For the Boys and Girls

THE HORSE OF RINALDO

BY ANNA H. WAYNE.

Bayard was a very beautiful horse, of a light bay color, with a silver star in his forehead, his hind feet white, his head delicate and his mane fine and thick.

Rinaldo was a noble young peer who belonged to the court of the Emperor Charlemagne.

Everybody had heard about the wonderful horse Bayard, and Rinaldo longed to have possession of him. So he set out for the forest of Arden, where it was said Bayard lived in a cave.

But when the young knight saw the fierce animal rushing upon him, he had some reason to tremble at the adventure he had undertaken.

In the contest, the horse kicked once or twice with such tremendous force that Rinaldo almost fainted.

But he was brave, and besides he was the hero who had been chosen to conquer Bayard, because he was of the race of Amadis de Gaul, to whom Bayard had once belonged.

And so it happened that in the struggle Bayard's foot caught in the branches of a tree, and then Rinaldo succeeded in pulling him down to the ground.

Now, the moment he touched the ground, he became perfectly docile, and seemed delighted to have Rinaldo for his master, and from that day till the day of his death he loved Rinaldo with all his heart, as you shall hear.

By and by a great king, named Gradasso, came against Charlemagne with a mighty army.

And what do you suppose he wanted? Two things: one, the famous sword Durindana, which belonged to Rinaldo's cousin Orlando, and the other Rinaldo's horse Bayard.

Rinaldo said he would fight for his property, the matter was to be decided by single combat between himself and Gradasso.

So they were fighting a magician appeared, who pretended to be a friend to Rinaldo, and he drew Rinaldo away in another direction, till finally he was lost in the mountains.

Meanwhile, who thought Rinaldo was dead, had taken away from the battlefield, decided that he would be right to give Bayard to Gradasso.

But Angelica, a fairy friend of Rinaldo, had already taken charge of the horse, and would not give him up.

She offered to fight for him. However, nobody thought Angelica, who was a lady, was a match for Gradasso, a great armed knight, and with this he continued Gradasso.

But Angelica was saved and Astolpho, a knight, was sent in search of Rinaldo, in order to restore Bayard.

In spite of his lance, Astolpho, who was powerful in all his deeds, and Bayard was taken from him, and by and by it happened that the knight who was the horse found himself face to face with Rinaldo, who had now escaped from prison.

The knight who rode Bayard was the brother of the king who had a very beautiful daughter, named Angelica. It so happened that Angelica fell in love with Rinaldo, but at present he cared nothing further.

When Bayard saw Rinaldo, he knew him at once, and would not fight him, and he gave so much trouble that the next day Rinaldo rode away on another horse, leaving Bayard in disgrace.

Angelica saw him in Rinaldo, hoping to please him in that way, but Rinaldo was under an enchantment which prevented his caring anything about her, no matter how kind she might be.

Rinaldo had been drinking from a magical fountain called Pisdain; he had also drunk from another fountain, which made him love Angelica deeply, while, in the meantime, the waters of Pisdain had cured him completely about Rinaldo.

Indeed, he rode away from him with the other knight. She and this knight had a great many trials in their journeys, and finally their horses were giving out when they espied Bayard coming toward them.

The magician, however, remembered Angelica well, and as soon as he saw her he sent a dwarf to bring her to him and caress him, thought Rinaldo would not suffer the knight to touch him.

When Angelica had secured the horse, they both mounted, and would have ridden away if Rinaldo had not appeared.

He loved Angelica so much now that he was ready to fight for her with the other knight, and you may be sure Bayard would not fight against his master. So there was a very sincere battle.

In the meantime, Angelica slyly rode away on her own horse, and though Rinaldo soon found out where, and Bayard did his best to help, they could never find the least trace of her.

It is said that, after awhile, this beautiful princess married a shepherd and lived very happily.

Whether Rinaldo recovered from his loss I cannot say, but he seems to have devoted himself to knightly adventures for a long time after that.

Once Gradasso gained possession of Bayard by treachery for all that Rinaldo succeeded in getting his horse back again, and travelled half over the world with him—as far as Egypt. While there, was a great battle between Charlemagne and the paynards, called the battle of Roncesvalles, which you may have learned about in history.

