

Music at the Bird House

By EDITH J. CRAINE.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The noon whistle at the saw mill announced the hour in shrill, metallic tones.

Ding-a-ling-a-ling! Ding-a-ling-a-ling chimed the merrier school bells and almost instantly the air was filled with the patter of a hundred children's feet and their gay laughter.

Ding, dong, ding! Dong ding dong! the deep-throated kindly voice of the church bell took up the refrain.

Peggy Macon, listening intently, poured corn syrup over a dish of salad, did not notice the blunder and before the last notes of the bells died away, was at the piano. Touching the keys tenderly, her head bending a little to one side, her eyes dreamy, she began to play. Ding, dong, ding! she imitated. It was a beautiful melody she improvised, through which the noon-time bells of the village chimed sweetly.

"I have it, oh, I have it!" she whispered breathlessly and lest the blessed theme be forgotten, she snatched up some blank music sheets and returning to the piano, played and wrote alternately, forgetting entirely the waiting luncheon.

"Wow! Oh, Mama, Mama! Oh, oh-oo!"

The air was rent with shrill frightened screams. For a moment Mrs. Macon did not move, her hands poised over the keyboard, as if wakened suddenly from a vivid dream. Before she could move from the piano stool, two frightened children burst into the room.

"I've killed him! I know I've killed him, Mama!" the little girl cried, weeping and half carrying, half dragging her younger brother, who was kicking and yelling nastily.

Was it a dream? Mrs. Macon gazed at her small son. An hour ago she had bathed and dressed him and now his clean white suit was rumpled and soaking wet, and streaks of green, red, and orange dripped from his little tow-head over his clothes, and as he bowed his fists into his eyes he mixed the colors with his tears so that only his own could have known him. Mrs. Macon caught him in her arms.

"What has happened?" she gasped.

"I—I wanted not to 'sturb you when you was playing,' sobbed out the frightened little daughter. "I wanted to help you do the things you play. Mama, I didn't know Gordy was there. I wanted to help!"

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Macon answered patiently. "Whether you want to help me or you do the things you play, but try to tell me just what you did, dear."

"—oh, I poured Caroline's dye water out the window. I didn't know Gordy was there, Mama, oh-oo!"

Then Mrs. Macon remembered that the inefficient helper, Caroline, who came in twice a week to clean, had asked permission to dye some stockings and had left several pans of dye water on the table. Five-year-old Jamie is her desire to "help Mother" had poured the brilliant mixture out of the window over little Gordy, who was playing on the grass.

The next two hours were busy ones for Mrs. Macon. During that time she managed to feed her brood of babies and to get young Thomas back to school for the afternoon session; Gordy was about 88, bathed and tucked in as were the twins, for a noon nap; Jamie was consoled and set to making sand pies; the lunch dishes were cleared away and the kitchen put in order.

All this accomplished with a sigh of weariness and relief, the musician's mother went back to the piano. She struck the keys firmly and played over a part of the morning composition.

Ding, dong, ding! The piano imitated the bells but there was something lacking in the music. Mrs. Macon had difficulty making her fingers respond to her will; they wandered clumsily over the keyboard and there was no sweetness in the notes. The inspiration of the morning was completely gone and with a homesick sob Mrs. Macon let her head fall on her arm and hot tears of disappointment trickled down upon the silent keys.

The mother of five children cannot indulge in tears for any great length of time, as Mrs. Macon dried her eyes and turned to the mending basket, where piles of stockings and little clothes grew with amazing rapidity. As she worked, her mind went back over the past seven years to her happy college days. How full of promise those days had been!

Peggy majored in music and her instructors beamed with delight and satisfaction over her accomplishment. She wrote the class music and composed a march that was played by one of the city's leading orchestras. She won a scholarship and was to go abroad. How bright the future looked! She was to study two years in Paris. She was in—but—she met John Macon and his love seemed to hold the greatest promise of happiness. Friends shook their heads and said she was missing a brilliant career; others said she was just right. She hugged this comfort close.

John Macon was poor; he distinguished music from a mere noise but much preferred a lingly little rag-time to a classic; he had never heard an opera in his life.

"She will regret it," was the general prophecy, but Peggy laughingly refused to be convinced and climbed contentedly into the auto that John hired, and together they rolled away to the village church, and thence over the country road to the little white cottage among the hills that was to be their home, hers and John's.

