For the Boys and Girls

OUT OF THE DUST BARREL

BY LUCY RANDALL COMFORT.

"I never can have anything that I want," whined little Agnes Avenel.

Now, anybody who took the trouble to look around her room could easily perceive that she was amply supplied with most things that make the world pleasant to eight-year-old little girls. There was a two-storey baby house there, dolls of at least six different sizes and styles, a white-and-gold tea-set for grand occasions, and a smaller blue-stripped one for every-day use. There were puzzles, dissected maps, a work-box, paper dolls, tin mechanical toys, paint-boxes, wooden animals, battledores and shuttlecocks—in short, the only difficulty would be to tell what wasn't there.

But it is very hard to satisfy some little people. Agnes had been to visit a schoolmate who had just received a present of an artificial canary-bird in a cage, which sang a little tinkling sort of song, on being wound up with a key, like a clock.

Agnes came home, eager that her mother should at once go and purchase her an automatic canary, or, as she called it, "a Tommy canary-bird."

Mrs. Avenel, however, resolutely declined to do anything of the sort.

"No, Agnes," she said, "we are not rich enough to buy fifty-dollar automatic canaries for you. Our own little Dickey in his cage sings sweeter than any artificial bird could do."

"I don't care for Dickey," pouted Agnes. "I want a 'Tommy-canary,' that I can wind up with a key."

And so she was making herself very unhappy this bright morning, for no other reason than this.

Pretty soon Jane, the maid, came in with a dustpan full of broken wooden toys.

"See what I swept up in the playroom," said she. "All Miss Aggie's Noah's Ark animals!"

"They're broken!" said Agnes, never even turning her head to look. "I don't want 'em any more. I hate Noah's Ark. I want a Tommy-canary."

So Jane threw the damaged wooden toys into the dust-barrel.

And when little Katy Kearns came along with her basket and hook, looking for rags, stray bits of paper, and odd and ends of every description, she thought she had discovered a mine of treasure.

"Be jumps!" said little Katy, "here's beautiful [illegible] camels! and [illegible] and [illegible] and spotted [illegible] tigers, [illegible] beautiful [illegible]."

Katy picked them up carefully. I [illegible] believe there was a grain of [illegible] in the whole [illegible] that [illegible] through to find some [illegible] remains of the precious wooden wild animals; and when at last she was quite convinced that there was neither fractured elephant's trunk nor splintered wooden leg to be found, more, she sped home like an arrow out of a bow.

"See what I've found!" said she, rushing, breathless, into the room where the other little Kearnses were playing on the floor.

There was Denny, two years old; Luly, four, and Hannah, six. Hannah was old enough to go to school, but she couldn't be spared from her post as nurse-in-general to the two younger ones.

Their mother was dead, their father had gone to the shipyards of Halifax in search of work, and they had been left in charge of their grandmother—old Goody Kearns—who went out washing and house cleaning by the day.

Katy had been considered old enough to earn her own living, so she had been promoted to a bag and hook, and sent out to search dust-heaps and ash-barrels, while Hannah took care of the two little ones, and sewed squares of dirty patchwork between whiles.

There was a general outcry of admiration and delight as Katy poured down her treasures on the floor—Noah, without a head; Mrs. Noah, without any feet; the elephant, the tiger, the doves and the ostrich, just of a size—was ever anything so splendid?

"And here's the broken legs and tails of 'em, an' the gintleman's head!" said breathless Katy; "and I'll borry Larry O'Toole's little bottle of prepared glue, and we'll stick e'em together in the twinkling of a pig's whisker."

I do not think, if you had emptied a bag of golden eagles among the Kearns children they could have been a whit happier than they were at that moment. Some of the wooden quadrupeds were really in very good condition. All were gay with paint, and, in a few minutes, Hannah and Katy were hard at work repairing the damages, healing wounds, and arranging the newly-glued beasts and birds in a sunny corner of the window-sill, where the meddling little fingers of Luly and Denny could not reach them, and where the wet glue could dry to the best advantage.

They were happily busy in this occupation when the door opened, and a lady, richly dressed in silks and furs, came in.