But I do not believe your history will tell you that the most important for Rinaldo was at the battle that he came into the horse Bayard, and made him fly like the wind from the way from Egypt to Spain. Yet that is the story.

Rinaldo could not do much good when he arrived.

He only saw that the battle was lost and all his friends killed.

It was unfortunately that he came back at all. Charlot, who had succeeded Rinaldo, and through the influence of his son, Rinaldo's brothers had been put in prison.

Rinaldo then offered to give himself and all his possessions to the king if his brothers could be set free.

But when he was in the way to the king he fell asleep, and Bayard strayed away. Some one found him and took him to the court, where he was, for the fact quite destitute.

Then an old magician, who was his friend, proposed that he should dress as pilgrims and go to the court, where the king had appointed a day to show Bayard to the ladies. Rinaldo was to pretend that he was deaf, dumb and blind.

Of course, when he reached the field, Bayard knew him in spite of his dress, and came to him and caressed him. Then everybody said the pilgrim must be holy, if even the dumb beast worshipped him.

The magician then told the people that this magician had been deaf, dumb and blind for two months, and that if had been revealed that if he could ride the horse Bayard, it would cure him.

The king consented, and as soon as Rinaldo had mounted he put spurs to his gallant horse and rode off at a great speed.

The magician pretended to be frightened, as if the horse was running away with nobody suspected anything.

The magician went away, took off his disguise, and then came back to court, and worked so that he finally released Rinaldo's brothers.

By the king he was fed, Rinaldo's castle, and, as there was not food enough to support them all, Rinaldo finally consented to have his mother ask forgiveness for him of the king.

The king promised if he would give Bayard to Charlot. That seemed so cruel that the boy wanted him to refuse; but Rinaldo thought that would not be right.

What do you suppose Charlot did? He told his servants to take Bayard to the bridge and throw him into the water.

Bayard sank, but he came to the surface and saw Rinaldo he swam to land and ran to him as if to ask why he had treated him so.

Then Charlot had a stone tied to each foot and two stones to his neck, and had him thrown into the water again. But Bayard saw his enemy, threw off the stones and came to land again.

Then Rinaldo's brothers begged him not to give the horse to Charlot again, but Rinaldo thought that right; only he told Charlot that if the horse should ever bear it any more he would hide himself. Then he made Bayard swim with him into the water.

Bayard looked every way, but could not find Charlot, and he came back to him, but he was dead.

And now that the old knight was dead, I should not tell this story, which is remarkable, for no man

Time and trade wait for no man.—The Prince of Wales.

The Safe Side.

With certain individuals the first question asked, when it is a matter of taking sides, is whether the indicated attitude is safe. They desire to have the honor and the fortune that await the brave, but the last thing they want is to incur the risk. You will not find them promptly volunteering at the outset for an enterprise of hazard. They will wait and see what the outcome is likely to be ere they enroll as partisans in any conflict.

It is an understandable desire on the part of a man to want to be on the side that wins. The easier thing is always to cast in one's lot with the puissant majority, not to give all one has and is to a cause that looks forlorn from the inception and seems to have but a rank outsider's chance of victory. Yet, happily, there are those of the heroic mettle and the different mold who are attracted by the knowledge that success is not a predetermined certainty and that conquest or failure depends largely on their own performance.

Some intrepid spirits have thrown themselves away on futile quests and vain objectives; they may have been so restless that they could not bide at home and must be "gentleman adventurers" in foreign legions, perhaps taking part in Central American revolutions, or it may be chartering ships and with kindred spirits engaged in a search for buried treasure of pirates in fronded isles of the West Indies.

But is there not adventure enough to be had in the championship of hopes, the furtherance of causes here at home that have nothing to do with the profession of the man-at-arms or the seaman? There is necessary warfare in the name and under the flag of social, legal and medical reforms which call for courage as well as the battlefield, and whose pioneers must often incur loneliness and odium while the popular acclaim goes to charlatans and demagogues. "'Tis man's perdition to be safe when for the truth he ought do die." Those who have decided that a certain course is right cannot be satisfied with another way, though their own path is difficult to tread. They are not asking to be spared the hard things; they give welcome to the experiences that test their fibre and develop fortitude and train them to face serenely what the days may bring.

