For the Boys and Girls

THE USEFUL TAIL

BY JULIA WOLFE.

An animal's tail is a very useful part of its body. Most of you won't doubt this if you have ever watched the horses swish flies on a warm summer's day. Many animals make still better use of their tails than does the horse. We find the tail serving as a shelter, garment, carrier or tool. It may be used as an anchor or support; or it may indicate like or dislike, as in the wag of the dog's tail.

The tail of the South African anteater resembles a bush. He can spread it over his body like an enormous umbrella. Since it is his business to be abroad at all hours, pushing his way through the dripping brush and low shrubs of the jungles, this tail umbrella is of great service to the anteater in protecting him from the moisture.

The long tail feather of the East Indian pheasants form a penthouse with sloping roof, beneath which the chicks huddle, warm and dry, during showers. Here the tail is a nursery. The same, of course, is true with our mother hens when they protect their little chicks.

No boy or girl who has ever observed a squirrel humped up on a cold day with the tail pressed close along its back, or a raccoon, fox or cat sitting with its feet wrapped in the furry "boa" of its tail, can doubt that this is the putting on of an overcoat. Only warm-furred animals have bushy tails, and all these sleep curled up, with the tail acting as a blanket. These animals with heavy furs and bushy tails do not have to huddle so closely together in order to keep warm, as do many of the more thinly covered ones.

Some animals breathe through the tail—that is, they bring their nose and tail together, breathing air which has been warmed by passing through the fur. In frigid climates air warmed in this way is more suitable for the creatures' health. We therefore can say that the tail serves as respirator.

The opossum uses its rat-like wiry tail to grasp limbs and to help in climbing trees. When the young opossums are large enough to go out with their mother, soon after they are born, she tries to carry them through the tree tops. She struggles to climb about the branches as she is accustomed to do, but she often finds the tail of no use, for eight or ten squeaking opossums are digging their sharp toes into her fur and clinging with their own little tails tightly twisted around her tail, which is curved over her back, forming a hand-rail for the youngsters.

You have all seen animals fish with their tails in the comic sections of Sunday newspapers. This made you laugh. But there really are some tail-fishing animals. The bat of Trinidad fishes in this way. It hangs its tail in the water and, as soon as the fish bites, throws it out and grabs it.

A similar trick is used by the puma on the Patagonian pampas, which lies flat down when it sees a herd of guanacos (another trip to the dictionary) grazing toward him. As it lies down it wiggles its black tail up in the air and some of the guanacos are attracted by this, and then the puma cat jumps quickly at the herd.

Desolate.

There was a time when, happy with
the birds,
The little children clapped their hands
and laughed;
And midst the clouds the glad winds
heard their words,
And blew down all the merry ways to
waft
Their music to the scented fields of
flowers.

Oh, sweet were children's voices in
those days,
Before the fall of pestilential showers,
That drove them forth from all the
city's ways.
Now never, never more their silver
words
Will mingle with the golden of the
birds.

Gone, gone forever the familiar forms
To which my spirit once so dearly
clung,
Blown worlds beyond by the destroying storms,
And lost away like lovely sons unsung.
Yet life still lingers, questioningly
strange,
Timid and quivering, naked and alone,
Biding the cycle of disruptive change,
Though all the fond familiar forms are
gone;
Forever gone, the fond familiar forms,
Blown worlds beyond by the destroying storms.

—Claude M'Kay.

Kita's Double.

Simpletons play an important part in the humorous literature of all nations. A favorite story of a Japanese pair is related in the Saturday Evening Post by Yusuke Tsurumi. They belonged to Tokyo, whose citizens are reputed by tradition to be rather easy-natured and gullible. Their names were Yaji and Kita.

One day Yaji rushed into Kita's house much excited. He had just visited the city parts, Asakusa, and had investigated the reason of a crowd there collected.

"Kita-san, come out quick!" he shouted. "Quick, quick! Don't lose a second! I have seen your dead body in Asakusa!"

"Really?" cried Kita, hurrying out, terribly shocked; and in a moment the two were racing back along the highroad toward the park. There, to be sure, was the crowd, and a group of police around a prostrate object. "Make way! Make way!" they shouted, pushing in closer, until at last Yaji pointed to the dead man and asked his friend in accents of horror, "Don't you think this is really you, Kita-san?"

Kita looked, and looked again. "Yes, you are right," he admitted sadly. It's me."

