RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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"Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
Tomorrow, and the rest more dilatory.
Thus indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed." — GOETHE

SPRING DUTIES

GOOD housekeepers the world over look forward to spring, because of the freshening and airing and cleaning that every room goes through. Carpets are beaten, closets are flung open, attics are explored, and useless lumber and accumulations from garret to cellar are disposed of. Surprising discoveries are made sometimes, and one wonders how it was possible to live with such a weight of unnecessary things all through the winter. Surely we are not going to be more careful of the houses our bodies live in, than of the houses (or bodies) *we* live in! *We* are not bodies, you know. The body belongs to *us*, like the mind, with all the wonderful things it can do. They are our servants, if we know how to train and govern them, and make them obey. But if we let them be the masters, they become very tyrannical and make us a great deal of trouble.

The mind especially needs clearing out and brightening up in the springtime, in preparation for the work of the summer. The mental store-house gets full of rubbish, which leaves no room for valuable things. Gossip, wastefulness, idling, or moods, take up the room that belongs to cheerfulness, busy helpful ways, and love of study. Tempers and unkindness or deceitfulness darken the windows of the mind, so that everything outside begins to look dark. Just as soap and water are at constant war with dust and grime, so there is the conscience in each of us, which wants to brush down the cobwebs and sweep out all the corners that nobody sees into.

What would you think of a person who was satisfied with sweeping only in the middle of the floor, or dusting just the front edge of the bookshelves? The corners of the mind are filled with mental dirt, which is far worse, when one thinks it doesn't matter if one tells untruths to protect one's self, or harms another behind his back, or deceives those who trust one, or does in secret things one would be ashamed to have another person see. But we ourselves know we have done them; and if we cannot respect ourselves, how can we expect others to respect us?

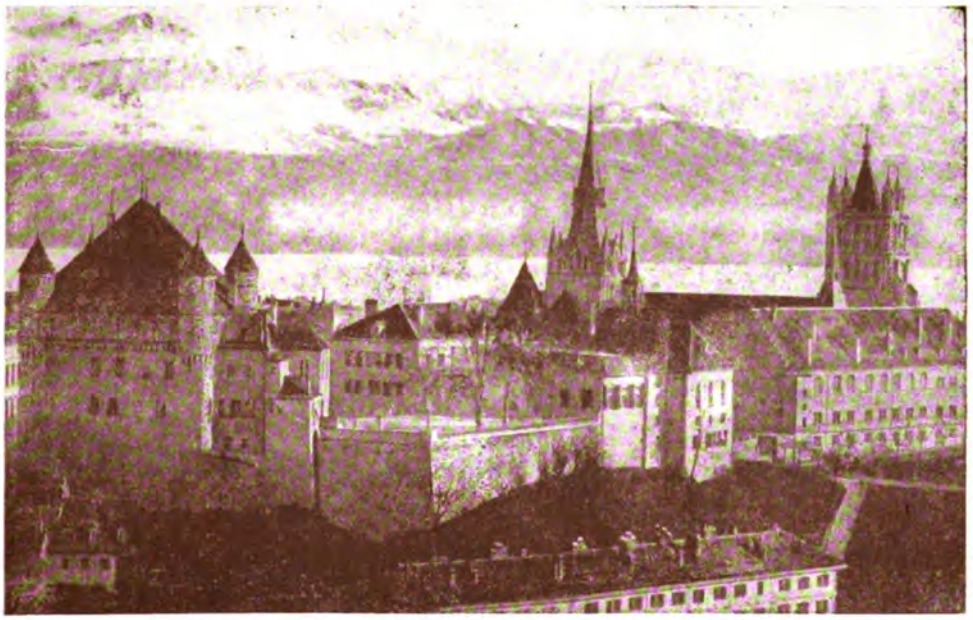
The body and mind are very dependent on each other, and have both good and bad influences on each other. When we overeat, walk with narrow stooping shoulders, and don't keep clean and neat,— these bad habits injure the mind as well as the body. Grumbling, arguing, spitefulness, are just as bad for the body as the poison of a snake-bite. It is like planting weeds instead of wholesome grain or beautiful flowers. And as things grow so much quicker in the springtime, so do the habits we practise in childhood grow quickly and strong. Then, when the summertime comes, or autumn — that is, when we are grown men and women — we may have fields of nettles or poisonous plants to root out instead of reaping a golden harvest.

Another thing, although a mental spring-cleaning is very important and makes one feel enthusiastic and happy, it is not enough to do it just once a year, because so much goes on *all* the time. Every day we need a good brushing out, so that the troubles or mistakes of one day are not added to those of the next. That is why the Râja-Yoga children have their 'Silent Moments' every night, so they can throw away all that has gone amiss in the day and start with clean, happy minds the next morning. It is the only plan that really succeeds.

One reason we love the springtime is because it is so beautiful, especially in places where the wintertime brings snow and ice. New flowers come out, nests are built, little birds are learning to fly, and all the wild creatures bring out their families into the sunshine. They are all so full of life and fun, and enjoy themselves just as children do when they go out at recess for games and races. They would like to be friends with the human children if they could; but . . . oh dear! so many boys and girls have never learned that *kindness is the first law of nature*, consequently they torment and frighten, and — would you believe it — sometimes even kill, these dumb creatures who cannot speak for themselves or say how much they suffer. It is a shameful thing to hurt or injure anything smaller and more helpless than we are. One of our most important spring duties is to start being as kind to each other and to animals as we would like others to be to us. If all children had learned this rule, there would have been no dreadful war, no starvation and sickness and unhappiness such as are filling the world today.

In California there is a little golden wild-flower called the 'Sunshine

Flower' because it looks like a little sun, with its rays. It always seems to be smiling, and is most cheerful. Children can be like these sunshine flowers, always radiating happiness for others, because their good acts bring happiness to themselves. You know, no matter where we go or what we do, we shall always have ourselves for company, and it is far worse to have to live with one's own moods, or ugly impolite ways, than with another person's. So the best use to which we can put the springtime, with all its opportunities, is to find within ourselves the companionship of our Higher Nature. Everything goes well in such company. It can overcome all stumbling-blocks. If we do what it tells us, we shall carry eternal spring in our hearts. K. H.



CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL OF LAUSANNE

ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE LAUSANNE

EUROPEAN winter and summer resorts are visited yearly by hundreds of tourists from abroad or from the Continent itself, in search of a warmer climate in winter and a cooler one in summer. Often cities in different parts of Switzerland, as well as the winter and summer resorts, attract the attention of those who are making a tour through the country, and such is the case with Lausanne. Although this city is no more than a few hundred feet above sea-level, and could therefore not be sought for the same reason as the mountain villages of Switzerland, nevertheless Lausanne never fails to be of interest to those who make

a temporary residence there. It is picturesquely situated on Lake Geneva, and is built on the summits and slopes of three hills and the intervening valleys.

The principal building and finest ornament of Lausanne is a cathedral in the Gothic style. The illustration does not do justice to the height of the structure because of the houses around it being built on higher ground.

MONTREUX AND 'LA DENT DU MIDI'

The erection of this edifice, begun early in the Middle Ages, was repeatedly resumed; however it did not assume the form in which we see it today until three centuries later. It was constructed of limestone, a weak and unenduring building material, so that frequent restorations have been necessary. The Cathedral is a marvel of architectural beauty. At either extremity there are two towers, the spires of which attain dizzy heights, the one at the eastern end over the choir being the higher of the two. The interior is of great beauty, with its innumerable columns reaching heavenward, standing separately or arranged symmetrically in groups, while others line the walls. The main portal is in the shape of a Gothic window, and is exquisitely decorated with several borders featuring religious subjects. A corridor, running around the nave and choir, contains an imposing array of statues and tombs of the most eminent prelates and defenders of the ancient town. Circular staircases lead to the summits of the towers. After a toilsome climb up a seemingly endless flight of steps, always through a murky light, the visitor

is fully recompensed for his efforts by a splendid view of the city with its numerous monuments of art — churches, schools, a university, banks, museum, castle, etc.,— and beyond all the blue lake with its surrounding villages, orchards and gardens, the whole backed by the immensity of the Alps.

To the left of the Cathedral in the picture is a castle, erected for strategic purposes on a commanding eminence. It is not a good example of a

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

medieval fortress, nor is it surrounded by a moat or fortified with parapets. It is a square structure with walls of great thickness, and with watch-towers at each corner. It is now used for administrative purposes, as the meeting-place of the cantonal legislative body, and for that reason has been restored frequently. Although the Castle is not a modern structure in exterior appearance, nevertheless the interior is furnished with all the requirements of an up-to-date house.

Before the south entrance of the Castle is a fine statue of Davel, one of the most celebrated patriots of the canton of which Lausanne is the chief town. He fought with distinction and lost his life in his country's struggle for independence.

A stone-paved road connects the Cathedral with the Castle, and is lined on either side with quaint-looking old houses partly in ruins. This was originally the center and aristocratic section of the city, but is so no longer.

The terrace in the foreground has a commanding view only over the western part of the city, lake, and environs, the three other sides being

flanked by buildings. It is an assembly-place of the townfolk on holidays and other festive occasions.

'Montriond' — a strip of land planted with fir and other decorative trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, is within a short distance from the center of the city. All who are tired of the noisy traffic and hubbub are free to enjoy open-air recreation in the quiet and peace of this park. In its midst is the monumental structure, the 'Tribunal Fédéral,' only a small section of which can be discerned in the picture. Before the main entrance of this building, the dome of which is adorned with a group of symbolical figures, stands the statue of William Tell. It is an easy matter for the beholder acquainted with the legend of William Tell to imagine that the master-archer is drawing two arrows from his quiver — one of them selected to shoot the apple off his son's head, the other intended for the Austrian tyrant in case of failure.

STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL

Towns, villages and cities are scattered along the shores of Lake Geneva wherever the levelness of the ground will permit. Vevey and Montreux are a few miles distance from one another and from Lausanne. They, as well as many other towns on both sides of the Lake, are noted places of residence for foreigners and stopping places for those on their way to the near-by mountain villages to enjoy the mountain climbing in summer and the sports of wintertime. The scenery around Montreux is beautiful.

Between Montreux and Villeneuve lies the celebrated Castle of Chillon at the northeastern end of the lake. A steep rocky mountain juts into the Lake here, leaving little level ground immediately around its base. The castle stands on an isolated rock a short distance from the shore in a favorable position for defense, thereby avoiding the construction of a moat — one of the prerequisites of fortified strongholds of the Middle Ages. The wooden drawbridge, which formerly could be pulled up against the entrance by

means of chains and counter-weights, has been stationary for many, many years. This stone fortress is a picturesque combination of semicircular and square towers one story higher than the walls and grouped about a central tower. It was built at the beginning of the Middle Ages, but as it stands today it represents the latter part of the fifteenth century. It was long used as a state prison, and later as an arsenal. Some of the rooms have curious wooden ceilings, and the massive ribbed vaulting of the dungeons is impressive.

Chillon is famous in literature and song, especially as the prison where Bonnivard, a defender of Swiss liberties against the Duke of Savoy, endured the captivity immortalized by Byron's 'Castle of Chillon.' State prisoners were confined in the dungeons which lie below the surface of the Lake. One can still see and examine the iron chains with which the prisoners were bound to the stone columns; likewise the column on which Bonnivard cut his name, and even the old furniture and weapons of defense and attack used by those who lived in this ancient fortress.

The little town at the right of the Castle is Villeneuve. The Rhone here enters the Lake turbid and yellow, but leaves it at Geneva as clear as glass and of a deep blue tint. The snowcapped peak in the center of the picture is the seven-headed 'Dent du Midi,' the ascent of which is very popular with tourists on account of the grand view of the surrounding country to be had from its summit.

ALFRED M.

VIEW FROM A WINDOW

THE early morning sunshine floods the earth with gold and the ever-changing shadows are playing on the ground. Fluffy clouds are floating across the softly-dappled sky. The spray in the Râja-Yoga Academy garden below me is rainbow tinted, and the light bejewels all the dripping rose-leaves.

A tiny humming-bird is flitting in among the trumpet flowers, daintily sipping the honey. The continual whirr of his wings makes a blurr on each side of his iridescent body. His breast is a shimmering green, and delicate shades of rose and violet glisten on his throat.

Now he flashes by as if playing hide-and-go-seek with some little insect in the honeysuckle vine. Then, as if tired, he settles on a twig, remaining still for several minutes. Suddenly he darts across the garden and alights on the fence where the roses are bending beneath the spray, and begins to take a bath, balancing himself in mid-air as the small drops splash on his wings. After a while he flies down to where the water has collected in a pool, sprinkling himself with his wings. Then, hearing the call of his mate, he flies off for some new adventure.

P. H.

THE WILLOW MAN

JULIANA H. EWING

THERE once was a Willow, and he was very old,
And all his leaves fell off from him, and left him in the cold;
But ere the rude winter could buffet him with snow,
There grew upon his hoary head a crop of Mistletoe.

All wrinkled and furrowed was this old Willow's skin,
His taper fingers trembled, and his arms were very thin;
Two round eyes and hollow, that stared but did not see,
And sprawling feet that never walked, had this most ancient tree.

A Dame who dwelt a-near was the only one who knew
That every year upon his head the Christmas berries grew;
And when the Dame cut them, she said — it was her whim —
"A merry Christmas to you, Sir!" and left a bit for him.

"Oh, Granny, dear, tell us," the children cried, "where we
May find the shining mistletoe that grows upon the tree?"
At length the Dame told them, but cautioned them to mind
To greet the willow civilly, and leave a bit behind.

"Who cares," said the children, "for this old Willow-man?

With rage the ancient Willow shakes in every limb,
For they have taken all, and have not left a bit for him!

Then bright gleamed the holly, the Christmas berries shone,
But in the wintry wind without the Willow-man did moan:
"Ungrateful, and wasteful! the mystic Mistletoe
A hundred years hath grown on me, but never more shall grow."

A year soon passed by, and the children came once more,
But not a sprig of Mistletoe the aged Willow bore.
Each slender spray pointed; he mocked them in his glee,
And chuckled in his wooden heart, that ancient Willow-tree.

MORAL

O children, who gather the spoils of wood and wold,
From selfish greed and wilful waste your little hands withhold.
Though fair things be common, this moral bear in mind:
"Pick thankfully and modestly, and leave a bit behind." — Selected

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

By Mary S. White, a 'Pioneer' of '59

Illustrated by her daughter, Miss Edith White, the Lomaland Artist, who made this memorable trip as a six-months' old baby.

Part I

TO travel overland to California, six or eight families in a neighborhood in Northern Iowa formed a company. So on the 9th day of May, 1859, we started on our long journey. Our part of the company consisted of my father and mother, four brothers, a young sister, and a married sister, whose family consisted of her husband and two small children, the younger being a baby boy six weeks old. My husband, two little daughters and I were the balance of our part of the train. The rest of the company consisted of about ten persons, the married sons and daughters of one family. My father had made the same overland journey ten years before, so he was chosen as Captain of the company.

MRS. MARY S. WHITE, PIONEER

We started off with the good-byes and good wishes of our many friends and relatives, feeling very happy.

What an undertaking was ahead of us! Had we foreseen the fatigue and dangers of that long journey, with those little children, I am very sure our hearts would have failed us; but we were all young, in good health and vigor, with no fear or great misgivings in our minds. We had good teams of horses, mules and oxen. Father had two wagons and a family carriage besides. Each of the other families had wagons to themselves, which were newly covered with extra-heavy canvas to turn the rain and winds. The wagon-beds were made very tight. There were cleats nailed on each side of the wagon-beds and nicely dressed boards

were fitted in, so that it made a floor for our bedding and clothing, and a place to make our beds on at night. Our food was packed away under this floor.

The first day and many succeeding ones our journey lay over a beautiful rolling prairie covered with green grass, sufficiently mature for the grazing of our live-stock. We had many head of cattle besides our driving animals. Some of the company were in favor of driving faster whenever we came to a fine piece of road; but the Captain was too wise to do that. He believed in short stages, knowing well that the stock would not hold out with fast traveling. Some of our friends were very strict Presbyterians and they thought if we gained twenty miles a week, we could afford to lay by on the Sabbath. I remember one Sunday it rained, and when we stopped at noon there were pools of water standing everywhere. Our children, as well as theirs, made fish-hooks out of pins and played they were fishing in those pools. They told their children that it was wicked to fish on the Sabbath, and the poor little things were taken to their wagons for punishment.

One thing that I shall never forget was the beautiful scenery of my own dear country. Another lasting impression was made upon my mind by the crossing of the Skunk River in Iowa. The stream was swollen by recent rains. Before we started to cross it we saw that there was a bridge made of logs chained together with strong log-chains. But to our great astonishment and dismay, when the first team stepped on the bridge, it sank out of sight with their weight, and they had to pass over in a foot or two of water, I suppose by instinct or feeling, for we could not see the bridge at all. If the oxen had made a misstep they would have gone into the water, no one knew how deep. We traveled over those beautiful prairies in the most perfect weather imaginable. We did not see very much timber while we were yet in the prairie country, for Iowa was not noted for very many trees, except where they were in small groves. When we saw these groves and the green-sward with a good road to travel over, we found it very fascinating. Although we had all the uncertainties of our journey before us, we were full of hope and courage and were glad that our faces were turned toward the great West.

After about three weeks of travel through the yet civilized country, we saw in the distance Council Bluffs and the great muddy Missouri River. Here we were ferried over and landed at Omaha, which was about the last we were to see of civilization for several months. We camped there two or three days and made our decision as to which side of the Platte River we would travel. We chose the north side, having heard that the feed was better there. While we were still camped at Omaha my husband's brother, who resided at Sioux City, Iowa, gave us a very pleasant surprise by coming to meet us there. I remember that he brought us a whole cheese, a number

of boxes of imported dried figs and other dainties, which was very thoughtful of him. Omaha was only a small frontier town in those days, and not especially interesting. When our brother had taken leave of us we broke camp and resumed our long journey, feeling that we were leaving civilization behind us and facing in earnest the great plains, the home of so many savage Indian tribes. We also felt that we were leaving the land of snow and ice and journeying towards the beautiful summerland of California. Our hearts were linked to the home we were leaving by many sweet associations, but our minds were set upon the anticipations of a better land — the wonderful, enticing land of gold.

Before we had traveled many days we met an army of Sioux warriors numbering one thousand, all young and well armed for battle. This was

our first contact with the Indian tribes of the 'Plains.' They were on their way to Omaha, where they were going to fight the Pawnee tribe. We were at first very much frightened to meet this vast number of Indians, but we were soon assured of their friendliness to us. A short time after meeting this army we came upon the camp of their squaws and pappooses and their aged comrades, who had nearly finished the battle of life and who no longer took part in the war-dance or carried the bow and quiver of arrows. Some hours later, as we came to a bend in the road, we met the remainder of the Sioux tribe with all their belongings. They had long poles fastened to the sides of their ponies, and on these poles were all their possessions, as well as their children and those who were too infirm to walk. We were at first more frightened when we saw this long train coming than we had been when we met the army of warriors. But we were soon convinced of our safety, as they neither spoke nor looked at us. This picture has always remained in my mind very distinctly as a picturesque scene. It was in a very beautiful place, on a hillside in a thickly wooded forest. They were

creeping slowly up the hill as we were coming down. These were the last trees and hills that we saw until after we had left the great plains of the Platte River.

Before leaving Omaha we were joined by two men with a cart and only one pair of oxen yoked to it. These men traveled the whole distance with us after that. They were Canadians, and one was a half-breed Chippawa. They were very kind-hearted men, and always ready to do their share in guarding and in helping everywhere. Our stock was always guarded while feeding and at night, for fear of being stampeded by the Indians, which was one of their depredations. Sometimes we had to swim our stock across a river to find good feed for them; and these Canadians were always willing to do their part, and could be depended upon even to risk their lives if need be. We never saw them ride. They must have walked the whole journey. Their cart contained only a meager supply of food, as we accidentally found out. One day they were driving on a sideling piece of road when their cart tipped over and exposed its contents, which was a very short allowance of hardtack and some coffee. We were surprised and shocked to learn that these men had been traveling with us day by day without having enough food to keep them from suffering hunger. You may be sure that they did not want for food after that, for we had an abundance to take us all through to our destination.

One morning we were surprised to see one of our best cows standing in the high grass with twin calves beside her. We were, of course, obliged to drive away without her, leaving her there to take care of herself and her new family. A short time after that my father saw that the grain that he had brought for horse feed was not sufficient to last for all the horses. He had a fine large horse with high withers and such a short neck that he could not reach grass enough to keep him alive if he had to work. So one morning we drove away and left him too by the wayside, to take care of himself or perhaps die. These pathetic incidents were seemingly cruel, but they could not be avoided. They were a part of the tragedies of the plains.

(To be continued)

CROSSING THE PLAINS

JOAQUIN MILLER

WHAT great yoked brutes with briskets low,
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turned so slow and sad to you,
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seemed to plead, and make replies,
The while they bowed their necks and drew
The creaking load; and looked at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground,
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,
Their great eyes shining bright like wine;
Two sullen captive kings were they,
That had in time held herds at bay,
And even now they crushed the sod
With stolid sense of majesty,
And stately stepped and stately trod,
As if 't were something still to be
Kings even in captivity.—Selected

THE PRAIRIES

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

I LOVE the prairies broad and free,
For there I know and there I feel
My heart is not a thing of steel.
Lost in this tawny, fragrant sea
I breathe and hear that minstrelsy
Which Nature's vibrant chords reveal,
And Nature's tuneful songs appeal
To all that's best and good in me.
The stars, the clouds, the azure skies
And viewless vastness all combine
To broaden life; my spirit flies
Beyond the world's low level line
Till, lost, forgetful of life's sighs,
It dwells in miraged realms divine.—Selected

In one of the stateliest lie the remains of the illustrious William of Wykeham, architect, bishop, statesman, and founder of two colleges. To him is given the credit of evolving the severe Perpendicular style of English Gothic architecture. He found his cathedral entirely Romanesque in style, round-arched and ponderous, but he left it very much changed. The immense nave was transformed from the massive Norman simplicity into the aspiring fretted complexities of the Perpendicular, with its magnificent groined roofs and large windows filled with stained glass. The example of Wykeham's

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

nave was immediately followed by every builder in England, and the new style remained dominant until the coming of the Renaissance revolutionized architecture in all western countries.

The magnificent simplicity and massive grandeur of the unchanged parts of Winchester Cathedral, such as the transepts, however, have led many critics to wish that the famous architect had let well enough alone.

The roll-call of the eminent men whose bodies lie in Winchester Cathedral is a stirring record. There are kings, warriors, statesmen, and other historical personages whose names are household words; and others, too, of a different class, such as Izaak Walton, Jane Austen, and Lady Montagu, have been honored by interment within these ancient walls.

The walls of the primitive church in 1068 witnessed the coronation of Matilda of Flanders, queen of William the Conqueror, and also his own re-coronation; the unhonored body of William Rufus was brought to Winchester after his death by the hand of Tyrrel in the New Forest. Richard

Coeur de Lion celebrated his second coronation here, and here Henry VIII came with the Emperor Charles V when entertaining him at Winchester Castle. One of the most splendid pageants was that of the marriage of Queen Mary of England with Philip of Spain, when the great building was "richly hanged with Arras and Cloth of Gold," and a raised platform "covered with Redd Saye" was constructed for the royalties to walk "from the west dore unto the Roode" where their thrones were placed. C. R.

HEMP PLANTATION, TALOMO DAVAS, MINDANAO, P. I.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT ROPE

THOUGH the oldtime rope-walks which were once a familiar feature of all ports and harbors have disappeared and wire rope is now generally used, yet the manufacture of cables, ropes, and cordage from vegetable fibers is a great and growing industry.

The earlier rope-makers mainly worked with Russian hemp, and their hand-spun products had a world-wide reputation for general excellence and durability. The Russian hemp plant is allied to the nettles. The old wooden 'first raters' were supplied with 24-inch mooring cables of tarred Russian hemp of great strength and lasting-power. There is still in existence a portion of the mooring hawser of the *Royal George*, which was

sunk at Spithead, England, in 1787. This rope lay under water for fifty years before it was recovered, and even now the fiber is almost as fresh as when new, a striking proof of the non-deterioration of tarred hemp in sea-water.

