For the Boys and Girls

DADDY REDCAP.

BY ANTIQUE.

A bright, merry little girl was Bell Cherry, dancing half the day like a sunbeam, and chattering like a saucy brook over round, white pebbles, here and there, hither, thither, without thought, and, alas, without head!

A pair of the brightest eyes would look up in her mother's face, and a rosebud mouth would answer demurely to the frequent charges not to do this and so, whatever the forbidden subject might be, and, for that moment, Bell would mean to obey; but, within five minutes, her good intention would be forgotten, and the little girl be into sad disgrace.

One day Mrs. Cherry was busy putting an old clothes-press in order, in which was carefully packed away some of her mother's young days—[illegible] silks, heavily embroidered [illegible] flare flounces, a tall, tortoise-shell comb, that must have survived the [illegible] like a torrent, in the days when such things were worn, and a big yoke shawl of beaver, trimmed with red [illegible] and feathers.

Bell sat perched on the arm of a chair eyeing all these queer-looking [illegible] with great delight. It was not often she was permitted within the sacred walls of her mother's storeroom, for her mischievous spirit was a source of dread.

But to-day she had been so quiet that she was promised as a reward, the unpacking and refolding [illegible].

[illegible] with a [illegible] little [illegible] primly on the [illegible] hair, and satting would be safe to trust [illegible] to the kitchen.

[illegible] but a short while before [illegible] again, in even that [illegible] Bell had disappeared, [illegible] her Grandma Cherry's wedding [illegible].

[illegible] of laughter from the street, and a merry little voice singing away [illegible] Mrs. Cherry's attention. Looking from the window, what should she see but Miss [illegible] arrayed in grandma's favorite [illegible] pattern robe, her long curls tucked up on the top of her head, and surmounted by the tower-like comb, which made her look at least a foot [illegible]. The baby broke hung down [illegible] back by the strings, which were [illegible] round her neck, and dangling in her waist was a large fan of black feathers.

A more comical little figure could [illegible] be imagined, and when she caught up the bluish dress on each side and danced away like a top, the flower bonnet flying out like some queer bird, and the fan swinging back and forth like a pendulum, even her astonished mother had to join the laugh that broke from the small crowd assembled on the pavement to watch the quaint performance. Grandma's finery was rescued, and Bell confronted with the consequence of her mischievous vanity.

"That prying little nose of yours will bring you into trouble some day," warned her mother.

And Bell rubbed the tip of that saucy, turned-up feature with an air of deductive penitence.

She was very good after this for quite a while, and it was beginning to be believed that her thoughtless little head had at last had some wisdom talked into it, when again disaster befell her.

An organ-grinder came along one day with a hideous monkey, clad in dirty red, and he'd danced down to the doorstep with a shout of glee.

Her mother watched from the window, satisfied that this was a harmless amusement, from which Bell could do no trouble.

After awhile, it struck her that the man lingered a long while in front of the house, and that the monkey bobbed back and forth from the doorstep to the man's hand a great deal, and then she remembered hearing Bell run up and down stairs a number of times, and at last, prompted by past experience, arose to investigate.

In the hall she met Bell, with one hand rolled up tight and a look of quiet enjoyment on her face, which expression told her mother that all was not well, as the little mischief appeared the most demure when she was hatching the queerest pranks.

Mrs. Cherry opened the rolled-up fist, and a lot of pennies fell into her hand, while through the open door she saw the organ-grinder shoulder his organ, tuck his monkey under his arm, and make off quickly.

She quietly led Bell upstairs to her bedroom, and there found her bureau drawer open, and a roll of pennies, to the amount of a dollar, torn open and gone, with the exception of the few left in her hand.

Miss Bell had given them to the monkey, making frequent trips to her mother's bureau to stretch out the fun as long as she could, and very naturally the man played his cracked tunes over and over again, while this harvest was going on.