Memory.

Walking God's Acres on a summer's day
I stopped before a shaft of marble tall.
"Rich men," thought I, "are favored after all,
In splendor and in luxury sleeps their clay;
From earth their memory does not pass away.
While round about the poor, death markers small,
Sleep in oblivion, seldom seen at all."
And then it seemed I heard the great man say:

"Envy me not this monument of stone,
Look to that modest grave across the way,
His memory by these simple flowers is shown,
Placed there by loving hands but yesterday.
Still come the diving to his humble plot,
I sleep 'neath marble, but I am forgot."

Edgar A. Guest.

The Cat.

"Oh, Mabel, if Jack can get off next week we're going to get married."

"Why surely they'll let him off. It's not like he was taking a holiday to have a good time."

Ring On—Ring Off.

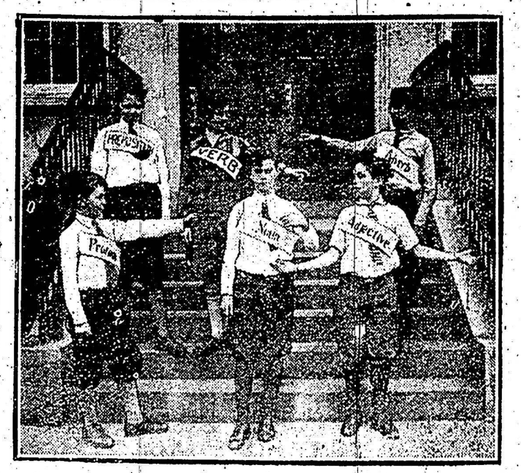
"Oh, George, dear," she whispered, when he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I prefer!" None of the others was ever so thoughtful."

George was staggered for a moment. Then he said:

"Not at all, dear; you overrate me. This is the one I've always used."

She was inconsistent enough to cry about it.

"There is no half way house between the reign of law and the reign of force.—Sir Esme Howard.



Grammar said to have been made easy by a new game, invented by Kerry Conway, Forest Hills, L.I. Pupils are given names of the parts of the speech, and then enact an amusing playlet, in the course of which they explain their functions. Photo shows the "parts of speech" in action.

Alchemy.

Sometimes my day so sordid seems
So blank and colorless, devoid of dreams;
That like the grains of sand in oyster shells,
It seems it, too, must irk the place wherein it dwells.

Then through the hours, monotonous and gray,
There come adventures, quickening and gay;
The proven love of friends, the gain of right,
The surging forth of all the heart's pure might,
And, as the oyster to a pearl, has turned the sand,
The alchemy of Truth shows treasure close at hand.

Mary Chase Witherbee.

Insects' Sense of Smell.

Many insects have a keen sense of smell. A piece of decaying meat so covered that it cannot be seen will, on a warm day, attract numerous flies, some of which apparently scent it at a distance where no odor is discernible to man.

Many of the social insects recognize the members of their household by smell, and the male of some species seeks his mate by the olfactory sense.

Among insects the organs of smell are located in the antenna or palps. Male bumblebees with the antenna removed can not find their mates. Some crustaceans seem to possess organs of smell on the antennules.

A Puzzle.

The teacher was showing the children how to form the figures from 1 to 12. After writing them on the blackboard several times she told the children to write them in their exercise books from memory.

When, later, she looked at the books she found that one little boy had written the numbers correctly up to 10, but instead of the figures 11, he had written only 1.

"Why, what is the meaning of this, Jackie Jones?" she asked pointing out the solitary figure.

"Please, teacher," he said, "I didn't know on which side of the 10 to put the other 1."

Few of us would like to see ourselves as others see us.—Lord Lytton.

Servetus' Doom.

