

# Good Night Stories

**The Discontented Goldenrod.**  
 "Oh me!" sighed the Goldenrod as the gentle breeze blew her green stems back and forth playfully. "Day after day it's just the same, wearing things over and over again."  
 "Well, what in the world is the trouble now?" asked her neighbor, Mrs. Larkspur. "We can't be changing every day, nor can we all be beautiful."  
 "That's just it," sighed the discontented Goldenrod. "If I have to grow beside this dusty road I don't see why I can't at least have one gay-colored flower to grace my old, dusty leaves."  
 "Why, your sister before you had a glorious crown of gold, and when the children who traveled the road here saw her, they exclaimed in joy because she was so very beautiful! Just be patient, little Goldenrod, the day is coming when you'll toss your head with pride. Always remember there's work for every one in this world, and that you have your work, too."  
 But Goldenrod sighed and dropped her green bonnet. They had all told her of the wonderful change that was expected of her some day, but that day seemed farther and farther away and Goldenrod had almost lost heart waiting for its coming.  
 "I can't see what so small a plant as I can do, indeed I can't," she sighed, and nothing her neighbors could say seemed to cheer her.  
 Day after day went by and even the singing birds, the buzzing of the bees and the fluttering of the butterflies' wings didn't seem to make the world any happier for little Goldenrod. Then one morning, bright and early, Goldenrod discovered the first tiny glint of gold along the edges of her tip-top branches, and with a cry of delight she called to her friends.  
 "See, I told you so!" laughed the tiny shade of green. "I told you so! Within a day or two your crown will be golden all over."  
 Sure enough, one morning, not only one, but every tip-top end of the goldenrod plant, was covered with tiny golden blossoms, and Goldenrod lifted her head proudly to greet the breeze.  
 "Now, if I only lived where someone could see me and enjoy my beauty—but that's what comes of living on a road so far away from folks," she sighed. Even her golden crown didn't seem to make Goldenrod happy. She sighed and complained all day long.  
 Then one day a strange thing happened. Goldenrod heard someone sobbing. She looked down, and saw a dear little Ladybug who had lost her way and had wandered far from her home. Bending her branches, Goldenrod asked the cause of her tears.  
 "I'm lost!" sobbed Ladybug. "I came away without my machine which tells me one direction from another, and I don't know which way to go to fly back home."  
 Then she wiped her eyes and looked up to see who was speaking to her, and when she spied Goldenrod she jumped up and gave a cry of delight.  
 "Why, you dear!" she cried. "Here you are, the compass of the woodlands, and here I am complaining because I left my compass at home."

Why didn't you tell me you were here?" Goldenrod laughed and shook her golden crown. She couldn't understand why Ladybug was so glad to see her.  
 "Didn't you know that you Goldenrods always point to the north and that you're called the Compass of the Woodland?" cried the Ladybug, and thanking Goldenrod Ladybug quickly flew away in the direction Goldenrod's crown was pointing—straight to the north.  
 Goldenrod nodded, and smiled happily to herself. At last, small as she was, she had received her golden crown and had found her value to the world.  
 "I'm Lost!" sobbed Ladybug