So they claimed the body and started to carry it home, Yaji helping Kita to get it adjusted on his back. Back they trotted along the highroad, more and more wearily. Suddenly a disturbing idea flashed into Kita's mind.

"Look here, Yaji-san!" he exclaimed. "I know the dead man on my back is me. But who is the man carrying him?"

Genuine Poetry Sincere.

No such habitual intimacy of expression is possible in daily speech. In poetry it is possible. Because the forms and conventions and restraints of art give dignity and quiet to the turbulent feelings on which they are imposed. . . . Poetry is a touchstone for insincerity; if any one does not feel that which he [illegible], he may make a [illegible]; he will never make a great poem.

No one whose spirit [illegible] will maintain that Shakespeare's Sonnets are [illegible]. Some, whose [illegible], maintain that the feeling which inspires them has nothing to do with their ostensible occasions; that they are free exercises of the [illegible] fancy, foaming over the dramatic possibilities of life, and finding deep expression for some of its imagined crises.

Poetry is not biography; and the value of the Sonnets, to the modern reader is independent of all knowledge of their occasion. . . That they were made from the material of experience is certain; [illegible] was not a puny imitative [illegible]. But the processes of art have changed the tear to a pearl, which remains to decorate new sorrows. The Sonnets speak to all who have known the chances and changes of human life.—Sir Walter Raleigh, in "Shakespeare."

Branded.

Little Timothy on his way [illegible] had bumped into an old gentleman and was about to take flight when his victim seized him by the collar.

"Now, then, you rascal, what's your name?" he demanded.

"I was christened Timothy Thomas," replied the small boy, endeavoring to appear quite calm.

"How do you know that you were christened?" was the next question—quite different from Timothy's expectation.

"That's easy," he answered. "'Cos I've still got the marks on my arm."

Beauty at Our Feet.

There is something attractive in the [illegible] who have the grace of lingering, who [illegible] are not ever met on the [illegible], who have time for grassy [illegible] field ways. Among [illegible] known who were deeply [illegible] going [illegible]. "With [illegible] stick [illegible] merchan-[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the wayside, [illegible]

[illegible] a wayside altar. There was a sort of hedgerow headland, a great bush of wild rose, twelve [illegible] jutting [illegible] the middle of the wide [illegible] road. It was a [illegible] of wild roses in full [illegible] which was honey-[illegible] profusion and around [illegible] were the guardian an-[illegible] masses of purple [illegible] larks and [illegible] honeysuckle he [illegible] serving it as he rode and [illegible] time as Luth-[illegible] wildings [illegible] famous [illegible] at Leipzig.

Another [illegible] by the road [illegible] the sea with [illegible] a mowing field, with [illegible] of white daisies along the [illegible] swaying grass and red sorrel and [illegible] all the dark's song. That also was an unforgettable vision.

"It is the more leisured going that gathers the harvest." "Turn your head," says Nansen, "stay a few minutes. Leave the dusty road. Take in and enjoy the delights and wonders at your feet."

In the West.

Rancher—"We don't need a telephone. Our neighbors have one."

Caller—"Where do they live?"

Rancher—"About 40 miles due east."

Evening on the Wharf.

Give me the smell of oakum, pitch,
and sea-washed piers;
The pungent odor of a freighted fishing boat;
And busy preparation when a vessel
nears;

The fussy chugging of a grimy gunea
boat;
A passing schooner's wash against the
wooden walls,
And gray-white gulls that on the harbor waters float;

Let me but watch the far-off lights
when evening falls,
And sea-bound vessels into empty
shadows dip,
While wharfbound fishing craft return with silver hauls.

Or hear the deep-toned siren of a passing ship,
And see from distant lighthouse
towers, the sweeping beams
That guide the stately liner on an
outbound trip.

Let me but close my eyes and conjure
boyhood dreams
Of coral isles, palm-lined coves, and
golden strands;
Of misty seas on which the silver
moonlight streams.

And then to find that all the lure of
other lands
Is present in the light and shadow of
the wharf;
In moon-etched isles and waters traced
by unseen hands.

—Arthur J. Peel.

Maggie at the Mill.

Maggie loved to linger in the great spaces of the mill, and often came out with her black hair powdered to a soft whiteness that made her dark eyes flash out with a new fire. The resolute din, the unresting motion of the great stones, giving her a dim delicious awe as at the presence of an uncontrollable force—the meal forever pouring, pouring—the fine white powder softening all surfaces, and making the very spider-nets look like fairy lacework—the sweet pure scent of the meal—all helped to make Maggie feel that the mill was a little world apart from her outside everyday life.