It is a curious fact that Michael Servetus was burned at the stake by Calvin not because of but through a little bit of thoughtlessness on his own part. Michael was a Spaniard, born 1509. Excited by evangelists, he began to read the Bible and afterwards he disparaged the orthodox doctrine of the trinity. He went to Paris and studied medicine, but the trinity was not forgotten, although in his studies he came as near discovering the circulation of the blood as any man previous to Harvey.

Calvin having been his friend, he began writing letters to him to discuss the point of the controversy which was then worrying many deep thinkers of Europe. In 1553 the Catholics put him in prison for his outspoken doubts, but he escaped from the jail in Lyons and started for Naples.

Right there and then he made his mistake. Instead of going around, he tried to go through Calvin's headquarters, Geneva. Calvin had him arrested and produced the confidential letters to prove that Servetus doubted the trinity. Another charge made against him was that in his book called "Ptolmey's Geography," he "asserted that Judea had been falsely extolled for its beauty and fertility, modern travelers having found it both sterile and unsightly." He was sent to the flames in 1553 in Geneva.

Jolts and Jars.

Eva: "Her strength was gained through a chemistry system jolts, you know."

May: "And her beauty by means of jars."

Of the 667 professions listed in the United States women are engaged in 432.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BAHAMAS

The Bahama Islands are as packed with romance and legends as they are with green islands, white reefs, brown shoals and blue lagoons. History and loveliness combine as one.

The Lucayan Indians peopled the islands originally and received Christopher Columbus in 1492. These Indians, brown-skinned and painted after the manner of the gayly decorated fish of the sea, were taken from the islands to work the gold mines of Cuba. For long years the cays were harbors for caravels and, finally, hiding places for pirates. Settlers began to come to some of the larger islands in the seventeenth century and in the early part of the eighteenth century the pirates were driven out, and commerce restored.

The crest of the Bahamas bears this description: "Expulsis Piratis Commercia Restituta." Commodore Hopkins of the American navy captured New Providence Island in 1776, but lost it shortly afterward to the Spaniards, who in turn were forced to surrender it to the British in 1782.

The history of these islands is, however, no more than a mere alphabet for their natural beauty. The colors in the waters are truly incomparable, ranging from pure white, through shades of green to the deepest blue. The sands are as clean as freshly starched table linen, and the shoals and reefs are inhabited by gentian, scarlet, yellow and green fishes and by picturesque purple and yellow sea fans. Color is simply let loose in the Bahamas. The walls and houses are whitewashed in pinks and grays and the gardens are never without small bests of brilliantly tinted flowers.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries slaves were introduced from Africa to work the plantations, but they were freed in 1834 and have remained as quiet citizens with the white settlers. The native huts with their thatch roofs look tumble-down enough, but they fit in with the overhanging cocoanut palms and the red hibiscus plants or bougainvillea. The natives took the place of the original Lucayans, to whose soft character they seem in many respects to be likened. Columbus wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella in this way of the Lucayans: "This country excels all others as far as the day surpasses the night in splendor; the natives love their neighbors as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable; gentle and so affectionate are they, that I swear to your Highness there is not a better people in the world."

It may interest someone to know that Lucayans contributed one word of their own language to the English language. It is "hammock," taken from their "hamacas," a name given their curious swinging beds.

WORLD'S MASTER MACHINE

Wonders of the Human Body; By a Doctor.

The human body is often compared to a machine. It is certainly the most wonderful of all machines. It is self-building, self-repairing, self-regulating and self-oiling. As yet we know comparatively little about it. That great expert, Sir Arthur Keith, modestly wrote in his excellent book, "The Engines of the Human Body," that if scientific investigation was continued for another 2,000 or 3,000 years, we might have some real knowledge of the body.

Even the grandest system of waterworks is coarse and clumsy, compared with the endless miles of piping in our bodies through which that most wonderful force-pump, the heart, sends the life-giving blood-stream to all parts of the body. Most of those pipes have a movement of their own whereby they assist the propulsion of the blood, and a most ingenious system of valves and stop-cocks neutralizes the law of gravity. Otherwise, the bulk of our blood would accumulate in our legs and feet.

The eyes act at the same time as a microscope for near-by vision, as an adjustable telescope for long distances, and as a photographic camera. The camera shutter is modelled exactly upon the self-acting appliance of the eye.