The fiber par excellence for rope-making is Manila hemp, scientifically known as *Musa Textilis*. The habitat of this plant is the Philippine Islands,

CUTTING AWAY THE WORTHLESS INSIDE MATERIAL

and though many attempts have been made to extend its geographical range, these efforts have not been attended with success. It is obtained from the leaf-stalks of a non-edible plantain. The tree is cut down close to the root and the leaves are cut off just below their expansion. Then the fibrous coats are stripped, split into three-inch widths, and scraped. The fiber, in many cases, is washed, dried, and carefully picked over before being taken to the baling-press. The preliminary preparation of the hemp for shipment is a slow process, two men manipulating about 25 lbs. a day. Over 3000 trees are required to produce a ton of hemp.

Another vegetable fiber which is largely used for rope-making is 'coir,' which is obtained from the inside of the husk of the coconut. The fiber is very short, but owing to the natural twist in the yarn it makes excellent ropes, which possess extraordinary elasticity and have the advantage of being relatively very light. A 'coir' rope or hawser will stretch 40 or 50

per cent., and hence is admirably adapted for mooring purposes where there is a heavy range of sea or where a vessel has to lie off the shore while she loads or discharges cargo. The elasticity of the coir hawser also recommends it for 'springs' in towing-cables, thus ensuring the easement of any sudden strain which might come upon the steel wire ropes which are now widely used for towing large vessels. Coir rope has the additional valuable property of improving by immersion in salt water.

A coir tow-line 90 fathoms in length and 18½ inches in circumference would weigh over 31 hundredweight. The equivalent tarred hemp rope would have a circumference of 11¾ inches, while white manila, performing the same work, would require to be only 10 inches in circumference. It is interesting to recall that a coir cable of extraordinary size was used in connection with the launch of the historic *Great Eastern*, the ship which laid the first successful trans-Atlantic cable. This rope was 47 inches in circumference, and contained 3780 yarns. T. B. M.

EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

IV

" . . . many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy whelp and hound
And cur of low degree."— *Oliver Goldsmith*

JUST as no one knows for certain from which of the wild animals the dog has descended, so the parentage of the word 'dog' has never been traced to its source. All we know is that when first the word appeared in English it was written 'dogge' and was pronounced as a two-syllabled word, so that the child who talks about her 'doggie' is really more correct, in a way, than her elders who have clipped off the last syllable. Once introduced, the word became the parent of many others. From the dog's habit of following its prey or keeping close to its master's heels we get the verb to 'dog,' to follow steadily, and so in the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' we read of "the star-dogged moon." 'Doggedly' means perseveringly, and Dr. Johnson once said that "a man may always write well when he will doggedly set himself to it."

The wild rose of England is called the dog-rose; a gentle trot is known as a dog-trot; when utterly exhausted we say we are dog-tired; and things bought at a very low price are said to be dog-cheap. We have four dog-teeth in our mouths corresponding with the four long teeth in a dog's mouth, but they are more often called the canine teeth, from the Latin *canis*, a dog.

The word 'mongrel,' meaning a dog of a mixed breed, has a very interesting history. It appears to have been shortened from *mongerel*. Now *monger* comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *mangere* and means a dealer in 'mixed' goods, and we still talk about a cheesemonger and a fishmonger. The word 'among' comes from the same root and was formerly written *on mang*. It means 'in a mixture or crowd.' Even at the present day in some parts of England they use the word 'mong' to describe a mixture of different kinds of grain for feeding pigs. The *erel* of *mongerel* means 'little,' and is found in cockerel, a little cock, and pickerel, a little pike, so that we see that 'mongrel' means a little animal of mixed breed.

'Puppy' comes from an early Modern English word *puppie*, which is simply the French *poupée*, a doll or puppet, spelled in an English way. A young dog is called a puppy because it is so soft and lovable that one is tempted to fondle it and treat it as a little girl does her doll.

The word 'whelp' at first meant the young of any of the larger wild animals. In the Bible we read of the "bear robbed of her *whelps*"; but now the word is used mainly for dogs, young or old, for which we have very little respect.

The root of 'hound' is uncertain, but the word is widely spread. The Dutch say *hond*, and the Swedes and Germans *hund*. The Greek word *kuon*, with its genitive *kunos*, is almost the same as 'hound' if we sound the *h* very harshly in the throat. We get the word 'cynical' straight from the Greek *kunikos*, doglike, for it is pretty well known that in taking a Greek word into English we alter the *k* to *c* and the *u* into *y*. A cynical person therefore is one who snarls like an ill-tempered dog and passes hostile criticism upon everybody. It is hardly fair to the dog to call a crusty, bad-tempered person *cynical* or *doglike*.

'Cur' is one of those words like cuckoo, whip-poor-will and peewit, and is simply the characteristic sound of the animal used as a name to call it by. Most dogs make a growling noise when a stranger comes near their kennel, which we may very well represent in print by the letters 'grrr' or 'krrr.' A 'cur,' then, is an animal that says 'krrr.' In Holland a house-dog was formerly called *korre*, and in Sweden a dog is called *kurre* in some of the country districts at the present day. When speaking of dogs with respect or admiration we never use the word 'cur': "a noble cur" would sound ridiculous. But if we have been bitten by a snarling, ill-tempered dog to which we have never given any cause of offense, we may perhaps be pardoned for alluding to it as a 'cur.' Two or three centuries ago people were never tired of poking fun at the dog because, as they said, the only letter of the alphabet which he knew how to pronounce was the letter *r*. Ben Jonson in his English grammar says: "R is the dog's letter and hurreth in the sound." At that time people used to roll their *r's* conscientiously, whereas now the

letter has almost gone out of use. Few of us make any difference between 'sore' and 'saw,' 'core' and 'caw,' 'farther' and 'father.' The Scotch and the Irish are almost the only ones who do their duty by the letter *r* nowadays. In the time of Shakespeare the letter *r* was not only trilled at the tip of the tongue, but also thickened by a harsh sound in the throat, so that a growling dog really did make a noise like an Englishman of those days pronouncing the letter *r*.

It is said that no wild relative of the dog, such as the fox, the jackal or the wolf, ever barks; and Sir John Lubbock used to say that the dog learned to bark by dividing up his long-drawn howl into short pieces to imitate the separate words used in human speech! It is an interesting speculation, but one that can never be proved. 'Bark' is simply the Anglo-Saxon *brecan* in a slightly altered form, and meant at first to break with a sudden, sharp snap like a dry branch. The idea of 'breaking' has now been lost, and 'bark' now signifies only to make an abrupt, explosive cry like that of an angry or excited dog. We sometimes say of an ill-tempered person whose threats are seldom carried out, that his 'bark' is worse than his bite.

It may be as well to explain that the Dogger Bank in the North Sea has no connection with our household pets, but gets its name from the Dutch word *dogger*, which means both codfish and also the little two-masted vessel used in the cod-fisheries.

Poor, undignified verse which is unworthy of being called poetry is often referred to as 'doggerel'; and though it has nothing to do with dogs, no one can tell us where the word came from.

The word 'dogmatic' also has nothing to do with dogs, but comes from the Greek *dogma*, that which seems to be true, an opinion. If once a man believes that his opinions are true and those of other people all wrong, he is very likely to become *dogmatic*, or so positive that he is right as to be intolerant of the beliefs of others.

Dog Latin, the barbarous offspring of classical Latin used by monks and apothecaries, is named after the dog, just as the eglantine or wild rose of England is called the dog-rose. Both are inferior and uncultivated, just as the dog is barbarous in comparison to a man.

In the next Excursion we may perhaps consider the names of the different kinds of dogs, and also the various sounds used by the dog to express his extensive range of emotions and desires.

UNCLE LEN

and, says an old chronicler: "thither came many valorous men from Sweden and from foreign lands, and broke lances without number."

The following October the wedding between Magnus Eriksson and Blanche of Namur was solemnized. On that joyous occasion, says the same old chronicler, "the King was glad and in a gay mood, and the Queen was radiant with beauty, as she swung round in the dance amongst her maidens and esquires."

Very little is known of the private life of Queen Blanche after she became queen, except what has come down to us through tradition; and historians differ widely in their estimates of the characters of both her and her husband. But to one who reads with an unbiased mind, and who, taking both the favorable and the adverse criticism weighs them in an even balance, it is a simple matter to read between the lines, and to see the influence for good exerted by the Queen, especially during the early years of the reign of Magnus.

BLANCHE OF NAMUR

One of the King's first acts was to free the serfs through the following proclamation: "That no one who is born of Christian parents shall be a serf in any manner whatsoever; nor shall he bear the name of serf." Thus was the seed of brotherhood planted in Sweden in the early fourteenth century. The reign of Magnus is important also through the re-compiling of all the laws of the land into one common code, under the title of *Magnus Eriksson's Common Land Laws*. This was another step towards drawing the people of the different provinces into a closer relationship; for whereas hitherto a man had been accustomed to regard himself as a native of Småland or Östergötland, he now spoke of himself as a Swede. These laws related to all questions regarding the ruling of the land, trade, marriage, the treatment of criminals, etc. The second clause in the coronation oath drawn up at this time is especially noteworthy, as showing that the King had some idea at least of the responsibility of a sovereign; it read: "That he (the King) shall uphold, love, and protect righteousness and truth, but that he shall suppress all iniquity and falsehood, both by the exercise of his power of judgment,

and by his royal might." That the King did not hold to these ideals during his entire reign was due to indiscretion and to lack of will-power, rather than to a desire for injustice and wrong.

The year following the coronation both the King and Queen spent the winter in Norway, where they both won all hearts by their kindly and gracious bearing. Three years later their little son Håkon* was born, and it is through this event that we have one of the prettiest pictures of Swedish history, for it is as the mother of Prince Håkon that Blanche, or Blanka, of Namur is remembered, through the little nursery rhyme said to have been sung by her to her babe. It runs something like this:

BLANCHE OF NAMUR SINGING TO HER LITTLE SON HÅKON

"Ride-a Ride-a -ranka!
Your horse's name is Blanka,
Little knight so bold and brave,
Yet no golden spurs you have.—
You shall win them one bright day,
When childhood's joys have passed away.

"Royal rider -ranka!
Your horse's name is Blanka,
Little lad with eyes of blue,
Kingly crowns shall be your due.—
You shall win them all in truth,
When you've lost the joys of youth.

"Little Håkon-ranka!
Your horse's name is Blanka.
These caresses that are Mother's,
All shall one day be another's!
But you'll win her for your own,
When manhood's peace away has flown."

And picturing her as she sat amid the splendor of the royal halls, dancing her little one on her knee, a later poet has written:

"Thus sang she 'mid her weeping,—
The Lady Blanche of Namur,
And pressed him in her keeping
With arms of love secure.

"But when King Håkon won both bride
And spurs and vassals strong,
Oh! how he longed 'mid all his pride
For the sound of that childhood song."†

These verses have been sung and resung to the little children all over Sweden, and as they echo down the years no Swedish heart can hear them but will think with longing of the cherished love and laughter of his own childhood and of his mother's voice as she sang the song of *The Lady Blanche of Namur*.

*Håkon, son of Magnus Eriksson and Blanche of Namur, married Margaret of Denmark, called the 'Peace-Maiden.' After their marriage they both went to Stockholm to finish their education, and there received instruction from Fru Märta, one of the daughters of Saint Birgitta of Sweden.

†No attempt has been made to give a literal translation of these verses, but only to interpret the spirit of them.

VIEW FROM SITE OF THE NEW RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL
LAKE CITY, MINNESOTA

IN THE LAND OF MINNEHAHA AND HIAWATHA

THE last city in which Katherine Tingley lectured on her first Lecture-Tour of 1919, from April 25 to June 10, was Minneapolis, Minnesota. Here the greatest interest was aroused by her addresses and many friends were made. Indeed, the visit to this city was unique in many ways. The beautiful natural surroundings and environment of lake, park and forest, seemed to give to the people of Minneapolis a more ready appreciation of the message of the Heart Doctrine which Madame Tingley accentuated in all her lectures.

It was while staying in this city that the party paid a visit to Lake City, which later events have rendered of the most exceptional interest.

At Lake City, on the magnificent tract of land covered with groves, nurseries, gardens and park-land, known as the Jewel Nursery, owned and controlled by Mr. J. M. Underwood, Madame Tingley and her party of Crusaders were the guests of their generous and delightful hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood, in their beautiful home in the midst of this great fifteen-

MME. TINGLEY, MR. AND MRS. UNDERWOOD, AND THE RÂJA-YOGA CRUSADERS

hundred-acre tract. Here, through the enthusiasm and courtesy of Mr. Underwood, a fine public meeting was held in his home, which was widely attended by the people of Lake City. Before the day had ended Mr. Underwood presented the buildings and ground for a Râja-Yoga School. Since then all the necessary legal formalities have been observed, and today preparations are in progress for the opening of the School at Lake City in September, 1920.

One of the pictures accompanying this article shows Madame Tingley and party with their genial hosts and hostesses on the lawn of the Underwood home on the afternoon of this visit just before the public meeting. Words fail one in attempting to do justice to the exquisite beauty of this property. It is Hiawatha's country, replete with the fragrant spirit of the rich, exuberant life of green woods, pasture-lands, running streams, and living things. As the Crusaders repeatedly expressed it, Lake City is the 'Lomaland' of the Middle West. As the beauties of the Point Loma 'Lomaland' seem to be the summing up and concentration of all the charm and beauty of California,

so the beauty of Lake City seems to be the essence and concentration of the exceptional natural charm and beauty with which the state of Minnesota is filled. Happy and blessed will be the children whose good fortune it is

A DRIVEWAY AT 'OAKHURST,' HOME OF THE NEW RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL

to receive their earliest training in the School which will be erected in this ideal environment. Assuredly, the donor of this estate has merited and will receive the benedictions of many generations of grateful hearts.

The two other accompanying illustrations have reference to a happy day spent by the party with another kind friend, Mr. Martin E. Tew. Deeply impressed with Madame Tingley's message as received by him in two of her lectures in Minnesota, and likewise favorably impressed and interested, as he told Madame Tingley, by the young students accompanying her, Mr. Tew gave practical expression to his interest and goodwill by inviting the whole party on a picnic to Minnehaha Falls, one of the many beautiful features of the city's environs.

A thirty-minute auto drive brought the party to Minnehaha Park, which is attractively laid out on either side of the Creek in which the Falls occur. As one got out of the auto on reaching the Park, the sound of the water was plainly audible. Descending a flight of steps from the main road, one comes to an arbored landing with rustic seats, overhung with great oaks and maples. Here we rested a while to look down upon the pretty little Creek which flows below between heavily wooded banks, whose great trees droop over the water. Descending more steps, we came to a bridge crossing the Creek in front of and below the Falls. Here was taken the photograph which forms the largest of our three illustrations. From this point we were able to

appreciate to their fullest the blending of trees, shrubs, creepers, bold rock banks, and winding stream.

Here we remained some time, drinking in the beauty and poetry of the scene, with the dazzling afternoon sun pouring down great shafts of light through openings in the trees, giving a magic play of light and shadow.

IN MINNEHAHA PARK

One thought of the days when only the Indians and the wild things of the forest intruded on the sacred silences of this fairy stream. Somehow it seemed as though the spirit of the old, old times had never left it, but even today, though the haunt of tourists and sight-seers, some faint mystic aroma of old primeval days lingered about the fairy glen.

From here we pursued our way across the bridge to the farther bank; and as the party made their way along the bank, the young ladies sang some of their choruses, which seemed to blend with peculiar appropriateness with the mighty singing of the falling waters.

Retracing our steps once more, we made our way back to the Park above the Creek. Here, as the guests of our generous friend, we partook of a picnic-lunch under the great trees, listening to the interesting conversation of our host as he told of the history and legend of the place, and ending by reading some very beautiful verses which the loveliness of the spot had called forth from his own heart.

Returning from this outing to our hotel in the city, we were conscious of having received something more than a mere afternoon's entertainment. If Nature be a living organism, as many assert, assuredly in those chosen spots where she finds full and perfect expression, she is ever giving forth

some message, some beauty transcending aught that meets the eye, and he who goes to her with pure heart and open mind bears away with him some secret benediction of her giving. Nature in this Minnesota country finds often such expression, and one cannot but feel that here has been prepared a scene for the doing of great good to a great number. May not the messenger of Râja-Yoga be the agent for the bestowal of that good? M. M.

THE STORY OF RIQUET

N Switzerland people generally go to the mountains for their vacations. Some people I know went one summer to Zermatt. One day they found two little dogs that were going to be disposed of because their master was too poor to keep them. These people adopted one of the dogs, and called him Riquet. His sister's name was Dora. Later, some other people adopted her. These dogs were a cross-breed of St. Bernard and wolf-hound.

Riquet was very intelligent. His master would whistle for him in a certain way which he learned to know. It did not matter which direction the sound came from, as Riquet would respond immediately. One day we tried to test him out, so we sent his master to the other end of the square. Putting Riquet in a room at the top of the house, we left every door open about one inch. When his master whistled for him, he pushed open the doors until he got to his master.

His ***niche*** (this means 'kennel' in French) was in a corner of the back yard near where people passed by, and he used to think they had no business there, so he would bark, especially at night. In the back yard there were also many holes in the fence where he could get out; so he stole out sometimes and came back late at night, knowing well that he had done something wrong, because he had been told not to do that. Then he would go straight to his master with his head hanging down and his tail between his legs, so his master could always tell what he had been doing.

About a year ago he learned to open the doors to go into the house. He would jump up and hold on to the latch with one paw, and with the other press down the handle. At first he would only open the doors to go ***into*** the house, because to go ***out*** you have to push backwards; but now he can open doors both ways.

One day his master went to the post-office to buy something. He tied Riquet to a fence. While he was gone some other dogs came up, and of course Riquet wanted to be with those dogs. So he pulled and pulled until his strap broke, and when his master came back he could not find him.

Once my brother and I went for a walk, and we heard a bark, and my

brother said, "Doesn't that sound like Riquet?" Just then we heard three other barks, so we went towards the place where the sound came from, and sure enough it was Riquet. We rang the bell and some people came out, and we told them that we knew the person to whom that dog belonged. They told us that they had found him under an auto, just about to be crushed to death. My brother went immediately to tell Riquet's master that we had found him; and when he returned and we took Riquet home, he dragged us faster almost than we could walk. His master was very grateful to the people who had saved his dog.

Later Riquet became so spoilt that he would not eat his food from the ground — he wanted people to hand it to him; so his master would say: "If you do not eat it, I will." Then Riquet would go and eat it right up, and look up into his master's face, as if to say, "Well, you can't eat it now."

Riquet has just gone on an excursion to the mountains, and I am sure he likes it very much, because it makes him think of his native country.

FRANK M., a junior Râja-Yoga

THE RAINBOW

IT was a cold and frosty morning. The sky was blue, with white clouds floating about; but as time went on black clouds gathered all around. Soon it began to sprinkle very lightly; then it rained harder and harder, until there were puddles everywhere.

The raindrops were dancing merrily on the window, but soon they were changed to hail, and the sound grew louder and louder; then gradually it grew softer and softer, and soon, in the midst of the rain, a ray of sunlight came peeping through the tall cypress trees. Then you could see, spread over nearly half the sky as it seemed to us, a beautiful rainbow. It grew paler and paler, and soon faded away. Then the sun shone brightly and the birds began to sing. The heavens were pure blue, and the day ended very happily.

So when we have cloudy feelings, let them clear away as the storm did.

EVALYN B. — a primary Râja-Yoga pupil

My heart looks up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man.
So be it when I shall grow old.—WORDSWORTH

SAVED BY A MOTH

HERE did you get that moth, and why are you keeping it like some heirloom?" said Mr. Burk, Mr. Reach's traveling companion.

"Oh! I'll tell you about that when we get to the camp-fire tonight by Lake Reindeer."

They walked all day until they reached the place where they were to camp. When they finished their supper Mr. Reach began:

"My wife was quite sick while I was an engineer on the Chicago Central. I was given leave to see her. When it came time to leave her, I found that she was getting worse. I went to the station and looked over 'Bessie,' my engine. After the job of oiling the hundreds of holes, the time came to start.

"It was rainy and windy. The train was beginning to climb the mountains. When we got half way up, I saw something like a figure in white waving us down. I did not think it was anything, and so kept on, thinking that no one would come out and wave us down at that time of night.

"We went on for about half a mile, and as we were going around a curve, I saw it again looming up before us. I called Jack, my fireman, and asked him if he saw anything. He said he didn't, so I thought it was my imagination, and kept on. But when I saw it again, I put on the brakes and slowed down a bit, and Jack said I was crazy. But seeing it did not move, but only kept a certain distance ahead of me, I kept on, and saw it again and again. Finally when we were about a hundred yards from a certain bridge, I saw it quite distinctly, and it was waving very hard. So I put on all the brakes and stopped about twenty-five yards from the bridge.

"The conductor came up and asked me why I had stopped the train. I told him that someone had waved us down, but he said I was crazy and did not know what I was doing because of my wife being sick. So we got off and went to see who had waved us down. We were walking around, and the conductor had taken but a few steps onto the bridge when there was a big crash, and the bridge was gone in a minute. So the conductor told me to back up to the nearest station.

"When we got there, I opened the headlight to see if it was all right, and saw something fluttering around. So I took it out and kept it, for it was this moth that had been waving me down and had saved me from running onto the bridge.

"After that I resigned my post to some other fellow. My wife died that same night. So I began my wandering, keeping this moth with me all the time.

"But, I guess it is time now for the use of the hammocks."

ASHLEY A., a primary Râja-Yoga pupil

[This story was read to the boys out of a magazine a long time ago. Ashley has retold it as he remembers it.]

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES

(SELECTED)

WE are but minutes — little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Patiently take the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes; when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while we stay:
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used, we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY WATER-FOWL

A still-life study in Museum of California Academy of Science, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco

MRS. CINNAMON TEAL

MRS. Cinnamon Teal was moving, bag and baggage she was moving, and that in bird-realm usually means a long, long flight, when suddenly — crash, shiver, whe-e-e-p, clatter, shatter, bing!! On the floor of the Academy Rotunda, at the foot of the rose-strewn altar and in the midst of wicked-looking slivers and splinters of broken glass, sat a bright-eyed, astonished, but very self-possessed little duck. It was Mrs. Cinnamon Teal, who, for how many months she did not tell us, had been happily living among the bright green waterweeds and snails and other tiny curious things in one of the little lakes of our back country, keeping house and doubtless raising up to worthy and dignified tealhood a brood of bright-eyed, mottled babies.

Then it came time for her to move — or migrate, as we say when we mean birds. And moving is a simple matter in bird-realm. There is no packing-up to do, nor hiring of truck vans, nor buying of anything at all, nor making of reservations on sleeping-cars. All that birds have to do when moving-day comes round is to make up their minds, look at the clock (*their* clock, which is the bright face of Nature, you know), take careful stock of their duties to see

that all are done, unfold their strong little wings — and fly!

But Mrs. Cinnamon Teal must have looked at the clock in a hurry, for she plainly miscalculated the time. She had meant to reach the ocean by sundown, but instead she was still far inland and it was well into the evening when she found herself just sighting the long, high strip of land that divides Silver Gate Harbor from the ocean, and which for centuries has been called Point Loma.

On the heights of Point Loma are two beautiful buildings which all Râja-Yogas know — the large Râja-Yoga Academy and the Temple of Peace. They have immense and very lofty glass domes, and in the top of each dome a bright light glows out every night — so bright indeed, and sending its gleams out over the ocean so far, that mariners have put these lights on their charts just as if they belonged to light-houses. But that is another story.

Mrs. Cinnamon Teal, flying over 'the Point,' was attracted, and then possibly dazed, by the light of the Academy dome, and flew straight towards it. And then it all happened — this astonishing catastrophe, which was no catastrophe at all — for she plunged whir-r-r-r-r! right through the glass and into the big Rotunda where the Lomaland students and little children were gathered in honor of the marriage that evening of two beloved Comrades, Mrs. Emily Lemke and Mr. E. A. Neresheimer.

Now that dome is some eighty-five feet high, and that little duck was flying at nobody knows what rate an hour — much faster than any railroad train, we may be sure, for the teal are called 'winged bullets,' and deserve the name — and why she was not killed by the impact, or, escaping that, by the sharp glass splinters, it is hard to say. Evidently there was some other plan. A large clean-cut oval left in the glass pane into which she crashed, and an injured bill and tongue, were all.

Kindly hands lifted the astonished little creature from the floor, and she was taken at once to the Lomaland Bird Hospital. There other kind hands and professional knowledge took her in charge. There the bird's doctor found that an artery had been cut at the end

of the upper mandible, and that in the mouth and tongue were bits of broken glass that had to be taken out — oh, so carefully! Aside from that, Mrs. Cinnamon Teal was quite herself, and in a few days the cut had healed, the sore little mouth was quite well, and she was ready to resume her flight.