But the part of the mill she liked best was the topmost story—the corn-hutch, where there were the great heaps of grain, which she could sit on and slide down continually. She was in the habit of taking this recreation as she conversed with Luke, to whom she was very communicative, wishing him to think well of her understanding, as her father did.—From "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot.

"He That Doeth"

Do the truth you know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know.—George Macdonald.

Seaweed is a common article of food in the Pacific islands.

Grenadier Guards of England, whose ranks were long filled with six-footers, were obliged during the war to lower their standard to five feet ten inches. The ranks are now filled and they have gone back to the 6-foot requirement. England is regaining her pre-war height as well as her strength.

Making People Enjoy Themselves.

How often have we all, as visitors, been strenuously "introduced" till we were tired enough to drop! Miss Peggy Webling, a well known professional entertainer, who was one of a group of sisters popular both in England and Canada, tells in her autobiography some of her experiences with people who would insist on giving her a good time when what she wanted was a quiet rest.

"Why," he says, does a stout Vancouver journalist suddenly loom up before me? I have forgotten his name. He was a masterful man who came to see us, accompanied by an interpreter, and insisted on taking us for a ride, not a comfortable drive. We told him we did not want to go, for we were tired.

"Do you want to go, Bob?" said the [illegible] man, turning to his friend.

"Sure!" said Bob.

"Then go we will!" said the stout [illegible]. "Tell the carriage to be here in an hour, Bob."

The carriage came, and, like the Gilpin family, we did all get in, except the heavy friend who climbed to the box seat beside the driver. When we had gone about twenty yards, a cart [illegible] the carriage.

"Don't let 'em get out, Bob," cried the stout man, who had a tremendous voice.

So we had to keep our seats while it was headed to the great amusement of a crowd on the hotel steps, while inquisitive children hung on the doors and climbed the back of the carriage to stare at us.

We started at last, and our friend on the box had made up his mind we were to see all the points of interest, giving us orders through his [illegible].

"Stop," he would say at intervals, "we'll get out and see the view."

So we got out.

"Show 'em the buildings, Bob. They can't see them properly there. Make 'em get over the gate. All of 'em!" It was dinner time before Bob was allowed to take us back to the hotel.

Public characters, such as we were often have to endure compulsory kindness of this sort.

At one of the towns where we arrived late, just in time to give the entertainment, the committee was greatly disappointed, as two pleasant expeditions had had to be abandoned. They had arranged to take us to see the lunatic asylum in the morning and the penitentiary in the afternoon. That was the town, by the way, where a young lady sympathized with me on the hardships of touring:

"I couldn't sit up late every night and travel all day," said she. "I should soon be a perfect fright, like you and your sisters."

Lochaber.

I love the kindly salt lochs where
the tide
Morning and evening halls the mountain side;
Morning and evening calls the furzy
braes
The latest rumours of the outer bays.

I love the mountains where the kelp-
brown shore
Of Appin rounds away from gray Ma-
more,
And where among the mists Lochaber
lies
Deep in the magic of old memories.
—From "The Poems of Robert Cameron Rogers."

Jumpers as worn by naval sailors will in future have their V-shaped openings altered in depth according to the total length of the garment; at present every jumper has an eleven-inch opening.

A PLEASANT WAY TO EARN AT HOME

It is impossible for a great many mothers to have a hot meal at home. Such a lunch is greatly missed, especially in cold weather. Sometimes a number of them try to persuade some woman who lives near the school to supply this need. The chief objection that home-makers have to earning money in this way is that they think the teachers cannot pay enough to make the venture worth while. Some women, however, can manage to make a nice little sum each week.

One such woman receives 30 cents a plate. To make as much as possible, she has to remind herself often of a number of things: To adapt the meals to the weather; to use the fruits and vegetables that are in season; to make each dish so attractive that its appearance gives pleasure; to use what would otherwise go to waste in the garden; to do all the baking, having the oven full each time and planning the next day's meals so every bit of fuel is used to the best advantage; to prepare for the family dinner at night pretty much what is served to the teachers at noon; and to keep the table always immaculate and attractive.

