or destroyed, they are too small. They are never destroyed. When you burn a log of wood you apparently destroy it, and so you do, you destroy the log, but you do not injure the atoms which remain as they were, although separated into smoke, gases and ashes. The individual atoms are there just as they were before, but they do not cling to each other because the heat has torn them more or less apart.

Nature of Atoms.

Atoms are round and they escape by rolling away from danger. They are like the seeds of a melon. Press them and they slip away and save themselves. Atoms are attracted to each other by something of which we know nothing, although the attraction is supposed to be electric magnetism.

These tiny things roll to and against each other and stick together by the billion so that in the end they form one particle, then a number of these particles roll together in turn, and so on and on until they become a large mass, and in the end the billions of masses form a loaf of bread.

Atoms stick to each other, not because they are "sticky," but because each one is a magnet.

To see magnetic atoms in action push a top magnet slowly toward a pinch of steel filings on a piece of glass. Watch them collect. Look very carefully and you will see the particles roll up to the magnet, push each other to one side and cling to the mother magnet. Such particles as are unable to crowd between the more fortunate ones and thus reach the mother magnet do the next best thing, they cling to the fortunate ones.

This constant struggling may be seen very easily if the particles of steel are long and thin like tiny needles. The first one to reach the mother magnet will spread his entire length on her but the newcomers push them up on end, squeeze in between and eventually you will see all the pieces of steel standing on their heads.

A loaf of bread is merely a collection of round atoms which have magnetized each other into larger balls known as cells. The loaf is therefore nothing but a bunch of round balls.

In passing through the bread the blade pushes aside these billions and billions of balls and goes on its way. The sharp blades push the balls aside easier because the sharp edge can get easily between the spaces made by the balls. Dull blades do not "cut" well because their edges are wide and they have to push aside many times more balls than do the slim blades.

When you swim through the water you push aside so many atoms that all the figures in the world could not number them.

When you stick a shovel into a heap of mustard seeds you are doing exactly what the blade does to the atoms.

That's the Question.

Young Robert Rogers had gone out to the Far East when he was quite a lad. He had made good to some tune and when he wrote to announce that he was coming home, his parents and friends in the old village resolved to turn out in force to meet him.

In due course the appointed day arrived, and, on alighting from the train, Robert found himself thrown into the midst of the waiting villagers.

"Well, my lad," said his old father, embracing and kissing his son, "how you have growed!"

"Grown, dad, grown!" corrected his offspring gently.

"Well, I'm blest!" said the old man irritably. "Ram notions you pick up abroad. On this day of all days, what have I got to grean for?"

LIFE WHEN EARTH WAS YOUNG

A study of the universe and of the rocks forming the crust of the earth shows that conditions were such many millions of years ago that no life could have existed on this planet. It is therefore evident that living things at some time in the past must either have been developed from lifeless material or reached the earth from some other heavenly body.

Scientists find no evidence in favor of the latter theory, and we are therefore forced to believe that at some period after the surface of the earth became cold, spontaneous generation occurred, i.e., a particle of lifeless earth was transformed into a living thing.

The conception of the ancients as well as some of the more modern philosophers in regard to the origin of animals is entirely erroneous. Aristotle held that some animals spring from putrid matter, that certain insects develop from dew, that worms originate in the mud of wells, that fleas arise from very small portions of corrupted matter, and bugs proceed from the moisture on animal bodies and lice from the flesh of other creatures.

Van Helmont, of the sixteenth century, gives detailed directions for creating mice out of wheat and stagnant water. The learned Alexander Ross, about the year 1700, declares there is no doubt that worms are generated from cheese and that butterflies, locusts, grasshoppers, snails, eels and such like originate from putrid matter.

Before the days of the compound microscope and careful scientific research, spontaneous generation was thought to be going on continually, but by numerous carefully conducted experiments of Spallanzani, Schulize, Schwann, and Pasteur it was demonstrated about 1850 that spontaneous generation does not occur under present conditions in this world. All animals originate from their parents by means of fission, spore formation, budding, or eggs.

SWIM—AND BE WELL

By David Billington, the Champion Swimmer.

Of all athletic exercises, I consider swimming the greatest of them all. It differs from other exercises and sports in so far that it is not only an exercise, but an art.

Most medical men are agreed (providing that no unusual weakness exists in the individual which makes swimming risky) that no exercise is better or more calculated to develop the body uniformly and well. In addition to this, it is exhilarating, cleanly, and healthy. Swimming is a pleasant pastime; it is an exercise which develops the body symmetrically and thoroughly; sometimes it is the means of protecting and saving life. As a pastime it has few equals. The pleasures of bathing—whether outdoors in summer or indoors in winter—can be fully appreciated only by good swimmers.