How those wings ached to unfold themselves and fly! She was docile, happy, gentle, would eat out of one's hand, and would pose for a portrait as though she had been accustomed to do so all her life. She would sit in one's lap by the half-hour, contentedly dozing away, while human fingers stroked her pretty wings — and that, as you know, is something that few domestic birds will tolerate, and almost never a wild one. And you should have seen her frolic and plunge and dive in the big porcelain tub which was filled for her to swim in every morning.

But she fretted to fly, and so, one bright day, when her wounds had healed entirely, and after an extra bounteous meal of rice and minced lettuce and other good things, we took her out on the hill towards the ocean. For a moment she sat quietly, glad to feel, perhaps, the support of a kindly human hand. But suddenly she saw a sea-bird flying above her, and then, before one can say it, she had spread her wings and was making a bee-line for the ocean. Straight as an arrow she flew, swifter than any arrow it almost seemed, and the last we saw of her she was skirting and skimming the waves, now rising, now dipping, but always flying and flying, a little brown miracle of happiness and love!

What do you suppose she carried back with her to bird-realm? Some new, sweet touch, of a surety, that shall make just a little less wide the gulf of distrust and fear that now keeps apart two kingdoms of Nature and Life that should be joined by a beautiful golden bridge. Some day it will be, says the Teacher of Râja-Yoga, for kindness is growing, and every touch of it is a strong stone set in the unseen masonry of that bridge. Perhaps Mrs. Cinnamon Teal called that evening to help our Râja-Yogas build it. ESTHER

BUSY LITTLE BIRDS

ONE day I was walking along a fence overgrown with tall sunflowers and daisies, picking up nuts fallen from the trees, when I heard a soft buzzing sound among the daisies. There, working busily, I found four of the prettiest, most fascinating little creatures of the woods, tiny humming-birds.

WATCHING THE HUMMING-BIRDS

I lay down on the soft green grass and watched them. They appeared to be so happy, so busy about their work.

Finally one bold little fellow ventured down onto a dry stalk at my feet and looked at me inquisitively, with his head cocked on one side and his busy wings still for only a second. Then the next second he was gone like a flash.

I got up presently, and when I was going home I wondered why men didn't take lessons from their forest friends. What a happy, busy world this would be then, wouldn't it? RUTH M.

(This was written for the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER by a little girl who lives at Omaha, Nebraska.— *Editors*)

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

RĀJA-YOGA TOTS WAITING TO GREET THEIR TEACHER
ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE

ONE Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;
"I thought you wouldn't mind

"If I should stay awake tonight
And watch you for a while."
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink,—
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now, they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mousie's eyes,
But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict,—
Your pardon I implore,—
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gayly spoke:
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

— Selected from *St. Nicholas*

RUNAWAY MICE

TIG and Tag were two little white mice. They had lovely pink eyes like glass beads in the day-time, but at night shining like bright jewels. Their fur was just as soft and white as snow, but their paws and their long tails were pink; also their noses, which they kept wiggling all the time. In fact, they themselves scarcely kept still a second except when they were asleep in their little paper-box bedroom.

They lived in a wire cage down in the flower-house, and they were fed on pieces of cracker, nuts, seeds, and bits of lettuce. They usually slept during the day, but towards evening they came out to frisk about and nibble their crackers, drink their water from the bottle, or play in their sand.

Indeed, there was much to do beside nibble their food and race all over the cage for exercise; each little mouse had to see to it that the other one was neat and tidy; for after sitting on his haunches and washing his own face with his paws just as kitty does, he usually gave his brother a good washing too, for these little mice kept their fur in perfect order.

Another thing they were most particular about was their nest, which they made themselves in a small box, out of pieces of newspaper, which they tore into bits and carried into the box. Each piece of paper was placed just so, until a nice round nest was made.

One night Tig and Tag made a great discovery. They found a way out of their cage and a chance to run away. They had no idea where they would go because they had always lived in a cage, and they did not know they would miss their little warm bed

and their nice seed and water, or that they would be unable to find their way back again to get it. They just ran away in the moonlight.

When daylight came they had found their way under a house and cuddled down in some leaf-mould, and there a lady found them when she went to get some leaf-mould for her plants.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lady, "what are you two little white mice doing here? Making a nest, and expecting to go to housekeeping and raise a family, and have this house over-run with white mice? This will never do!" So she shook them out of the leaf-mould and shut the door. Poor little Tig and Tag were so hungry; they thought the lady had come to bring them their breakfast, and now they had not even a bed to sleep in.

"I wonder," said the lady to herself, "if those mice can be somebody's pets, for they certainly are not afraid."

Meeting a friend a little later, she mentioned finding the white mice under her house, whereupon her friend exclaimed, "It may be that my white mice have gotten away; let's go and see." And sure enough, Tig and Tag were gone from their cage. So they hunted everywhere under the house, but no white mice could they see.

"Suppose I prepare a box," suggested the first lady, "with paper and different things in it such as mice like to hide in, also a bit of biscuit. I will put it under the house, and perhaps by evening they may return and you can catch them again." So the box was put under the house.

About eight o'clock in the evening the mice were discovered safely tucked away between the newspapers in the box, and a few minutes after that they found themselves safely back in their wire cage, with a good breakfast, dinner and supper spread out before them, together with a fresh bottle of water, and, best of all, their nice warm nest to sleep in.

Indeed, I have no doubt that they were glad to get home again, for these white mice come from Japan, and are born and raised in cages and know of no other kind of life. It was fortunate for them that they were discovered before they had gone far, and that they were brought safely home before they suffered for food or water, for they would not have known how to take care of themselves like their little cousins, the field mice. AUNT EDYTHA

GIP'S UNDERSTANDING

OTTIE!" cried Gwen excitedly as she burst into the sitting-room; "Mother says we may go and see Grandma this afternoon! Auntie will take us! and we will look for bird's nests all the way!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Lottie, dancing round the table in her delight, "and we will take you with us," she said, stopping in front of an intelligent-looking terrier.

"Bow-ow" replied Gip, wagging his tail, and joining with fervour in the enthusiasm.

"No," said a quiet voice from the doorway, "Gip cannot come; you know the trouble he gave us last time, chasing cats."

"Auntie!" exclamed Lottie in dismay, "but perhaps he wouldn't today."

"My dear, he always does it; he must stay at home," replied Auntie decisively; "people would soon dread the very sight of us," she added, looking at Gip with by no means peaceful recollections in her mind.

"Gip, why can't you love cats," demanded Lottie despondently. "You are very naughty! but of course people are stupid; they can't understand you won't harm their precious cats. You only like chasing them, don't you?"

"Bow-ow," agreed Gip.

At last they were ready to start. "I am so glad to get away

without Gip seeing us," remarked Auntie, with placid satisfaction, "but do you know where he is, Gwen?"

"No, Auntie, I haven't seen him for some time. I expect he is asleep somewhere." Soon they left the out-skirts of the pretty village behind and walked along a footpath through shady woods. The birds were singing! The sunlight shone through between the branches, making tremulous patterns over the green mossy ground.

A LOTUS BUD AND HER PET

"Why, if there isn't our Gip!" exclaimed Lottie suddenly.

"Gip!" repeated Auntie, in bewildered amazement; and Gip it surely was coming towards them, with a guilty triumph written all over him.

"However did he get here," said Auntie, looking very much disconcerted; "he will get us into trouble again."

"I will look after him," said Lottie, doing her best not to appear too delighted; "but Auntie," she continued, "if you don't want Gip to know anything, you shouldn't talk about it before him. He knows most every word we say. You know he heard us say we were coming, and you said we wouldn't bring him; but you see he wanted to come."

"That is evident," observed Auntie. "Well," she added resignedly, "we can't go back with him now; only try to keep him by your side when we pass houses where there are cats." A. P. D.

THE FUNNY POLLY

I took my dolly for a walk.
We saw a polly that could talk.
The polly said, "How do you do."
We bowed and asked her, "How are you?"

And then she said, "Good night, good night."
I did not think that quite polite.
Next she remarked quite without warning,
"Good morning, hey, good morning, morning."

My sakes! "Oh what a funny polly!"
I whispered to my little dolly.
Then she began to laugh and sing,
Oh, such a funny, funny thing!

"I want to come some other day
To hear you talk and watch you play,
Now Polly, we must go," said I,
"Good bye," said she, "Good bye, good bye."

DAPHNE'S VISITOR

DEAR CHILDREN: I had a visitor the other day — a new kind. I have had very tiny ones and very big ones of the same kind as my mistress, but this one was quite different. It was not much taller than my cage, and it had hands and feet and clothes; but its feathers were just a sort of white curly down on its head. It could talk, too. My mistress told me afterwards that it was a little baby girl.

She seemed to like to look at me, but she came a little too near my cage. When she put her claws,— I mean her hands,— on the wires of the cage, I did not know what she was going to do. So I thought I had better investigate those little hands, and at least make her understand that she had better not put them into my cage until we were better acquainted.

This seemed to make considerable trouble, for she began to cry, and her mother snatched her away from the cage. She shook her finger at me and scolded me — "Ja, ja, Polly," she said, which meant, "Naughty Polly," I suppose. Well, maybe I was a little rough and hasty.

By and by she stopped crying. Then I began to sing and talk, which pleased her very much, so that the sunshine came back into her little face. She was much surprised to hear a bird sing and talk, and she exclaimed, "Polly talk, bird talk." I don't suppose she knew that birds ever did such things.

She noticed my claws, which she called "Polly's hands," and she liked to watch me hold things in them. By and by she came up and handed me a flower. She wanted to see me hold it in my claw.

I like to hear her talk, too, for she had such a nice little voice. I think that I could soon learn to say what she does in the same tone of voice if I could hear her talk a few times, and I think that we would soon become very good friends. I hope that she will come again very soon, so that we may become better acquainted. If she does come again, I will tell you more about her. Yours sincerely, DAPHNE

MISCHIEVOUS PUSS

PUSSY was sound asleep in his little basket. He was wide awake though, by the time Beverley and Ruth were in bed and falling asleep.

Stealing quietly upstairs on little soft cushioned feet, going along the hall to the bedroom like a little gray shadow, creeping softly across the floor, puss jumped light as a feather on to the bed. Then patting and tickling the faces of the little girls with his soft furry paws, he waked them up with screams of laughter. Then he was off like a shot before they could catch him, racing along the hall and stamping down the stairs, making more of a noise with his little feet than you would have believed possible had you seen him creep so quietly along a few minutes before.

Running to his basket, he was asleep in a minute. You would never have dreamed that he was the mischievous puss that had played such a trick on his little mistresses. That he enjoyed it, there is no doubt, for this was his nightly performance.

What a jolly little companion! AUNT EDYTHA

HAROLD AND BRUCE

HAROLD is a bright little boy. He lives in the country. Bruce is a big Newfoundland dog. He is faithful and kind.

HAROLD AND BRUCE

Bruce and Harold love each other dearly. They go for long walks together. Bruce is always watching to see that Harold is safe. He is a jolly comrade but he is a faithful guardian first of all.

One day Harold went down to the river. He stepped on a mossy stone. His foot slipped and he fell into the water. Oh! it was so deep! But Bruce was watching. Quick as a flash he jumped in and dragged his little comrade out. Harold was not harmed at all. Then they both ran home. Harold's dear father and mother were so grateful to Bruce, and do you wonder? I think Bruce knows something about Râja-Yoga, for "helping and sharing" and kindness shine right out of his eyes. M.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVI, No. 2 MARCH 1920

A RÂJA-YOGA INTERPRETATION OF EASTER

"HELP Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance. And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit — the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms. Then will she show thee the means and way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh. And then, the goal — beyond which lie, bathed in the sunlight of the Spirit, glories untold, unseen by any save the eye of Soul."— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Voice of the Silence*

EASTER is one of Nature's mystery-plays, when the whole earth becomes a symbol of rebirth, recalling to men their own power of self-regeneration from within. Being a natural and therefore universal symbol, it belongs to all peoples and cannot be limited to one race or time any more than the sunshine. When philosophers say, "Go to Nature," they mean in the sense explained in *The Voice of the Silence* — to look with the eye of understanding, not merely on the loveliness of outward forms, but to probe to the symbols they enshrine. Symbols, they say, hide God from the foolish, but reveal him to the wise. When the race was young, and its spiritual perceptions were not so deeply overlaid by mental obscurations as now, they could see the same laws working in man and Nature, and their Teachers had only to point to such natural miracles as proofs of the truths they taught.

Theosophy has its message at all times and in all seasons, but now, when there is so much misery and uncertainty in life, its chief word, perhaps, is to restore normal sanity to our civilization, and to encourage and strengthen those who suffer, ignorant of how to roll from the prison of their souls the heavy weight of despair and unrest that entombs them in their own weaknesses. Sorrow and suffering are great teachers in their way — perhaps the greatest we have,— like the tests and purifications imposed on the old-time knights before setting out on their quests.

Theosophy would show us the way out of suffering, by living according to the laws of life. But since sorrows must be endured as long as we are unenlightened, they can be borne courageously, with a view to learning from them. Disappointments and heartaches become the doorways to

larger experiences and deeper sympathies; for when the outer life seems stripped of all that makes it worth while, and a wintertime of doubt sets in, then it is that the soul finds its grand opportunity, makes the fabled descent into the prison of the personality, and challenges the lower nature in its very stronghold. Winning strength from each conquest, it has that much more power for helping others. For the virtue that saves but itself alone is worthless. The life that counts is not that of the dreamer or recluse, but that of the man or woman who lightens the burdens of those about him — who opposes injustice, defends the weak and helpless, carries sunshine in his very presence, and lives up to the unwritten and unspoken obligations of his own conscience.

The heart of man needs rejuvenating — needs a flood of youthful vigor and enthusiasm to start out again on the search for the Life Beautiful. We human beings have become strangely subservient to these bodies we inhabit, accepting as inevitable the limitations they impose, being unconsciously elated or depressed by mere physical conditions. In the springtime, while sap is flowing in the trees, and warm winds waken buds and flowers, it is natural to respond to the quickening of the life-forces that surround us, and to find joy and gladness even in the common round of every-day duties. But that elation can be under the control of the will, can be made voluntary. Mind and spirit can be aroused to a state of vitalized, intentional vigor and poise. This is the normal state to be in — not hopelessness or indifference or levity,— and the Easter-time of Nature is the outward expression of the awakening to take place in the human heart. Such an attitude towards life gives reality and meaning to every event, leaves no time for the sordid and unjust; it lifts the veils that hide from the soul's eyes the real treasures of the inner life.

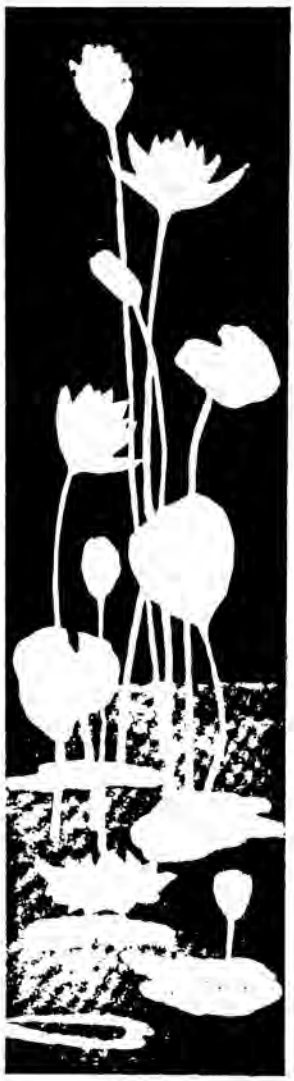
He who would win these treasures must grasp and control the whole of his nature, must bend all the resources of heart and mind to the service of the Higher Self. "The more one dares, the more he shall obtain." But he who pursues truth half-heartedly, with reservation and without the daily discipline of self-imposed and self-directed devotion to his ideal, will find happiness fleeting by him and his foothold slipping from beneath him.

Humanity must arouse itself to a realization of this very danger: that our hold on the divine side of life is very feeble; that consequently our civilization is undermined by the vices and crimes that fill the newspapers and make right-minded people stand aghast at the excesses and laxities on every hand. Everyone is responsible for these conditions in so far as he does nothing to change them. But the hour of change is at hand.

The springtime calls us to come forth from our winter quarters, to inhale the breath that blows refreshingly from the Spirit. Let in the light! Let us go to the mountaintops of aspiration and high resolve! The Kingdom

of Heaven is waiting to be taken by storm. Weaklings cannot enter: only the strong can. Whoso enters that City, whosoever sheds the light of love and compassion on the paths of those around him, not only lights the way for others, but finds in his own heart the Holy Grail of the Christos. K. H.

HOW THE LOTUS CAME



WHEN the wearying chill of the winter was on me
I was not afraid;
While the hard and prisoning shell clung round me
I was never dismayed;
For I knew when the Sun-god returned
And his mystical, magical Messengers burned
Their way to my heart, I would know,
And then I would go!

Then they came, like guardsmen kingly, imperial,
To summon their queen,
And they bade me arise and find trappings ethereal,
Opaline, purple and green,
And out of the chill unachieving
To win me the largess of blessèd believing,
The Sun-god to find and to know —
And I knew I must go!

Down from the skies they came, whirling and winging,
O Sun, to my aid;
Up to the skies I pushed, striving and singing,
All my tremors outweighed
By the flame leaping higher and higher
To unpetal my heart, the Sun's down-reaching fire
Urging me to aspire,
That I might rise and know!

Eastertide! Fill me thy mystical cup
Brimming! Fill me the cycles up
Joyfully, patiently, slow and more slow.
Time can do all things — Time and I,
Wide and yet wider my petals shall lie
Reborn, unafraid to the sky,
For I know and I know! — E. M.

SPRINGTIME IN LOMALAND

CONSTANCE EVERTON

THE bright sunshine is sifting
Where the cloud shades are drifting
O'er the dancing yellow poppies on the hill,
While downward towards the ocean
The waves in great commotion,
On beach and cliff, their frothy waters spill.

There we hear the plaintive crying
Of the gulls as they go flying,
Flashing white wings in the sunlight overhead,
As the little path we follow,
Leading down into the hollow,
Where the flame-tipped paint-brush flower gleams so red.

Oh, the springtime is abringing
All the birds back with their singing
And a hundred notes are ringing from the bush;

While the little laughing wren
Sounds her music in the glen,
From the tall tree comes the carol of the thrush.

From the vast store-house of Nature,
Spring unlocking wondrous treasure,
Offerings of joy and beauty freely gives,
While Great Life's tides pulsing through us
Touch the heart and thus imbue us
With the thought we are akin to all that lives.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

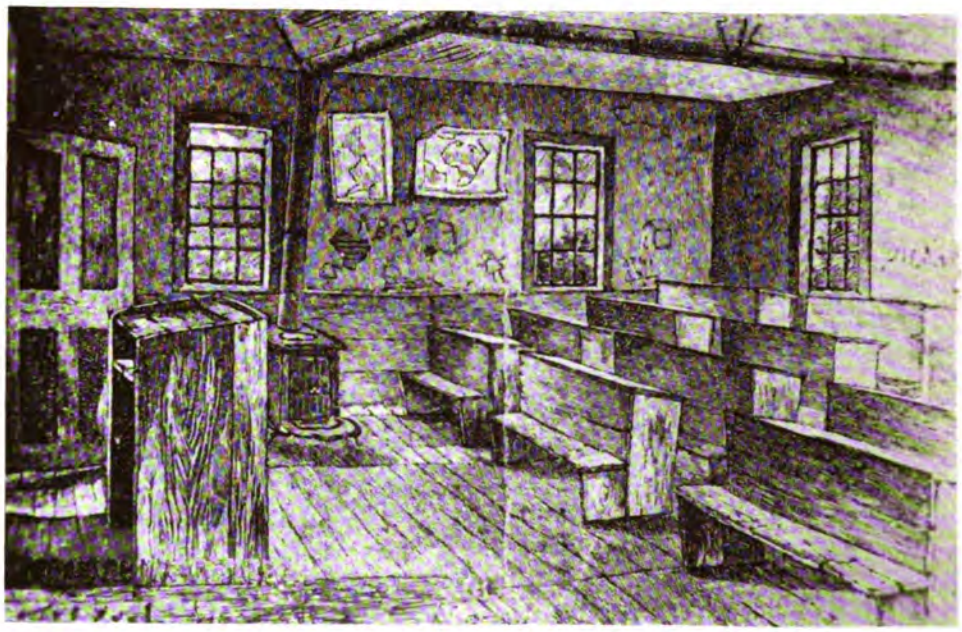
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the poet, began his life on December 17, 1807, at a farmhouse near Haverhill, Massachusetts, and here and at Amesbury, nine miles farther down the Merrimac River, except for brief absences, he lived for eighty-five years. On every side of his early home lay scenes of rare natural beauty, which became very dear to him. He filled his poetry with these lovely pictures and with the legend and history associated with the places thereabouts; and as he was an idealist, a reformer, and a lover of humanity, he also expressed in his poems the moral fervor of New England at its best.

The old farmhouse at Haverhill was built in 1680 by Thomas Whittier. The poet gives a delightful picture of it in 'Snow-Bound,' a poem which he wrote in 1866 and which is one of his finest works. He sets before us not only the quaint dwelling itself but also the family group and the guests who gathered about the huge fireplace on the night of the snowstorm. We see the mother, who knitted or spun while she told tales of old New England days, some of them with a strong spice of magic in them; the father and the uncle with their stories; the schoolmaster, who had so many varied and droll experiences to relate; and the dear young sister, who was Whittier's companion in his rambles over the country and who loved and wrote verses as he did. The farmhouse is standing yet and visitors can see the old fireplace and the great kettle hanging on the crane and the dishes on the dresser, just as they looked when Whittier was a boy.

FIREPLACE AT THE WHITTIER HOMESTEAD, AMESBURY

In another of Whittier's best poems, 'The Barefoot Boy,' he pictures for us the summer joys of boy life on the farm:

"O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard and saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,—
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!"



WHERE WHITTIER ATTENDED SCHOOL

In 'School Days,' he takes us to school with him.

"Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

"Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

"The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!"

Whittier had the usual education of a farm lad. After he left the district school, he went to the Haverhill Academy for one year. He must have understood self-education, however, for his works show familiarity with the history and poetry of many countries and with the writings of the great philosophers. His favorite study seems to have been the history of New England and the traditions of the early settlers. He pored over the old records and the books by Cotton Mather and Roger Williams and many others, and constantly referred to these matters in his poems.

Among the poets, Whittier's admiration was given to Robert Burns. Indeed, it was the poems of Burns which first awakened the poet in the boy.

His school-teacher used to read aloud to Whittier's mother and aunt, and one evening read from Burns. Whittier began to write verses, and his elder sister Mary sent one of the first to a Newburyport newspaper. This was the beginning of his long career as a poet.

About 1831 he, like the great English poet, John Milton, felt the call of his country in a time of need and for many years he devoted his poetic powers unselfishly to the cause of the unfortunate His work did appeal to the hearts of the people, and though he had to brave the disapproval and even the persecution that are the lot of those who champion a cause not generally popular, even those who held different convictions from his acknowledged the unselfishness of his motives. He became quite famous as a poet, and when he turned to other subjects his poems were more widely read than ever before.

Whittier's ancestors were Huguenots, Quakers, and Puritans, so that it was natural for him to be sympathetic towards all who were striving for freedom. He wrote poems about patriotic efforts in Italy, in Brazil, in Finland, in Hungary, as well as in America. He also expressed in verse his ideas on various reforms, such as the abolition of capital punishment.

When he wrote poetic tales of Puritan days, he presented the story in such a way as to be a lesson in religious tolerance, as in 'Cassandra Southwick' and 'The Witch's Daughter.' Whittier was himself a Quaker, and his belief in the light within each man enabled him to see the truth in different religious teachings.

During Whittier's lifetime there was a strong effort in New England to bring about a new insight into the meaning of religion. He wrote many poems that helped this. People who were not students of philosophy or theology could understand very well the spiritual ideas expressed in poems like 'My Soul and I,' 'Raphael,' 'The Shadow and the Light,' 'Questions of Life.' and 'The Over-Heart.' Stanzas from some of these are sung at religious gatherings, as for instance:

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny,
We reap as we have sown.

"Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall reappear.

"Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?"

