

**MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY**

**Little Miss Growler.**  
Admiral Sir Herbert King-Hall's book of reminiscences, "Naval Memories and Traditions," is very full of stories. One of the biggest concerns a voyage when his father commanded a ship named the Growler. It was homeward bound from Bermuda, and among those upon it were some troops and their wives.  
In the middle of the voyage one of the soldiers became a happy father, and the captain found in the deck log, among the entries for the middle watch:  
"3 a.m. Mrs. Blank, wife of Sergeant Blank, safely delivered of a girl child, Growler's heir."  
The captain sent for the boatswain, and asked him to explain it.  
"Custom of the sea, sir," responded the boatswain. "Any child born on shipboard is given the ship's name."  
"But the child can't go through life named Growler," exclaimed the captain.  
"Custom of the sea, sir—always 'as been," retorted the boatswain doggedly.  
The captain, however, refused to recognize the custom of the sea, and as the boatswain altered the entry he muttered that the Service was going to the dogs.  
**Royalty and Crowds.**  
"Mostn't it be awful to be a King or a Queen, or even a Prince of Wales?" gushed a young thing recently. "How stork they must be of the crown!"  
"I wonder? The Prince of Wales does not seem to mind them, and on more than one occasion has been known to travel as an ordinary railway passenger instead of in his private saloon, for the mere pleasure of mixing with his future subjects.

Queen Mary, also, does not seem to complain of the throngs. Not long ago, when she visited an exhibition, the crowd surged round her, and she was advised by a Royal official to escape them by walking on a path that avoided the main thoroughfare. She shook her head, however.  
"If you only knew," she exclaimed, "the pleasure I feel in being in a British crowd, you would not suggest that to me."  
**Sir J. M. Barrie the Silent.**  
Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has just published his autobiography, tells a delightful story of Sir James Barrie, who has never been renowned for his talkativeness.  
Once he was asked to take a beautiful but nervous girl to dinner. At the second course Barrie broke the silence. "Have you ever been to Egypt?" he asked. The girl was too startled to answer immediately, but later she managed to say "No." Again silence.  
About ten minutes later she plucked up courage enough to ask, "Have you?" A far-away expression came into Barrie's eyes. "No," he answered, and silence reigned between them again until the end of the meal.  
**A Little Boy's Mistake.**  
A charming story is being told by Lady North Bentinck concerning her little boy, Henry. He was taken to have a preliminary look over a school he is to attend this winter. At first he would not speak to the headmaster but later on he went up to him and said, "I'm so glad you're not a giraffe." When he was asked what he meant he said, "Well, the schoolmaster of the tiger-boys in my picture-book is a giraffe, and I thought all schoolmasters were."



**HER MAJESTY, QUEEN MARIE, A SIOUX INDIAN**  
While passing through North Dakota on her tour of the United States, Queen Marie, of Rumania, was greeted by Chief Red Tomahawk of the Sioux Indians at Mendon, N.D., and was made a member of the Sioux tribe. Photo shows Queen Marie with the official war head-dress of the Sioux.