"Does Mrs. Bridget Kearns live here?" asked she, looking around her.

It was Mrs. Avenel—Agnes' mother. Some one had told her of the little motherless children, for whom the hardworking grandmother could hardly provide bread, and she had come to see what she could do to help them.

"Sure, and that's me grandmother," said Katy. "She's out scrubbing at Miss Hale's in Crab street, and if ye'll be pleased to sit down," hurriedly dusting off a wooden chair with Luly's apron, "I'll run around after her in just a minute!"

As Mrs. Avenel sat there waiting, she asked shy little Luly about the wooden animals on the window-sill.

"Katy found 'em," said Luly, with her finger in her mouth.

"Where?" said the lady, smiling pleasantly. "At the toy-shop?"

"In a dust barl," said Luly, bashfully.

And as Mrs. Avenel looked a little more closely she recognized the very striped and spotted animals which had populated Agnes' Noah's Ark the Christmas before. For Agnes, had undertaken to paint some of them over again with the box of water-colors, and the smears of orange and green were easily to be identified.

Granny Kearns came in presently, wiping her soapy hands on her apron, and was very thankful for the promise of a little help. And Mrs. Avenel went home to where little Agnes was still sulking about the "Tommy-canary."

"Agnes," said she, "come here, my child. I want to speak to you."

Agnes came, unwillingly enough, and Mrs. Avenel told her of the uncarpeted, curtainless room, where the little motherless children were playing in the sunshine, to save the cost of a fire, and the only food was bread, with a little molasses smeared over the slices.

She described good-natured old granny in her stiff kerchief; round-eyed Katy with her hair tightly braided into two little pigtails; Hannah, who had no hose, and ran about in her stocking-feet, and little shy Luly, who looked out at you from behind her eyebrows, and Baby Denny, who could not speak plainly yet, until Agnes became interested in spite of herself.

"And what were they doing, do you suppose, Agnes?" her mother asked. "They were playing with some poor little wooden toys, battered and broken, the remains of a Noah's Ark, which a little, discontented girl of my acquaintance had told the maid to throw away. Katy, the eldest girl, had found them in a dust-barrel, and carried them home, and you never saw such gleeful children!"

"Mother," cried Agnes, "was it my Noah's Ark?"

"It was all that was left of it," said Mrs. Avenel. "And not all the toys in the toy store could have made those little ones happier! I think it would have taught my discontented little daughter a good lesson to see what became of her discarded toys."

Agnes hung down her head and looked very much ashamed.

"Mother," said she, "I won't say another word about the Tommy-canary bird. I don't think I want it any longer."

"You surely would not if you could see the happiness that a few broken wooden animals afforded to children like yourself," said Mrs. Avenel.

"Mother," said Agnes, "will you take me there some time to see the poor children that have no mother? And I'll carry them some more of my toys. I've a great many more than I can possibly use."