"O no! — We live our life again;
Or warmly touched or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain,
Man's work shall follow him."

Whittier never married. In several of his poems there are traces of an early romance which ended in separation; but this disappointment, if such it was, did not chill or harden the poet's warm heart. He lived happily with his sisters and his nieces, and had many delightful friends, including Celia Thaxter, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Lucy Larcom, Rose Terry Cooke, Sarah Orne Jewett, Annie Fields — all writers,— and also his contemporaries, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and Holmes. His sister Elizabeth was his most cherished and intimate friend, and 'Snow-Bound' and another lovely poem, 'The Vanishers,' are elegies, written after her death.

Whittier's poems about New England life are delightful. The 'Songs of Labor' bring to us the sights and sounds of a working world full of vigor and out-of-door freshness. In 'The Old Cobbler on the Hillside' and 'The Old Fiddler,' we meet two quaint characters of former days. In 'The Telling of the Bees' an ancient custom is described. Others like 'The Double-Headed Snake,' 'The Garrison of Cape Ann,' 'Wreck of the Rivermouth,' 'Mary Garvin,' are all good narrative poems. In them we can trace the weird element that entered into the life in old New England. 'Snow-Bound' is of course the best of these poems about New England, and will always thrill the Northern-born with delightful memories, and charm also those who have never seen the snow fall, as do the following lines:

"So all night the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of yours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,

[*For the last two lines of this passage, see top of page 64.*]

In 'The Bridal of Pennacook' we have an Indian series, giving interesting pictures of the Red Man and telling the sad story of Weetamo. Squando, in 'The Truce of Piscataqua,' is a striking figure. We cannot help wishing that Whittier had written more poems about the Indians.

Throughout the works of Whittier there are lovely glimpses of Nature. Reading them we can see splendid mountains, wonderful rocks, and shimmering lakes. We can walk in the autumn woods where

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

"Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod,
And on a ground of somber fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of
purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed
the sweet wild-rose."

In 'Hampton Beach' and in 'The Tent on the Beach,' which is arranged like Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' we have sea-pictures — glimpses of the sand-dunes, the fascinating salt marshes, the shining beaches, and in the distance "the luminous belt of the sea beyond." The river paths were favorite haunts, and, indeed, our poet seems to have loved every aspect of Nature, from the trailing arbutus in the spring to the magic of Jack Frost in the depths of winter. In 'Sunset on the Bearcamp,' is this beautiful stanza:

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all the elms is twirled;
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world."

In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

Dearest of all to Whittier, however, was the River Merrimac, and his praise of it runs like a gleaming thread through all his poems. His most joyous and sacred associations were with "The Laurels," on its banks near Newburyport. He writes of a summer festival held there year after year, a delightful reunion of old friends amid the summer glory of the home of Mr. Nathan Chase, the grandfather of Madame Katherine Tingley. Here while the older people held quiet converse, the little child played under the pine trees, already building, both in her imagination and with twigs and stones, the great school and home for the children of different nations, which she established at Point Loma, California, in 1900. And in the great rotunda of the Râja-Yoga College, or in the Greek Theater, the students now often sing of the River Merrimac in Whittier's words:

"The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;
Give us a taste of thy upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet."

Whittier was in touch with the spiritual side of life; he felt that better things were in store for humanity, he knew that

"Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way."

In 'My Triumph' he expresses his confidence in the coming good:

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

"The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

"A dream of man and woman
Diviner still but human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold."

For the twentieth and last anniversary at "The Laurels," Whittier wrote:

"Make room, O river of our home!
For other feet in place of ours,
And in the summers yet to come,
Make glad another Feast of Flowers!"

In June of this year, the 'Light-bringers,' Madame Tingley and her band of Râja-Yoga Workers, will arrange a summer festival as an initial step in making this beautiful old estate a center of the Râja-Yoga education in Whittier's beloved New England.

GENTIAN

THE JOYS OF SLEDING

SOME DEGREES BELOW ZERO

THE sun is not yet up, but with the first gray streaks of dawn comes the sound of the whistle and bell of the seven o'clock train. How clearly they sound this morning! The vibrations have hardly passed away on the still, quiet air before all the whistles in town are sounding the seven o'clock warning. How shrill they sound, not a note is lost, and this particular sub-zero morning more whistles are heard than usual. The more distantly removed ones, seldom if ever heard throughout the year, sound distinctly and keenly in this sound-conveying atmosphere.

Listen to the chimes coming from the distant church tower. How each note quavers, and how musically clear the vibrations reach you! Not a note, not a vibration, is lost. Sounds usually blurred and indistinct come fresh and clear this Arctic morning.

The first rays of the morning sun strike bright and clear in the fence-corner where the ragweed grows amidst the wilted sunflower stalks. See how the sparrows crowd in there, not so much for the seeds they may gather, as for the warmth of that sunlit corner. All night they were perched in some sheltered nook, feathers puffed out and feet well covered, and yet they were not able to keep warm. Half-benumbed with the cold, they are gleefully chirping over the advent of the sun — little feathered sun-worshipers!

What is that low musical sound coming down the sunlit street? It is the morning milk-wagon crunching its way through the powdery snow, every minute diamond crystals crying out in musical protest against the crunching of the wheels and the crushing under horses' hoofs. See how the steam floats upward from the bodies of the horses, and how the threads of frozen

moisture hang from their mouths. The milkman, clad in fur from head to foot, seems to breathe forth snow until his bearded face is one mass of ice.

Here comes a sleigh down the snowy street. How musical all the bells are this crisp morning! What a riot of sound they give out, the heaviest with the tiniest bell ringing its tintinabulation out upon the crystalline air. See the smoke from the neighboring chimneys! Up, up, it goes, a straight round column of black and yellowish vapor, until it is absorbed and disseminated through the air above. Men talking to each other in the street are distinctly heard some distance away, leading one to suppose that on a morning like this shouting would not be necessary.

The sun is well up now, bathing trees, buildings, and the omnipresent snow in a flood of light that brings back a reflection, a million times multiplied, of every diamond and every icy crystal, until the eyes seek the sky for relief.

Let us stroll off towards the woods, not far away, and see what life there is like on a morning such as this. Buckle your overshoes snugly, so as to keep the powdery snow from drifting in; pull your cap down well over your ears, and button your coat-collar well up, and let us be off. A glance at the porch thermometer shows us 30° below zero.

Listen to the copper phone wires, how they sing! See them glisten in the morning sun, each wire snug and taut, contracted to its limit as it sings out a musical protest like a great piano frame high up in the air against which a giant bird might be gently wafting its pinions. A gentle breeze springs up and instantly the wires are set in wild commotion, playing such an extravaganza as one never heard before.

As we approach the woods, making our way through the unbroken snow, we set a jay screeching, and we wonder how and why that bird of ill-omen to the hunter has remained behind instead of feeding on chinkapins in the south. As we get nearer we see the jay dart towards the root of a tree and watch him in fierce combat with a red squirrel, who is protecting its hard-earned stores against the thieving bird. The beak and claws and quicker motions of the robber outwit the little red-furred fellow, and off the jay flies with his plunder, the squirrel chattering and hurling anathemas upon his feathered head. But soon the squirrel, seizing an acorn from his store, mounts to his snug retreat in the tree overhead, where he keeps watch, as he eats, for any fresh marauder.

We walk the still and quiet, leafless woods and, looking for the river that flows so merrily between its low and shallow banks during the long summer, see nothing but the sheet of snow that covers its icy surface.

The tracks of a hare are plainly seen in the snow, and in this nearby drift we see where the hardy partridge went in and where he came out. On such

a night the warm, dry snow proved a better protection than a thicket of hazel bushes, never so dense.

On such nights as these we think of our little brown friends the quail, snugly backed up in a circle under some briar-grown fence corner, and wonder how they stand the cold. But give these hardy, white-necked little fellows something to eat, and, provided they do not get sleet-'crusted,' they will weather any winter that may come along.

We skirt the fields and work alongside the briar patches looking for quail signs, but to no avail. We imagine our feathered friends are favoring some cover close to the farmers' yard where they can be sheltered from the wind alongside the haystack and where they can run in amongst the chickens and levy toll.

A fresh breeze is springing up and little riffles of snow form as the dusty flakes, glistening and icy, go swirling about. When one of these gusts of wind carries a few grains of snow against your face, it tingles and smarts and stings as though it were pricked by needles.

While the air was still one could move about in comparative comfort, but with a breeze blowing and the snow filling the air, it is well, when the mercury is at 30°-, to get under cover. So now we will retrace our steps and hurry home. And under the intensely brilliant sun we plod over the snow until we reach our doorstep where we stamp the dry, crisp snow from our shoes, give a shiver and walk into the presence of the grate fire, which smiles and laughs and glows at us as if it were quite as glad to see us as we are to sit down beside it and be sociable. C.

JACK FROST, DECORATOR

THE FAITHFUL DOG

Aught of the kind requital, that delights
His honest nature. When he comes at eve,
Laying his ample head upon thy knee,
And looking at thee with a glistening eye,
Repulse him not, but let him on the rug
Sleep fast and warm, beside thy parlor fire.
The lion-guard of all thou lov'st is he,
Yet bows his spirit at thy least command,
And crouches at thy feet. On his broad back
He bears thy youngest darling, and endures
Long, with a wagging tail, the teasing sport
Of each mischievous imp. Enough for him,
That they are thine.

'Tis but an olden theme
To sing the faithful dog. The storied page
Full oft hath told his tried fidelity,
In legend quaint. Yet if in this our world
True friendship is a scarce and chary plant,
It might be well to stoop and sow its seed
Even in the humble bosom of a brute.
— Slight nutriment it needs,— the kindly tone,
The sheltering roof, the fragments from the board,
The frank caress, or treasured word of praise
For deeds of loyally.

So may'st thou win
A willing servant, and an earnest friend,
Faithful to death. — Selected

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

BY MARY S. WHITE, A 'PIONEER' OF '59

Illustrated by her daughter, Miss Edith White, the Lomaland Artist, who made this memorable trip as a six-months' old baby.

PART II

THE country along the Platte River is flat, the plains extending far beyond the reach of the eye. We seemed to be traveling on level ground, though we knew by the downward current of the river that we were steadily rising to its source in the Rocky Mountain range. We must have traveled several hundred miles along the banks of this river. The journey was slow and wearisome, yet day by day the new scenery gladdened our hearts and encouraged us to toil on.

There were no towns or places of human habitation between Omaha and Fort Laramie. We reached the Fort on the sixth of July. It was on the south side of the Platte River. We tarried for a day there, and many of the men in our company were ferried over to see the place.

Whenever we stopped a day we always did our washing and baking. We took great pains to keep ourselves clean and tidy, and our food was as cleanly cooked as at home. Our fuel was 'buffalo chips.'

We had a number of cows, and we made more butter than we could use; so it was packed away for future use, as we knew the time would come when we could not make any more. We made the butter by skimming the cream off the night's milk, adding to it the morning's milk, and putting it in a large tin churn and covering it tightly so it could not slop over, and then setting the churn on a place made for it at the back of the wagon. The motion of the wagon did the churning, and at noon we had a large ball of butter. This was while we were yet on the Platte River. My father knew just when we should come to water that had alkali in it. Then we should have to dry up the cows, and use no more milk for fear of being made sick.

The alkali is very poisonous, and great numbers of animals had died from drinking the water in that locality. We were very much annoyed by the odor of the dead animals that we found by the way, and had to be very cautious that we did not use any water from the river near them; for we often saw where they had fallen in the river.

As I write, I find myself traveling this road over again. The more I think about it, the more eagerly I find myself searching every nook and corner of my brain for events that have been hidden and even buried these many years by more recent events of life. After living over fifty years in California with the alternating greens of spring and the browns of summer and autumn, it is refreshing to look back over that vast stretch of green in the valley of the Platte River. The mind is soothed even by the memory of this enchanting

verdure. One could imagine what a pleasant trip might be made of it now, with all fear of danger removed and with so many towns and homes built up all along this once lonely plain.

The vast plain on each side of the Platte River was without forests or any trees except one that was called the 'Lone Tree,' and we could see it long before we reached it. Some had seen it inverted in a mirage. There was a lone mountain that rose out of the plains forty miles south of us, and we traveled with it in sight for two weeks. The mountains that we first traveled over were the Black Hills, and later we had to cross the Rocky Mountains. Just before we began our journey over the mountains we came to the famous 'Independence Rock' where thousands had carved their names. It was an immense solid rock apparently thirty or forty feet high, with a large base and running to almost a point at the top.

From this place we commenced our journey over the Rocky Mountains, which were grand beyond conception; indeed, one could not help 'living in the clouds' in more truth than fancy. The road wound round mountains, over rocks, and down declivities so steep that we had to lock the wheels of our wagons with great chains, as we knew nothing of brakes in those days. These mountain roads with the forest on either side were delightful in the summer months. Dashing down the mountain-side were refreshing streams of clear water, along the banks of which grew beautiful flowers and wild fruits. One thing seemed very strange: the fact that we did not find there any small birds or bees.

The Rocky Mountains form the dividing line between Montana and Idaho. We did not see very many Indians until we came into the latter state. But when we reached the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, we met a hostile tribe, and then we were obliged to be on the alert for fear of trouble, which, however, we were not destined to meet until later. Very unexpectedly we met one who proved himself to be our friend and gave us warning to be on guard. This was Colonel Lander. With him were twenty-five well armed men who had been sent out by the United States Government to open a road and build bridges over a cut-off in the Wasatch Mountains that was to shorten the overland route to the Pacific Coast. He cautioned us to be very watchful; for, he said, the Indians were preparing to commit some depredations before the day was over, and he thought our party would be the victims. The sign of warning was small fires built here and there over the mountains surrounding us. We had noticed these fires all the forenoon but had felt no special alarm, not knowing the meaning of such a seemingly ordinary thing. Before leaving us, the Colonel said, "We will be with you at ten o'clock tonight." He must have felt very sure that we were destined to have trouble that night.

After leaving Colonel Lander we came down from the mountains into a

beautiful valley. So enchanting was it, that we forgot all the fear of the Indians that the Colonel, only a few hours before, had tried to instil into our minds. Two of the men in our train took their guns and followed along in sight of the road, hunting rabbits. We noticed about an hour before camping-time that we were driving over a bridge built of rocks and forming a cave at one side. We little suspected that nearly under us were secreted nine Indians awaiting an opportunity to pounce upon our unwary men.

As soon as the wagons were out of sight beyond a hill, these Indians came out of their hiding-place and advanced toward our two men, one of whom had boasted of his confidence in the Indians, saying that he had no fear of them at all. "How foolish you all are to be afraid of them," he said to his companion, "Let's go and speak to them and be friendly, and trade them some ammunition for tobacco." But the other man objected. He thought they ought to keep out of the range of the Indians' guns; but they did speak to the Indians and also traded with them, and the Indians appeared to be friendly.

AN INDIAN OF THE PLAINS

However, when our men turned around and started for the camp, the Indians shot both of them, one through the lungs and the other in one of his hips. The one who was mortally wounded said, "My God, I am a dead man," then turned around and shot both barrels of his gun at the Indians, but did not hit them. The other wounded man turned and pointed his gun at them and remained by his companion until he saw that he was dead. When he could do no more he backed away, still pointing his gun at the Indians until he was out of range of their guns. Then he started for the camp, dragging his gun by the muzzle, for he was too weak from loss of blood to carry it. He managed to get to the top of the hill overlooking our camp and shouted to us; but we were afraid to go to him, thinking that he was an Indian. When we made no move to go to him, he fired off his gun and fainted, falling to the ground. Then we knew that he was one of our men, and we at once went to him and carried him into camp. When we learned that his companion had been killed, nearly every one of the men in our company started off in great excitement to punish the Indians; but fortunately they had fled, or probably all of our men would have lost their lives at their hands.

The Indians had taken the dead man's gun and every stitch of his clothing.

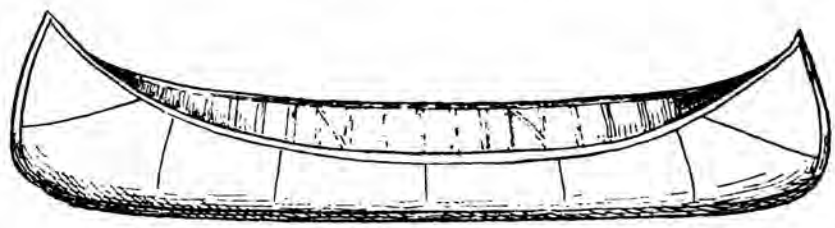
Our men remained with the body until Colonel Lander came and brought them all into camp at ten o'clock, as he had said he would. That was a sad night for the afflicted family and for us all. It was fortunate for us that the Government soldiers were with us that night. The Colonel and his men had a number of teams and wagons, and with these he completely surrounded us as a means of protection and defense. It was well for us, for the Indians were seen by our guards prowling around through the whole night. We knew that we were in great danger and hardly expected to see the light of another day, but in the morning there was not an Indian to be seen.

At nine o'clock that morning our comrade was buried. A deep grave was dug and lined with willow branches; his body was dressed in his wedding-suit (he had been married only three months); over that was wrapped a beautiful white blanket that Colonel Lander gave them, and over that a black oil-cloth for protection. We all went to the grave, the widow leaning on the arm of Colonel Lander. There happened to be a minister with us who offered a prayer, and the Colonel gave a short talk. The body of our comrade was so thickly covered with the soft, beautiful willow boughs that we could not hear the earth as it fell upon them. He was buried on high ground that overlooked the surrounding country for many miles, and after all was over we drove away on our long, sad journey. As we were starting, a large flock of white birds circled round and round us for some time. The sudden and extraordinary appearance of these birds gave us quite a shock; for we were so sad that we imagined them a bad omen, but they proved to be the contrary.

We bade Colonel Lander and his kind men good-bye, never expecting to see or hear from them again. There was not a day after that, that fires could not be seen on the mountains as a warning to all Indians to keep out of our way. The Indians massacred many companies of emigrants that year, and we felt very anxious the rest of the journey.

Colonel Lander was killed in the Civil War a year or two later. He was one of the grandest men I ever saw, towering way above every man in our company. He must have been at least six feet four inches tall. Above all, he was kind and tender to the afflicted. We can never forget our meeting with that noble man.

(*To be concluded*)



BE WHAT THOU ART

JOAQUIN MILLER

TO be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be bravely, truly, what thou art.
The acorn houses the huge tree,
And patient, silent, bears its part,
And bides the miracle of time.
For miracle and more sublime
It is than all that has been writ,
To see the great oak grow from it.
But thus the soul grows, grows the heart.
To be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be truly what thou art.

To be what thou wouldst truly be,
Be true. God's finger sets each seed,
Or when or where we may not see;
But God shall nourish to its need
Each one, if but it dares be true,
To do what it is set to do.
Thy proud soul's heraldry? 'Tis writ
In every gentle action; it
Can never be contested. Time
Dates thy brave soul's ancestral book
From thy first deed sublime.

Wouldst learn to know one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour
Of all the years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planted; grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,
As He hath set His garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree.
Thy treasures up in heaven laid
Await thy sure ascending soul,
Life after life. Be not afraid! — Selected

RUNAWAY FLOWERS

HERE are certain hardy bulbs and plants that have a way of creeping slowly out of a garden and establishing themselves in some nook or corner, sometimes unobserved for years or until they grow to the blooming size, when suddenly some spring morning one discovers a lovely bunch of blossoms which have naturalized themselves among the wild things. They seem to look up at one as much as to say, "We could not help running away, for we wanted to make friends with our little wild cousins."

In Lomaland there are lots of little runaway flowers creeping over the hillsides and down into the canyons, scattering their seeds and bulbs farther and farther each year.

Sometimes the bulbs of the Chinese Lily have been carelessly dropped or perhaps thrown away with some rubbish, or possibly the heavy rains have washed the bulbs into the canyon. The bulbs lie dormant part of the year, but at the first rain they somehow manage, even though uncovered, to send roots down into the ground and in time to work themselves under the soil, and before long there will have sprung up a colony of bright lilies, blooming early in the winter. These hardy bulbs seem bound to make a home for themselves, no matter how poor a place (and I have seen them flowering in the middle of a patch of coarse Mesembryanthemum), and up they come sturdy and strong, waving their bright blossoms and filling the air with their strong perfume.

The Oxalis is a great runaway bulb, especially the yellow kind. The little bulbs scatter and plants come up in great clover-like patches, and by early February they are waving their sulphur-yellow flowers in the sunshine.

The lovely freesias freely scatter their little red seeds, and the following spring these send up quantities of sword-like leaves through the red sandy hard-pan even in the middle of the very path we continually walk upon and all along outside the garden borders as well. But here and there they manage to creep down the hillside into the shade, which is more to their liking, and there they show their happiness by displaying extra large fragrant blossoms.

The flame-colored Montbreesia is another bulb which likes to run away and turn wild, and even the calla lily will make itself a home if it happens to migrate to a shady, moist place.

There is a pretty purple Linaria, like a diminutive snap-dragon, which has run away from the Lomaland garden for years and is taking up the life of the wild flowers to a surprising degree. And the Nasturtiums that have found their way down in one of the deep canyons have entirely draped the sides for some distance — a gorgeous sight in the early summer months.

Even our old friend the geranium, so tenacious of life is it that the old stalks thrown away will take root and grow if they have but half a chance.

So, in wandering about the hills and canyons, one often comes across many of our old garden friends, seemingly out of place but apparently quite content in the environment where choice or circumstance has placed them.

Some plants, particularly bulbs, have developed a way of storing up moisture, which is very necessary in this dry climate, and that is one reason why many plants are able to live so long after they have run away before they strike root; in fact bulbs generally are mainly store-houses for the plants. That, and the fact that they can lie dormant for so long, is why they can be imported from far away countries.

To cite one example of this storing up power in plants, the Oxalis grows a sort of root along with its other roots which is like a long white radish, and this it keeps filled with water ready for a dry time.

Ferns sometimes develop little balls covered with a sort of brown fur on the end of the long string-like shoots they send out, which balls are simply little sacks filled with water. The asparagus fern and smilax plants have many little water sacks about their roots, and there are many other plants that have various ways of storing water.

But after a time such runaway plants get smaller and finally revert to their wild state and become simple wild flowers once more, or perhaps gradually die out.

It is hard to realize that our large, beautiful plants and flowers sprang originally from small single wild plants of the many different countries in which their native habitats happened to be, but that cultivation brought them to the state of perfection which we now enjoy. Rich soil, carefully selected seed, cross fertilization for hundreds of years, have changed the little wild rose to the wonder it now is, and so it was with our garden plants the world over.

So you see, it has taken man's greater intelligence in helping Nature and working with her in order to bring plants and flowers to the state of perfection and to keep them from going back to their original state. It is also a proven fact that only he who has the real love of Nature in his heart and is willing to give them loving care, really makes a success of raising plants and flowers. E.

Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives."

It is true that modern life is pushing back the period of old age. A man of forty today is much younger than a man of forty was a century ago. A woman of thirty or thirty-five has just reached maturity, while a Puritan of the same age would most probably have lamented her lost youth and mourned over her imagined shortcomings.

Although we moderns have attained to a certain degree the secret of keeping young, nevertheless the majority of us fret and worry, thinking of the time when we shall have to stop the activities and the pleasures that interest us now. Many are wise enough to realize that a certain amount of work is always good and desirable for one's body as well as for one's mind. Work keeps us young, for, as the saying goes, "it takes longer to wear out than to rust out." But most of us can work and help others a great deal longer than we imagine.

One of the most extraordinary examples of activity in old age is to be found in Manuel García, who died at the remarkable age of one hundred and one. He had been a lifelong student of voice-culture and had introduced many methods in vocal teaching that are being followed today. He taught and trained many of the best singers of the past century and was also the inventor of the laryngoscope, of great importance to surgeons and specialists.

To the very end of his life this remarkable man preserved a wonderful activity and alertness of mind, showing us by his example that we need not think of giving up, however old we may be, while we still have energy, a clear mind, and a strong desire to serve humanity.

Another person, notable in the same way, was Michel Eugène Chevreul, the French chemist, who published an important scientific treatise at the age of ninety-two, and who was busy with pen in hand until he reached his one hundred and third year.

Theosophy teaches us that each person should endeavor to fill his place in life nobly. It teaches us that we are sent into this world for a certain length of time and are expected to accomplish our mission. Therefore, when we give up our work before our time has expired, we are simply postponing our duty until the next life, thus making it tenfold harder.

