For the Boys and Girls

A FORTUNATE HIDING PLACE

BY R. M. HAWTHORNE.

Some twenty years ago, Rev. Oscar Hughes was a missionary in India. He had labored hard in that burning country, with its wealth of animal and vegetable life, rarely seen in any other portions of the globe.

He was stationed in the Province of Hydrabad, in the Deccan, and at no great distance from the town of Dowaronda, which lies about fifty miles to the south of the city of Hydrabad.

The most terrible wild beast of India, if not of the world, is the Royal Bengal tiger. It is fully a fourth stronger than the lion, as has been proven by actual test, while its self-confidence, courage and prodigious activity are unsurpassed by any creature that roams forest or jungle.

Mr. Hughes' family consisted, besides his native servant, of his wife, a son named Oscar, after himself, and Minnie, his daughter, six years of age—the brother being eighty days the younger.

The Hughes went to India immediately after the Sepoy mutiny, in 1858, and their experience was comparatively pleasant. The section in which they were located had been disturbed only slightly by the whirlwind of fire and blood which swept over that fair land, and the natives treated them with more kindness than Europeans had a right to expect.

Those who live on the edge of the volcano become accustomed to the muttering of the awful forces deep down in the earth, knowing that at any hour the flaming fires may belch forth through the crater, and pour down the sides, or open everything in the consuming channel. Thus it is that the dwellers in the land of earthquakes, of deadly serpents and wild beasts, acquire a certain familiarity with them, which to us of the more favored climes is incomprehensible.

Several tigers had been killed in the vicinity of the missionary's house, and a terrible tiger—a regular man-eater—was shot by a famous English hunter within a fourth of a mile.

The matter looked serious when this fact was announced, as we may suppose it might, but it caused them nothing like the consternation which the appearance of a bear or panther excites in any neighborhood of our own country.

Mr. Hughes was a fine shot himself, and he always kept his rifle loaded and ready for instant use, hoping at the same time that many a week and month might pass before the cartridge would be discharged from the barrel.

One day, while his servant was absent, the missionary rode off a couple of miles to visit a sick native, leaving the rest of his family at home. It was during the hot season, when the whole atmosphere of India seems to be literally aflame, and in Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, men die from excessive heat, while panting in their beds in the middle of the night.

The missionary was not gone long, returning when the sun was low and the air was slightly cooler. He reached home while it was yet light, and was scarcely halted when he was met by the most appalling news.

When the family were left to themselves they attempted to do little more than to keep cool. Mrs. Hughes, who was prostrated somewhat by the heat, reclined in a hammock under the shade of the trees, while Oscar did the same just across the road, on the edge of the wood.

Minnie, the little girl, was the only one of the family who did not seem to be distressed by the torrid temperature. She ran hither and thither, and played with her doll, sang and teased her brother, who was reading a book, as he lay on his side in the hammock and slowly swung back and forth.

All at once, Minnie ran up to him, and said:

"Oh, what do you spose I've found?"

"Give it up."

"A place where I can hide, and you can't find me."

"You'd better go there for a while, so I can get a chance to read this book."

"Will you look for me?"

"What's the use of looking, if I can't find you?"

"Just for the fun of the thing—wont you, Oscar?"

"I will, if you'll promise not to disturb me any more if I find you. What do you say?"

"All right—I'll do it. Now hide your head, and don't you dare look, and when I call out you must come and hunt for me."

"Very well—off with you!"

Oscar crouched down in the hammock so that the meshes came up all about him, and he put his hands over his eyes. But it must be confessed that he was so much like other boys that he very peeped through his fingers, and the cord of the hammock and watched every movement of his sister.

Little Minnie walked away on her tip-toes, often looking back to make sure her brother was not observing her. She could just discern the outlines of his figure, lying so still and motionless, and the innocent little girl never suspected how her big brother was cheating her, and laughing to himself over his success.

Oscar saw Minnie walk in this manner for a hundred yards, when she stood still for a minute or so, stooped down and disappeared.

But he understood how it was. There was a mass of boulders and rocks, with an entrance large enough to admit an ordinary man.

He himself had penetrated it to a distance of several yards, but withdrew through fear of some noxious reptiles within.

The boy was not pleased to see his sister enter so unhesitatingly this forbidden cavern, and he came to a sitting position in the hammock, with the intention of calling to her to come back, when he heard the faint "Whoop! come!" from the interior.

Oscar meant to go right straight to the spot, bring out Minnie, and forbid her ever going there again. With this purpose, he swung himself out of the hammock and started in the direction; but he had only gone a few steps when he was paralyzed by a most terrible sight.