Our nervous system is comparable to a telephone or telegraphic system of extraordinary complexity and efficiency. Countless wires carry impressions from all parts of the body to the brain, and another set of wires sends out orders for action to every part. The whole system is linked up by a large number of local exchange centres.

With all our knowledge, we cannot keep clean a piece of glass, if ever so precious, such as the lens of a microscope, without scratching it in the cleaning. The window and lens of the human body, the eye, is kept automatically clean for the time of one's life by means of a wonderful slightly disinfectant fluid, the tears, and the winking of our eyelids, and the water sent down the nose.

There are in our bodies the most wonderful automatic appliances for all our needs. We find it difficult enough to maintain an even temperature in our rooms, notwithstanding our terrific system of heating and the possibility of cooling the air by open doors and windows. Automatic regulation keeps our body at an even temperature, whether we are in a Turkish bath or in an ice-house.

The human body is, according to Dorsey, composed of the incalculable number of about 26,000,000,000,000 cells. Each cell is like the original single one. Each cell leads a live being, choosing or rejecting, digesting its food from the blood stream, excreting refuse, multiplying and eventually dying, and doing allotted work.

A set of bone-building cells line the hollow bones of the body, while a set of bone-consuming cells at the same time widen the interior of the bones so as to give space for growing marrow.

The Great Reward.

Providence has given us a wonderful body, which is provided with a marvellous system of regulation, repair and defence. If we have any respect for the miraculous work of Providence, we will treat it well in accordance with the obvious wish of Providence. To abuse it by intemperance is literally violating the obvious will of God. The body, if properly treated, by giving us perfect health and a natural, painless death in advanced age, is a rule by which

"A permanently ill-treated body acts by giving us disease, discomfort, health, disease, and physical sufferings without number. Therefore we should study how to keep healthy and live according to the dictates of Nature.

What's in a Name?

Do names matter? According to the adherents of numerology, to-day's very latest craze, they do. These ingenious people have discovered that the relation of certain numbers to the letters of your name may vibrate you to success or failure.

Students of human nature have always realized that names count, and have acted on their belief. The Shakespearian critic and biographer of King Edward, Sir Sidney Lee, who died recently, undoubtedly, when changing his name from Lazarus to Lee, which he did, on Dr. Jowett's advice, when at Oxford.

A publisher once sat in his office to interview the writer of a manuscript, which his reader had described as "a novel of rare passion and power, probably the work of a woman of mature experience." When a girl of seventeen was ushered in the publisher declined to discuss the book with her unless he wanted to see the author.

"I am the author," the astonishing young person replied, and the publisher then set to work to invent a pen-name for her which would take the public fancy. The lady is now known all over the world as "Victoria Cross."

Then take the case of fascinating Claire Windsor, of film fame.

Miss Windsor thought that name would sound better in the ears of film enthusiasts than her rightful one, which is Olga Cronk.

Gussie Apfel felt likewise when she emerged screenwards. Lita, Lady Burnham, recently the Fox Film Corporation announced that "Miss Beatrice Burnham, after giving the matter much consideration, has changed her name to Inez Rene, to match her Latin personality."

Living Green.

I never knew how much green grass
Could mean until I had it not;
Until I went to live where I
Could see no tree or garden-plot.

The joy of living grew and loved,
It was a part of daily being,
As easily as much of love,
As thinking, moving, feeling, seeing.

But helped along with some brief
And sky above, what
I ache to know, to realize
To miss the sight of shrub and tree.

And which, going
Starved soul.
Oh! I am afraid; I could not stay
I have to go back to where I see
Green hills and growing green each
day.

George Elliston.

On the Wrong Track.

Mother had come in from the farm to visit her daughter in the city. After the kiss of greeting, she noticed her daughter's bobbed hair. Her eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"Well, for pity's sake, Lizzie," she exclaimed, "you never even writ me you had the typhoid.

ANNUAL FLOWERING VINES

By J. B. Spencer, for the Horticultural Ass

Flowering vines are capable of concealing the at many a home. Vera back sheds that would clothes line fence, yard poultry houses, from uninviting spectacles of beauty as well as providing shade. All the accomplished with but a expense if one will but task at the beginning.