Occasionally some pretender has imagined that he has found the 'Elixir of Life,' so called, the magic fluid which will enable one to live forever; but it is doubtful whether many people would really wish to remain in this world any longer than their allotted period. Why, then, should we fret at the approach of age? We can always make it happy and useful, and it ought to be the most beautiful part of life. OCTAVIA FRANCO

THE BETTER WAY

SUSAN COOLIDGE

HE serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone;
There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record, which all men may read;
This is the better way.— Selected

A SKATING TRIP

SKATING, as perhaps you may know, is an important winter sport in Holland. As soon as ice has formed on the water and is strong enough, old and young are seen on the ice-rink.

Once we took a trip on skates from Utrecht to Gouda. The ice was very smooth and even and without cracks. We started off with long strides. In the beginning there were too many people on the ice, but soon we passed the crowd and, as the way was clear before us, we could go at a better speed.

At Woerden we stopped at a booth to eat some real Dutch cakes with a nice cup of chocolate. Then we went through the old city. The ice was strong enough to hold carriages and a number of tilt-cars that rumbled over the ice, which was very dirty here. Woerden was the last place in the province of Utrecht. We skated now on the Old Rhine, a tributary of the Rhine. We went through Alphen, a village where a battle was fought in 1672.

At Boskoop we came upon the Gouwe, a little river. At the same place we saw a large tree-nursery, where rose-bushes are raised. Beside the canal there were big fish-ponds, and we noticed that holes had been made in the ice for the fish to breathe through.

The next town we came to was Gouda, a place famous for its cheese, fritters and waffles. We went into the city and bought small pipes to put on our hats. That is a custom observed by all skaters who come to this town; it has been handed down from the early days when those long Dutch pipes were made there.

That was the end of our trip, because we wished to be back before dark.

JOOST DE LANGE — a Râja-Yoga primary pupil from Holland

EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

V

HERE is no dog more elegantly formed than the greyhound which was at one time used in the chase of the wolf, the bear, and the boar; but now, reduced in size and strength, it is fitted only for the pursuit of the gentle, inoffensive hare. His name has nothing to do with the color gray, but is related to two Icelandic words, *grey* a 'greyhound' and *hundr* a 'dog,' so that greyhound really means a greyhound-dog. The greyhound may be of many different colors, so that there would be no sense in calling it gray.

The fox-terrier derives his name from the French word *terre*, which means 'land' or 'earth.' For chasing the fox in the open country the foxhound is employed; but when he takes refuge in his *earth* or burrow, a much smaller dog, the fox-terrier is sent in after him to persuade him to come out. These dogs are often unwelcome visitors in rabbit-holes as well. There was one sort of 'terrier' in the old days which was kept in a box and needed no food nor exercise; it was known as the *papier terrier*. This expression may be translated into modern English by the word 'land-list,' and signified in early England the list of tenants who farmed the land of a lord.

Just as a man who is concerned with the law is called a 'lawyer,' and a man who used the bow in times gone by was called a 'bowyer,' so the dog who had to do with hares was called the 'harrier.' Harriers are used in large packs at the present day in England for hunting the hare. There is a bird of prey known as the 'hen-harrier,' which however has nothing to do with hares. It is called the 'hen-harrier' because it 'harries' or persecutes the inmates of the poultry-yard.

The French had a dog they called the *chien espagnol* or Spanish dog, and if we pronounce the word *es-pan-yol*, as they did, we can easily see where our word *spaniel* comes from, although disguised under its English spelling. The 'cocker spaniel' is the spaniel used for hunting woodcocks.

The 'pointer' is a sporting-dog trained to stand perfectly still when he sees a rabbit or a partridge and to show it to his master by *pointing* his nose at it. 'Setters' behave in exactly the same way nowadays; but in former times they were trained to crouch on the ground instead of pointing, and they received their name from their original habit. Properly speaking, the dog should be called a 'sitter.' Just as 'lay' means to cause to 'lie,' so 'set' means to cause to 'sit.' We 'lie' on the grass, but we 'lay' the book on the table; we 'sit' on the chair, but we 'set' the hen on the nest; we 'fall' on the sidewalk, but we 'fell' the oak-tree; we 'drink' a glass of water, but we 'drench' a horse with medicine. Unfortunately many people do not speak properly, and the 'setter' will probably keep his name unchanged.

'Poodle' is one of the twenty-four words which we have borrowed from the Germans. Readers of Goethe's *Faust* will remember the black poodle,

and when this book was translated into English in 1864 the German *pudel* was simply spelled in an English way and taken right into the language. In Low German *pudeln* means to 'waddle,' and as the dog waddled after his master they called him *pudel*. *Pudel* is also related to 'pudding,' for the puddings of those days were thick and stumpy and not at all unlike a poodle in shape, except that puddings have no limbs.

The 'pug' dog did not get his name from his pug nose, but because with his pert, ugly, mischievous face he was thought to resemble a puck, or, as we should say in modern times, 'a little imp.' As the English had the word *puck*, so the Irish had *puca*, a sprite, and the Welsh *pwca*, a goblin. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare simply took the common name for any little sprite of Fairyland and gave it as a proper name to the merry monarch of the forest elves.

In 'the good old days' meat was always roasted on a spit, or in other words a slender bar of iron was stuck through the joint and then the two ends of the spit supported before the fire. Now it is clear that roasted in this way the meat would be burnt to a cinder on one side and be left perfectly raw on the other. To prevent this a hollow wheel was attached to one end of the spit and a 'turnspit' dog put inside the wheel. As the dog patiently worked his treadmill the joint turned slowly round and was thus properly cooked all over. The 'turnspit' was a long-bodied dog with short legs; he has now been superseded by the invention of the roasting-jack, which goes by clockwork and causes the joint to spin as it hangs before the fire.

The Newfoundland dog is a famous life-saver, being a powerful swimmer with webbed paws and a great fondness for pulling people out of the water. The owner of one of these dogs was obliged to leave him at home when he went swimming because the faithful animal insisted on plunging into the water after him and dragging him ashore. The lesson to be learned from this dog is to do your duty when called upon, but also to use a little common sense lest you make yourself a nuisance. These dogs were formerly used by the inhabitants of Newfoundland to draw loads of fish and wood on little carts and sledges.

No one can dogmatize as to the derivation of 'mastiff,' for learned philologists (or word-lovers) hold three different opinions upon the subject. One connects it with the word 'mansion' and says it is the dog that guards the mansion — the house-dog. Another derives it from the word *masty*, which meant large. Others again believe that it comes from the Latin *mixtus* and means the dog of 'mixed' breed — the mongrel. This however seems unlikely, because the mastiff was found in Britain at the earliest times of which we have any record, and appears to be an original breed.

The *yelp* of the dog is the sharp and sudden cry caused by pain or fear. It is just the Anglo-Saxon *gilpan*, to talk loudly, in a slightly altered form.

To 'whimper' is to appeal for help or sympathy by means of a low, plaintive, broken cry, and hard is the human heart that turns a deaf ear to the entreaty. It appears to be from the Scotch ***whimmer***.

To 'whine' is to utter a long-drawn, melancholy tone something like a low whistle. In Danish ***hvine*** means to whistle, and the Swedish ***hvina*** has the same meaning. These words are clearly related to our word ***whine***.

To 'howl' is to yell or cry aloud. The parent word is the Latin ***ululare***, to hoot like an owl. The long-drawn howl can never be mistaken for the sharp broken sound of barking which, as we have said, has been supposed to have arisen from the attempts of the dog to imitate the separate words of human speech. Dogs sometimes howl at the moon and keep the neighbors awake. Whatever the wild animal was from which the dog has descended, he is supoosed to have taken advantage of moonlight nights to go ahunting. When the moon shone full, the scattered members of the pack are said to have called each other together by lifting up their voices in a penetrating, long-drawn howl. Although faithful Tray securely tied in his kennel has neither the need nor the desire to go hunting, yet the old ancestral memory lingers on and makes him howl although he knows not why. It is very hard to have one's rest disturbed by a howling dog; but we should remember that it is not very pleasant for the poor dog either to be obliged to lose his sleep because of an overmastering instinct which is of no personal advantage to him.

To 'snarl' is to growl in a fierce and threatening manner, and the word is nearly related to 'sneer,' 'snore' and 'snort.' A true 'snarl' is accompanied by the turning up of the nose and the uncovering of the two dagger-like canine teeth in the upper jaw. When a man 'sneers' he, too, turns up his nose slightly and lifts the lip just over his canine teeth. Who would willingly imitate a dog so closely in his ugliest expression? There is in every human face a muscle called 'the sneering muscle,' which raises the lip over the canine or dog teeth.

The 'kennel' is the house where the dog lives. In later Latin the sheep-house was called the *ovile*, the ox's house was called the *bovile*, and in the same way a dog's house was called the *canile* from *canis*, a dog. 'Kennel' is simply *canile* spelled a little differently. In old-fashioned books you will sometimes see the gutter that runs by the sidewalk referred to as the 'kennel,' but this is in no way related to *canis*, a dog. 'Kennel,' when it means a gutter, is just *canal* disguised under another spelling.

Some people have wondered why bad boys will sometimes urge their dog to attack some harmless stranger by loud cries of "Sick him! sick him!" It is certainly bad for the health to be bitten by an angry dog; but there is no reference made here to sickness. What the boy is really trying to say is "Seek him," but he makes the vowel too short. UNCLE LEN

THE WAY OUR GRANDMAMMAS DRESSED

'Persis' — Portrait by Laura Coombs Hills, in Metropolitan Museum, New York

NOREEN'S MIRROR

By A. P. D.

"YES, Meg says we may weed the garden," said Susie breathlessly; "but each must do her own part well, without assistance."

"Of course!" interrupted Kathleen, with a proud toss of her head. "There isn't much honor in depending on other people to improve what you do."

"And," continued Susie, "in the evening Meg will tell us a story."

Evening came, and Meg welcomed them with a smile.

"We shall have the weeding all done by tomorrow, Meg," said Eva; "but you were going to tell us a story tonight."

"Yes, and it is all about a little girl named Noreen, who found out something very wonderful about work," replied Meg, as the three little girls seated themselves around her.

"One day at school, while in sewing class, she felt very tired. Although she had taken first prize for sewing, today she almost hated it; but she knew she must sew for another half-hour. So she just sighed and went on sewing, and then all kinds of thought-pictures came into her head.

"The world seemed full of people having to do what they didn't like. So many little girls, not as big as herself, had to sew in close workrooms all day! and often when they weren't feeling well! and many of them had poor homes, with very little to eat!

"Noreen had never thought of such things, and before the half-hour was up she had become very thoughtful. Everything she did, even the things she used, took her in thought to the industries they represented; sometimes it almost seemed that she could feel the feelings of the people who worked so hard, and tears came to her eyes once or twice, for she knew how weary such people were.

"But not all were so. Some were very happy, on the contrary. And oh! how she did admire those who did their work well; because she now understood how much patience and perseverance people have to build within themselves before they can do work with a beautiful and perfect finish.

"At last she began to understand that by the time any one succeeds in doing any kind of work *really well*—anything, even sweeping, dusting, or weeding a garden — it becomes like a mirror, so to say; and that any one looking into that mirror will feel a tender glow in his heart, uniting him with people working at no matter what and wherever they may be.

"So now, do you Susie, and you Kathleen, and you Eva, see how soon you can find Noreen's mirror," said Meg.

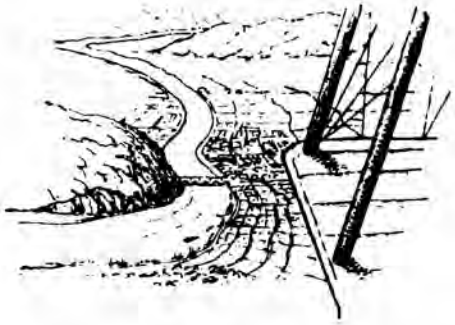
FLYING

I HEARD the airships whirring by,
Above my head, so very high,
Like great strange birds up in the sky,
And wondered how it seems to fly.

I wonder how it seems, to wing
Above the trees where skylarks sing,
Above the spires where church-bells ring,
Above the clouds, and everything.

I wonder how it seems, to go
Where you can see towns far below,
And see the rivers, where they flow
Out to the ocean, slow and slow.

It seems to me, it must be fun
To make those swift sky-motors run;
To be in that high trav'ling one
Among the stars and moon and sun. *Y. K.*



NATURE'S AIRSHIPS

THE CHESTNUT TREE, THE WIND, AND THE THRUSH

ONCE upon a time a young Chestnut tree grew in the center of a large field. It knew it was a fine tree for its age because it had heard folks say so. It thought itself a little above shading the cattle which were brought to graze in the meadow, but it made a virtue of necessity and even condescended to shelter children who had picnics in the shadow of its spreading branches.

While the tree was little, it had not been able to see over the hedge which bounded the field, but one day, as it grew, it saw not far away a much taller, much finer tree. In the Spring this big tree was covered with pillars of beautiful white flowers, while the little tree had none. Ever since that it longed to have beautiful white blossoms too.

This year the sun warmed the little branches and twigs of the little Chestnut tree till its tiny buds burst and its leaves unfolded, showing here and there tiny, closely packed flowers, cosily imbedded

in cotton wool. As Spring passed, these weak baby flowers developed into cones of wonderful pink blossoms.

The little tree was very proud and held it's head high. When the Wind wandered among it's branches, its leaves whispered, "We are beautiful! We are beautiful!"

"Oh yes!" answered the Wind as it whirled round among the branches, "You are very beautiful, but you will fade, and I shall scatter you. You will wither; while I never die. Ho! ho!" frolicked the Wind, "wait and see!"

The Wind often visited the little tree, and left laden with scent and pollen, and the leaves still whispered, "We are beautiful! we are beautiful!" But one day the tree noticed that it's blossoms were not as fresh and dainty as they had been, and to its dismay saw some of them, withered and brown.

When the Wind came again it murmured gently, "I told you so!" The poor little tree was terribly unhappy; so unhappy that it's leaves began to droop and would answer the Wind with but a feeble rustle.

When the big tree in the next field saw what was happening, it whispered a message to a little Thrush which sat nearly bursting with melody on the topmost bough. The Thrush ceased its song and listened a moment, then flew quickly away and lighted on the little Chestnut and began trilling again. The tree listened wearily, and then asked, "Why are you so happy, little bird? Look at my flowers, they are withered and dead; I am beautiful no longer!"

"You silly little tree!" answered the Thrush, "of course your flowers are dead; they only lived to create your fruit."

"Fruit! what's that?" asked the little tree.

"Wait and see!" replied the Thrush, "and in the meantime because you see no reason for the things that happen, don't conclude that they are always for the worst!" Then, after a few more happy notes, the Thrush flew away.

After many days the little tree began to take pride in the prickly round balls which began to grow where the flowers had been. "The

Thrush was right!" thought the tree, and it sent it's sap hurrying along at the thought that it was really bearing fruit.

A day came when the first ripe chestnut burr fell, then others followed, some bursting open as they cheerily fell to earth.

"Oh!" cried the little tree in dismay, "You are going too!" And when it saw the green silk-lined cradles break open and the glossy brown treasures roll out, it thought that all its labor had been in vain, and its leaves, in despair, began to wither.

"Never mind!" sang the Thrush, "something better will come of it all!"

"No!" said the tree, "this time you are wrong, little Thrush. The Wind said my flowers would die, and they did. He said he would scatter my leaves. Look! they are going." And the tree would not listen to the Thrush. The Wind being sorry for the tree, blew a cold blast and sent it to sleep. How long it slept, and how peacefully!

When the Spring came again and woke the tree along with the anemones and daffodils, the first thing it heard was a fairy-like voice asking, "Where am I?"

Looking down, the Chestnut tree saw a tiny green shoot pushing it's way up out of the ground.

"You are in a lovely field!" replied the tree, "and it is Spring again! I'll take care of you! Where do you come from?"

"I lived in a little green box," said the shoot, "which one day burst open, after a great bump. I rolled into a little hole, and soft brown things came down on me from above and covered me up. They kept me warm and cosy, till one day I burst open my little house and came up here." When the Chestnut tree heard this it knew that the Thrush had been right after all; for this green shoot was the tree's own baby!

The tree felt glad to be alive. It grew so fast and flowered so early that year that everyone noticed it.

It was only showing the baby tree how to grow, and letting the Thrush know how happy and grateful it was. DORRIS T-S.

DO YOU SEE PUSSY'S PLAYFELLOW?

A LETTER FROM A CAT

DEAR EDITOR:— I hereby take
My pen in paw to say,
Can you explain a curious thing
I found the other day?

There is another little cat
Who sits behind a frame,
And looks so very much like me
You'd think we were the same.

I try to make her play with me,
Yet when I mew and call,
Though I see her mew in answer,
She makes no sound at all.

And to the dullest kitten
It's plain enough to see
That either I am mocking her,
Or she is mocking me.

It makes no difference what I play,
She seems to know the game;
For every time I look around
I see her do the same.

And yet no matter though I creep
On tiptoe lest she hear,
Or quickly dash behind the frame,
She's sure *to disappear.*
— Oliver Herford in *St. Nicholas*

LITTLE DEEDS AND GREAT ONES

"I WILL tell you the one Granny told me," answered Hester, in reply to a pleading request for a story.

"Please, please!" exclaimed Gerty and Fanny.

"There are two fairies, very strange and wonderful fairies, almost hidden behind shining veils. One records little deeds that don't seem to matter much, and the other records great and heroic ones.

"And the very strangest thing about these fairies is that people can only see them through their natures and not with their eyes. If people have overcome naughty thoughts and feelings, they become beautiful within and the beauty lifts the shining veils.

"When Granny was a little girl, she thought a great deal about these fairies and she did long to know them, and one night she did! She just found herself beside them, and the shining veils were so lovely and radiant that she was almost afraid to breathe. One by one they lifted and she saw the fairies. They didn't speak, but somehow

— she couldn't remember just how — she knew what they were doing. She saw all the kind little acts and unselfish victories of one boy or girl, that one of the fairies was recording, blended together until they became a great one. Then, like a flash, it seemed to her to belong to the other fairy.

"The very instant that Granny thought this, she saw far, far away a city, where all the people were talking of a wonderful deed that had been done, and she saw others trying very hard to do something great so that they might be praised and cheered too. But somehow they couldn't, for the fairy hadn't been able to record the right number of little deeds to make a great one.

"Looking back at the fairies, suddenly Granny saw that everything had changed; the two had become one — one so glorious and beautiful, and yet with so deep a heart-silence about her, that Granny felt dazzled and awed, and bowed her head.

"Then Granny knew this: 'To those who think that little deeds are of little importance, and great deeds of great importance, there are two fairies; but for those who have learned that the little deeds are the petals of the flower, there is but one, and to know her is to have found one of the wisest friends and grandest workers of the Law of the World.'"

AUNT ANNIE

ALL ABOARD!
HURRAH, WE'RE OFF!

PIXY PAN'S TROUBLES

PIXY PAN, the little green paraquet, is in trouble again. I think the trouble started about the time when he began to have too good an opinion of himself and to think that no one could teach him anything he did not know already. He certainly acted very conceited and seemed to feel that he was just too bright and cute and handsome to make it necessary to be anything else.

What did he care about coming out of his nice little home to sit on the shoulder or the finger of his mistress and have his head scratched, or have her try to teach him to talk? No, he was quite sufficient unto himself! All he had to do was to squawk and keep squawking if he wanted anything, for then his mistress would get it for him.

But there came a day after he had had his great adventure and had flown away and staid out all night in the tree, when he began to appreciate the kindness of his mistress. He also noticed that big polly Daphne was having her head scratched a good deal, that she liked to come out of her cage and be carried around the room and sit on the back of a chair and be played with and petted.

Next, he began to wish he could sit on the perch with Daphne in her cage, and to wonder why he wasn't just as good as Daphne, even if he was little. He could go far ahead of her when it came to keeping up a good squawking, no doubt of that.

Daphne was always gentle with him. Sometimes she noticed him and would give him a bit of her food, but generally he bothered her by being too familiar. Besides he was a little paraquet while she was a big parrot, and there *was* a difference, but little Pixy Pan could not see it. So he tried to do just as Daphne did.

Then he found out that it was nice to have his mistress scratch his head and talk to him. She was nice after all! Pretty soon he began to love her very much; and then he wanted to have her pet him and talk to him, and not talk to Daphne nor pet her at all.

Now you see what Pixy Pan's great trouble was — he was jealous. He wanted all the attention of his mistress, and did not want to

share it with Daphne. He was most unhappy when Daphne was being petted, and would cling to the wires of his little cage and cry and scold about it. Yet when his mistress would go to him and coax him to come and be petted in his turn, he would bite her finger hard with his strong little beak, simply because he was angry. And then he would have a regular temper, all because he was so selfish as to want all the attention.

Big polly Daphne was disgusted with him. But his mistress was very sorry for him; for the more petting and attention he got, the more he wanted, until there was no end to it. Will you believe it? That little bird's jealously caused trouble and unhappiness to both his mistress and polly Daphne, but most of all to little Pixy Pan himself. You see, he shut his own cage door to many privileges which might have been his had he not gotten so naughty and bitten his mistress so that he could not be taken out into the big room to fly about. And had he made friends at first, he might even have gone about out of doors on the finger of his mistress and have learned to talk. He certainly lost some golden opportunities which he might have enjoyed but for his silly conceit and his jealousy.

Birds have not the reasoning faculty that human beings have. One cannot talk to a little bird and make him see the folly of jealousy. He cannot understand that jealousy is a form of selfishness, which wants something or somebody all to himself and is not willing to share with others.

Poor little bird! He is not living in a forest with a little mate to lavish his affections upon, and he could not bear to divide his tardy affections for his mistress with any other bird. That is the parrot nature and must be considered. So there is but one thing to do, and that is to find him a home where there is no other bird to share with, and where he can have the whole attention.

This was done. So now Pixy Pan lives with two kind ladies who love him very much and pet him a great deal, and he seems to be happy and contented in his new home. Let us hope he will soon forget to be jealous and to have naughty tempers. COUSIN EDYTHA

DOLLY'S PICTURE

THIS is Dolly and Dorothy and I. Dorothy is my little sister. Dolly's name is Evelyn Angelina Kate, but we call her 'Dolly.' She is dressed in her very best gown. Big sister made it.

One day the picture-man came to our house. Big sister called him a pho-tog-ra-pher! He made pictures of Mamma and sister, Emily and Dorothy and me. But no one thought of Dolly. So I asked him, and he said, "Why of course, little

girl, I'll take a picture of Dolly, and you and Dorothy can help me."

He told us we could help him most by standing right by Dolly and being just as still as mice.

And when Dolly's picture was made, he showed it to us. And Dorothy and I were in it! But it is Dolly's picture just the same. MADELINE

GROWING OLD TOO FAST

I WISH the baby would last longer!

Such a little while ago,
She was new and pink and tiny,
And wrinkledy from head to toe.

Now she sits up like a lady,
Laughs and coos and tries to play.
I wish she'd last a little longer,
And not be six months old today! WINIFRED

LITTLE JACK HORNER

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a brave boy am I!'"

So says Mother Goose. Now do you suppose she was talking about the little boy in this picture?

HUNT THE SLIPPER
Painting by Edwin Douglass

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VOL. XVI, No. 3 MAY 1920

APRIL'S CHARMS

W. H. DAVIES

WHEN April scatters coins of primrose gold
Among the copper leaves in thickets old,
And singing skylarks from the meadows rise
To twinkle like black stars in sunny skies;

When I can hear the small woodpecker ring
Time on a tree for all the birds that sing;
And hear the pleasant cuckoo, loud and long —
The simple bird that thinks two notes a song;

When I can hear the woodland brook, that could
Not drown a babe with all his threatening mood;
Upon whose banks the violets make their home,
And let a few small strawberry blossoms come:

When I go forth on such a pleasant day,
One breath outdoors takes all my care away;
It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold
Of wood that's green, and fill a grate with gold.— Selected

BE TRUE

"*Search me and know my heart.*"

AH, yes! But in the search let us be true. Noble qualities we all possess, sometimes shining out like beautiful golden lamps for all to see; sometimes, alas! deeply hidden by the debris of wrong thoughts and selfish acts. In the latter case these deterrents may be no more than the echo of past mistakes, but we should not linger with them. Having learned the lesson they have to teach, let us leave it thankfully behind and pass on — but not until we have learned the lesson and faced ourselves with a desire to be absolutely true in everything.