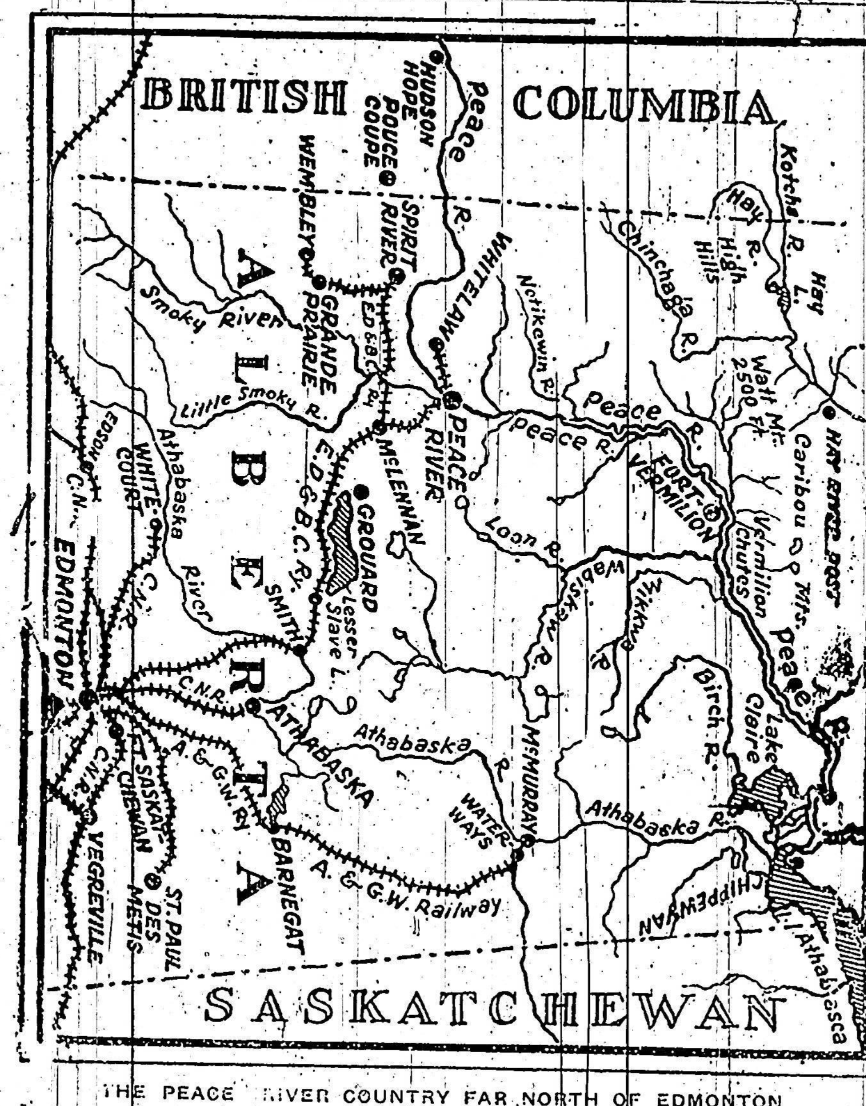
"Some day," said her mother, "when your lessons are correct and you have been a good girl."

And that was the last that Mrs. Avenel heard about the "Tommy-canary."

Pay Up.

Gushing Young Pupil—"Ah, professor, if ever I make a [illegible] I'll owe it all to you."

Professor of Music—"Pardon me, young lady, my terms are quarterly—in advance."



THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY FAR NORTH OF EDMONTON

"[illegible] King Wheat's new empire. Vermilion, at the top of the map, is 665 miles north of the international boundary, yet wheat grows there. And around Wembley and Grande Prairie at the left of the map, is a great district which includes four prairies which promise to be particularly fertile. These produce high grade export wheat. The sweepstakes wheat and oats at Chicago exhibition, held in November, came from Wembley. The Peace River is shown on this map from Hudson Hope northeasterly, but it rises in the mountains west of the territory included here.

CHANGING TITLES OF BRITAIN'S KINGS

The permutations of the royal title in Great Britain have been an index of the history of England and of the changing character of that political entity known as the British Empire. The recent action of the Imperial Conference was not exceptional; it was the last of a series of changes which disclose the relations of Great Britain to the church, to the continent of Europe and to her colonies. The present rather simple title of the King seems a far cry from the grandiose description in the Statutes of Mary after she was married to Philip of Spain: "Philip and Mary, by the Grace of God, King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, Princes of Spain and Sicily, Archdukes of Austria, Dukes of Milan, Burgundy and Brabant, Counts of Hapsburg, Flanders and Tyrol."

James I. brought with him to the throne of England the title of "King of Scotland." The Bill of Rights, the Act of Succession and the Act of Union of England and Scotland resulted in simplification. The title became, "By the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of England, Scotland (or Great Britain), France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etcetera." George I., however, used his own titles of "Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, Arch-Treasurer and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire." George III, in 1801, by parliamentary authorization, dropped all claim to the throne of France, and abandoned also the "etcetera," which had been assumed by Elizabeth as a substitute for the "Supreme Head of the Church." No further change came until 1876, when there was a heated controversy in Parliament over the designation that Victoria should have.