Real Health.

Of the value of swimming from a hygenic standpoint, very little need be said. Its very cleanliness ensures health; for cleanliness is the bedrock of good health, just as uncleanliness is the principal cause of disease. Swimming as a means of developing the body has few equals. There are very few exercises that develop the body as symmetrically as will swimming. And by symmetrically I mean proportionately and from head to foot, with no muscle developed at the expense of another. I have heard it said that a swimmer has no muscles at all. That may be true, if you look at it only from one point of view. When you look at the average good swimmer, you do not see the abnormal, hard, knotty muscles that you see on the weight-lifter or wrestler. But he is possessed of the only plant, loose, and supple muscles that will benefit an athlete, that never tire or become muscle-bound.

It improves the wind, and has the great advantage of strengthening the muscles without hardening them. A swimmer emerges from a two or four week period of training, feeling in the pink of condition, and with the exhilarating feeling that makes life worth living.

There are a certain number of athletic trainers who forbid men swimming in the water during training. They are either ignorant or cannot trust the athletes they are training.

No one can convince me that a daily swim of three or four minutes is not beneficial to an athlete, or that it does not tend to increase his vital energy. I can quote in support of my contention such well-known athletes as Zbyszko, the champion wrestler, and Tommy Burns, the champion boxer. In their training for their different matches, they always included a short, sharp swim every day as a means of bracing themselves up and keeping themselves supple and active.

Swimming is not only a splendid sport for women, it is the one sport, with the possible exception of dancing, in which she can fully compete with men. Swimming is a great beautifier. It combines the benefit of a splendid exercise with the invigorating tonic of a plunge bath. To swim successfully one must have control of the mind.

Muscular control gives poise, and poise is essential to beauty, grace, dignity and confidence.

It is undoubted that every man and woman owes it to themselves to be proficient swimmers.

In recent years there has been an enormous increase in the number of children who are taught to swim, mostly by attending swimming schools. At the same time, it is to be prevalent among parents that children should not be taught to swim until they are over ten years old, and that to teach them younger is injurious to their health. Where this idea could have originated I do not know. It is absolute nonsense.

Bird Had Crossed Atlantic.

The Canadian National Parks Branch, which keeps a record of all wild bird banding operations of interest to Canada, has had brought to its attention an account of a bird locally called a "ticklace," which was killed on the 12th of August, 1924, by Mr. L. Curtis, of Horse Island, in the District of St. Barbe, Newfoundland. On the bird was found a thin silver band inscribed with the words: "Inform Witherby High Holborn, London."

On writing to Messrs. H. F. & G. Witherby, 326 High Holborn, London W.C.1, England, it was learned that this ring, No. 67,423, was put on a young gull wake (Rissa tridactyla) on 28th June, 1923, on the Farne Islands, Northumberland, England, by one of Mr. Witherby's correspondents. The foot of the bird was examined and was pronounced to be that of a kittiwake, which agrees with Mr. Witherby's records. The record is extremely interesting, more especially as this bird is the first under Mr. Witherby's ringing scheme—which has been in operation for 16 years—reported from this side of the Atlantic.

Sentence Sermons.

A Good Loser—Always has more friends than a poor winner.

Finds it easy to accept defeat by remembering that to-morrow means a new chance.

—Is one who keeps his self-respect even though he loses the game.

—Has never lost until he loses his head.

—Is always the first to get a new opportunity.

—Is one who put principles above profits.

—Saves the time that poor losers spend framing up alibis.

The Effective Coat of Tan.

Mother—"I suppose that handsome lady-killer we met at the beach relies a good deal on his many fine clothes?"

Daughter—"No—depends almost entirely on his simple coat of tan."

A Bargain.

"I certainly got a bargain when I bought my wireless set," said Smith.

"Are you quite sure of that?" questioned Jones.

"There's no doubt about it. After I had assembled the set I had sixty-seven parts left over!"

There are crises in every man's life. One of the most fateful is when the barber gets to your Adam's apple just when you've got to swallow.

CAN YOU SPEAK IN PUBLIC?

By Hilda Richmond

Everyone runs up against occasions when public speaking is necessary, multitudes of intelligent, successful and really talented men and women weekly say: "I can't! It is impossible!" when called upon for a few remarks. Many of the people who can speak well in public at "odd" time and again when they have to speak, but who keep right out until they mastered the art.