Let us turn our backs on all past mistakes therefore and face ourselves in the here and now; let us square up our accounts and begin straight again; let us each use our determination like a broom and sweep the cobwebs down, let in the sunlight of truth, and have a clean open mind that all the world may read.

Is our every thought pure and true? Is every act that we do, done well? Is every word that we utter charged with meaning? Have we had a purpose behind all our conversation today? Would we like to have the person who embodies our highest ideals step into our inmost life today and see it all laid bare? Are there any shady corners in our minds; was there any slighted work; were there any idle words?

Have we been listening to our Guardian Angel, the Conscience Voice? If we had, all would be straight for us, all would be sunshine, everywhere happiness. How often we turn deaf ears to the silent Voice which calmly and patiently asks "Is that right?" How often we make excuses for ourselves! The brain-mind is very quick at this sort of thing, and before we know it we *think* we are thoroughly convinced that some wrong thing is right. How did this come about? How were we so easily and quickly convinced? Why, only by our making out a special case for ourselves, by pretending that we were quite different from somebody else; or perhaps only by saying, "I could not help it," or "It will not hurt — *for once.*" It is no use saying that we will pick up a dropped stitch tomorrow, for by that time the opportunity will be lost, and if we want to find that stitch and pick it up, we shall have to undo all yesterday's work to put it right. And we have no power to do that. It is *too late.*

It is the little things that count: we cannot play a piano solo and have it sound really finished, if in practising we let ourselves slide over little difficult passages and skip notes. Every note has to be played, and played correctly in tune, with the right touch and the proper expression. So at the end of a day, when we have played our piece in the great concert of life — has it sounded well, have we played in tune, have we made it part of the great harmony of life, or have we made a false note in it today? Just think of it! If we have played out of tune, there is no telling how many people we may have affected, for each individual is an instrument and if even one note is played out of tune some discord must result.

How many now, after reading this, are ready to say, "I cannot be perfect"? Well, no one expects perfection. All we have to do is to do our best. How encouraging are the words of a Great Teacher, "He who does the best he knows, does enough for us."

All we have to do is to BE TRUE TO OURSELVES in answer to the appeal of Katherine Tingley, who says to her pupils, "Be true, be true, yes true to yourselves; thus you will be true to all." G. B.

NOTES ON THE LIFE AND WORK OF KATE GREENAWAY

IT is often a surprise to see what large results come from apparently small causes, and in the life and work of Kate Greenaway we have an example that is both fascinating and instructive to study. A few simple designs for Christmas and birthday cards, equally simple illustrations for a few children's books, and some unpretentious water-color paintings — these make up the sum of her work. Yet she opened a new world to children and for childhood; aided by Mr. Edmund Evans, the great color-printer of the day, she inaugurated new methods and a new era in book illustrating; both her art and her name were as well known in her period of success as those of Sir John Millais, Sir Walter Crane, Watts, Sir Frederick Leighton or Burne-Jones; and she originated a fashion in children's clothing that was copied in America, on the Continent, and especially in France. There were even 'Kate Greenaway shoes'! Her biographers* tell us of the surprise of an Englishman who once visited Jules Breton in his beautiful Normandy home by the sea and there found the artist's children all dressed in 'Kate Greenaway costumes'! But the artist — one of the greatest of his day in any land — simply told him that they were the only costumes "worthy of beautifying the *chef d'œuvres du bon Dieu*," (the masterpieces of the dear God)!

Sir Frederick Locker-Lampson, the poet, wrote many years later in a letter to Miss Greenaway:

"I believe you are the only English artist who has ever been the fashion in France. I think anybody writing about you should notice this important fact."

And when her work reached America, Boston critics declared that "in delicacy and beauty of outline" her heads rivalled those of Flaxman.

Now.how did all this come about? How did it happen that a shy, modest, simple little woman, whose work from the standpoint of the conventional art student leaves much to be desired, should occupy a really commanding position in her day and should suffer still from a host of crude imitators in art whose grotesque, sunbonneted 'Kate Greenaway children' would never have been owned by Kate Greenaway herself?

"You have the radiance and innocence of *reinstated infant divinity* showered again among the flowers of English meadows," (Italics ours.)

wrote John Ruskin to Miss Greenaway in one of his letters, and he gives us a hint of the secret — which is a real, true Râja-Yoga one, and which

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* M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, to whom the writer is indebted for most of the facts in this article and from whose charming book the illustrations that accompany it are also taken.

every detail of Kate Greenaway's life appears to have accentuated: a spiritual view of childhood, a recognition of its spiritual radiance and its Divinity, and an unspoiled view of Nature.

KATE GREENAWAY

Kate Greenaway was born in Hoxton, England, in March, 1846, one of a family of gifted boys and girls who were blessed with a devoted, keen, energetic and very wise mother and an equally devoted and wise father, the mantle of whose artistic gifts fell upon little Catherine, or Kate. Mr. Greenaway was a very fine draughtsman and wood-engraver and was employed in making illustrations for the *Illustrated London News* and the best English magazines of the day. But the failure of a publishing house which owed him a large sum of money left the family in straitened circumstances during all of Kate's girlhood, and had it not been for the mother's undaunted courage the children might have fared ill for want of advantages and education. They moved from a large house into a smaller one and Mrs. Greenaway, in addition to her household cares, opened a shop and sold lace, children's dresses, and other things. No telling but some of Kate's ideas as to the way children should be dressed date from that period, for children then were perked up too often like silly little dolls, in clothes that were both inartistic and unhealthful. In any event, the enterprise succeeded and helped the father out of his anxieties and the family over a very hard place; and not even poverty can cheapen the life of a family whose daily bread is the refining influence of pictures and books.

But good Mother Nature seemed to have anticipated this in the case of little Kate, and to have tried to compensate her in advance. Her early childhood was spent in the country, at Rolleston, in the very midst of all that was most beautiful and inspiring in Nature. There was the silver, rippling Greet winding through the meadows, its banks blue in summer with wild forget-me-nots, and there were generous fields and gardens, in a mad rivalry with each other over sheer luxuriance of bloom. Flowers! How many

little Kate knew and loved: pinks and stocks and narcissus and peonies and imperials and sweet sultans and all the rest, and out in the meadows the crane's bill, purple vetch, willow herb, pimpernel, blue and white veronica, poppies, and no counting how many more. How she loved them! And how much more they meant to her sensitive, opening nature than to most children! She wrote forty years later:

'THE ELF RING'

From a water-color drawing now owned by John Greenaway, Esq., the artist's brother.

"I had such a very happy time when I was a child, and, curiously, was so very much happier than my brother and sister, with exactly the same surroundings. I suppose my imaginary life made me one long continuous joy — filled everything with a strange wonder and beauty. Living in that childish wonder is a most beautiful feeling — I can so well remember it. There was always something more — behind and beyond everything — to me; the golden spectacles were very, very big."

But there were other worlds as well — the world of fairy-tales and that of dolls. Yes, *dolls!* Dolls of all sizes and of every social rank and grade, from 'Prince Albert' and 'Queen Victoria' down to humble, shapeless, ugly wooden apologies; dolls ranging from big 'Gauraca,' who was a yard and a quarter high and wore real children's dresses, down to funny little Dutch lilliputians. They constituted a separate kingdom in themselves, and one cannot help wondering if little Kate did not lay the foundation for the very things in her art that later made her famous — her marked originality and charm in the designing of costumes for children — when right among her dollies, whose dresses she made so exquisitely always, and with so much love and care. Suppose Kate had made those dolly clothes in a slovenly, careless way, so she didn't like to look at them and couldn't take them off, you know — didn't love them, didn't care! Only — she made them carefully and well, instead.

After the dolls came fairy-tales — in books, real books. But the pleasure of these had its drawbacks, for, in spite of the fascination of them, Kate

only suffered over the parts that were hideous, cruel or unjust. The wicked witch, the cruel stepmother, and especially any tales of the suffering of animals, she could not bear. About animals and her love for them Mrs. Edmund Evans wrote of her many years later:

"She had a very affectionate nature, very tender-hearted — seeing even an insect in pain wounded her. She could not tolerate flies caught in traps, or see a beetle or a spider killed. Seeing a mouse in a trap tempted her to set it free. . . . Dogs and cats recognized this quality by showing their devotion and imposing on her good nature. She would never even scold them. This was simply kindness — not indicating a weak nature. She was a decidedly strong-minded woman."

But the influences that decided Kate Greenaway's life-work came most directly from events connected with the terrible mutiny in India known as the Sepoy Rebellion. The *London Illustrated News* and other magazines for which her father was draughtsman or engraver came to the house, and little Kate pored over them fascinated. So many people! *She* would draw people, too. And she did — people, people, always people, but never in chains, never in prison, never crushed down by hopeless confinement or suffering. That she could not bear. Her people must be free and happy, or on the way to be. We find that she herself later wrote of this period:

"I was always drawing people *escaping*. Mine always escaped and were never taken!"

PENCIL STUDY FROM LIFE FOR AN ILLUSTRATION, BY KATE GREENAWAY

This tendency was not overlooked by her artist father, and the result was that Kate was given art-training both at the South Kensington School and at Heatherly's. While studying she won many medals and prizes, especially in design in which she was rarely gifted. For some two years (at Heatherly's this) she studied the human figure, faithfully, and along the regular academic lines. And following this period of study came employment by a number of publishing-houses for magazine illustration. She went steadily up in her profession — for that is what her art had now become — and was known as 'an artist who never disappointed her employers.' If

she promised them a certain design or illustration on a certain date, it was delivered on the date set. The difficulties that publishing houses have had in this respect with many illustrators are so well known that we do not need to comment on this quality in Kate Greenaway, nor point out its Râja-Yoga application.

Then, too, she did not think she knew it all. She was always ready to listen to advice or suggestion and always willing to co-operate. She soon took a position beside Randolph Caldecott, the foremost English illustrator for children, which was saying a great deal, for the illustrated children's books then being issued in England were the loveliest in the world. Not even France excelled them. Among well-known children's tales illustrated by her were 'Goldilocks,' 'Puss in Boots,' 'The Babes in the Wood,' 'Bluebeard,' and 'Hop O' My Thumb.'

PENCIL STUDY FROM LIFE

But designs for birthday cards, Christmas cards, and valentines came from her ready hand between-times, and it was in fact a valentine that established her first as a success. The firm that published it sold some 25,000 copies within a few weeks. But the success could not be called a financial one for the artist, her own share of the profits being, according to her biographers, "probably no more than £3."

Any sketch of Kate Greenaway's life would be incomplete without mention of her friendship with John Ruskin, known the world over as an art critic and humanitarian, and still one of the great names of the world. They corresponded constantly, and the record of their letters is a beautiful and illuminating one. "Your grateful and devoted John Ruskin," he signed himself, and through many years sung the praises of his modest friend, "Miss Greenaway," as he always addressed her, as one who had brought something new and pure and refreshing into the world of art and of childhood. He made her the subject of one of his Oxford lectures and praised her without reserve. On this occasion he said of her:

"The fairyland that she creates for you is not beyond the sky nor beneath the sea, but near you, even at your doors. She does not show you how to *see* it, but how to *cherish*." [Italics ours.]

In one of his letters to Miss Greenaway, dated "Brantwood, 26th December, '83," he writes:

"I shan't go to sleep over your note today. But I have no words any more than if I *was* asleep, to tell you how marvellous I think these drawings. No one has ever done anything equal to them in pure grace of movement — no one in exquisiteness of dainty design — I tremble now to ask you to draw in any other way . . . the sight of them alters one's thoughts of all the world. The little beauty with the note, alone, would have made a Christmas for me."

To those who can sense the technical limitations of Miss Greenaway's best-known work, this praise sounds extreme. But the few who have been able to see the positively wonderful little pen sketches with which she was wont to enliven her letters to her friends — and particularly her friend John Ruskin — can understand it. Dashed off at white heat, showing a basis of sound knowledge in study of the figure, and illustrating some exquisite if not positively spiritual idea, they have a value that is spiritual and artistic both, and many of them stand as something apart. It is true that the promise they hold was never fulfilled, and they explain to us Ruskin's frequent urge to Miss Greenaway to study further. But a busy life, and in later years much ill-health, seemed to make this impossible. And who knows but that the academic methods of the world, while they might have given her the surface technique that so charms and fascinates us in the work of the present generation of illustrators, might have killed her genius and dimmed her spiritual eyes at the same time? *Who knows?* They have done this to many.

Pages might be devoted to the correspondence and friendship between this modest interpreter of childhood and the great art critic and scholar, were there space, for Ruskin was familiar with Kate Greenaway's work and was seriously interested in it long before he ever knew her personally. It was he who opened the correspondence between them which it is such a pleasure to read, though it was not until 1882 that he first called upon her. Once having met, however, they were as old friends who had simply been separated for a little while and had found each other again.

The following excerpt from a letter written to a friend, and which Kate Greenaway never dreamed would see the light of cold print, gives a hint of the secret of her pure and unspoiled art and her success in reaching loving hearts everywhere with her quaint and tender message of childhood:

"You can go into a beautiful new country if you stand under a large apple tree and look up into the blue sky through the white flowers — to go to this scented land is an experience.

"I suppose I went to it very young, before I could really remember, and that is why I have such a wild delight in cowslips and appleblossoms — they always give me the same strange feeling of trying *to remember*, as if I had known them in a former world.

"I always feel Wordsworth must have felt a little too — when he wrote the 'Intimations of Immortality'— I mean the trying *to remember*, as if he had known them in a former world."

She was always 'looking up,' always aspiring, always seeing Nature and life through golden spectacles that were "very, very big," always "trying to remember." She was one of those who come at times among us "trailing clouds of glory" from a lovelier and more spiritual world, and this sunrise glory never left her "to fade into the light of common day." She brought something that otherwise little children, and all the world that loves them, would not have had, and gratitude echoes the tender words written about her by her friend Austin Dobson, the poet:

"Farewell, kind heart! And if there be
In that unshored Immensity
Child-angels, they will welcome thee.

"Clean-souled, clear-eyed, unspoiled, discreet,
Thou gav'st thy gifts to make Life sweet;—
These shall be flowers about thy feet."

DOROTHY McD.

HOME-BEAUTY

AUSTIN DOBSON

(Written for the *Magazine of Art* in the summer of 1883, and illustrated by Kate Greenaway with a full-page pencil drawing in her inimitable style of graceful composition, pretty grouping, and sweet childish attitudes.)

'Mine be a cot,' for the hours of play,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway,
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
And do nought in the world (but Work) by halves,
From 'Hunt the Slipper' and 'Riddle-me-ree'
To watching the cat in the apple-tree.

O Art of the Household! Men may prate
Of their ways 'intense' and Italianate,—
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
To the au-dela *and dim remote,—*
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;
To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
For the earth first laughed when the children came!

THE EUCALYPTUS TREE

Swing high, swing low,
Back in the swing of long ago.
When days are dark and ways seem slow
And naught seems bright where'er we go,
Let us recall bright days we've had,
Happy times which have made life glad,
Let Memory carry us back just so,
Back to the swing of long ago.

THE EUCALYPTUS TREE

IT is a big tree, quite fifty feet high, its branches spreading out bluish-green foliage like a fan. Yes, there is no doubt about it — it is a beautiful tree; even the Mocking-bird thinks so.

When the wind is blowing I like to sit under this tree and hear the leaves talking to the wind, whispering to each other, and quarreling sometimes, when the wind is strong.

Every once in a while it will drop a few leaves on me or on the ground, of many pretty colors.

Up on one of the topmost twigs there is a nest belonging to a pair of linnets. I love to climb up into the big branches and peek into the nest. The first time I looked there were four little eggs in it. They were a pale blue, just like the sky on a clear day; and here and there on the eggs were little brown spots. It was very pretty. Every time I came under that tree I would climb up and look into the nest. Sometimes the little mother-bird was sitting there, and so I would hurry down again.

Some evenings I climb up to the top and watch the sun set. It is lovely — a pinkish-golden streak right above the blue sea, which slowly fades to gold and yellow, till it becomes dull gray above. Sometimes the sunset is lit up by shining clouds, which turn red like fire, as if the gods were making battle up there. WALO VON G.

DAWN AND THE MIST AT POINT LOMA

BY A RAJA-YOGA STUDENT

DAWN and the mist creep slowly in,
Crawl softly up the hills, and there
Is magic stealing everywhere;
For shadowy gray elves begin
To glide among the trees and spin;
And everything is white and bare
When mist-hung Dawn comes creeping in.

But where the cloud is woven thin
Dim forms rise up; I am aware
Of haunting memories strange and rare,
Of things that long ago have been,
When silent Dawn comes creeping in
And hangs mist-curtains everywhere.— H. S.

BEFORE THE DAYS OF BLOTTING-PAPER

LL paper may be said to be blotting-paper when first it is made, as it sucks up liquids very readily. In order to make it suitable for writing on, it has first of all to be covered with a coating of weak glue, called 'size,' and then pressed to give it a hard, shiny surface.

Before blotting-paper came into fashion, people used to sprinkle dry sand out of a kind of pepper-pot upon wet ink in order to dry it up. This was called a 'sand-box.'

In one of the offices of the British Government where very important and secret letters are written, blotting-paper is never used. It is feared that dishonest people might get hold of the discarded sheets of blotting-paper, and by the help of a mirror, they might find out what the letters were about. They still use the oldfashioned 'sand-box' in this office.

Many people have been puzzled by the curious, disagreeable smell given off by the best kinds of writing-paper when they are burnt. The smell is similar to that produced by feathers, bones, or wool when they are thrown upon the fire. Seeing that paper is made of vegetable substances, such as linen rags, grass-fiber, or wood-pulp, why should the smoke that rises, smell of the Animal Kingdom? We who are in the secret know that it is the 'size,' which is made from animals, that gives rise to this unpleasant odor.

Philip the Second of Spain, who sent the great Armada against England, sat up very late one night to write an important letter. When at last it

was finished, he handed it over to his secretary to be sanded in the usual way. The poor secretary had been kept up long after his proper bedtime and was very sleepy. Not thinking what he was doing, he took up the ink-pot instead of the sand-box, and poured its contents over the letter. Whatever faults Philip may have had, he certainly behaved very well on this occasion. He simply remarked, "It would have been better to have used the sand," and quietly set to work to write the letter all over again. P. L.

BE GENTLE

W. AVERY RICHARDS

SPEAK gentle words; they cost no more
Than words that wound the bosom sore;
In meaning let them gentle prove,
In tone the tuneful words of love.

Such utterances shall descend
In benedictions on thy friend,
And melt, like flaming coals of fire,
The hearts of foes that rage in ire.

Think gentle thoughts; they shall impart
A blesséd sweetness to thine heart,
And spread like perfume through the air,
To make it fragrant everywhere.

Do gentle deeds; they savor most
Of virtues which the soul may boast;
They bear a message as they go
To modify a mortal's woe.

Let all thy being gentle be;
So shall a blesséd harmony
Pervade thy nature, and shall sway
All human hearts that throng thy way.— Selected

A PROMINENT FRENCH PLAYWRIGHT

VICTORIEN SARDOU died November 7, 1908, leaving behind him many great recollections of a truly useful life.

He is ranked among the greatest dramatists that France has produced, not only for his imaginative power, which has given him such a prominent place, but for his style, his intensity of thought, his clearness of expression, and his keen dramatic sense.

When we realize that Sardou was an untiring worker, a man of extraordinary conscience, a lover of "the good, the beautiful and the true," and a patron of art, we may well mourn for the man whom the world has lost. People oftentimes admire a great genius, but very rarely do they stop to think that his greatness did not spring up at once and without effort on his part. Sardou worked steadily and hard, frequently fifteen hours daily, and people who wanted to interview him would often have to see him before eight o'clock in the morning.

SRA. OCTAVIA FRANCO DE BOUDET AND HER DAUGHTER

In studying about Sardou, one immediately realizes that his art was innate; it was not a mere display cultivated for the sake of wealth and fame; we see him when a little boy building toy theaters, carving and dressing dolls. It is a great thing to us that his airy castles became firmer and truer as the man grew stronger.

Here is an evidence of Sardou's untiring efforts: he wrote 76 works in 77 years. Among his most famous works are 'Fédora,' 'Théodora,' 'Dora,' 'Divorçons' and 'La Tosca.' A great many of his plays have been translated into other languages, showing that his fame is established abroad as well as in France.

The English are certainly indebted to Sardou for his two great works, 'Robespierre' and 'Dante,' which were written for them. OCTAVIA FRANCO

[Written in 1908 or 1909, when a student attending the Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California. Srta. Franco is now the wife of Sr. Pedro L. Boudet, a prominent banker of Havana. The accompanying snapshot of Sra. Boudet and her daughter was taken recently at San Juan Hill, Santiago de Cuba.]

GROUP OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN MULE DEER

Exhibit in Museum of California Academy of Sciences, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

VI

THE word 'deer' had a much broader meaning in former times than it has nowadays. To the modern mind it calls up a picture of a graceful animal with large and lustrous eyes, having a head adorned with branching horns and legs so slender that you wonder how they manage to support the weight of so large an animal. In Shakespeare's time 'deer' meant almost any kind of wild creature. There is a well-known passage in *King Lear* about "rats and mice and such small deer," and many readers suppose that the poet was trying to raise a laugh by applying the dignified title of 'deer' to such small vermin as rats and mice. 'Deer' comes from the Anglo-Saxon *deor*, and meant any wild animal. It is nearly related to the old High German word *tior*, and everybody has heard of the Thier Garten at Berlin, which is simply modern German for animal garden, or zoo.

It is interesting to find the word used in its broader meaning in the word 'wil*der*ness,' which does not mean a dry and sterile region, but a 'wild-*deer*-ness,' or a place inhabited by wild animals only: 'wilderness' then means wild-animal-dom.

As is well known, the Lapps of Northern Scandinavia use the reindeer to draw their sledges, and so one is tempted to suppose that 'reindeer' means a deer that is driven by reins; but it is never safe to trust to guesses in the study of words. The word 'reindeer' is really derived from the old Swedish

word *ren*, a reindeer, and the English *deer*, an animal; so that it means 'the reindeer animal.'

Besides serving as draught animals the reindeer also provide the Lapps with milk, and this leads us to consider our own familiar cows who supply us with that nourishing fluid. It is quite the usual thing in this country for the milker to address the cow as 'Boss,' and this sounds very queer, as 'boss' means master, and one is surprised to hear the master of the cow address her as if she were his superior. The mystery is cleared up as usual by reference to the dictionary. Young people like to air their newly acquired knowledge, and having learned at school that *bos* is Latin for ox or cow, they very naturally addressed the cow as 'bos' on their return home. The name first used in sport, became in time a regular title and passed into common use. It should of course be spelled with one *s*. 'Boss' with the *s* repeated is perfectly correct when it means master. This is really a Dutch word borrowed from the numerous immigrants from Holland in the early days. It was originally spelled *baas*.

Our language is very rich in nouns of multitude and although the word 'crowd' would do very well to denote a number of bees, cattle, fish or foxhounds, yet we are so fortunate as to have a distinct word for assemblies of each of these animals. We speak of a swarm of bees, a herd of cattle, a shoal of fishes, and a pack of foxhounds. The history of some of these words is very interesting, and a knowledge of their derivation is quite necessary in order to avoid mistakes in their use. Thus we may speak of a 'flight' of sparrows; but we should be highly amused at an African explorer who described his meeting with "a flight of hippopotami" while going up the Congo River. 'Flight' is derived from 'fly' and can only properly be used of creatures with wings. We may speak of a 'covey' of partridges because 'covey' is derived from 'cover' and denotes the brood of little ones 'covered' or sat upon by the hen partridge. It would be very wrong however to speak of a 'covey' of codfish because the mother cod takes no care whatever of her eggs when once she has laid them. We cannot fairly blame her for her neglect because there are often more young ones in a family of codfish than there are people in the Dominion of Canada.

The proper word for a flock of wild geese is 'gaggle,' and one who has heard the cries of these birds as they fly far overhead as he goes his solitary rounds as the night guard at the Râja-Yoga Academy, has no need to consult a dictionary to learn the origin of the name. Both 'gaggle' and 'cackle' are words formed by imitating the sounds made by the birds themselves. In Iceland and Norway even a single goose is known as a *gagl*.