He caught the gleam of something through the trees, saw a body moving and heard a rustling that told him some wild animal was at hand.

Immediately after, he observed an enormous Bengal tiger stride forward, lashing its tail and growling as though it snuffed danger.

It was first seen in advance of the boy, and slightly on his right, while, as it was walking in the same direction, its head was turned away, and it did not observe the lad.

While the latter stood, hardly breathing, he saw the tiger walk directly to the boulders, and then, with scarcely any hesitation, force itself into the passage through which little Minnie had vanished but a few seconds before.

The ferocious beast had, doubtless, seen her enter, and had gone in after her.

The horrified Oscar did not stir until he heard a few agonized screams from within, then he rushed to his mother with the awful tidings that a tiger had killed and was devouring Minnie.

The mother was frantic, and began running back and forth, wringing her hands, moaning, and asking where the beast was, that she might go to the rescue of her darling, while the lad, seeing how great the danger of both was, refused to tell her, and began hastily closing up the house.

The Bengal tiger is so daring that he does not hesitate to dash into a building after a person, and it was more than likely that he would make for the mother and son when through devouring poor little Minnie.

It was at this dreadful moment that the missionary, Mr. Hughes, rode up and dismounted.

Hastily taking down the rifle, Oscar ran out in the road and uttered the same fearful words that had crazed his mother. His father turned pale, but in all other respects he was calm and self-possessed.

"Tell me the particulars," he commanded, in a low, quick voice, at the same time reaching out and taking his rifle.

Pointing to the open entrance, Oscar quickly told how he had seen Minnie enter it, followed, a moment later, by an immense tiger, and he had scarcely vanished from sight when the screams of Minnie reached his ear.

"My poor, dear baby!" wailed the parent, without shedding a tear, but with a perceptible tremor in his voice. But the tiger shall give up his worthless life for this—"

"There he comes!" exclaimed the terrified Oscar, running back toward the building.

Sure enough, the dreaded beast at that moment came out of the dark cavern, and still lashing his tail and uttering growls, began advancing upon the man and boy.

"Go into the house with your mother," said the missionary. "I'll attend to him!"

He raised the rifle to his shoulder, as he spoke, and, holding it at a full cock, pointed it straight at the beast. The man was as cool and collected as if he were made of iron.

The tiger, dreadful in his beauty and strength, advanced until at the right distance, when he paused and, crouching down, gathered his muscles for the tremendous spring that was to land him directly on the head and breast of the man who was standing like a statue, with the rifle pointed toward him.

At that very moment, when the beast was on the point of leaping, Mr. Hughes fired. The bullet, like that fortunate one of the great East Indian hunter, Shakespeare, went directly through the heart of the tiger, who rolled over on the ground, and, after a few furious struggles, died, unable to reach his destroyer to do him the slightest harm.

The horrified mother, white and trembling, was peering out of her house, her great fear for the safety of her husband crushing down her other emotions for the moment.

Oscar was sobbing as if his heart was broken, and the father was still standing where he stood when he fired his gun, when a vision of light suddenly appeared at the mouth of the cave, in the person of little Minnie, who called out:

"Daddy, did you shoot that ugly animal?"

"God be thanked!" exclaimed the parent, throwing down his gun and running forward and catching his little girl in his arms. "Heaven be praised! you are unharmed! How did it happen?"

Mother and brother rushed out, wild with joy and wonder.

When matters became quieted somewhat, Minnie had no difficulty in making clear how it was she escaped. There could be no doubt that the tiger went into the cavern after the little girl who, in her anxiety to get beyond discovery by her brother, had forced her body in among the boulders until she was squeezed into a space where it was impossible for the huge tiger to get to her.

When she heard the growling of the beast and knew he was after her, she uttered the scream which reached her brother's ears, but she knew enough to shrink back as far as possible.

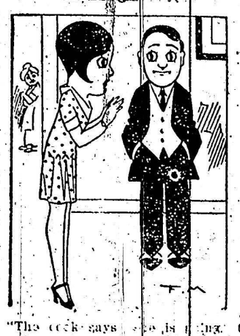
The tiger made a ferocious attempt to reach her with his needle-like claws, and almost succeeded, but the massive stones prevented it. He then turned about and went out again, with a view of making his meal on the rest of the family.

As soon as he was gone, Minnie began working her way out again, and came upon the scene of action just after the tiger perished.

Old Walls and New.