Slipping the darned egg into a worn sock, Mrs. Macon's lip quivered as she recalled that first day. John laughingly carried her over the threshold, declaring that nothing should be allowed to mar their happiness. He escorted her proudly through



THE NEW VANCOUVER STATION

The new Vancouver Station built by Canadian National Railways at a cost of a million dollars, and which is one of the best equipped and up-to-date stations in the Dominion. It is constructed generally of brick with stone dressings and features, and its chief attractiveness probably lies in its simplicity of design. It has a frontage of 331 feet with a depth of 105. On the ground floor are situated the large general waiting room adjacent and opening from which are separate waiting rooms for men and women, dining and lunch center, barber shop, ticket office for rail and steamship, commercial telegraph, hand baggage, general baggage, government mail, express and sleeping and dining car departments. The two upper floors accommodate the general office, with entrances distinct from the station proper, with elevator service. On the rear side of the station, directly opposite the main entrance, are situated doors leading to a covered concourse 50 feet in width, running the whole length of the building. From this concourse are stairs to the various train platforms, which are also covered. In all there are 14 tracks leading into the station, the average length of each platform being about 1,200 feet.

Plants Used For Tanning.

The essential feature in tanning is the precipitation of gelatine by the chemical substance to which the general term "tannin" is applied, as the result of which hides become leather. The tannins are of very wide occurrence in the vegetable kingdom and occur in almost all parts of the plant, but not always in sufficient quantity to be of commercial importance. In the plant known as Canaigre (*Rumex hymenosepalus*), which is really a species of dock occurring in Texas, it is found in the root; in many trees such as Hemlock it occurs in the bark; in the Sumac it is abundant in the leaves; while in still other plants it is found in the fruits or in certain pathological growths known as "kalls," such as those on various species of oak.

Among plants growing wild in Canada which contain tannin in considerable quantities are the following species: The bark of hemlock (*Tsuga canadensis*), tamarack (*Larix laricina*), and balsam fir (*Abies balsamea*), contains 7 per cent to 14 per cent; the bark of chestnut oak (*Quercus prinus*), white oak (*Quercus alba*), and red oak (*Quercus rubra*) yields 12 to 15 per cent; the wood of American chestnut (*Castanea dentata*) yields 8 to 10 per cent of tannin, while the stems and leaves of different species of sumac contain 16 to 24 per cent.

The horse chestnut (*Aesculus hippocastanum*) although not a native of Canada is fairly hardy at Ottawa. Its bark yields a considerable quantity of tannin, while analysis of the leaves made in different months of the year showed a percentage varying from 2 to 6%.

While the barks collected in May and June are said to contain the largest amount of tannin, further investigation seems to be necessary before the point can be regarded as finally settled, as the analyses that have been made of some species do not seem to bear out the above statement.

Increased attention is being devoted at present to the sumacs as a source of tanning materials; in this group it is not necessary to destroy the tree as the leaves and not the bark are used. There are three Canadian species whose leaves furnish tannin in considerable quantities. Dwarf sumac (*Rhus corallina*) occurs in Southern Ontario, white or smooth sumac (*Rhus glabra*) extends from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, while staghorn sumac (*Rhus hirta*) is found from Nova Scotia to Ontario.

The best time to gather the leaves is during the months of July, August and September. The branch of the current year should be cut or broken in such a way as to leave a few buds at the base to continue the growth next season. The leaves contain a much greater amount of tannin than the stems. Green sumac loses 50 to 60 per cent of its weight in drying.

Ruling the Roost—a Fable.

A hen hustled for bugs and scratched for worms the greater part of each day in order that she might be able to lay eggs for the suburbanite. But at night her rest was disturbed by the lusty crowing of her lord and master. She stood it for a while and then forsook him and took up her roost in a tree.

"Why did you leave me?" he asked the next day, after he had fooled her into running to him by chucking and acting as though he had found something to eat.

"Because I can not and will not be kept awake all night by your foolish crowing."

"Very well," replied the rooster. "Our position in society is maintained solely by my famous crowing. When I lift up my voice an answer comes from all the roosts in the neighborhood, and I wake up our master every morning at seven o'clock. Since you do not appreciate it, you may heretofore do the crowing yourself."