After 1858, when the government of India was transferred from the company to the crown, it seemed fitting to signalize the changed relationship by an addition to the royal title. Disraeli was extremely anxious thus to appeal to the imagination of India, and the Queen was anxious on her own account. As Disraeli wrote to his Lord Chancellor in January, 1876: "The Empress Queen demands her Imperial crown," and he told Lord Salisbury a few days later that "I am much pressed by the Empress about her crown."

When the bill was introduced, it met with considerable opposition. Disraeli had unfortunately omitted to consult the Opposition in order to minimize controversy, as was the custom in royal and nonparty matters of this sort. Nor in introducing the bill had Disraeli disclosed the exact phrase that was to be urged. It was not until its second reading that the Government proposed to make the Queen "Empress of India." The Prime Minister scouted the idea that the word "Emperor" had had bad associations. Spenser has used the phrase in dedicating the "Faerie Queene" to Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, the addition would come as no shock to the public, for the description "Empress of India" was applied to Queen Victoria in a popular school geography that at the time was widely used. The most weighty objection to Disraeli's plan was the nonrecognition of the dominions whose claims were equal to those of India. The possibility was then discussed of making the Prince of Wales "Prince Imperial of India" and his younger brothers "Princes of Canada" and "Australia" respectively. The Prince of Wales objected strongly and the proposal was abandoned.

The controversy over the recognition that should be accorded did not die down. It was discussed at the first Colonial Conference, but nothing was done until 1901, when Edward VII came to the throne. Many suggestions were made, but the simple and accurate language, "of the British Dominions beyond the seas," was decided upon. Now that Ireland has a dominion status, the phrase, "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" becomes inaccurate. George V.'s has thus been made "King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas." The comma is all important. There is still, however, much truth in Disraeli's statement to the House of Commons just a half century ago: "It is only by the amplification of titles that you can often touch and satisfy the imagination of nations; and that is an element which governments must not despise."

Various Blooms.

Far, far away, I know not where,
know not how,
The skies are gray, the boughs are bare, bare boughs in flower;
Long lilac silk is softly drawn from bough to bough,
With flowers of milk and buds of fawn, a broidered shower.

Beneath that tent an Empress sits with slanted eyes,
And wafts of scent from censers flit a lilac flood;
Around her throne bloom peach and plum in lacquered dyes,
And many a blown chrysanthemum and many a bud.

She sits and dreams, while bonzes twain strike some rich bell,
Whose music seems a metal rain of radiant dye;
In this strange birth of various blooms I cannot tell
Which sprang from earth, which slipped from looms, which sank from sky.

—Edmund Gosse.

Stressing the Point.

Master—"Can you tell me the name of any animal peculiar to Australia?"

Boy—"The rhinoceros, sir."

Master—"Wrong. That's not found in Australia."

Boy—"Well, sir, that's exactly why it would be peculiar."

Ants in South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles long.

Window Gardening for Winter.

Those who have flowers and grow them outside in summer time must, in winter, resort to the cultivation of house plants, make purchases from the florist or go without. It is therefore a good time to resort to window gardening and in this field of amateur work there is opportunity for much pleasure and profit if one will give a little attention to a few important particulars. Every person can have at least one small plant in the window, thus becoming, on a small scale, a landscape gardener. A few plant trimmings in the winter help to make a picture.

The usual difficulties in growing plants in house, especially in the winter time, are those of too little light, extremes in temperature, too much gas from coal fires and gas burners, and crowded conditions in the house. However, all of these difficulties can usually be overcome to the extent that plants will tolerate and grow with satisfaction if a little care is exercised in regard to the preliminaries of house management.

To succeed with plants in the home, it is best to select a room with much sunlight and one which is ventilated but which has no strong drafts. Use shapely pots for the plants and use a liberal supply of sandy loam or a bushel or two of mixture from the florist's. Repot the plants each year with fresh earth, firming it well around the roots. Trim off all withered or dead leaves and prune back the plants to keep them in good shape. Give them plenty of water and access to light and they will thrive. It is important not to crowd the plants as they do so look as well in a crowded condition, and do not grow as well. They need lots of room and plenty of sunlight. West windows furnish too intense a light for some plants, hence south or southwest windows are better. Bay windows are ideal. Avoid hot, dry air. Keep the room air moist from an open pan of water, or spray the leaves each day with tepid water.