This woman uses linen cloths, paper napkins and a variety of inexpensive garnishes. A spoonful of whipped cream with a maraschino cherry on top of the fruit, a few croutons in each cup of soup and a dash of bright-colored paprika to garnish the salad cost very little, but they give to the lunch that distinction that women enjoy and which prevents the thought from dwelling upon the exceedingly low cost of the individual dishes.

Following are some of the menus she has served this term:

1. Cream of tomato soup; cabbage salad; hot rolls and butter; sliced celery; cup cakes; milk.
2. Creamed potatoes, deviled eggs, [illegible], whole wheat bread and butter, apple tapioca pudding, milk.
3. Meat loaf; tomato and celery [illegible], hot rolls and butter, baked apple, cocoa.
4. Pork sausage with apple rings, baked potatoes, baking-powder biscuits with butter, butterscotch pie (the shell of which was made the day before when the meat pie was being baked), cocoa.
5. "Welners," potatoes on the half shell, catsup, rolls and butter, peaches with marshmallow, cake, milk.
6. Hamburg with spaghetti, white or rye bread, sliced tomato and cucumber on a lettuce leaf, hot apple sauce, cookies and milk.
7. Hot meat loaf, mashed potatoes, corn, rolls and butter, apple pie and cocoa.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA

Canada has always been noted for its winter sports. From the earliest times skating, tobogganing, and snowshoeing have had their devotees and with the increase in the urban population and the greater need for outdoor exercise to offset the strain of the close application to indoor pursuits these forms of sport have been supplemented by ski-ing, curling, ice-boating and hockey. These sports provide such a wide range that both sexes from childhood to old age can take part in at least one of them with zeal and benefit. Hockey is the most strenuous of games; curling is akin to golf in its appeal and its physical demands; whereas skating, snowshoeing, ski-ing and tobogganing can be as strenuous or as leisurely as the participant desires. Ice-boating demands rather unusual facilities in the way of great expanses of smooth, snow-free ice, but where conditions are favorable, it provides thrills comparable only to those of flying. All these sports develop skill, ease, and grace, and all promote a strength of body and a love of the outdoors that are assets throughout life.

Physicians are now agreed that the avocation, hobby, or sport should be so different from the vocation as to provide a complete and pleasurable change for both mind and body; and this Canada's winter sports do for the average [illegible]. It is for this reason that, in addition to the thousands who take part for the joy of the sport, thousands more come in on the advice of their physicians, and it is no mere figure of speech to say that both these classes find the winter all too short to accomplish what they desire to do.

The best of all is that these sports all end [illegible] players rather than spectators. Everywhere young people are joining the ranks; everywhere there is room for the novice and the learned. And even though one may not take part in high-class hockey or in ski-jumping contests, no one who has learned to skate or to ski ever becomes too old to enjoy the delightful sensation of smoothly gliding with scarcely perceptible effort over the surface of the earth amid picturesque scenes of [illegible] beauty the enjoyment of which is heightened by the sparkling sunlight and the tang of the pine-scented [illegible].

It is because of these varied appeals that Canada's winter sports constantly increase in popularity and attract a steadily growing throng of devotees both from Canadian communities and from those beyond our boundaries.

Pruned Trees.

Beyond the garden let the bindweed
grow,
The wild grape struggle sunward as
it will,
This side the hedge the poplars are a
row
Of tall, thin candles, silver-edged
and still,
When twilight weaves its tapestry of
dream
They light their pointing tops for after-
gleam.

Against their feet lean amaranth and
rose,
Larkspur and columbine, stone and
rue,
Under their shade the foxglove spires
unclose
And violets shyly lift their tender
blue;
A petal shower of flame consumes the
grass
When wanton winds, some dew-
drenched morning, pass.

Before their height, like rounded incense bowls,
Shaped by the gardener's pruning
shears, they stand,
Apple and peach and quince. Their
[illegible] rolls
In leaf-cupped fruitage, lightly [illegible]
[illegible] fanned,
They sway as gently as a [illegible]
[illegible],
Feeling the censer's breath caress [illegible]
[illegible].

Lewis Worthington Smith.

The Possible Cost.