In old Habana colors come to rest
On aged walls that welcome the soft stream
Of rainbows captured in a sunlit dream,
Holding them close like children to their breast.
Sienna turns to rose—fresh green is pressed
Against a smiling square of worted cream—
A shadow reaching toward an orange gleam
Is dimmed to blue-gray where it ends its quest.
Once travellers, who saw the prism break,
Gathered the lovely fragments for a gift
To carry to a far-off northern land.
Now under their home skies young cities take
The hues of old Habana as they lift
New walls to feel the warmth of color's hand.

—Jessie Humes.



"The cook says she is going to leave."

"Nothing will change her mind?"

"Nothing."

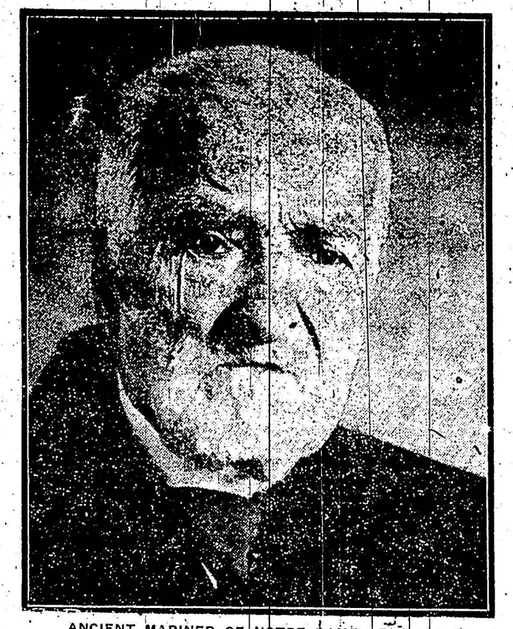
"All right. Then it's up to you to go down to the kitchen and discharge her."

A Canny Child.

Uncle Jim had given his small nephew a dime; but not long afterward the child appeared, long of face, to report: "That dime you gave me slipped through a hole in my pocket."

"Well, here's another," said Uncle Jim. "Don't let this one get lost too."

The youngster looked thoughtful. "Perhaps half a dollar would be safer, wouldn't it, uncle?" he said.



ANCIENT MARINER OF NOTRE DAME DE GRACE

Nazaire Deroy, retired sea-captain, recently celebrated his 100th birthday. Captain Deroy is in good health and has a remarkable memory.

FAMOUS LINES OFTEN MISQUOTED

Discussion as to the original wording of Mrs. Malaprop's opinion of comparisons directs attention to the frequency with which the epigrammatic expressions of authors are misquoted in everyday talk and writing. Advocates of absolute correctness shudder at the liberties taken with original texts. Take for example Butler's famous lines—

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still,"

which are thus interpreted: "Convince a man against his will and he's of the same opinion still," or "persuade a man against his will," etc., which is not quite so meaningless, for although a man may be persuaded against his will, he cannot be convinced.

That quotations from the Bible should be mauled is surprising, but it is true. Here are a few:

Correct—"It is not good that man should be alone"; incorrect—"It is not good that a man should live alone."

Correct—"Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand"; incorrect—"A cloud as big as a man's hand."

Correct—"In the multitude of counselors there is safety"; incorrect—"In the multitude of counselors there is wisdom."

Correct—"There is no new thing under the sun"; incorrect—"There is nothing new under the sun."

Correct—"That he may run that readeth it"; incorrect—"He that runs may read."

Correct—"The laborer is worthy of his reward"; incorrect—"The laborer is worthy of his hire."

A much quoted line of Shakespeare's, "All that glisters is not gold," has been rendered, "All is not gold that glitters," and "All that glitters is not gold." Glisters evidently does not appeal.

"The play's the thing," quoted oftentimes with approval by critics, actually requires the succeeding sentence, "Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king," to complete its meaning. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," is rarely preceded by the words "That which we call," but it is seldom used.

It is a remarkable fact that Shakespeare is more misquoted than any other writer. "Though this be madness, yet there's method in it," becomes "there's method in his madness." "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows" is rendered "Misfortune makes a man acquainted with," etc.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," is the general way in which Thomas Tusser is misquoted. Tusser wrote:

"Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good."

Lord Brooke wrote more than three hundred years ago, "And out of mind as soon as out of sight," which is now reversed in "Out of sight is out of mind." "She and comparisons are odious," wrote Dr. John Donne, and he is variously interpreted. Even Ben Jonson, speaking of Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek," has "little" substituted for "small." Milton's "human face divine" gets "form" for face, and "all" is adopted for "neighboring" in the famous line, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes."