The hen tried and tried to crow, but a shrill cackle was all she could produce. Being a bright hen she quickly decided on a course to pursue.

A day or so later, when she had come near enough to the rooster to be heard she said: "The corn and scratch feed are given to us solely because of my ability to lay an egg a day, but since you don't appreciate it you may heretofore do the egg-laying yourself."

The rooster tried with all his might to get into the habit of laying an egg a day but none could he produce.

After a ten-day separation and deep thinking for the same length of time, a reconciliation took place and the hen and rooster are again occupying the same roost in contentment and affection.

Or they kept up the fight, the hen striving to learn to crow, and the rooster straining every nerve and muscle to produce an egg.

You may take your choice.

Child Mirth.

Mirth seems to be a result of good feeding. The underfed cannot play. They have not the power of spontaneous expression of happiness.

Recent studies of children in Germany and Austria by physicians and teachers in their Public Schools inform us that as early as the severe Winter of 1916 children were apt to sit indolently gazing in front of them, to be roused only by some strong stimulus and soon relapsing into inattention.

Dr. Hilda Clark wrote last June that she had been in Vienna four days before she saw a child play.

Dr. A. Thiele, of Dortmund, says that though the nervous system resists deprivation of food well, the lack of certain important universal salts, soon produced in the children a tendency to rapid mental fatigue, associated with excitability. Loss of energy and initiative speedily followed, and all desire for mirth and sport died away and coarse, primitive instincts began to assert themselves.

Of a total population of 300,000 in Dortmund, Prof. Engel found 5,000 children between two and seven years of age who were unable to walk.

The Lancet (London) predicts that the majority of children in Vienna will grow up with stunted bodies and questions whether their mental life will ever again overflow into mirth and the exuberance of animal spirits.

Most Beautiful Women.

In the opinion of many travelers, the most beautiful women in the world are the Indian women of the Tehuantepec district of Mexico.

No, we do not know what the cause is to Tehuantepec.

Klein's Eminent Cures Cough, Etc.



Charge the Enemy, Fear.

"Perhaps the greatest obstacle to success is fear. Many a young business girl fears ridicule of her associates and the criticism of her employer. She is overwhelmed by a thousand nameless terrors. Constant apprehension not only destroys her efficiency, but creates an atmosphere that reacts to her detriment. When I find a girl of reasonable ability held back for some unaccountable reason, ten chances to one investigation proves that it has its root in groundless apprehension."

This remarkable statement by the highest salaried woman executive in America, Miss Henrietta F. H. Reid, assistant to the president of the Bush Terminal Company, appeared in a recent issue of a woman's magazine, in an article addressed to girls. It seemed too good to confine to young business women who are consumed with the desire to "make good." In fact, it seemed to me that it belonged more to the farm boy and girl than to the young woman in business, for it has been my experience that the people most liable to underrate themselves in this world are the boys and girls who have been bred on the farms, kept through force of circumstances from rubbing up continually against their fellows.

Looking back to school teaching days in the old country school, it seems to me now that the majority of poor marks the boys and girls got were given them, not because they didn't know the lesson, but because they were afraid to recite. I can recall many a student whom I knew must be able to answer every question I asked, but who only dumbly shook his head, while some more self-confident classmate arose and rattled the lesson off.

There was nothing to do but put down the mark, though.

Fear of making a mistake, of being laughed at, held these children back in school. It will probably hold them back through life unless they are determined fight to overcome it. Those "thousand nameless terrors," how well the sensitive person knows them. And no one but the sensitive person knows what untold bravery it takes to overcome them. Going over the top requires no greater courage than charging the enemy—fear. Fear of ridicule, fear of failure, fear of making a mistake, as Miss Reid puts it, keeps more people back than any other thing.

And the country-bred person, I believe, is more liable to those fears than the city-bred. The boy in the city is early accustomed to measuring himself by his fellows. The street is his playground, and while it may be disagreeable from many points of view, at least it affords him an opportunity to find himself. He is inspired by the daring of his braver fellows to try each feat-producing stunt, and learns in time that one failure isn't going to wreck his life.