## RARE MODELS OF ANCIENT SHIPS

**Replica of One That Cost Charles I. His Head Valued at \$25,000.**  
 Frank L. Curtis in New York Herald Visitors to the Architectural League exhibition, now being held in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, stand in wonder and admiration before a glass case in which is the model of a fine old seventeenth century ship of the line, the Sovereign of the Seas. Few of them, perhaps, know that it was this ship that cost King Charles I. his crown and his head.  
 The same rivalry for the greatest navy in the world that is going on today was the tax-payers burden of 300 years ago. Charles I. built the Sovereign of the Seas in 1637 in reply to Louis XIII's great ship, La Couronne, but the British king neglected the formality of calling parliament to authorize the expenditure. The Sovereign of the Seas, then the most formidable war vessel afloat, was to have cost £13,000. When completed her cost was £41,000, an unheard-of sum in those days. It was the long-suffering British public.  
 The model, however, holds additional claim of interest. It is the most elaborate ship model ever built in this country. Twenty men worked on it for three years, and it cost approximately \$25,000. To the tiniest detail it is made exactly to scale, one-quarter inch to a foot, after the original plans of Phineas Pett, designer and builder of the first Sovereign of the Seas.  
 The question arises naturally, why should so much labor and money be spent on a "toy ship"? The answer is simple. Collecting ship models, old and new, is the latest fad. The Ship Model Society, scarcely a year old, recently opened its first public exhibition in the Fine Arts building, in West Fifty-seventh street, which is now going on.  
 Among the members of the society, all ardent ship model "fans," are Newcomb Carleton, James A. Farrell, H. H. Rogers, Sherman Hoyt, Junius Spencer Morgan, Irving R. Wiles, Arthur Curtis James, Henry W. Kent, Carleton T. Chapman, W. L. Aylward, Harrison Cady, Clifford H. Ashley, Breckinridge Long, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Allan Forbes, Booth Tarkington, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., and George F. Baker, Jr. Mr. Wiles, a well-known portrait painter, is president of the society.  
 Fifteen years ago ship-model collecting was unknown in this country. Pioneer collectors picked up some of their most valuable prizes in junk shops and water-front saloons for \$5 and \$10. These same models, in



## SEA SCOUTS AT WORK.

After a cruise of over seven hundred miles the Montreal Sea Scout troop, which represented the Province of Quebec at this year's Ontario Boy Scout Rally, have safely arrived in Montreal. These pictures show some of the Scouts at work on their eleven-ton yawl, Jellicoe, [which flies the burgee of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club.

good condition, and their authenticity proved, now bring as much as \$4,000 each. Dealers are importing models from abroad and find a ready market here.  
 The germ of ship-model collecting may be said to have had its origin in an article which appeared in the Century magazine for August, 1911, written by Dana Carroll. It was entitled "Little Ships, an Account of Model Collecting." Since that time the number of men who have taken up the hobby has steadily increased. The society was organized by Henry B. Culver about a year ago. Mr. Culver is a model expert and has superintended the building of some of the best models made in the United States, including the Sovereign of the Seas.  
 The most interesting models are the "prisoner of war" variety, so called because they were carved out of bone by French sailors in British prisons. Prior to the Napoleonic wars ivory carving was one of the chief industries of Dieppe. Many of these ivory workers were drafted into the French navy and fell into the hands of the British. It is said that they saved the bones from their food and clubbed together to buy materials to make the delicate carvings. These models are highly prized by collectors.

It is the purpose of the Ship Model Society to establish a nautical museum with models, books and records of our navy and merchant fleets. Two or three members of the New York Yacht Club some years ago endeavored to start a marine museum in New York, but without avail. The new society, with the keen interest its members take in their hobby, promises better results this time.  
 "Education—Not Profits."  
 The Canadian National Exhibition, which opens in Toronto on Aug. 27, has little about it that is selfish or mercenary. In its bigness and its firm grasp upon the public it is a huge implement for national service. It is loved not for the personnel of its directorship, but for its effort and power to do good to the community. It is a force, big and elemental, impersonal, irresistible. The institutional thought is the broad fundamental principle underlying its growth. It is the spirit of unselfish public service visualized and idealized. It is successful because it keeps faith with its patrons, because the people are loyal and believe in it. It endeavors to lessen human burdens, to bring more leisure and comfort, to make life more worth living; to lighten the labor of the housewife, and even assist the cobbler at his bench; to make our country a better and more livable place, and to build up a sympathetic understanding among all classes. It is not a joint stock company, and its members and directors have no interest in its progress save a patriotic desire to stimulate national development, and to provide instruction and wholesome entertainment to its patrons. The directors receive neither pay nor reward except the gratification of seeing their efforts year after year crowned with success. "Education—Not Profits"—is its motto. It is an exposition of the people, by the people, for the people.

Want Canned Fish.  
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