The morning glory, moon flower, the scarlet and the easter vine are this purpose. Plant thoughtfully with a the best effect desired. Cobea scandens and vine, though not well equally useful. Morning partially shady, even planted serts with their many times fringed and seeding beautiful flowers. The foliage of this plant is beautiful and abundant, is well enriched and watering are given when

The cardinal climber, known as the sport is readily grown, bearing of lace-like form with the blooms. This plant prefers rich soil but can be particularly effective on fence. Cobea scandens and vine are more robust than former. It is well adapted arches and makes a of an open verandah.

plants require ceiling, wire netting partly well. The quick best effective way or board fence, strings or wire obtainable. Its tendrils cling also to rough walls or trees.

Flowering vines should be planted in the positions they are to occupy the middle of May, the longer season of

When the Dead Were Judged.

In ancient times the dead were taken before a judge and given a trial just as though they were alive.

In Egypt the body was taken after death to an embalmer and kept by him for forty days. It was then returned to its old home where the mourners wept over it for thirty days and nights, after which it was carted to the nearest sacred lake where witnesses were heard.

In the case of a good man the body was allowed to be taken across the lake in a boat and buried on the other side.

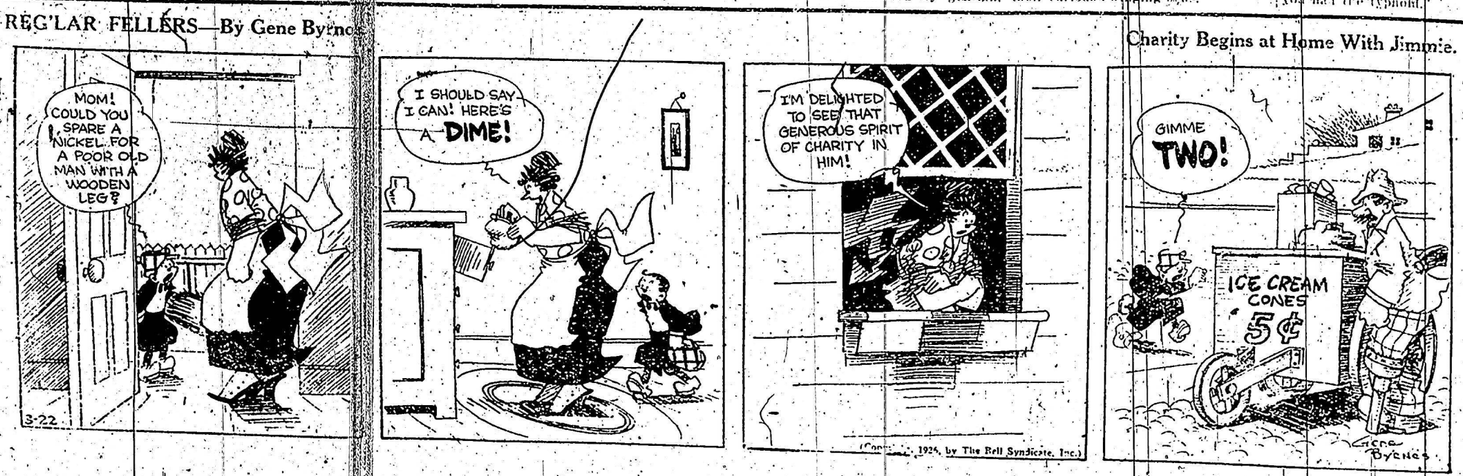
If the evidence showed that the dead was not a good man the mourners had to take the body back home and keep it until such time as they could by good works, gifts to the priests, incense and such things bury it properly in later years.

And Figure This Out.

Fresh Son: "How is it, dad, that the night falls but if the day that breaks?"

Weary Dad: "In the sunset of life, son, it hasn't yet dawned on me."

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes



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Charity Begins at Home With Jimmie.

RED Ros
"is good tea
Red Rose Orange
good. Won't you
Facing the World.
High School Boards and
INDUSTRIAL
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