The farm child hasn't this opportunity. He has only the short recess and noon hour at school to meet his playmates, and then hurries home. As a result he is apt to grow shy and distrustful of his own ability, to become a victim of apprehensions which keep him back from success. The best cure for this is to keep him as much with other children as is possible. Isolation is bad for everyone. It al-

ways works in one or two ways, either we grow timid and are afraid to venture, or we become perfectly satisfied with ourselves and when we are thrown with others we fail to grow because of the contact.

If you're a victim of terrorism begin your fight against it to-day. Haven't you watched many men and women of your acquaintance who "do things," head committees, manage clubs and fair and granges, and wondered how they could do it when you, better educated perhaps, could never do it? It is simply because they have self-confidence, while you are fearful. Perhaps you have even greater ability, and are simply afraid to use it.

We had a copy in school, usually once a month, which may help you: "We lose the good we oft might win by failing to attempt." If you have been losing out through this failure, begin your reform to-day.

Brewing Tea.

All that one needs to make good tea is an earthenware pot, some tea and water that is boiling at the time it is poured on the leaves, which should then be allowed to infuse for a few moments, when the liquor must be poured off. That sounds easy and it is all there is to it; it is astonishing how seldom this simple formula is followed out in actual practice. The housewife's most common mistake is to use water at a temperature below the boiling point. No matter how choice the tea, if the water is not at boiling temperature the important constituents of the leaf are not dissolved. Now that everybody is talking economy it is a good time to call attention to the waste caused by using water below the boiling point. To prove that one can waste in making tea get two grades, one a very cheap kind and the other a tea of the same kind but double the price. Draw the cheapest tea with boiling water and the better sample with water below the boiling point. You may be surprised at the result, but the taste will convince you that boiling water drawn off cheap tea makes a better drink than is possible to brew with water which is not boiling even when the tea itself is of good quality.

Tea is often served in a china teapot containing the tea leaves and a larger pot supposedly filled with boiling water. Tea made by pouring the water into the small pot through the difficulty of keeping the water up to the boiling point. It may have been boiling when poured, but the cold pot chilled it just enough to make it too cold to draw a good cup of tea.

Wasted tea leaves are just as real waste as uneaten bread, or fat thrown into the garbage can. It is not necessary to economize to the extent of cutting out your cup of tea, but when you draw it see that you get all the virtue there is in the leaves. Use boiling water and practice real economy.

Wettest Spot on Earth.

For a little archipelago, the Hawaiian Islands offer remarkable varieties of climate. Parts of them have much less annual rainfall than our eastern provinces, whereas on some of the lofty mountains there is an almost continuous downpour through the year.

The island of Kauai runs up to a peak nearly a mile high (inaccessible except to experienced mountain climbers), and upon its lofty slopes there fall during five recent years an annual average of 176 inches of rain—nearly forty feet, that is to say!

This, however, is not a maximum for that wettest spot on earth. In 1914 and again in 1918, as shown by the huge rain-gauges, fifty feet in depth of water fell from the skies upon that one mountain top.

Bamboo trees do not blossom till they are thirty years old.

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HUMAN NATURE IN EATING-HOUSES

TEA - ROOM ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY.

London Waitress Describes the Various Characters of Her Customers.

Human nature? Well, I think I can tell popular novelists some things they don't know about human nature. I haven't been a waitress in one of the busiest restaurants in central London without learning a little about mankind and womankind in general. We get all sorts in here, from brewers to bishops, girl flower-sellers to College girls.

If a man doesn't glow all over with geniality when he has had a good hearty meal, he's hopeless, and the one who doesn't show his true character when he is hungry hasn't been born yet.

You can size people up by the very way in which they give their orders. There is the woman who takes five minutes—while I'm standing by, patiently waiting—to decide she is going to have a cup of tea and a scone; and the man who orders steak pie and by the time you bring it has changed his mind to having sausage and mash. Failures in life, both of them.

Again, there is the pompous old fellow who rings a complete bell on the door if you are not waiting on the doorstep to take his order, and complains that the rolls remind him of the British Museum. You can afford to smile at him. You know he's henpecked at home!

I don't know which I hate most, women who grumble at everything I bring them, or men who try to be unpleasantly familiar with me and call me "dear," just because I'm a waitress.

Tips? They are always acceptable, of course. All the same, I'd rather have the cheerful person who treats me as one who is human, and no money, than the impolite "groner" and his twopenny. Some people think a copper or two will cover up all the rudeness they have hurled at me. A hotler lid wouldn't.