To begin with, one may grow geraniums, coleus, begonias, ferns, especially the Christmas, Boston and Maiden Hair and some of the smaller palms and many bulbous plants such as tulips, hyacinths, asparagus fern, Christmas cherry, petunias, heliotrope, and verbenas.

To Fit the Occasion.

As a disciplinary measure, it was customary in one household to make the offending member eat alone at a small table in the corner and repeat a verse from the Bible.

On one occasion, while the other members of the family were assembled at the dinner table, the little boy in the corner was asked for his Bible quotation. He solemnly offered the following: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Weighing 800 lbs., a giant sunfish was recently stranded on the rail of an Atlantic liner after a great wave had washed over the vessel during a gale.

THE SHORTEST PRIZE ESSAY

By David Kerr.

One fine evening, about two hundred years ago, just as the sun was setting over London, a crowd of idlers might have been seen gathered around the door of Will's Coffee-house, which was then a kind of fashionable club, where all the wits and fine gentlemen of the town were wont to meet.

These loungers were evidently waiting for someone of special note, for every now and then all heads were turned eagerly toward the corner of the street, and each man whispered to his neighbor:

"Isn't he comin' yet?"

Suddenly there was a buzz of "Here he comes!" and a fat little man, in a rather shabby suit of black, with an eye as clear and bright as a hawk's came slowly through the crowd, which opened respectfully to let him pass.

And well it might, for this old man was no other than John Dryden, the most famous poet of his time, or (as many people then said and thought) of any other time either.

Little did they dream how small the name of John Dryden was one day to look beside that of another English writer, also called John, who had died in an obscure lodging only a few years before, old, blind, racked with gout and glad to get twenty-five dollars for the grandest epic poem ever written—a poem of which some of us have heard under the name of "Paradise Lost."

"Hurrah for Mr. Dryden!" roared a brawny fellow with a butcher's blue apron; "and long may he live to pitch into the Dutch lubbers as they deserve!"

The crowd heartily applauded the sentiment; for the war between England and Holland was just over, and Dryden's satires upon the Dutch were more popular in England than anything else that he had written.

"They said he was a-gittin' old," cried a porter, looking after the poet as he entered the coffee-house; "but to my mind he looks just as fresh as ever!"

"Who d'ye say that stout gentleman is?" asked a light-haired lad, whose ruddy cheeks and countrified dress betrayed that this was his first visit to London.

"Who's he, do you say, Chawbacon?" answered his neighbor. "Why, where ever can you have been livin' all your life, not to know him? That's Mr. John Dryden, the great poet, as dines with the king every day."

"Dines with the king every day!" echoed the countryman, in amazement. "Eh, but I wish I was he."

"You needn't do that, my boy," said a sharp-looking little journeyman tailor; "for he's as poor as a rat, and owes a hundred guineas into the bargain. He'll see the inside of a debtor's prison afore long, or my name's not Thrasthy Smithson!"

"Is that really so?" asked a tall, handsome man, in a very rich dress, who had just got out of his carriage at the door of the coffee-house. "Are you certain of what you say?"

"Quite certain, if it please your lordship," answered the tailor, doffing his cap respectfully; for Charles Sackville (Lord Dorset) was as well known in London as the dome of St. Paul's itself, being, in truth, the most generous as well as the richest of English nobles. "It's one people he owes the bill to, and master says he means to get his money one way or another."

The earl made no answer, but walked into the coffee-house, murmuring to himself:

"I could pay the debt easily enough, but it wouldn't please my old friend to know that his difficulties are public talk. I must find some other way."

The group assembled within was one which any painter would have loved to copy, for every man in it bore a name which will live as long as the history of England itself.

There was the brilliant, witty, heartless Sir Charles Sedley, many of whose sayings are still quoted by men that have forgotten who said them. There were the smooth-tongued Arlington, and the [illegible] Etherege, and the over-laughing Montague.

There, too, was the wild Duke of Buckingham, upon whose handsome features the mad career that destroyed the largest fortune and the strongest constitution in England had already stamped the impress of premature age and unlikely death.

