For the Boys and Girls

A PEEP INTO FAIRYLAND

Little Trotcosey was going to bring home the cows.

A yellow-haired child with sunburned cheeks and bright brown eyes—a little girl whose bare feet danced along over the daisies.

And as she danced, she sang:

"Fairies, fairies, come back once more
Come from the old, forgotten shore!
Bring your treasures from land and sea.
Fairies, fairies, come back to me!"

For this was old Nita's favorite song, and Nita had been telling her fairy-stories all the afternoon, as they picked ripe blueberries together in the pasture, until Trotcosey's head was full of fairy visions.

As she sang, she looked this way and that and waved her branch of tall scarlet lilies in her hand; but she could see only the leaves rustling in the breeze, and the sunbeams braiding themselves in and out among the reeds and rushes by the river.

"There must be fairies somewhere," said Trotcosey, "for Nita says there are, and Nita knows!"

Here Trotcosey paused to pick up a poor little fledgeling which had fallen out of his nest in a hedge of cider bushes, and to put him back again, to the great relief of the fluttering bird-mother, who was uttering sharp cries of terror and dismay as she flew around and around in ever-widening circles.

"Don't be afraid, birdie!" said Trotcosey. "Do you think I would hurt your poor little one?"

And she trudged along, still singing:

"Bring your treasures from land and sea.
Fairies, fairies, listen to me!"

But then she found a withered rose by the roadside—a rose which she had gathered and flung away.

"Poor rose, how pitiful you look!" said Trotcosey. "If I were to sprinkle water on you, perhaps you might live again."

And she picked the poor withered rose to the river edge and laid it carefully down where the ripples could wash its dry stem and wet its drooping petals.

"There, rose," she said, "now grow beautiful again! Let me see—where was I?

"Fairies, fairies, come back once more!"

Oh, here is a good fairy, dancing along with an ugly thorn sticking in his foot. Come here, bunny, and I'll pull it out for you!"

The rabbit was too tame to run away, and she stood still. But Trotcosey thought he cast a grateful glance up into her face as he scampered away, with the crook that removed from his foot.

"Fairies, take care!" said Trotcosey, and it certainly looked as if they were changed to the.

And she stood still, with the branch of tall red lilies in her hand, to listen for the sound of the bell around the old cow's neck.

"I hear it jingling up in the woods," said Trotcosey, "and it's coming this way. I'll sit down here and wait until it comes."

So Trotcosey sat down on a round moss-covered stone, little dreaming that it was the very wishing-stone of which old Nita had that day told her, upon which a fairy spell descended once in every year, just as the sun was setting. And the yellow light came down upon her head—the last ray of the sinking sun—exactly at the moment in which she said:

"How I wish I could get a peep into Fairyland!"

Swift as the gliding of a river's current, the trees and rocks and golden-sunset sky vanished away, and Trotcosey found herself sitting on a throne of glistening pearls, in a garden of flowers, where fountains sparkled and strange birds sang, and where she could see a palace, with columns of shining spar and steps of opal. And, all around her, the fairies were floating with their gauzy wings and crowns of shining stars, and wands all tipped with diamond spades, and then all the air was filled with golden mist. And then it seemed to part away, like curtains of sunshine, and Trotcosey saw the fairy queen herself, with her tiny diadem of dew and her sceptre of precious stones.

"Where is the little girl who scatters kind deeds as she goes along the world's pathway?" said the fairy queen.

And the robin flew down among the blossoming trees, and the rose, fresh and crimson once again dropped into a smile of encouragement, from the fairy queen's lap, and he came prehistoric girl.—Senator Marconi.

rabbit nestled at her feet, and they all cried out, at once:

"Here she is! Here she is!"

"For this, three wishes shall be granted to you," said the fairy queen. "Speak and tell me what they are!"

"If you please, fairy queen," said Trotcosey, very much frightened at the tone of her own voice, "I should like, first, for humpbacked Peter to be made straight again; and next, I should like little Lotty, the miller's daughter, to become as strong and well as I am, because she's dying of consumption, you know, fairy queen; and—and, if you please, I want old Kattchen to find the blue hen she lost last week, because she's very old and poor, and she needs the eggs!"

The fairy queen smiled as she listened to the unselfish little girl.