John Morris, 1657-1711, wrote "like angel's visits short and bright," and Robert Blair, 1699-1746, had it "like those of angels, short and far between" and Thomas Campbell adopted the sentiment in "Pleasures of Hope" as "like angels' visits, few and far between." The man who quotes generally says "like angels' visits, few and far between."

Matthew Prior's "Virtue is her own reward," is always quoted with "its" for "her." Addison's "The woman that deliberates is lost" is spoiled by "hesitates." Congreve's "Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned" is misquoted as "hell has," etc. Pope's "A little learning is a dangerous thing" is given as "a little knowledge," which renders it perhaps less meaningful; and his "welcome the coming, speed the going guest" has the more elegant "departing" in error.

Gray's Elegy may live forever and misquotations, too. They kept the relentless tenor of their way" is quoted by ninety-nine out of a hundred persons with "even tenor." Cowper's "Variety is the very spice of life" invariably has the "very" omitted. Crabbe's "Do there a will, then wisdom finds a way" finds acceptance as "Where there's a will there's a way." Burns's "some wee short hour" is enlarged to "the wee short hours"; Wordsworth's "the good die first" is given with "young" substituted for "first."

"One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous" is found in Paine's "Age of Reason" and it is invariably bungled.

Disraeli's "Everything comes if a man will only wait" has been misquoted in a dozen ways.

Vancouver Judge Extols World Court.

That righteous public opinion is the greatest force in the universe and is mightier than the sword, were the conclusions reached by Mr. Justice M. A. Macdonald, an eminent jurist of British Columbia and a close student of international affairs, in an address before the Vancouver Bar Association. Referring to the World Court of International Justice, the speaker said:

"To-day a court of international justice is established, so far as the machinery is concerned, even the United States adhering to it with, however, some embarrassing reservations. These reservations are designed more to satisfy an unsettled public opinion within its own borders, the outcome of a policy of isolation rather than to offer practical obstacles to the functioning of the Court.

"We have to develop the same confidence in the World Court as our courts in the domestic forum enjoy. As time goes on and international law becomes more clarified and a controlling public opinion compels the members of a World Court to recognize that they are representatives, not of the nations selecting them, but of the civilized opinions of mankind, it will receive the same sanction in a world sphere as our local courts enjoy in the domestic sphere. Therein lies the hope of permanent peace."

Good Reason.

Willie—What's your dog's name?

Freddie—"Crystal."

Willie—That a funny one. Why do you call him crystal?

Freddie—Because he's always on the watch."

If there were only three persons in the world one of them would be leader.

THE DANISH SETTLEMENT

Of all the agricultural settlers who have come to Canada, none are more desirable than the Danish. In Denmark, agriculture is an industry of prime importance. The Danish people, due to the limited area of agricultural land in the country of their birth, are keenly appreciative of the value of land and its proper cultivation, and are devoted to the best of all farming—mixed farming. They are good judges of soil and agricultural conditions and make few mistakes in selecting locations for settlement, and where they settle together and follow agricultural pursuits a prosperous farming country soon develops. Individual Danish farmers have settled in various parts of Canada, and in cases where first families colonized together, very fine settlements of these thrifty agriculturists have sprung up.

According to the Census of 1921, there were in Canada at that time 7,192, Danes, to which must be added, coming in since that date, 4,619, making in all, without counting the natural increase, 11,811.

First Record of Danish Settlement.

The first record of Danish settlement in Canada was in the year 1872 when an agreement was entered into between the Government of the Province of New Brunswick for the introduction into that province, from Scandinavian countries, of some 500 persons. The agreement set forth that each family should be given 100 acres of good farming land, a clearing of 2 acres to be made on each lot at the expense of the Government, the immigrant being employed to do the work. Temporary buildings, which would later be converted into schools, were to be provided for the early housing of the new-comers, and other necessary buildings and work would be carried out at the expense of the Government. A three years' actual residence entitled the settler to a grant of ownership. A further clause provided that the Government would provide employment for the settler at certain periods for which he was to receive a wage of $1 per day for a period not exceeding 2 years.

The colony, known as "New Denmark," was located on the Salmon River, in the vicinity of Grand Falls, and was mostly wooded land covered with birch, maple and beech, spruce, fir, and cedar, well watered.

Progress on the Settlement.