And there, somewhat wan and haggard from long excess, but still beautiful and graceful as ever, sat the wildest, and wittiest, and most reckless of them all—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

"Welcome, my illustrious [illegible]," cried Sedley, with his little twinkling laugh. "[illegible] as usual, just at the right moment. We are discussing which of us is the best at writing an impromptu, and [illegible] cannot agree."

"I'll settle it for you, then!" cried Dorset, starting with a sudden thought. "We will each write a [illegible] impromptu [illegible] Mr. Dryden [illegible] will [illegible] by [illegible]."

[illegible]

Among the [illegible] wits of the day, one [illegible] "I have expected a very [illegible] ... everyone's [illegible] Dorset [illegible] to Dryden [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Pay to John Dryden [illegible] the sum of five hundred guineas."

A Door Sill.

Long years ago, she crossed this deep-worn sill,
A bride with happy eyes who saw the days
All fair before her. Here she learned the ways
Of no evading that love, patient, still,
Must ever walk through hours of joy or ill;
And here she watched June's light her lilac sprays,
Heard thrushes offer God their vesper praise,
And dreamed of wonders far beyond the hill.

Within the door, her loving fingers wrought
Of long and busy years a cheery home,
Where peace and gladness lay like hands that bless,
Though heaven duly by shining ways be sought,
Across this sill she found, who could not roam,
How close to [illegible] lies heaven's happiness!

A. W. Peach.

A Chestnut.

He—"Ah, darling, as we sit together under the spreading branches of this noble tree I declare on my honor that you are the only girl I ever loved."

She—"You always say such appropriate things, Paul. This is a chestnut tree."

Preparedness.

Willie—"What did I learn today, teacher?"

Teacher—Why do you ask?"

Willie—"They'll want to know at home."

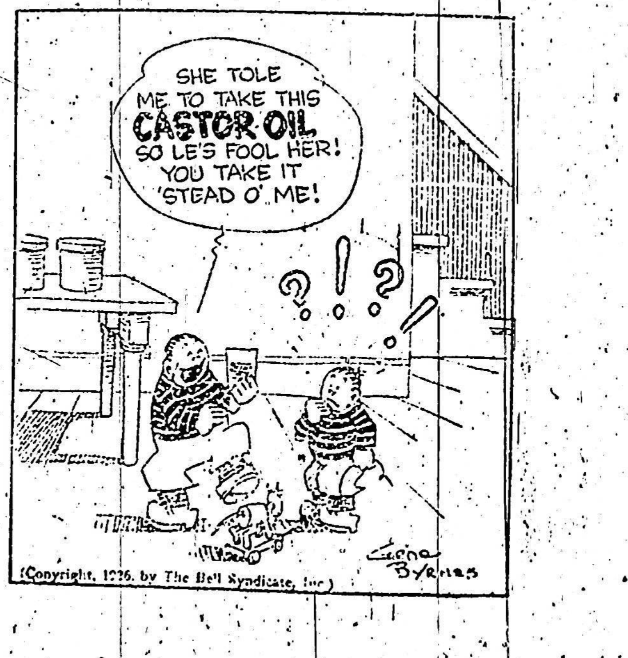
INCIDENTS IN COLOR

The [illegible] were strung [illegible] They were [illegible] the laced fingers [illegible] calm as the sky [illegible] far above them. Everything [illegible] was held in a lovely stillness [illegible] whitely stretched [illegible] beyond, the [illegible] maple leaves, the [illegible] mauve shadows along the dim and curving lines of the [illegible] was quiet [illegible] ness and tranquillity that belong to early day [illegible] dusk when things are [illegible] asleep.

Now and then a [illegible] its shadow [illegible] a [illegible] blue [illegible] Among [illegible] top of the hill [illegible] taking [illegible] into the sky [illegible] and against the [illegible]

[illegible]

Pinhead Swallows Puddinhead's Joke on Ma.


The Grocer Probably Owes Miss Killjoy.

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It Wi[illegible]

"SA[illegible]

Perfectly b[illegible]

THE F[illegible]