**HOPE TO WIN CROWN OF KING COTTON**  
**PROPOSED IRRIGATION OF THE SUDAN.**

**Will Ultimately Open 6,000,000 Acres for Cultivation of Fibre.**  
Great Britain's bid for control of the world's cotton supply may be regarded as carried a stage farther with the recent appointment of Sir John Maffey, formerly chief commissioner of the Indian northwest frontier province, to succeed Sir Geoffrey Archer as Governor or General of the so-called Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The appointment of the new British administrator for a territory as large as the whole of western Europe, which this country virtually annexed as a sequel to the assassination of Sir Lord Stack in Cairo two years ago, and which Great Britain plans to develop into one of the greatest cotton producing areas in the world, coincides with the injection of a new economic factor into the still unsettled political relations between England and Egypt.  
**Egypt on Verge of Crisis.**  
The latter country is on the verge of a serious economic crisis due to the slump in the cotton market and, following the example of the United States, has now decided to restrict the output. The Egyptian government has drafted a decree limiting acreage under cotton to two-thirds of the present area. It is proposed that this decree, which is still to be submitted to Parliament, should be operative for three years. The proposed three years restriction of the Egyptian cotton output as a result of the backwash of the market depression coincides with the imminent development of a new source of cotton supply which must inevitably react on price levels the world wide.  
This is the Gezireh area in the Sudan, where a large acreage of first-class cotton land will soon be irrigated as a sequel to the completion last spring of the great Makwar and Sennar dam on the Blue Nile, which is the largest in the world. Ultimately this arid and empty district of the Sudan, some 6,000,000 acres in area, will be reclaimed by a barrage from a desert cotton-growing regions in the east world. Plans so far call for immediate irrigation of only 500,000 acres, which are estimated to produce 400,000,000 pounds of cotton yearly.



**Douglas S. Cole**  
Canadian Trade Commissioner to the West of England, South Wales and Midland, at present visiting in Toronto. Mr. Cole says that the present Imperial Conference shows Canada to be on the outer circle of still greater drives in the interests of empire trade.

**BRITISH LAUNCH FIVE NEW VESSELS**  
**FOUR TO GO TO SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS**

**Built With Assistance of the Trade Facilities Act Guarantees.**  
Notwithstanding the crippling effect of the coal strike on the heavy industries and the increasing difficulty the shipbuilders of Britain are experiencing in obtaining steel a remarkable series of new ships have recently either been completed or launched, says a London despatch.  
They include the launch of the Alcantara, forming the second unit of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's fleet of motor ships, a new Donaldson liner for the Canadian trade, two Blue Star passenger and cargo liners for South American service and the first ship of the new Silver Line which is to operate in the Pacific.  
The most remarkable feature of this series is that all, with perhaps one exception, have been built with the assistance of the Trade Facilities Act guarantees, and possibly without this incentive their owners would have deferred their building programs. On the assumption that this is the case it is safe to say that few or no ships of any consequence would have been turned out by any British shipyard recently.  
This is a matter which provides much food for thought, because the amount of unemployment in the shipbuilding districts is to-day very large and, of course, would have been very much worse.  
**Providing Stimulus.**  
Four of these five ships are to operate in South American waters, and this part of the world seems to be providing the shipbuilding stimulus of many nations. Italy in particular is giving all the financial assistance she can to her own nationals in furthering the interests of her Mediterranean trade. To such an extent has this been carried that she has just put into service the largest passenger liner running to South America—and even this will be eclipsed in the near future by the largest motor ship in the world, building in one of her yards.  
While this financial assistance is given in the form of loans which are of course a charge on the assets of the individual concerns who are also responsible for the payment of interest on the money, they nevertheless, during times of national crisis, form at least indirectly assets which the respective states have more than a casual interest in preserving and so, notwithstanding efforts at freedom from state ownership and management, countries like these have not been able to divert themselves entirely of responsibility.

**Fraser Valley Reclamation.**  
The British Columbia Government, which successfully reclaimed 30,000 acres of rich agricultural land at Sumas, in the Fraser River Valley, will undertake another similar scheme which will make an area of 1000 acres available for agriculture. This land lies near Port Coquitlam, outside Vancouver, and will be cleared of water by a system of drains and pumps. This scheme is an aftermath of the land boom which swept the Fraser Valley with the rest of British Columbia before the war. The land to be drained had been divided into city lots for sale but fell into the hands of the Government for non-payment of taxes. The Government decided to dispose of it for agricultural purposes because of its remarkable fertility.

**Music Manuscript Discovered.**  
At a Dunfermline farm (near Aldborough) in England a music manuscript has recently been discovered. It has been submitted to British Museum authorities, who are of the opinion that it is part of fourteenth or fifteenth century hymn, and that it is a part of the hymn for St. Martin. The parchment is written upon in the old style of seven-headed notes in four-line staves, and the words are in Latin. It is probable that the hymn was that of a Cistercian monastery, and was taken to York Minister.