Dirty Cuffs and a Smile.

Our regular customers are the best. I remember one old chap well. He wore dirty starched cuffs, and never had anything but a cup of tea for his lunch. He came five days every week for years, never grumbled once, and always had a smile for me. Then suddenly he stopped coming, and—I could shed an honest tear over that old man's grave.

One little drama I recollect, for I suppose you'd call it that. A young fellow came in. He was almost too ragged and down at heel to be admitted to any respectable tea-house. His food disappeared as though it was before a hungry wolf. Just by him was a pretty girl—probably a typist in a city office—and when she came to pay her bill she discovered that she had left her purse at home. We have to be very strict in such cases. Because there are so many "forgetters" about. But this girl was genuinely distressed. In a moment, up jumped the ragged boy and paid her bill, and off she went, blushing, but happy. When the fellow came to pay his own he had just three-pence left. He couldn't give any address, not even that of a common lodging-house. A policeman took him away, and I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Yes, lots of romances here. I often say marriages are made in heaven—and eating-houses. One girl came in here day after day, always contriving to get a particular seat where she could see a certain big, black-haired fellow, though he never looked at her. But you could tell they had been friends once. So I interferred. Cheek, one of our "regulars." He rarely spoke to me, but when I brought anything wrong for another customer, he would always say, "I'll take that. Miss. It will save you the trouble of taking it back." What happened next? Oh, I'm going to marry the fellow. What else could I do?

SYRIA MAKES A QUICK RECOVERY

FROM THE RAVAGES OF WAR.

Primitive Conditions in Recuperation of Recaptured Regions.

Travelling through Palestine, astonished to see numbers of castles and forts of stone and brick, some of which had been the live stock of the country, been devoured by the Tur or else eaten by the people's starvation. This loss has been counted as a basic cause of destitution.

Yet here were the black sheep and black goats, the black sheep and black goats, and tended by well fed, masters, while their parents the fields gathering the harvest. How had live stock escaped?

"Go East," and Live! "They fled to the East," the cinct answer of a friend in Jerusalem throughout the primitiveness and squalor of the Syrian life, explains the other survivors. When the army arrived and began to take the people simply to mail and families and migrate the Jordan, in patriarchal safety of the Bedouin, civil authority did not act beyond the Mecca railways. People removed themselves from the invaders and their hospitality of the Bedouin. As to "go West" in Palestine, the "go East" in life. Later, when the driven out, the people's safety to their own homes. This is the sort of thing a westerer would do at the years ago Syria was in a state of ruin. Now it is fast and in many sections, less than before the war. Syrians still think of the 14 covered with the dead and whereas there are fewer than normally.

How can people lately recover with such quick answers in terrible conditions and their existence. The Arab nations should logically have been victims, but these people, by the peninsular, have a primitive way. Closer to the soil than the He can get along with fuel and furnishing than a poor person. So when a fall, as it did during the better able to endure it.

A Reward of the Empire. The friendly soil is able into its normal processes, exiles, because they never away from it. The Syrian a meagre home-keeping, only a few degrees above Bedouin. His home has encumbered with the civilization. When he moves to carry a kitchen, a hot water system and a vice and an elaborate kitchen.

Therefore when he comes little to set him. His home is simple, and by himself and his neighborhood furniture is not in farming utensils are of silver. Merely, consequently able to start life anew, a ment unbelievably stup make possible the work habitation now being co-operation of American cities.

Sandy Scored.

He lived north of the hated wasting money, when a friend in London unstamped letter he was having to pay 3d. on it. He was still more annoyed the letter to find in it a single sheet, saying, "George."

In return he procured stone, and after having packed wooden box, with many dispatched it carriage free. When his friend had paid the postage he found a note and found it in a letter in the package.

"Dear George—When you were well, this great off my mind."

Putting An Egg in a Bag.

An egg may be put in which has a mouth much the egg, says Popular Mechanics, and upon its surface becomes soft and pliable. The easy to force the egg into. Pour cold water into and allow it to remain until becomes hard again. Then be shown to friends, it is to be greatly mystified sight of an egg in such a state.

Keep palms and ferns draughts. An ordinary small average speed of one mile an hour.