Bell looked anxiously at her mother. "Was it my nose made me do it, mother?" she questioned, putting one finger cautiously up to touch it.

And without thinking, her mother replied that it was that inquisitive member which always brought her troubles.

Then she was locked within the nursery, to pass her evening in solitary confinement, as a punishment for this last bit of naughtiness.

Little Bell felt strangely sad and subdued as she heard the key turn in the lock and found herself alone with her thoughts and her nose.

She was half afraid of it, and crept to the bureau in the corner to peer into the glass at it.

It was a very little one, and turned up saucily at the end, with a don't-care-do-as-I-please look about the tip.

Bell felt it curiously with her fingers, one after the other, wondering how it made her bad and thoughtless, and finally wishing it would come off and she might get a new one that would make her a good, obedient girl.

With a little sob, she crept to the window and looked down in the street. Little children were running along, merrily shouting, some holding by a mother's or nurse's hand, others coming from school, with their satchels, but all gay and light-hearted.

Bell watched them sadly, with her nose pressed against the cold pane, and the tears trickling down its saucy tip.

None of them had a nose like hers, and so she concluded they were all good children, and she alone was the only bad one in the world.

Overcome by the terrible thought, and chilled through by the contact of the frost-rusted glass window against her face, she left the window and snuggled down on a woolly mat, before the log-fire in a wide, open fireplace.

The heat felt good at first to her cold cheeks, and the pretty blaze interested her for awhile, as it changed and flickered from one picture to another, until presently a strange feeling came into her nose.

It tingled, smarted and then seemed to grow and grow and grow until it was bigger than her head, and she could not see out of her eyes. Then it contracted to a smaller size.

Weary and hot, she laid her face in the woolly mat, she heard a little bit of a voice say, right over her head:

"Do you like your nose now, Bell?"

She looked up timidly.

On the mantle-shelf stood an old-fashioned clock, which may have been one of grandma's wedding presents, and there, sliding astride of the gabled top, was the funniest little man, in a red cap, Bell had ever seen in a picture book.

He had two little thin legs, a little thin body, and the queerest little face imaginable, and his red cap had a tassel on the end, which hung down on the right shoulder.

As Bell looked up with frightened eyes at this strange spectacle, she saw that the little man was nothing more nor less than her own nose, with legs, arms and red cap, and that it turned up with the most knowing wink. She was afraid to speak.

"I'm Daddy Redcap," said the figure. "Know me?"

Bell cautiously felt her face: there was the big nose.

Daddy Redcap nodded, and chuckled. "I'm going to take you walking, Bell," urged he.

"Oh, no, I can't! I'm punished—for vainness," cried Bell, in alarm; but, to her surprise, down hopped Daddy Redcap from the high clock to the woolly mat, and taking off his cap bowed politely to her.

"You're to do as I say, Bell," retorted he, pertly.

Bell got up slowly, half afraid yet. "But—my—mother—" she began.

"Oh, bother your mother! What do you care for her?" laughed Daddy Redcap, hopping to the window-sill.

Bell shook and held down her head.

"Come along," called Daddy Redcap.

And looking up in wonder, Bell saw the window open, and the pert little figure beckoning her to come to it.

"I can't climb down," faltered Bell, drawing back; "and it isn't right."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Daddy Redcap, shrilly. "Ho, ho! It isn't right! Bell Cherry stopping to think!"

He hopped wildly about on the window-sill, waving his red cap, and nodding and winking at her.

Bell stood with her two little hands holding on tight to her dress each side, as if to keep herself back, and watched her tormentor with timid eyes. Presently he peeped down into the street, and put his red cap on his head soberly.

"Come, look, Bell," he said, gently.

And the little girl, glad to find him giving up his notion of taking her through the window, came softly to the window and looked out.

It had grown dark, but the stars were out, and the reflection of the white snow made objects stand out in bold relief.