"But you have asked nothing for yourself!" said she. "All the same, you shall not go empty-handed out of the Fairy-world!"

She touched Trotcosey's tawny hair with her wand, and it became bright and shining like gold. She laid the withered rose against her cheek and the love-last tint overspread the sunburnt skin.

"I grant you a heart that is always merry and light-footsteps that are ever light," said she.

And as Trotcosey listened, there was the far-off sound of chiming bells, and the pearl throne and glittering columns faded away, and she was sitting once more among the ferns, with the cowbells close to her ears and the stalk of red lilies in her hand.

"I must have been dreaming," said Trotcosey, "for it's long past sunset, and the cows are on their way home! But it was almost as good as real Fairyland to have such a beautiful dream as that!"

So she walked along home, singing the old song as she went:

"Fairies, fairies, come back once more!"

and just on the edge of the meadows she met a lad skipping and dancing.

"Why, surely," she said, "that can't be humpbacked Peter, for he is as straight as a young birch tree. But he certainly looks like humpbacked Peter."

Wonder of wonders! It was humpbacked Peter, cured of his sad affliction!

He had hardly ceased marvelling, when along came old Kattchen, with a face like smiles.

"Little Trotcosey," said she, "have you heard the news? I've found my blue hen again, eating berries in the cedar glen! And what is better yet, Lotty, the miller's daughter, is much better to-day, and the doctors say she will soon be well again."

And then Trotcosey knew that she had really been in Fairyland.

When she came home, everybody cried aloud with surprise.

"What has come to our little Trotcosey?" said they. Her hair is like sun gold, her eyes are like diamonds, and happiness is softer than the heart of a rose!"

Trotcosey told them her adventure, but they shook their heads.

Except Nita, who was nearly a hundred years old, and knew many strange secrets.

"Yes," she nodded, "yes, the child has really been in Fairyland!"

But, although Trotcosey sat on the wishing-stone at sunset many a time again, she never got another glimpse into Fairyland.

A Poem You Should Know.

"The Happy Heart."

Thomas Dekker was a contemporary of Shakespeare and a popular poet and dramatist in his day. Charles Lamb said of him: "He had poetry enough for anything," and it is quite certain that the following song would not have disgraced Shakespeare himself:

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is they mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Artificial Niagara Runs All Trains in Switzerland.

Taking a leaf from the rich book of nature, the Swiss have just completed an artificial Niagara Falls which will produce enough electrical power to operate all of the trains in Switzerland. Located at an altitude of 6000 feet in the Swiss Alps, the falls were put into operation the other day by the canton of Valais.

The falls are slightly higher than the American Niagara. Covering an area of more than 250 acres, the dam is 818 feet long and holds 39,000,000 cubic yards of water. Three years were required to build the dam, which cost approximately $12,500,000.

Mankind has long appreciated the power possibilities in moving water. There is ample evidence of this fact in his early development of the water wheel and in his attempts to harness the tides and even the waves. The increasing emphasis in recent years on both sides of the Atlantic on the development of hydro-electric power is an earnest of what the futures holds. And the creation of artificial sources of such power as well as the harnessing of natural waterfalls are engineering feats of which ingenious man may well be proud.

The great advantage in "water fuel" for the production of power is that it can be used over again, indefinitely. When a ton of coal is burned it is gone forever, but after the descending water runs through the turbines, nature picks it up into the air again. The moisture will still be evaporating into the air and the rains descending into the streams, long after our great coal belts shall have been exhausted.

Lived to 99 Eating Light.

The 150th anniversary of the birth of Luigi Cornaro has just been celebrated in Italy. After doctors had given him up to die in his fortieth year he found a way to live to be ninety-nine, or thought he did, and he led an active life to the end. Before he died he wrote a book about his experience in which he said:

"Most people eat too much; overeating and overdrinking kill more men every year than fire and sword or a settlers epidemic. By eating sparingly and drinking sparingly I cured myself of my ailments less than a year after the doctor had given me up. Eat what suits you, but sparingly, never get up from the table with the feeling you could eat no more. Leave it with the feeling you could well eat something else. A serene habit of mind will follow. Most of the bad temper in men and women comes from acids formed by undigested food and drink. But I cannot tell any man exactly what he is to eat or drink. Not even a doctor can do that as well as the man himself. I am very fond of rich pastries, creams, several kinds of fruit, but they hurt me and I eat them no more."