We feel almost by instinct that a vast number of bees flying together and filling the air with a humming sound is very properly called a 'swarm.' The word occurs in slightly altered form in the Lithuanian language, where

a pipe or a fife is called *surma* from the noise it makes. The word 'swear' is connected with the same root; for besides meaning to affirm that a certain thing is true, it means to 'speak aloud' or declare. We find it also in the last syllable of an*swer*. We have all heard of the Sirens, those beautiful nymphs on the south coast of Italy who tried to entice Ulysses to land by their magical songs; they too derive their name from the same old root from which we get the word 'swarm.' We may say then that a 'swarm' is a company of almost any kind of small creatures that make a humming noise. We should therefore be making a great mistake if we were to call a number of silent animals like clams or oysters a 'swarm.'

A herd of wild pigs has a name all to itself; it is called a 'sounder' of swine. The reader will probably imagine that the name has reference to the grunts of ill-temper and the squeals of joy which usually accompany a number of pigs passing through the forest. But one of the first lessons to be learnt by the student of words is that it is never safe to jump at conclusions, and so when we consult the friendly dictionary we find that 'sounder' has nothing to do with the sounds made by the swine; but is simply the Anglo-Saxon word *sunor*, a herd, which has undergone a slight change.

A flock of wild turkeys is known as a 'gang' or a 'going' of turkeys, and means a number of turkeys who are in the habit of going about together.

Quail when gathered together are known as a 'bevy.' The word comes from the Old French *beveye*, a 'drinking,' so that a 'bevy' of quail is a family of these birds who always drink together. The Normans introduced into England a nearly related word, *bever*, and in some parts of the country when the men stop their work to take a little liquid refreshment they still call it going to 'bever.'

The Old French *beveye* has come down to us from the Latin *bibere*, to drink, and appears only a little altered in the word 'wine-bibber.' The old root has another vigorous sprout in our word, 'beverage,' which means any kind of drink. Here in Lomaland we are in a difficulty. The so-called quail which lead their fluffy broods about our gardens really belong to the partridge family. The question is whether we should call these family parties 'coveys' or 'bevies.' If they were really quail, of course we ought to say 'bevies' of quail; but as they are partridges under a false name we do not know what to call them. The question is still unsettled at the time of writing.

When speaking of a small company of pheasants we may use the word 'nye' or 'ny' which comes to us from the Old French *ny*, which in its turn was derived from the Latin *nidus*, a nest. A 'nye' of pheasants means a nestful of pheasants, and they are still called a 'nye' although they may have left the nest long since. Birds do not live in their nests: nests are merely cradles for rearing their young, and at other times of the year birds

roost in the trees or on the ground. Some of the wren family however are said to build several nests in the spring and to use them as sleeping places on cold winter nights.

When we speak of a 'litter' of puppies we mean a family of young dogs lying in a bed. A company of unrelated, grown-up dogs is called a pack. 'Litter' is from the Latin word *lectum*, a bed, from which the Old French *litière* was derived, and from which we obtained our 'litter.' A 'litter' of puppies is therefore a bedful of puppies. Now a dog's bed or a horse's bed is prepared by scattering straw on the ground, so we see why it is that when we have spent a wet afternoon in cutting out pictures, our mother insists that we shall tidy up the 'litter' we have made before we have supper. Any untidy mess on the floor is called a 'litter' because it resembles a dog's or a horse's bed. The 'lectern' or 'lecturn' in church gets its name from the same root. A 'lectern' is a reading-desk which serves as a bed to support the Bible.

UNCLE LEN

LOMALANDERS PICNICKING AFTER A MORNING'S 'HIKE' INTO THE COUNTRY

THE CUCKOO'S CALL

NEXT time you hear the Cuckoo's notes see if you can tell what they are. I think you will find that the first is E flat, and the second C natural. The key is C minor, but you will notice that the opening note varies a trifle; now and again it is almost a semitone higher, approximating to E natural.

"POOR DICKY IS NOT VERY WELL TODAY"

SLIGHT variations in temperature, improper diet, smoke, or foul air, bring illness or death to a canary.

Canaries can lose their voices, catch cold, contract asthma, have rheumatism or scurvy, or other ailments just like humans, but respond much more quickly to proper medical or hygienic treatment as a rule.

AN INDIAN CAMP

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

BY MARY S. WHITE, A 'PIONEER' OF '59

PART III

WE have often, since coming to California, talked over the dangers that we passed through in getting here, and among them the fording of the swift stream seems now to have been among the most critical events of our whole journey. When we came to the Green River we forded it — but we came near floating down it instead, for it was much deeper and swifter than we had supposed. While in the middle of the stream my husband, who was driving the leading team, was lifted off his feet many times, the water being up to his arm-pits. The wagons were being carried down stream, but fortunately he had on the lead the smartest and strongest pair of oxen that ever wore

not come near us nor even molest our stock. We were nearly frightened to death, however, and did not get a wink of sleep that night. Such anxieties were far more wearing than the fatigue and monotony of the long journey itself.

While crossing the mountains we were very much impressed by the grandeur of the cañons. They looked as though they had been scooped out of high-ribbed mountains, with rocks piled upon rocks. Patches of snow could be seen near the top, while in the valley below the weather was warm and mild and berry bushes were loaded with ripe fruit. I remember how glad we were to find the raspberries, currants, gooseberries and the upland cranberries. We had not tasted fresh fruit during the whole trip, excepting the bright red buffalo berries that we found in the Wasatch Mountains.

Perhaps it would interest you to know what we did have to eat on such a journey. We made bread of various kinds, and we had beans, dried corn, dried beef, ham, bacon, and all kinds of dried fruits. Of course we had sugar, tea and coffee, and, most refreshing of all, we had brought with us twenty gallons of sweet, spiced cucumber pickles, the vinegar of which added to our drinking water was very pleasant. This reminds me of our meeting with six men of the Shoshone tribe of Indians. They came into our noonday camp one day, and we offered them a drink with some of the spiced vinegar in it. They were suspicious, however, and would not drink it until we had sipped from their cups. These Indians were six feet in height, and were fine, noble-looking men — quite a contrast to those we had seen and those we were to see later in Northern California.

During the latter part of August we were crossing the dividing line between Utah and Nevada. We were still traveling through mountains and valleys by turns, and crossing streams that flowed from the summits of these grand mountains. We avoided crossing the great American Desert by taking the route to the south of it. Our road led south of Salt Lake City, and we left Utah at or nearly at the middle of what was then the Territory of Utah, and crossed over into Nevada. Then we took a straight course across Nevada, crossing a narrow neck of the Humboldt Desert. While in this desert, we reached the oasis in the afternoon about four o'clock and rested there until eight, waiting for the moon to rise. Then we traveled until one o'clock in the morning to the finish. The road over the last part of the desert was very deep with sand and we were obliged to walk most of the time. At the oasis the water was excellent and we found a vegetable garden there. I remember that we bought some onions, and how we enjoyed them after doing without fresh vegetables for four months! We gave one of our oxen in payment for the water and the vegetables.

Our first camping-place, after crossing the desert, was at the Carson River. We found a house there and once again heard the chickens crowing

— even the squealing of pigs was a joyful sound to this weary, travel-worn train. We were at last on the boundaries of civilization.

On the first of September our company divided. Part went north to cross the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and we were among those who went south, crossing into California by the Carson Pass — one of the roughest experiences of the whole journey. Now we were coming to the end of our wonderful adventure and no words can tell the joy we felt in having accomplished it safely at last. In spite of our interest in our new home, our thoughts constantly wandered back across the plains, and we lived over again in memory the dangers and the delights of that never-to-be-forgotten summer. All the grand creations of the God of Nature have lingered in my day-dreams, even after the lapse of more than fifty years.

(*The end*)

AT ZAXA DEL MEDIO, CUBA
Watering the horses in the river.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES

THE island of Cuba — 'The Pearl of the Antilles' — is situated between the Americas. It was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492. The climate of this lovely island is warm and mild and, there being a great deal of rain during the year, the soil is very fertile. The scenery is picturesque, and the island has beautiful valleys and rivers.

Cuba is noted for many important products, the principal one being sugar-cane. There are many great sugar-cane plantations in the island, and about a quarter of the entire population work faithfully during three months

LOCOMOTIVE ON THE CUBA RAILROAD

This up-to-date engine is in marked contrast to the toy-like ones that were in use on the Island when Mme. Tingley first visited Cuba in 1898 with her relief expedition immediately after the Spanish-American War.

of the year cutting the sugar-cane and putting it on the huge, clumsy ox-carts which carry it to the mills. After the sugar is refined it is sold, and most of it is sent to the United States and other foreign countries.

The population of Cuba is about two million and a half, about one-third of this number being negroes whose ancestors were brought to the island by the Spaniards about a hundred years ago to work in the mines. There are also some interesting tribes of native Indians, descendants of those found on the island by Columbus.

Social and other customs in Cuba are quite similar to those of America and Europe, but not very much progress has been made in the education of the people until a few years ago. It is the custom for many of the boys and girls to be sent to the United States to be educated, and especially to learn English, which has become for the Cubans a very important language.

A great many Cuban children are receiving their education at the Râja Yoga School and College at Point Loma, California. A large number who cannot pay are receiving their education free. Some of them have no parents and no home. They were brought to Point Loma by Madame Katherine Tingley after the great relief work she did in Cuba in 1898, and later at different times. She went to Cuba first, right after the close of the War for Cuban Independence. The people had suffered very much. Many of them were starving and sick, and others who had been very rich before the war had lost all their property. Some of them begged Madame Tingley

JATIBONICO, A VILLAGE ON THE CUBA RAILROAD

Note the primitive cart drawn by six oxen as contrasted with the modern train at the right.

to take their children to America and educate them and care for them, and this Madame Tingley did. They are very happy here at Point Loma.

Very soon Madame Tingley is going to open a Râja Yoga College at San Juan Hill near Santiago de Cuba. This will be a great help to Cuba because then it will not be necessary for parents to send their children to other parts of the world to receive their education.

The history of the Cuban Republic may be read in many important books, and it relates a story of great heroism and sacrifice. Cuban literature is important and valuable and it is very beautiful, for Cuba has been the birthplace of many great authors and poets whose writings are honored in other lands. Among poets the name of Heredia stands pre-eminent. His poem on 'Niagara Falls,' which many Americans admire, shows not only his great poetic genius but his great love for nature. Juan de la Luz Caballero is noted for his writings on education.

Madame Tingley has said that Cuba has a great future. With her help we believe that it will take its place in time among the most progressive and highly-educated nations of the world. The Cuban children at Point Loma are taught to love their land and to make their best efforts to be a credit to it in every way. They are encouraged to fit themselves to go back to Cuba later, when their education is complete, to be loyal and patriotic helpers of their people.

CONCEPCIÓN ROVIRA

[This article was written between six and ten years ago, when Srta. Rovira was a student at the Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California.]

JOSÉ MARTÍ

VERY nation has its great men, but there are always some among them who outshine the others and whose names more fill our hearts.

José Martí, among Cuban heroes, is the man who fulfils the ideal of patriotism; and his name is so great, it means so much to the Cubans, that they no longer think of it as the mere name of a man, but as the very symbol of unselfishness, devotion, and, above all, of unsurpassed glory in the cause of freedom. He is the man to whom, were he living, all the Cubans would hasten to express their heartfelt gratitude and and admiration.

José Martí loved all humanity, felt all its sorrows, and worked for it, mostly through his extraordinary powers of writing and speaking. His speech was convincing, cutting like steel into human wickedness, or pouring a healing stream on the hearts of the poor and suffering, inspiring them with hope and urging them to true and noble action. He loved all mankind; but just as the son loves all the family and yet has a greater love for his mother, so this noble son adored his mother, who in this case was Cuba, his country, and he felt his heart burning with a constant desire to render her noble service and set her free from the chains of material as well as moral oppression and slavery. He is one of the men who stand out from the level surface of human mediocrity like a firm promontory that shows its lonely head above the surrounding waters.

Being the son of a Spanish officer, he was condemned to prison and exiled when yet a young man (in 1869) on account of his having conspired against the Spanish government. Was he disobedient to his father in this respect? Perhaps; but great men always obey first the voice of right and justice.

He despised all that was vulgar and commonplace. He was the living example of his high ideals, and it is no wonder that the crowds were so influenced and aroused by his magnetic personality.

The Cubans were somewhat disunited in those times, after the Ten Years' War, some hoping — in vain — to see Spain fulfil her promises to grant Cuba the liberties stipulated in the Treaty of Zanjón, and others despairing of the situation of the country and of the bad faith of the Spanish government. It was the task of José Martí to overcome all the obstacles, and to unite the Cubans in a last effort to break the chains forever or die on the field of honor. All this he accomplished, meeting a glorious death in one of the first battles. The grass met in a soft cushion to soften his fall; the sun sent its brightest rays to warm him with life, but it was not to be so. An enemy's bullet had killed the great warrior, who, not content with having done outside his country all that human will and power could do for freedom's sake, went to the fields of his beloved Cuba to give once more the keynote of his glorious life — a high ideal and example.

In writing of one of these moral giants, one never is satisfied. Volumes might be written, and still there would be something left in the heart which one cannot put into words. So let us hope that this very same inexpressible sentiment shall live forever in all countries, animating the people with the highest ideals and patriotism.

José Martí was born on January 28, 1853, and died in May, 1895, having lived in this short space one of the most active and useful careers the world has ever seen. But dates matter little; great souls are to come, and they appear in the field of human strife when they are most needed.

RAOUL MARÍN

[Written some time between 1908 and 1913, while attending the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California. Sr. Marín is now filling the responsible position of a Municipal Judge in Cuba.]

RUBBER

RUBBER is the common name given to the coagulated juices (called *latex*) obtained from many different trees, vines and shrubs found chiefly in Brazil, Africa, Mexico, the Straits Settlements, Malay States, Ceylon, and Dutch East Indies.

The employment of rubber or *caoulchouc* (koo'chook) extends over a long period. The use of the gum by the natives of Hayti was commented on by Columbus on the occasion of his first visit to that island about five hundred years ago, and some two hundred and fifty years later, Torquemada mentions its use by the Mexican Indians.

The method of gathering and coagulating the latex differs greatly in the various countries where rubber is found. The following is a brief description of some of the methods used:

In South America the native first clears a space under a number of trees, and then proceeds with the tapping. The tool used in tapping is usually a short-handled axe with a small blade. The native cuts ten or twelve gashes in the bark of the tree, taking care not to cut too deeply. At the end of each gash he attaches a small cup to catch the latex ('milk') as it flows out. He usually taps from one hundred to one hundred and fifty trees, and as fast as the cups fill they are emptied into a large vessel and carried to the camp to be coagulated. A shallow hole is made in the ground, in which a fire is started. On this, when well kindled, palm nuts are thrown making a dense smoke. An earthen cover with a small hole at the top is placed over the fire, which causes the smoke to issue in a dense stream through the opening. A wooden paddle is first dipped in clay water, then into the latex, and then held over the smoke. This coagulates a thin layer on the paddle, which is dipped again and again into the latex and smoked each

time. After being dipped many times a lump of rubber is formed. The paddle is then withdrawn, and the rubber is ready for the market.

In Central America and Mexico the latex is placed in a vessel under which a fire is built. The heat causes a cream to collect on the top, which gets stronger with further boiling, until a slab finally forms. These slabs are put up in small bales.

One method used in Africa is to tap the tree and allow the latex to flow down the side of the tree to the ground. The water in the latex filters into the soil and leaves the rubber, which is rolled into various shapes. Another method is to smear the latex over the body of the gatherer, and as soon as coagulation has taken place, the rubber is pulled off in strips and rolled or twisted into various shapes and made into bales. In some cases the latex is coagulated by adding weak acid.

The first process to which raw rubber is subjected is the removal of all impurities. With wild rubber it is necessary to go through a washing process, but fine plantation rubber is mostly used as received, surface dirt only having to be brushed from the sheets. The method employed with wild rubber is to pass it through rollers, which break it up whilst under a constant flow of water. This continual crushing and washing soon removes the greater portion of the impurities, and the rubber is then dried and stored until required for use. When that time comes, the rubber is passed through mixing mills, where the sulphur and pigments are added, and the whole is formed into a plastic mass called 'dough.'

The dough is then passed through various machines for running it into sheets, tubing or cord, from which are built up the articles it is desired to manufacture. A large portion of these articles have to be subsequently molded. The manufactured article is then subjected to heat for a length of time, which causes the sulphur to combine chemically with the rubber, producing a state of vulcanization.

Pure vulcanized rubber is often in itself of little use, being either too soft or too elastic. It is to meet this that the pigments have to be added to give the required hardness, strength and resiliency for the particular use to which the manufactured article is to be put, or to obtain varying colors. Some of the pigments employed are zinc-oxide, antimony sulphide, lead-oxide, and barium-sulphate.

Rubber is also used in conjunction with textile fabrics. The dough is made soft by the addition of a solvent and then forced on to the fabric by passing through rollers or by means of a spreading machine. In the case of the latter, the fabric so impregnated is passed over warm plates to drive off the solvent. The whole is then put through the same vulcanizing process as for articles without textile.

There is use for manufactured rubber in almost every trade. T. M.

KINEMATOGRAPHY

EVEN in this age of rapid development there is no phenomenon more remarkable than the progress made by the motion picture. It has been introduced into practically every civilized community in the world, and everywhere its appeal has been universal and its success immediate.

The reason for this is not far to seek. It lies in the fact that pictorial representations of life and nature, of the real and the imaginary, have always held a great fascination for every normal human person. Young or old, primitive savage or finished product of the 20th century, man delights in pictures of his own history, of his surroundings, and of scenes and beings created by his fancy.

A study of pictorial art shows, however, that man seldom rests content with his finished 'still' image, particularly where action is depicted; he seems to feel dissatisfaction that only one phase of his subject is represented, and he either carries on the idea further by means of additional drawings, or endeavors to incorporate some device whereby the original presentation is endued with a suggestion of life and reality.

Though it was not until 1895 that the kinematograph was patented, the steps which led up to it were of great interest as they succeeded each other. 'The wheel of life' was, perhaps, the first stage, where a band of pictures illustrating the succeeding stages of a movement, was fixed to a wheel, the turning of which gave the beholder an impression of actual movement. Instantaneous photography and its application to the analysis of motion was a further step forward, and lantern projection on a screen, the invention of celluloid film, and the reduction in the rate from about 30 to 16 pictures a second, all are important factors in the kinematograph of today. T. B. M.

THE pretty colored prints and woodcuts made in Japan are printed in a curious way. The picture, design, or figure is first carved by an expert craftsman on a block of cherry wood. When ready for use, the different colored pigments are applied to the proper parts of the engraved surface with a brush, and the paper then pressed over it — thus producing in one impression what requires three by the Western 'three-color' process. The method is a slow one, and calls for great patience and skill; but in the hands of the skilled craftsmen of Japan it is quite practicable, and great numbers of artistic prints and stamped goods are turned out by this simple process.

cabbages, potatoes, etc., from the garden to be cooked for hungry children to eat; yet nobody takes the trouble to have me mended. A burro, of course, would be very happy to be left here in the bushes. But it doesn't suit me, and in this respect we differ.

It is useless for two people to attempt to wheel and guide me at the same time. The result is always an overturned barrow. (See illustration.) My handles should be grasped, one in each hand, by one person. I will not be guided by two. Neither will a burro stand overloading. He will generally lie down and refuse to move. Nor will he go when two people are holding the reins and trying to lead him. We simply balk at wrong usage. In this respect we are alike.

It is sad to see many useful tools suffer from rust after being left out in the fog and rain when they should be put carefully away in the tool-houses made for them. The rust eats into the metal and weakens them, and then they break with comparatively slight usage, and are then thrown away long before their time of usefulness is ended.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact that a good make of implement that has seen years of service because it has been well cared for and has not been abused, is much better to work with than a bran new one, for it will respond in a way a new one will not. A carpenter who loves his tools, who keeps them in order, uses them properly and never abuses them, is generally a good workman and many of his tools last him a lifetime.

One often hears a person speak of being attached to this or that tool which he has possessed and used for a long time, and, really, there is much more in it than one might think. It is possible to

create a sort of companionship with one's tools, so that one gets quite fond of them.

We cannot be driven or strained beyond our capacity without harm, nor used for what we are not intended without injury; for if we are so used, our time of usefulness is shortened. A careless user of tools is the loser; and not only that, but he forms careless habits which make it much harder for him to accomplish good work. So I beg of you, in behalf of all my fellow tools and implements, give us more thoughtful care and consideration so that we may live long and serve you well. THE WHEEL-BARROW

LOOKING TOWARDS LOMALAND

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

BY I. J. C.

WITH water, soap, and skill,
We scrub and rub until
You would say
No spot can there be left
To wash by hand so deft,
On Monday.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

'Ere sun and wind have done,
We have again begun,
Flat are they
And smoothed by irons hot,
These clothes without a spot,
On Tuesday.

So clean and neat are they,
We do delight to-day
To put away,
In chests and bureau neat,
Our washing now complete,
On Wednesday.

With water, pail, and brush,
On knees with speed we rush,
So we may
Have clean white kitchen floor,
From now for one week more,
On Thursday.

The duster, pan, and broom,
In all parts of the room,
Where they may
Find dust and dirt they seek
To sweep for all the week,
On Friday.

And now to make complete
Our work for all the week,
For Sunday
The bread and cake we make,
And these we always bake,
On Saturday.

— Selected from *Primary School*

VACATION DAYS ON MADISON LAKE

MADISON LAKE is about eighty miles south of Minneapolis, Minn., and about sixty miles west of Lake City, where Madame Katherine Tingley will start a new Râja-Yoga School in the fall. There are many hundreds of lakes in that part of the country, and as it rains a great deal there, the forests about the lakes are very green and beautiful. Many lovely ferns, brakes, and flowers grow among the trees. The spotted, yellow Tiger Lily is particularly beautiful. There are yellow water-lilies and tall brown cat-tails growing in the water as well.

Madison Lake is somewhat in the shape of a four-leaf clover, the points of land jutting into the middle of the lake making four delightful bays.

There are some fifty-odd varieties of birds to be seen in the vicinity of Point Pleasant, many of them beautiful song birds. Bird lovers residing there have placed all sorts of queer bird-houses about the place for them to build their nests in, and the birds have been making merry over their new homes, much to the pleasure and entertainment of the visitors who come there.

The children who spend their summer vacations at Lake Madison have happy times rowing on the lake. When they go for a day's outing on the water or for a frolic on the shore, both girls and boys don what they call 'koveralls.' Then they may

enjoy themselves without having to remember not to spoil their good clothes. They play with toy boats when they go in wading, sailing them in the shallow water, frightening the little frogs and fishes as they splash about and disturbing the naps of the old mud turtles sunning themselves on the large stones and old logs sticking out of the water. Every day when the weather is warm and sunny they have great fun bathing and learning to swim in the cool lake water. Some of the children learn to swim quite a little way even in one summer, but it takes some courage to go down the slide head first into the water. I wonder if the little girls in the picture have tried it? They look as if they had. In any event, they seem very much at home in the clear, cool, rippling water.

Making a sand village is one of the things the children like to do on very warm days in the shade of the trees. First, they build the house by packing the wet sand into a mound. Then they put on the chimneys and dormer windows. Next they dig out the doorway and hollow out the house by removing the sand from inside by the handful, taking great care not to go too close to the top and sides, thus causing it to cave in. After the houses are built, they dig a canal from the lake and the water is brought to the village. Then bridges are made of willow twigs. The grounds are laid out with pretty bright pebbles which the children hunt for when they go

wading in the lake. The summer-houses are made of sticks stuck into the ground and covered with cardboard tops twined with vines. The trees and shrubbery are sprigs of green and flowers stuck in the wet sand. The people who occupy these little sand houses are china dolls.

It takes quite a long time to build such a sand village. Perhaps the children spend a good part of three days in completing them, but they are quite worth while. Indeed, when you look at the pictures of the little sand houses, I feel sure that you will want to make just such a village the next time you go for your vacation to a lake or to a beach where there is sand. E. A.

'I-HAVE' AND 'O-HAD-I'

ANONYMOUS

THERE are two little songsters, well known in the land;
Their names are I-Have and O-Had-I.
I-Have will come lamely and perch on your hand,
But O-Had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-Have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand O-Had-I's, that sit far and high
On roofs and on trees so alluring.

'I-HAVE' AND 'O-HAD-I'

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay
And sing you, "Be cheery! be cheery!"
Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let an O-Had-I but once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Lifelong he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now racing, now panting and creeping;
While far overhead this sweet bird at his will,
With his bright golden plumage, is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song
Will count his I-Have a choice treasure,
And where'er an O-Had-I comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

OFF FOR A RIDE

ZEPHYR and Alice and their little brother Joe live in the country. Every day when the weather is fine they go out for a pony-ride. 'Black Beauty' is the name of their little Shetland pony. Father named him after a beautiful black horse about whom a great lover of animals once wrote a book.