**Strange Food.**  
A popular table delicacy in China is "pidan," which is made by preserving fresh ducks' eggs in a paste made from soda straw fish, table salt, boiling water and slacked lime. The pidan is stored for a month before being used. Experiments have shown that there is as much vitamin A in pidan as in fresh eggs; but vitamin is entirely destroyed by the process.

**Human Hair Lives 6 Years.**  
The life of each individual human hair is about six years, and science fixes the rate of growth at eighteen-one-thousandths of an inch a day. We move to except adult whiskers, which grow at least one-eighth of an inch a day.

**Too Small.**  
Why did you move out of that flat you just rented?  
"Oh, it was too small to read the Sunday papers in!"

**Misty Morning.**

At daybreak the world was wrapped in fog. Sounds seemed to come from a distance. The roar of a freight train was muffled, and the whistle of the locomotive softened.  
When the fog lifted it began to roll away in long cottony masses. Two hours later the skies were covered with a wool-white canopy saturated with sunshine. The light seemed to interpenetrate the clouds until they became seamed with radiance. The seams speedily became rifts with sunbursts and glimpses of blue. The beds below were filmy with fairy-breath and snow-smoke, and the country roads were long paths of steamy goodness.  
Gradually the wool-packs evaporated, leaving straggling vapors. These soared into higher altitudes where they became more determined in outline and formed into endless processions across the vast sapphire gulfs.  
These cloud processions are common after storms or misty nights upon the Plains, and are always spectacles of loveliness. They seem like great sunshine-freighted ships, or like great birds with wings outspread, sailing—sailing—all the rest of the day.

**River Song.**

You say you cannot hear  
The river's song;  
You do not listen, you  
Must listen long.  
It will not give itself  
At once to you,  
It will demand your dreams  
And your love, too.  
Its songs are not for losing  
So have a care  
And wait, wait patiently,  
Its songs are rare.  
Faint rippling melodies,  
Old secrets, new  
As early spring and gay  
As skies of blue.  
But you must listen long  
And earnestly,  
Give all yourself to this  
Deep reverie.  
—George Elston.

**Two Days' Flu Cure.**

Freshly boiled potatoes and greens, buttered toast, water—and nothing else.  
This diet, says a noted London specialist, is a certain cure for the present epidemic of influenza in England.  
"I have prescribed this diet in dozens of cases in the last few weeks," he said, "and in no case has it failed to have the desired effect. Usually the cure takes a couple of days.  
"When a person has influenza his blood becomes polluted with acid. The diet I recommend contains certain alkalis which counteract it.  
"For a normal attack there is no need to lay up. Provided you keep reasonably warm it is better to be up and out of doors."  
**Isaac Newton's Riddle.**  
Sir Isaac Newton, the distinguished man of science, once composed a riddle, and sent it to Sir Horace Walpole. The latter could not guess it, but a lady to whom Sir Horace handed it found the answer in a few minutes. Here is the riddle:  
"Four people sat down at a table to play.  
They played all that night and some part of next day.  
This one thing observed, that when all were seated,  
Nobody played with them, and nobody betted;  
Yet, when they got up, each was winner a guinea.  
Who answers this riddle, I'm sure is no ninny."  
The answer is "Musicians."