In no meal did Cornaro consume more than twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of wine. The wine ration may seem large in this country, but would be considered a small quantity in Europe where wine takes the place of water and where claret frequently is diluted with water.

Great Dipper Has Changed.

Fifty thousand years ago the stars that form the "Great Dipper" were not arranged as they are now, but had the form of a cross.

If you want to borrow trouble you will always find people willing to lend it without security.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, president of Turkey, sets the fashion of the new regime by wearing an American hat. It is said to have officially supplanted the fez.

SHOULD PARENTS MATCHMAKE?

Over the question of marriage we, as a nation, are supposed to be idealists, says an English writer. We marry for love, and rather pride ourselves on the way we allow Cupid to rule the roost. Boys and girls choose for themselves, and should they turn out a muddled mating, we say that they have only themselves to blame.

In France the parents are the natural matchmakers. As soon as a girl child is born, her parents begin to save towards her "dot." When she is old enough to marry, they begin to look out for a husband for her. Friends help. The family confessor lends a hand. There is no secret about the fact that mademoiselle is ready to become madame. The girl herself is fully aware that her parents are scheming to find a good husband for her.

On the whole, the system works well, but it would not do for this country.

Laughed Out of Court.

Yet between the cautiousness of the French parent and the carelessness of the British there should be a happy medium, which might lead to perfection in marriage. Might it not be found in unobtrusive match-making?

The old-fashioned match-making mamma was never of much use. Young men saw through her and her wiles. She frightened away many a possible suitor by her eagerness to welcome him into the family.

A man in love is like the Sussex pig—he "won't be drive." The Victorian mamma was rather inclined to drive. We laughed the old-fashioned match-making out of court, and of late years the average parent has left it alone. But we might revive it with modifications.

Propinquity has always been the biggest asset in match-making. Wise parents can bring the right men into the lives of their girls, and the right girls into the lives of their boys, when they reach marriageable age.

Bring Them Home!

Only the unwise parents close the front door to the friends of their children.

"Bring them home" should be the slogan.

Human nature is such that opposition will usually work the wrong way. Let a mother condemn her daughter's suitor, and the girl makes a hero of him at once. But when mother encourages rather than condemns, and seeks to be understanding, the love affair, if of the wrong kind, will be more likely to peter out.

Common sense can be as useful in courtship as anywhere, and a little common-sense match-making would not be amiss in these days of marrying for love.

Parents can take a little trouble to bring the right kind of men into their daughters' lives. It should be father rather than mother who does this. Out in the world father meets men, and knows them as mother never can. He knows when a young man is steady and brainy, and likely to get on. He can spot the ne'er-do-well and avoid him.

Try the Half-way House.

Mother can bring nice girls into the home circle when she has marriageable boys.

Open house for friends has kept many a young man and girl from "taking up with" the wrong life partner. When a girl finds that a man does not want to meet her "people," she may conclude that her friendship with him had better cease. And when a man doesn't feel happy about introducing a girl to his own mother, he must think seriously before he proposes to her as a life partner. There is something wrong, although he may not know what it is.

Parents know their own children, and they should know the types they ought to marry. Let them look for those types and bring the young people together. That is as far as their match-making can go. We may not want the arranged marriages of the Continent, but this half-way house might be a good thing.

Light Brains Are Good.

Anatole France was a tall and well built man, and the weight of his brain, which is given, by Regault as 1,017 grams, did not express its quality. The average weight of the male brain in English tables is a little over 1,350 grams and in French text-books is given at 1,320, so that the brain weight of Anatole France was considerably below the average.

It is obvious that in this case the common belief that the weight of the brain bears a definite proportion to the scope of genius was not exemplified. Autopsies of distinguished men reveal so many variations in the weight of the brain that no deductions even of a general character can be made.

Regault does note that the convolutions of the brain of Anatole France were specially marked and the furrows deep. As it is clear that the convoluted condition of the surface adults of a great increase of the gray matter without the sacrifice of large additional space, so it is reasonable to suppose that the number and extent of the convolutions as well as the depth of the intervening sulci should bear a direct relation to the intellectual powers of the individual.