In 1882, only ten years after the Settlement had been started, there were about one hundred families in the district, two schools [illegible] a resident [illegible] established in the [illegible] d been almost [illegible]e every farm [illegible]xtent of from [illegible] this work has [illegible]t the present [illegible] of the land is [illegible] all of the set[illegible]ning, it is not [illegible] Society had [illegible] few years and [illegible]d been held, [illegible]ger barns had [illegible]e of the in[illegible]original houses [illegible] new type [illegible]

The Danish [illegible] [illegible]ng the ad[illegible]vantages of [illegible] [illegible]ng soon had a [illegible]tory erected, [illegible] better livestock [illegible]or which good [illegible] potato raising [illegible] important part [illegible] with the beginning [illegible] high prices ob[illegible]tained were no [illegible] and impossible [illegible] to run the factory [illegible] longer, so that [illegible] the colonists have [illegible] in more and [illegible]e, until at the [illegible] present time [illegible] main revenue [illegible] producer.

Potato Crop Big [illegible]

[illegible] $500,000.

It is stated [illegible] year's potato [illegible] crop brought [illegible] into the colony. [illegible] At present there [illegible] people in the [illegible] colony. Fully [illegible] solid, spacious [illegible] and well-kept, [illegible] comfortable [illegible] and the people [illegible] supplied with [illegible] that [illegible]. New [illegible] are made wel[illegible]come and are [illegible] ir work. Some [illegible] who arrived [illegible] years ago, and, [illegible] om $50 to $100 [illegible] now have their [illegible] for, comfortable [illegible] homes, [illegible] equipment and [illegible] automobiles.

[illegible] The success of [illegible] Danish [illegible] farmers is due [illegible] to the fact that the [illegible] Danish people are [illegible] progressive one [illegible] they appreciate [illegible] requisites of [illegible] citizenship. [illegible] Municipal [illegible] and successful [illegible] Province of New [illegible] Brunswick, which [illegible] and, being [illegible] mostly [illegible] heavily wooded [illegible] when the [illegible] settlement [illegible] was started, [illegible] that of Den[illegible]mark. On their [illegible] arrival in the [illegible] province, the [illegible] Danish [illegible] came out with [illegible] [illegible]ally no capital, [illegible] but they have [illegible] their ambitions [illegible] of owning [illegible] comfortable [illegible] homes in a [illegible] crop producing [illegible] district.

Seeing London at Home.

We are sometimes told that the American visitor sees more of London than the people who live in it. This, I think, is true only in a superficial sense. The American sees more of guide-book London, but the Londoner sees more of the London that is worth seeing. He sees his own house and his friends' houses—buildings that contain far more of the thing interesting to him than cathedrals and palaces and museums of the arts. He sees his own garden which contains more pleasures for him than the greatest of the parks, and he sees his own cat, which surpasses the King's horses or the lordliest beast in the Zoo as the paragon of animals.

And do not think that he does not see as many novelties as if he were taxiing from church to church and from museum to museum in a foreign city. The seasons alone should give a man all the novelty he needs. The very street in which he lives changes from hour to hour. It is one street when the sun is shining, another street in rain, and another under the full moon. Foreign travel is pleasant chiefly because it makes us realize that we are among novelties, but when we are sufficiently awake to see the constant flow of novelties in the world at our doors, we can enjoy all the excitement of foreign travel along with the pleasure of being at home.

If I were offered a free trip around the world I might accept the offer through weakness, but I do not wish to go round the world. Have I not been round the sun once a year ever since I was born? That seems to have supplied my cravings I may have had for travel, at least to have made a jaunt round this pigmy earth a matter of small importance.—From "The Money Box," by Robert Lynd.

Reduced to a Flat.

"She thought him rich and the owner of mansions and should be sharp in marrying him."

"And now she finds herself reduced to a flat."

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Truth has no [illegible]. We can say that truth is [illegible] right it to the [illegible] universe. But that is only a [illegible] fullness—it is like [illegible] the great revelation which is that [illegible] good [illegible] be not existent, [illegible] existence without [illegible].

The letter [illegible] quoting everything [illegible] deadens [illegible] of truth [illegible] reality. What [illegible] the equally [illegible] is really?"

According to [illegible] are more things [illegible] than are dreamed [illegible] according to [illegible] are seen," [illegible] things that [illegible] as the [illegible] real things [illegible] [illegible] things which [illegible] regarded as [illegible] eternal.

So there was [illegible] from a desire [illegible] as ever John Keats [illegible] a from an ecstatic [illegible]

Beauty is truth, [illegible]

Ye know on earth [illegible] need to know.

But again we [illegible] of an impasse. What is beauty [illegible] of free has often been a [illegible] character, and [illegible] has been all [illegible]

The desire [illegible] with respect [illegible] truth, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]