**Gulls at Evening.**

The moon has risen, silver sweet against the sunset's dying gold. The sun, behind the furthest hill, has left her promise in each cloud;  
The waves (what secrets they must know, what secrets they have never told!)  
Are murmuring a thousand songs that they will never sing aloud.  
And softly, as a mother rocks her little child upon her knee,  
A tiny child, whose tired head is quilled down upon her breast;  
The gulls ride on each stinging wave—the gulls, the children of the sea—  
And hear the whispered lullabies, and fold their wings and dare to rest.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

**A Little Girl.**

I don't know what they made her of  
But buttercup and bits of love,  
And singing laughter of the world,  
And hair a fairy finger curled  
With dew of gold upon it so  
'T would look like gold when all the glow  
Of jealous sunbeams in it lie—  
And that's not all, for there's her eye,  
And rosy lips and cheeks that vie  
With roses of the violet May.  
I do not know what they made her of—  
Why, beauty, and the breath of love,  
And sunbeams and the golden truth  
Of beauty in the heart of youth.  
—B. B.

**Novel Plan.**

Bride (to architect)—"I like the plans, but couldn't you make the house a bit smaller, with more and larger rooms?"  
**Wrong.**  
"My dear, what a quaint ring you're wearing! Is it an heirloom?"  
"No, it's an emerald."

**Refreshment Change in Home.**

One of the best and least costly methods of effecting a refreshing change and adding beauty to the home is the liberal use of wallpaper.

**The Way Out.**

"Would you like to dance the next one?" asked the poor dancer.  
"Certainly. Would you mind finding a partner for me?" replied the fair lady.

**Ready For Success?**

Don't wait for opportunity to knock; it's ready when you are.  
Time and again we're informed that "Opportunity is knocking at the door" by all manner of well-intentioned folk. But this fact is hardly as vital as the question it brings in its wake. Are you ready for Opportunity—or Success—when it does knock?  
For the man or woman who can supply a demand efficiently, there is always opportunity in this world. The reason so few succeed is that they do not supply that demand.  
Opportunity is always at the door; Success depends solely upon our ability to use it. The vital consideration in the life of everyone who wants to succeed, to "get there," is to be ready. Train yourself, teach yourself, watch everything that goes on about you, lose no opportunity to gather knowledge and experience which may be useful later on.  
Then, not when Opportunity knocks—for it is ever knocking—but when you feel ready to answer its summons, you should open the door to Success, and, if you are ready, the prize will be yours.  
So first decide the line of business you're tackling, then train like a pugilist for the fight of his life, like a race-horse for the race of his career, like a footballer for a Cup-tie.  
And, remember, no one can take from you what you have once learned.

**Music.**  
The meaning of song goes deep. Who can express the effect that music has on us? A kind of inarticulate un-fathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that.—Thomas Carlyle.



**Wonderful Vitality.**  
1st Doctor—"I have a number of patients I've attended for twenty-five years."  
2nd Doctor (stily)—"Wonderful what vitality some people have, isn't it?"

**Tapstry.**

No man may trace my genes with me,  
No comrade guide my way;  
But each, alone, our tapstry  
Must weave as best we may.  
What then? Song makes the labor glad;  
The picture grows, in beauty clad;  
It glows, a dawning Day!  
—Arthur Powell.

**MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.**



**Wait Till Jeff Gets Hold of That Barber.**  
"HONEST! IT'S ME, MUTT! I WENT TO SLEEP IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR, AND HE SHAVED OFF MY WHISKERS! I FOOLED YOU, DIDN'T I?"  
"YES, YOU DID! BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE KID'S DRESS?"  
"OH, I PUT ON THE KID'S LAY-OUT JUST TO HELP ALONG THE DECEPTION!"  
"THAT'S GREAT, JEFF! MEET ME DOWNSTAIRS IN TEN MINUTES, AND WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN!"  
"HUN? WELL, WELL!"  
"LITTLE BOY, I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME! DON'T BE AFRAID!"  
"I'LL LET HIM MAKE MUD PIES TODAY, MR. TRUANT OFFICER!"  
"ANYTHING TO KEEP HIM OFF THE STREET, TEACHER?"  
"KINDERGARTEN CLASS!"  
"WHAT TH?"

**Autumn.**  
It was Autumn, and incessant Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
And, like living coils, the apples Burned among the withering leaves.  
—Lutzfellow.