Of course the first thing of all is to have something to say. Suppose a public address is to be made in your district and you are vitally interested in it. Don't run off to town and get a long-winded lawyer to prepare your case, but master your subject and present them yourself at the barn; to your wife, if she will listen; out in the field or wherever you happen to be, until you can recite it. The "speech" will stammering and stuttering, but when the occasion comes, say in a few brief words exactly what is in your heart, and it will be worth a dozen paid arguments by men who are touched by the subject.

One should be broken at club or social gathering or literary society. Keep it brief. It isn't necessary to have a long-winded speech, for the speaker to put down what they want to say and somebody else, a chance. Get your sentences out properly. Never talk about high-flown notions that are not grammatical phrases. Stick to facts, put as briefly as possible. In a debate, instead of what the opposition is wrong of weakness, "learn" when you have done. There is nothing more than the ability to keep cool when a good humored way in a debate.

Speakers Always Needed.

Churches, social clubs, lodges, other organizations are looking for men and women who can talk on many topics, and they are seeking them everywhere. The art of speaking can be learned by practice. It is the duty to perform their ability to do it.

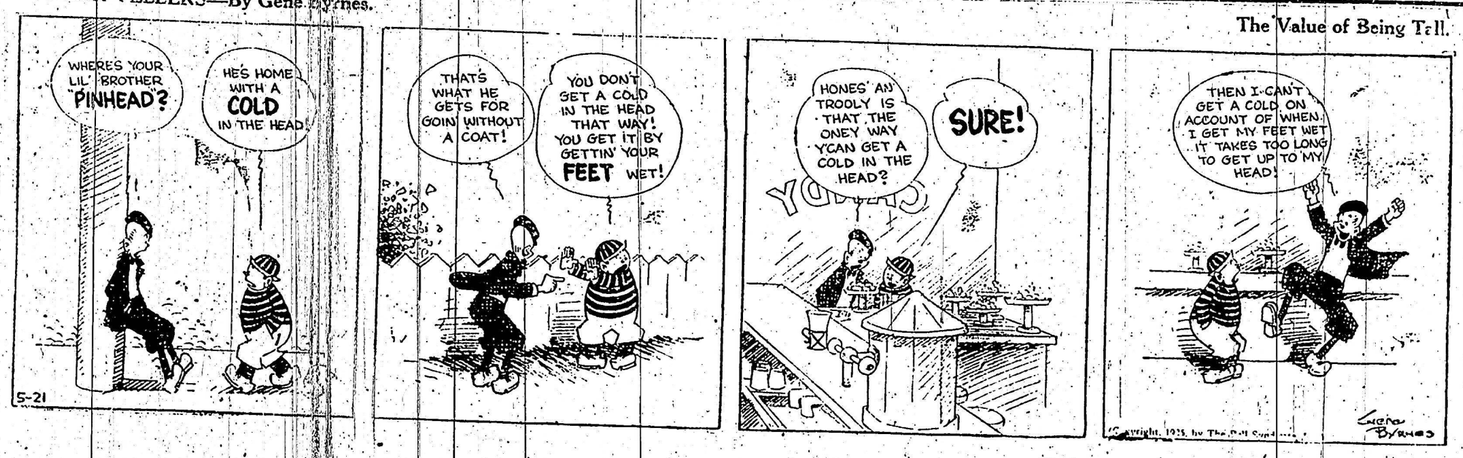
One middle-aged lady I knew was able to stammer out a few words on the paper on which was written, and then sat down almost tearful at the thought. The Red Cross work, but the war was over she had developed herself nearly, radically and amazingly so that she was great at a public speaker and is now a day. She said to herself that she had never opened her mouth in public before, she would learn to speak acceptably or die in the attempt.

Encourage the Children.

More important than all encouragement to children in learning to speak in public. See to it that your school has spirited debates when public speaking is made a part of the school lesson. The old time Friday afternoon entertainment started many a youngster in the pleasant path of public speaking and gave him ease and confidence on his feet. The little victories won before "Teacher" and the pupils and fellow visitors in the little red schoolhouse have become the great victories of many a public orator, and that forum should be kept open to all boys and girls while it lasts.

It is a liberal education to be preparing for public speaking, for the one who does so successfully must have a fund of knowledge that is up to date and reliable. Many of us older folks never could go to college and many of our children never will have that privilege, but there is the great school of life open to all, in which public speaking is no mean part.

The largest single chunk of silver ever found weighed 39,600 pounds and was 75 per cent. pure.

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

The Value of Being Tall.