As Bell looked down into the street, she saw a little girl standing on the curb in the front of the house, poorly clad, and shivering; and as she looked, she saw her lift up her pale, thin face to the star-lit sky, and then a low, sweet song came from her cold lips.

"She is very poor, Bell," whispered Daddy Redcap, through the music. "The snow and wind blow through the cracks of her tumble-down home, and around the slim fire sit little brothers and sisters crying for food, while the mother tries to soothe them with promises of food to-morrow. She cries out at last: 'Mother, I will help you! I will be some good to you!' And here she is, you see, singing her little song from door to door, to tell people out to hear her tale."

Bell was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"And I have everything, and won't mind my mother."

Daddy Redcap seemed to grow smaller and smaller, until she no longer saw his pert little figure on the window-sill; but still the plaintive song came up from the street, and Bell sobbed on.

A strong pair of arms lifted her up; she heard a kind voice say:

"Poor child!"

And Bell knew the arms and voice belonged to her father, and when she raised her eyes there was his face bending down to kiss her, while mother stood by, smiling.

"Dreaming and crying, eh, Bell?" said daddy, as he let her slip down on her feet.

Bell looked around, eagerly. No Daddy Redcap or clock or window-sill. She put up her hand to her face—her own little nose. Then it was all a dream? But hark! that was a real voice singing in the street.

"The little street-singer, Bell," said mother. "Don't you remember I told you how she tried to help her poor mother and the younger children? Come down, now, and we'll give her a warm supper and some pennies."

But Bell first pulled her mother's face down to her and sobbed.

"I had an awful dream, and I will be good mother. I—can't—work—for—you—but—I—can—think—and—mind—you!"

And, strange to say, she succeeded in becoming thoughtful and trustworthy, but she never saw Daddy Redcap again, except in the wood-fire.

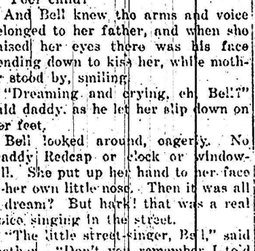
And often, when she was chilled with the frosty air, and sat over the fire to warm herself, she could feel her nose tingle, and swell as if it would grow and grow; but it never did again, nor did her own little one ever lead her into mischief again.

"Draw it Mild."

The expression, "Draw it mild!" is nowadays a silly injunction not to indulge in too much exaggeration, or, in other words, and to use another phrase, to cease to "draw the long-bow."

One would naturally conclude that the phrase arose in the taproom of the village inn, and this idea is strengthened by the Anglesby Legends, where, in "Misadventures at Margate," Mr. Simpkinson asks for "a pint of double X, and please to draw it mild."

At the same time, the expression is musical. The leader of the orchestra used to tell the violin players to "draw it mild"—that is, to play pianissimo, to draw their bows mildly or gently over the strings, and not to exaggerate the notes. Even the opposite expression, "Come it strong," is a musical term, and is equivalent to fortissimo.



Aftermath.

English Fish (to French Fish): "I'm gloomin' glad those fool channel swimmers won't be around pestering us again until next summer!"

BLIND BOY WINS ESSAY AWARD

Allen Parfitt, 260 Symington Ave., Toronto, who won a cup donated by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire for an essay on "Development of Toronto in the Last Twenty-five Years." Allen is an expert at reed and rush work and is looking for orders for his work. His dog, Tiny, was given to him by a mother who lost her blind son.

Hope On!

Though your prospects may seem dreary,
Hope on!
Though life seems both sad and weary,
Hope on!
Joy shall wax and sadness wane,
Summer time come round again;
Still it's blue beyond the rain!
So, hope on!

When your best-planned schemes are falling,
Hope on!
Laughter helps far more than wailing;
Hope on!
March o'er mountain, crag, and weld
With a heart serene and bold.
Till you strike that streak of gold!
So, hope on!

Never yield to weak despairing;
Hope on!
Miracles are wrought by daring;
Hope on!
When you prove you're unafraid,
And refuse to sheath your Blade,
Friends will rally to your aid;
So, hope on!