The incident of the healing of the demoniac near Gadara, and of the rush of the swine into the sea, is valuable, not [illegible] arguments concerning the nature of demoniacal possession or because it permits discussion about the apparent willingness of Jesus to sanction destruction of the property of those who disobeyed law, but because it shows us that many people who would like to secure for themselves and for civilization the benefits which accrue from religion are willing enough to get on without it if it becomes expensive. A week before this healing occurred, we may imagine that the people of Gadara were feeling a trifle sensitive because the Prophet of Nazareth was spending so much time in Capernaum and Bethsaida, and none at all in their attractive neighborhood. We have no record that any committee was appointed to request Him to come. It is probable that individuals crossed the lake to hear Him and expressed the hope that He would come over and visit them.

And when He came and had wrought one significant cure, certain influential citizens waited upon him and politely requested Him to go away. The reason was that [illegible] had [illegible] a financial loss to certain owners of swine.

It would not be quite fair to say that these men deliberately chose between Jesus and their swine and preferred the latter. But they certainly did want to accept a religious teacher that was likely to cause them to lose any material property.

And Jesus went away. The terrible thing about some people's prayers is that they may be answered. God gives them what they pray for, and leanness comes to their souls. Jesus did what he was asked to do. He went and never returned.

The best of what life has to give is unpurchasable, but it is not cheap. It costs more than some men are willing to pay. And that is why they lose.

First Bull Fighters.

Ancient inhabitants of the Island of Crete were the first bull-fighters.

HUSBANDS ARE ALL ALIKE!

Every Wife Who Reads This Article Should Make Sure [illegible] Reads It Too.

However [illegible] men may vary in the [illegible] outside the home, as husbands [illegible] turn out singularly alike!

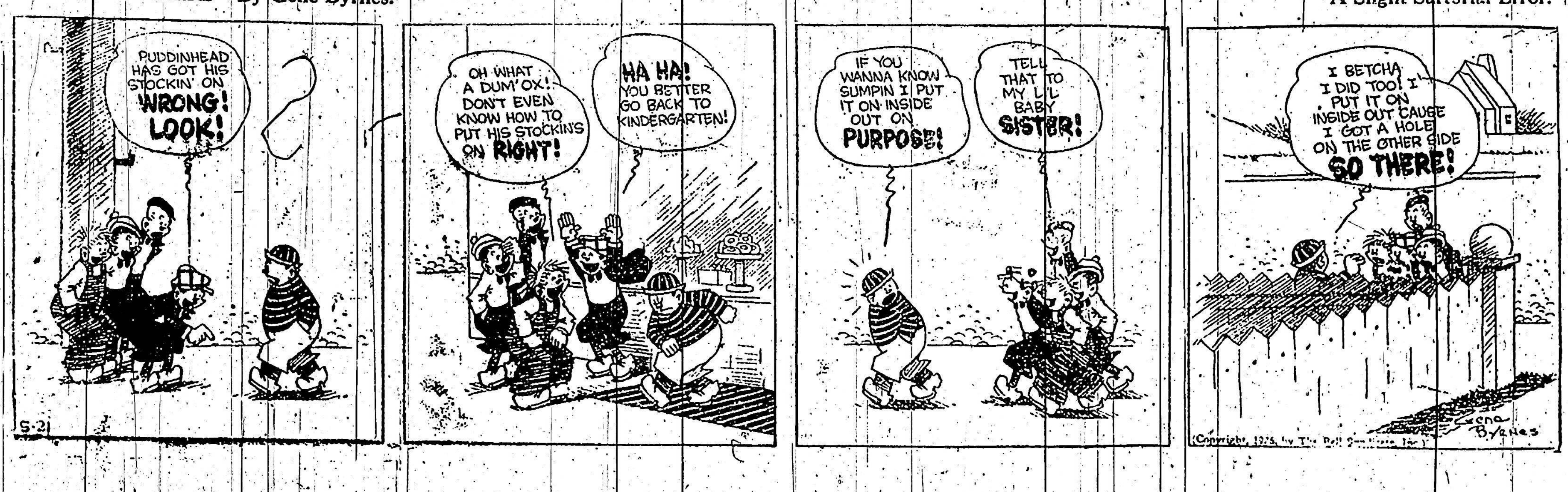
[illegible]

After all, [illegible] would not have them different [illegible] in the world.

[illegible] to Know.

[illegible] no other knowledge [illegible] best got by working [illegible] yet all an hypothesis [illegible] to be argued of, in [illegible] floating in the [illegible] logic vortices, till [illegible] Carlyle.

The [illegible] of a full-grown whale, when [illegible] measures 12 feet by 18 feet.

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

A Slight Sartorial Error.