There is evidence from the consideration of many post-mortem examinations that such is the case, and the weight of the brain of another great Frenchman, Bambetta, is being quoted in support of the generalization, as Bambetta, like Anatole France, was found to have a comparatively light brain, with many well defined convolutions separated by deep sulci.

Radio Earthquakes.

Wireless has been blamed for causing many unpleasant phenomena. The latest charge to be laid at its door is made by Dr. Nakamura, an eminent Japanese scientist, who has just completed a research of the district of Sanin, where severe earthquakes took place this spring.

Dr. Nakamura says that the earth, instead of contracting as it cools towards the centre, is expanding on account of wireless activity setting up an internal pressure. Pressure such as this from the interior of the earth causes earthquakes.

Other Japanese seismologists, while agreeing that earthquakes are the result of internal pressure and dislocations of the earth, ascribe the latter to the great faults existing in the bed of the ocean off the coast of Japan.

Tongue-Tied Teacher.

Little Millie had achieved great success at her school, and was being moved to a higher form.

It is needless to say that her parents were very pleased with her and extremely anxious to hear how she would get on in the new class.

When she returned home at lunch time, the first question her mother asked was this:

"Well, darling," she said, "how did you like your new teacher?"

"She seems very nice," replied Millie, "but I can't understand all she says."

"How is that?" asked her mother. "Does she talk too quickly?"

"Oh, no, mummy," retorted Millie, "but"—with the air of one who knows—"I think she's got a predicament in her speech."

YOUR BODY'S WONDER CELLS

Marvels You Little Suspect.

Three days ago I bruised a knuckle; to-day the wound is healed over, and I accept the bit of new skin as calmly as if it were a section of repaired pavement. But if I knew about the thousands of cell lives that were lost in that catastrophe on my finger, if I could see the tens of thousands of life-producing labors that have been performed there, that speck of flesh would appear a great and miraculous structure.

When I carelessly knocked my hand against the door I destroyed an area of skin about a quarter of an inch long and an eighth of an inch wide. This had been composed of perhaps fifty thousand individual cells, which were all so broken or detached that they perished. My body had no power to bring up a regiment of similar cells, dump them into the breach, and say, "Be healed!"

The Secret of Life.

No, these dead cells were of many sorts—flat and horny ones at the surface; below, three layers of different sorts that were packed like mackerel in the hold of a fishing schooner; and, in a lower layer, many intricate sets of apparatus like nerve-ends, capillaries, pigment-makers, muscles, oil-glands.

We had best not say anything about these complicated organs of the skin, since most of them are beyond examination. Let us content ourselves with the largest, most obvious, most uniform cells: those of the third layer from the top. Even these cannot be replaced in bulk. For each one is an individual, differing in some degree from its neighbors, as men differ in a regiment. Every one of them was born from a parent cell.

Are you startled by hearing about the "birth" of a cell? Imagine that I had a needle fine enough to detach one of these cells and to hold it under a powerful microscope. Suppose that I could show some of the labors that are carried on there. It is a laboratory for vital processes far beyond the skill of man.

It is filled with what we call protoplasm. Protoplasm is simply our ignorant name for the unapproachable secret of life. The life in protoplasm is directed by a speck called a "nucleus." That is our name for the mystery that lives in that tiny space. For within the nucleus, all but invisible to the most searching gaze of science, is the mechanism that can direct the birth of a new cell.

If I see a hawk flying overhead, I know that the bird was once in an egg and was hatched. It is just as obvious that the cell was born. It must have grown out of a cell, which has grown out of a previous cell, which had grown from a previous cell. There cannot have been any gap in the series of descents since life began on the earth.

Scientists, by combining their observations for a generation, have learned enough to give us a glimpse of nature's path.

Firstly, the nucleus swells; it appears in its liquid; they grow thicker and then heavier; they then arrange themselves in a row across the centre of the nucleus, as if they were so many beads of a small, round rosary. These are called the "chromosomes." Each splits down the middle into two equal parts.

These then draw apart. Meanwhile, the whole cell has been preparing to divide; a groove appears around it, and it pinches, until the cell splits into two. There is two small cells, each with half of every chromosome, each with a complete cell life. They grow to full size and repeat the process in their own time.

Thus, from one cell, born from a cell, there may be a ripe full race, each with the same life as the parent cell at the time of birth.

Scientists have recently found that this