—A. B. C.

His Wish.

Little Boy: "That lady gave me some chocolates."

Mother: "I hope you were polite about it?"

Little Boy: "Yes, mamma."

Mother: "What did you say?"

Little Boy: "I said I wished pa had met her before he got acquainted with you."

The mother opossum, like the kangaroo, carries its young in a pouch.

IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

Conditions on the Red Planet.

The interest we all feel in the great question of the possibility of life on other planets is shared by all astronomers, and we are always glad when they are able to give us information bearing on the subject. Professor Adams and Professor St. John, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, have recently added a little to our knowledge of Mars.

If human beings like ourselves do live on Mars we may be sure the surface conditions on the planet do not differ much from some of the extreme conditions under which men have lived on different parts of the earth's surface.

The Human Limit.

For example, the work of explorers has shown that man could not live in much greater cold than is found near the North and South Poles, nor in much greater heat than is found in certain tropical regions; and we have learned from Everest climbers that, although the human body can acclimatize itself to less oxygen than we normally use, there is a limit beyond which we cannot go.

Astronomers have found it possible to estimate in various ways how the conditions of climate on Mars compare with terrestrial conditions, and they have found a great deal of evidence pointing to the fact that Mars has an atmosphere. There is also good reason to believe that some of the familiar terrestrial elements, such as oxygen and nitrogen, are constituents of the atmosphere of Mars, in addition to water-vapour, which is also known to be present. The problem is to determine in what proportions these substances are present, and how the quantities of, say, oxygen and water-vapour on Mars compare with the quantities of oxygen and water-vapour on the Earth.

If we wish to compare the relative amounts of water-vapour in the two atmospheres we have only to look through a spectroscope, first at the Moon and then at Mars. The light from the Moon is pure reflected sunlight, as the Moon has no observable atmosphere whatever, but the light from Mars will have passed twice through the Martian atmosphere in the course of being reflected from his surface back into our spectroscope. If there is any water-vapour in that atmosphere it will make itself known by diminishing certain dark bands in the spectrum of the planet.

The two Mount Wilson professors have lately been comparing the spectrum of Mars with that of the sky, and they find that there is in the Mars only about two-thirds of the oxygen found above Everest, and only a sixteenth part of the water-vapour in the air above Mount Wilson.

We must conclude from these facts that men and women like ourselves would find it almost impossible to live on the surface of the Red Planet. Astronomers believe, nevertheless, that they have seen vegetation there, and it is not impossible that some form of life may exist. It is very doubtful, however, if astronomy will be able to tell us much more than this for many years to come.

Dyeing Trees as They Grow.

Touched by the magic wand of science, trees in the forests near Machias, Maine, have turned from their natural colors to lavender, yellow, blue and orange.

A German scientist, Fritz Von Behr, has wrought the transformations; and the secret of the dye that makes possible the multi-colored trees is known only to the inventor.

From their outer surfaces to the hearts of their trunks, trees have been indelibly dyed, and neither water nor acid affects their artificial coloring. Birch, beech, and maple trees have been used as the bases for the experiments, and already buttons, umbrella handles, cigarette cases, and cane-sticks have been made from the dyed wood, which, once carved, needs only to be polished.

The dye neither kills nor injures the tree and though tests have proved that the artificial coloring has a tendency to harden the wood, the inventor insists that the tree would continue to grow if it were not cut.

Five or six holes are bored in the base of the tree to create a reservoir for the dye. Into two of the holes are put glass jugs. Then ordinary garbage cans are suspended in the tree as dye reservoirs. The dye flows down into the trunk, the sap takes it up into the tree and in about two to four days the process is completed.

In Order.

Teacher: "Now Willie, what is the order of the Bath?"

Willie: "Well, in our house, miss, it's baby first, then Tommy, then Johnny and I come last."

DON'T WAIT TO BE HAPPY.

Seize Your Fun While You Can! By Dorothy Dix.

We all want to be happy. We expect to be happy at some indefinite future date, and we look for happiness to come to us in some strange mysterious way. We keep putting off enjoying ourselves. We let the years slip by, and old age overtakes us while we are still waiting to be happy.

We see people who say they will be happy when they are rich, yet, to acquire the money they expect to enjoy so much, they toil like slaves and pinch and economize. They deny themselves the comfortable home they crave. They eat cheap food. They do without the books they would enjoy, the plays they would like to see, the music they would like to hear, the little trips they long to take. They live hard, unbeautiful, barren lives.

Too Old for Happiness.

When they have made their fortune, and they start out to enjoy the pleasures of which they have dreamed so long, they find to their amazement that you cannot buy happiness over the counter. They have done without things so long that they have lost the sense of desire.

A thousand dollars which you are eighty will not buy you the pleasures that ten will when you are twenty. And so those who get any happiness out of money must do it by enjoying all the luxuries they can afford as they go along. It is every man's and woman's duty to set apart enough money to secure them against being dependent in their old age, but after they have done that they are wise if they enjoy what they have in the present.

The Way of the Wind.

Many charming poems have been written for one particular child, or family of children. The following lines were addressed to a little boy by Wordsworth, in reply to the question contained in the first line:—

What way does the wind come? What way does it go?
He rides over the water and over the snow,
Through wood and through vale, and o'er rocky height
Which goats cannot climb, takes his sounding flight.

He tosses about in every bare tree,
As if you could see him, indeed you may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

As soon as it's daylight to-morrow, with me,
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches and strewn them about.

But let him range round; he does us no harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath, see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light.

Come now, we'll to bed, and when we are there,
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows—we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be;
Here's a cosy warm house for Edward and me.

Men in Women's Clothes.

In carnivals and festivities men often dress up as women, and women as men. The motive for such interchange of clothing is a purely social one, expressive of the desire for good-fellowship and amiability.

Among semi-civilized races, however, interchange of dress is a very serious business and is practised regularly. In many of the rain-less islands in Australasia, whenever a man is troubled with an evil spirit he leaves his home secretly, dons a woman's dress, assumes a female voice, and pretends to be other than himself.

In some of the remoter parts of Wales a man will dress in his wife's clothes in order to change a spell of bad luck.

In China a father's trousers are hung on a clothesline above his child's cot, so that evil influences may enter into them instead of into the child.

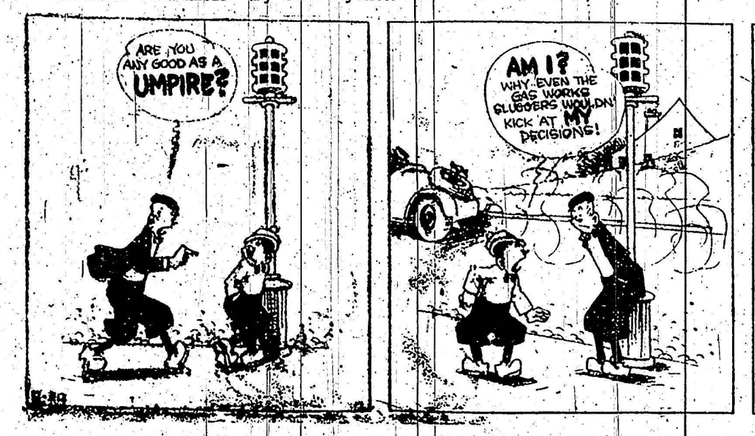
The ancient Lycians dressed themselves as women whenever one of their number died. Plutarch, the historian, explains this by saying that it is womanly and weak to mourn.

The Distinction.

"Have you Shakespeare's works here?"

"No, madam," replied the junior clerk, "but we have his plays."

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



Pretty Rough on the Referee.

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