'Sport' is the name of their big handsome shepherd dog. He always goes out with them. Here you see him on the pony's back.

They are crossing a wide field that will soon be covered with flowers. What merry times they have! BROTHER ALFRED

and happy, ready for a walk or a frolic, and did many things to make people cheerful and not glum and dumpy. He made his master do lots of right thinking, too.

When Tommy's attention was called to something new to him, he 'concentrated' his mind, cocked his little head, looking up into his master's face, as much as to say, "Repeat that, please." Or he would jump into his lap where he could look straight into the man's eyes and get the meaning of his words — see and feel them, don't you think? Then, jumping down, Tommy would scamper about, so glad that he had learned something new to him. And he never failed to remember anything he had learned. Do you?

Tommy was fond of riding — can you guess how? Lying across his master's shoulders, where he would laugh at the dogs that were walking; and sometimes he would bark for them to jump up and ride. Then too, it made him feel like a big dog, up so high, looking at things and the scenery — for Tommy never missed seeing anything within the range of his sight.

Now Tommy had long, curly white hair, which his master cut during warm weather in order that his little four-footed chum might be cool. This curly fluff he gave to a friend to make soft cushions of. But a good fairy must have whispered to her to keep it. For the Christmas after little Tommy died, this thoughtful and tender-hearted person spun this silky hair and knitted it into a beautiful, warm jacket for Tommy's master. And now, when the days grow cold, he puts on the jacket and can almost feel his little chum nestled in it amidst the unselfish thoughts of the kind comrade who made the jacket. And a magic jacket it is, too. It keeps little Tommy alive in his master's heart, so they will always be dear chums. For pure, unselfish love never sickens nor dies. TOMMY'S MASTER

PIXY PAN AND THE LOOKING-GLASS

PIXY PAN is home once more. Although his kind friends did what they could to make him happy, he was homesick evidently and had to be brought back home. He was glad enough to find himself back in his old place with big polly Daphne there and, best of all, his mistress, whom he had treated so badly. Yes, there was no doubt but that he loved her more than he used to, and he showed it by being much more friendly. For days after his return he was a dear affection-

ate and trusting little bird.

Little by little, however, the restlessness came back and he was unhappy again. He would not come out of his cage, and he didn't want to stay in it. He wanted more to eat than was good for him, and he didn't like his little seed because he wanted the big kind such as Daphne ate. He didn't want his apple because he preferred carrot. He even threw his cracker down on the bottom of his cage when it was offered to him. "Naughty, naughty Pixy Pan! Whatever am I going to do with you?" his mistress said to him.

All of a sudden his mistress thought of a bright idea. "Maybe he wants a companion of his own kind, and perhaps he will be contented with his own reflection in a looking-glass," thought she. So she hung a small mirror in his cage.

How surprised he was when he first caught sight of the visitor, and then how delighted! Now he was happy at once and began making funny eyes at it and chirping to it. Next, he proceeded to try to feed it, then caress it, rubbing his little head against it, talking to it and going through all sorts of funny antics before it. And of course the little bird in the glass reflected all his movements. At night he would sleep close to the glass. If anything alarmed him, he cuddled near to it, as if he thought it could keep him from harm.

But there was something strange and unsatisfactory about it after a bit. It didn't talk back, for one thing. One day he thought it had begun, but he discovered it was his mistress who had made an imitation squawk behind the mirror. It tricked him only for a minute, however; after that he knew the squawk was not real.

After the looking-glass bird came, Pixy felt more friendly with his mistress. Sometimes he would come out of his cage and climb onto her shoulder and kiss her cheek and talk to her, sit on her finger and let her put her face to his little warm feathered back. Really, Pixy Pan seemed to be growing to be a nice bird at last.

Evidently part of the trouble was that Pixy had longed for his own kind. But his mistress was hoping that before the novelty of the looking-glass bird wore away, he would learn to appreciate human companionship. For the great trouble with Pixy Pan had been, from the first, that he hadn't learned, as most caged birds learn, to be good friends with the people who feed and care for them. As I told you before, his own importance had prevented his making friends with his mistress when he first came.

Even now, when you come to think, it was his own shadow he was most attracted to; he was in love with his own reflection. Silly bird! It was really pathetic to see him contentedly sitting next his own reflection in the mirror. But the fact that he is more friendly with his mistress is a step in the right direction. May be if he continues to improve, his mistress might find him a little live b— but that belongs to another chapter. COUSIN EDYTHA

AN OLD RHYME

WHAT does little birdie say,
In his nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother let me fly away."

"Birdie wait a little longer
Till your little wings are stronger."
So he waits a little longer,
Then he flies, he flies away.

)ther Fox will be home, and
y will all have!
leep forest. Their home is a
night comes they curl up like
deep, warm hollow and never

at a nice home the old tree
d just above them thinks so,
a warm, soft nest, and per-
in the branches of the same
other Nature is to them! M.

;A MESSENGER

JULY 1920

:DGE AND WISDOM

COWPER

E and wisdom, far from being one,
ıes no connection. Knowledge dwells
with thoughts of other men;
ls attentive to their own.
rude, unprofitable mass,
als with which Wisdom builds,
ıd squared, and filled to its place —
ber whom it seems to enrich.
oud that he has learned so much;
ble that he knows no more.

:HOOL AGAIN

s are quickly slipping away and another school-
. This is not altogether a new experience to
may think we know all about it. But do we?
walked a certain distance along an unknown
that we know all about what lies ahead of us?
e say: Euclid will always be Euclid, and Latin
jugations and declensions mastered. We are
ooks, and we have looked ahead and know the
ory-books, for instance.
nake our mistake. The real value of our school-
owledge but in developing our minds, and we
s end. We develop our minds in order to think
ons, and understand and master all the problems
with later in life. Memory, too, is one of the
may not 'see the use' of learning geometrical
ıembering when William the Conqueror landed
ıo desire to become teachers or possess the love
t may seem superfluous. But if mathematics
ife to calculate how many eggs will be needed
remember to give her patient medicine at the
-tests will become indispensable.
d-development, memory-training, and a broad-

ma! What can they be like in that faraway
ke a pocket from Asia's roomy apron, with
n, the Shan States, India, and the blue and
engal edging it round? Burma, with its mys-
orests and its quarries of priceless jade, with
ith its ancient ruined temples and hoary monu-
sunset hues of long-past glory; Burma, with
ts happy, trusting people! What are Burmese

rma are as happy and lovable as their elders
n the good examples they have, are among the
ildren in the world. All travelers agree that
Burma wherever they are found, for the people
oy of life and in a wonderful purity and peace.
thers and mothers of Burma feel it their first
the sweet and ancient truths that make for up-
urity of soul.
oth valued and beloved. They are welcomed
gh the parents felt and saw them really "trailing
er's waiting arms from a lovelier and brighter
orate the various stages of their budding lives,
religious festivals of the land little children have
ly celebrates them together.
over education must begin, and this makes an
ation in Burma is mainly in the hands of two
rising men who have dedicated themselves to a
the other composed of Burmese mothers. The
irely in the hands of the former, but that of the
ig of Government schools within recent years,
thers.
be for boys alone — a sad restriction, certainly, in
not always competent and where homes are not
ut in Burma this was never the case, and Burmese
any land in womanly graces and joyousness of
man is one of the freest in the world. She is as
nd cloistered woman of India as it is possible to
as freely as men do and always unveiled; she
nd sells as she will; her opinion is respected and
e is altogether a power. But in the home is her
re she shines as the ideal wife and mother. Her
and out of it, is one of great dignity. So that we
others of Burma make excellent teachers, for the

them, and they believe that the merchant or laborer has as great a need for the virtues of honesty, loyalty, purity, and the rest, as the man who is fitting himself to become a spiritual teacher. The result is that nearly all Burmese men — especially among the better classes — have at some time been students in these schools, having entered them for the discipline and the training they give in the virtues, in wisdom, and in self-control. In these schools the day always opens and closes with music. Mr. Fielding Hall, who has written very wonderfully about the Burmese in his book *The Soul of a People*, describes this as follows:

HAPPY LITTLE GIRLS OF BURMA

"Several times a day, at about nine o'clock at night, and again before dawn, you will hear the lads intoning clearly and loudly some of the sacred teachings. I have been awakened many a time in the early morning, before the dawn, before even the promise of dawn in the eastern sky, by the children's voices

Gautama Buddha in the most childlike and un-
› set creeds and no dogmas; they spend no time
dispute about what they believe. They teach
result is that the little children begin life with a

AND SISTER

happy and aspiring outlook. Kindness is their only creed. They are ever ready to help and share and serve. They not only believe in universal brotherhood (which, being *universal*, includes all their little brothers of the earth and air) but they live and practise it. Particularly are they kind to animals. Little Burmese boys consider it no sport, but a wicked and criminal act, to rob a bird's nest or treat a little pet animal with thoughtless disregard.

And when it comes to their relations with each other, Mr. Hall tells us that courtesy is one of their distinguishing traits. He says:

"It seems to them an unconscious confession of weakness to be scornful, revengeful, inconsiderate. Courtesy, they say, is the mark of a great man, discourtesy of a little one. No one who feels his position secure

Their word for a fool and a hasty-tempered man is

are naturally brave and heroic. They endure pain or
urage and are not apt to inflict their small troubles
ldren do. But this does not make them unlike other
e of sports and fun. They play 'peg-top' and sail
red kites as skilfully as an American boy, and boating
eir delight.

his faraway nation, be it said, family life in Burma is very beautiful. It is kept so, keen observers say, by eligion of the people. It is a current saying with them another to virtue without being virtuous yourself; so the parents and teachers of that land, believing this,

'st, and make *themselves* worthy examples. And
ıple is limitless — Râja-Yoga children know that.
children of that land!

vals of the year is celebrated by a pilgrimage to
gon, and in this the children and their elders always

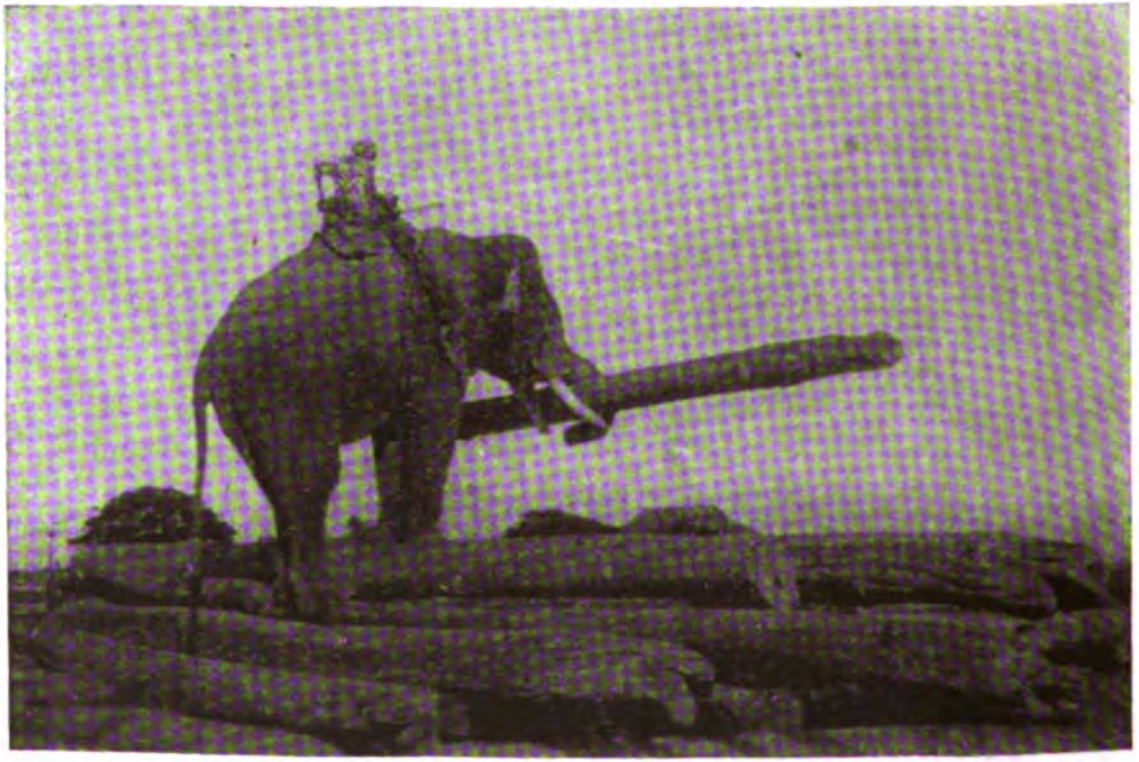
SPRING PLOWING IN BURMA

after the rainy
a season which
a time for sow-
the spiritual life
thirsty fields; so
sow and live in
and their duties,
fields are ready
ture to do her
is over. Then,
so beautifully
The Theosophic-
vember, 1918:
forth. Light-
ness, as fresh as
garment which
wear, fills the
held the great-
year. This is
young and old,
way all express
gladness. From far and near the people gather to
das, and there for seven days, three of greater and
ınce, make merry, worship, and drink to the fulness
ɔm the fresh earth, from every leaf and bud, from the
ight and color, from human sympathy, and at night,
of the moon, from the odorous trees, filling the air

:at *Shwe Dagon* pagoda, the same writer says further:

pon a small hill, a tall tapering cone reaching up
hree hundred feet, all covered with pure gold-leaf
: sun, ornamented on high with glittering jewels, and
lace surrounded by the sheltering trees. The base
led by dragons, and up the long flight of red-roofed
he Great Peace pilgrims are ever ascending and de-
pilgrims, in gay, bright colors, filled with a quiet

feel that the future of a nation, or the happiness of any of its homes, might be safely entrusted to children such as these. Whether carrying childish offerings to the beautiful, rose-bowered shrines, bathing and boating on the silvery, lapping waters of the Bay of Bengal, or greeting the sunrise with their songs, they creep into our hearts and awaken in us a deeper love for the children of God's great family everywhere. DOROTHY McD.



ELEPHANT MOVING TEAK LOGS IN BURMA

'HIPPOORWILL TIME

MADISON CAWEIN

›wn the bars; drive in the cows:
he west is barred with burning rose.
he horses from the ploughs,
from the cart the ox that lows,
! the lamp within the house:
›poorwill is calling,
ıippoorwill, whippoorwill,"
:e locust blooms are falling
On the hill;
sel's rose is dying,
whippoorwill is crying,
hippoorwill, whippoorwill";
Soft, now shrill,
whippoorwill is crying,
"Whippoorwill."

the watchdog from his chain:
e first stars wink their drowsy eyes:
ɔ-bell tinkles in the lane,
ıd where the shadow deepest lies
ɔ makes bright the window-pane;
hippoorwill is calling,
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,"
the berry-blooms are falling
On the rill;
rst faint stars are springing,
he whippoorwill is singing,
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill";
Softly still
›hippoorwill is singing,
"Whippoorwill."

:ows are milked; the cattle fed;
The last far streaks of evening fade:
farm-hand whistles in the shed,
And in the house the table's laid;
amp streams on the garden bed:
whippoorwill is calling,
"Whippoorwill whippoowill,"

his food into fine particles. The gizzard is a dark cavity with highly muscular walls lined with a tough, rubber-like coating, where the food gets churned and squeezed and rubbed against the stones until it is properly crushed.

At the Mission Cliff Ostrich Farm cracked shell and water is all that the young chicks get for the first four days after hatching; the shell of course serving as millstones in the gizzard. Condescending to take a little nourishment on the fifth day, they break their fast on chopped lettuce and barley-meal. Ostriches have been known to eat pieces of glass, old shoes, prayer-books, copper coins and a piece of a parasol; the two last-mentioned delicacies however proved fatal to the enterprising birds who made the experiment.

The breeding of ostriches should turn out to be a very profitable undertaking notwithstanding you have to pay so much for your parent birds. Six ostriches can be reared on the food required by one cow, and of course one of these birds would sell for a great deal more than an ordinary cow.

The male bird in a wild state may have as many as seven mates who all lay their eggs in the same nest, which is simply a saucer-like hollow scraped in the sand with their feet. During the night the father sits on the eggs, and in the daytime he takes turns at guarding the nest but not at incubating, because the heat of the sun makes that unnecessary.

The egg of the ostrich weighs three pounds and contains as much 'meat' as twenty-four hens' eggs, so that one egg serves as a substantial breakfast for quite a large family. The shell is as hard as an average tea-cup.

Jackals, hyenas, and those curious little, long-eared desert foxes known as fennecs, often slyly creep about near the nest in the hope of stealing a [illegible] one deadly downstroke

athers come from the male birds, which are well shown in hey are covered for the most part with glossy, black feathers, and tail are adorned with the long, floating, white plumes ed to adorn the 'picture-hat' of some lady of fashion. About nths the feathers are collected, the larger ones being cut nile the smaller ones are plucked. One of the societies for f animals has inspected the removal of the feathers and is e operation is practically painless. Let us hope that the e same way about it. It is in the interest of the ostrich ry gentle with the birds, because any injury done to the :h the feathers sprout would spoil the new growth. Before ns, a stocking is slipped over the head of the ostrich, and he is so cowed by the sudden darkness that he becomes as meek as a lamb, and submits to the operation without a struggle.

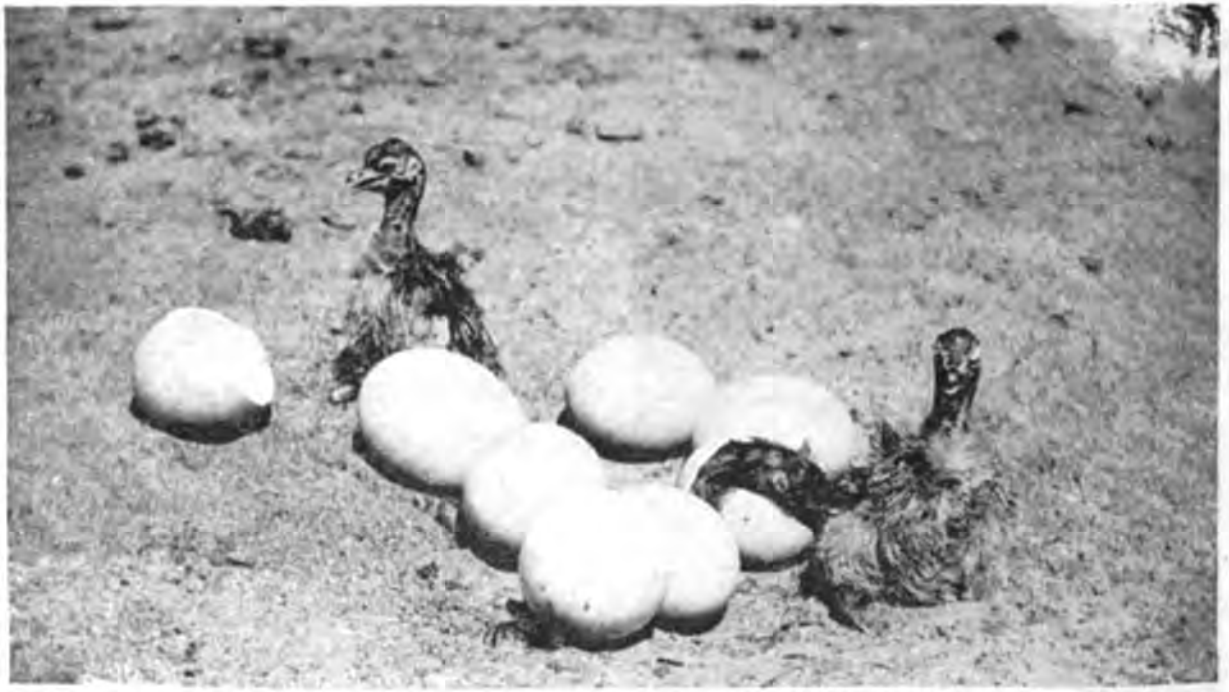
OSTRICHES

Ostrich farms are possible not only under the sunny skies of California, but also in much colder climates. Near Hamburg in Germany the ostriches are exposed to the weather all the year round and are perfectly healthy. A photograph has been exhibited of a whole flock of these birds standing out in the snow in their bare feet, and yet looking perfectly contented. In fact it is said that in cold climates the birds produce finer plumes in order to keep themselves warm. Some few years ago it was proposed by an English member of Parliament that an ostrich farm should be started as far north as Scotland, and there seems ıy it should not succeed.

a year old may be bought at the Mission Cliff Farm for apiece; but for a fine, full-grown specimen you may :h as fifteen hundred dollars, which seems rather a high ·d. It must be remembered however that in the nesting lays an egg every other day from which ostriches may :an themselves be sold later at high prices. Besides this, roduce a hundred dollars' worth of feathers every year.

but it is slowly retreating before the advance of the colonists. It was to be met with at various points in south-west Asia in earlier times, and Xenophon says it was common in Assyria in his day.

In conclusion it may be said that, notwithstanding the widely current story, these sensible birds do *not* hide their heads in bushes and suppose that because they can see nobody, therefore nobody can see them.



OSTRICH EGGS AND CHICKS, BENTLEY OSTRICH FARM, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

So great is the power of [illegible] that there is

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

GABRIEL SETOUN

E world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
always have a smiling face,
4nd never sulk for anything.

ken when the morning's come,
4nd feel the air and light alive
strange sweet music like the hum
)f bees about their busy hive.

'innets play among the leaves
4t hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
', flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
4nd tall old trees that you could climb;
winds that come, but cannot stay,
4re gaily singing all the time.

dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

if you listen to the rain
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
ld always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.— Selected

scientific books or journalism; it doesn't even neces-
all. It is one of the very few Welsh words that have
ıd then it had to come through Latin first.

is the Tywi, or as the English spell it, *Towy*. It is
ers in Wales; and as it is quite near the sea at this
ı your own conclusions as to the size of Welsh rivers.
ɔnly thirty miles long: but you can crowd heaps of
ıd fairies and things like that into thirty miles. And
matter.

s Caermarthen. It looks ugly enough, because of that
once there was a castle there, but now it is a prison.
k that a town like that could have been the home of,
most famous Enchanter of European legend; but it
s a corruption of *Caerfyrddin*, which means the City
name the Normans couldn't pronounce, so they made
Merlin is supposed to have lived in the time of Arthur;
ed to have lived in the sixth century A. D. But the
long before that there was a Roman town at Caer-
went by the same name: it was called in Latin *Mari-*
ıerely the Latin corruption of the native Britonic or
t looks as if Merlin really lived a long time before the
ritain.

the town is the cave in which he lies dreaming or en-
ɪy put spells on him, so that he might not die, but go
never be lost to the world. So I suppose he will awake
his grand enchantments again.

men: they must go to sleep sometimes, or they would
e. When that happens, the people stop progressing;
ıite, or undertake new projects; they only want to be
ı quiet time, and make little wars among themselves,
l or anything. So generally they get conquered by
ɔple that happens to be awake. In such sleeping coun-
hear of ancient heroes and magicians who are said to
ne mountain or in some cave, waiting for the time when
l lead their people to great things again. In Wales
r such enchanted sleepers: Arthur, and Myrddin, and
another man called Owen Redhand, who was a son
Wales, and who became, after the conquest, a great
h navy; Froissart tells you about him. Perhaps it
ıl of the Nation; which goes into the Hidden World
alseep; and then, after centuries, when the time comes,
ady, it comes forth again. KENNETH MORRIS

With closer eyes on Nature's book,
They might behold in seeing thee
A creature robed in brilliancy;
They might admire thy speckled back
Begemmed with purple, gold, and black;
Thy hundred eyes, with diamond rims;
Thy supple and resplendent limbs.

They call thee cruel; but forget,
Although thy skilful trap be set
To capture the unwary prey,
That thou must eat as well as they.
No pampered appetites hast thou,
What kindly Nature's laws allow
Thou takest for thy daily food,
And kindly Nature owns it good.

Fie on us! we who hunt and kill,
Voracious, but unsated still;
Who ransack earth, and sea, and air,
And slay all creatures for our fare,
Complain of thee, whose instinct leads,
Unerring, to supply thy needs,
Because thou takest now and then
A fly, thy mutton, to thy den.

ightless sneer or laugh;
voice in thy behalf.
livest, Nature meant —
ul innocent.
instinct to obey,
hand designed thy prey;
killest, well we know
l sport, compels the blow.

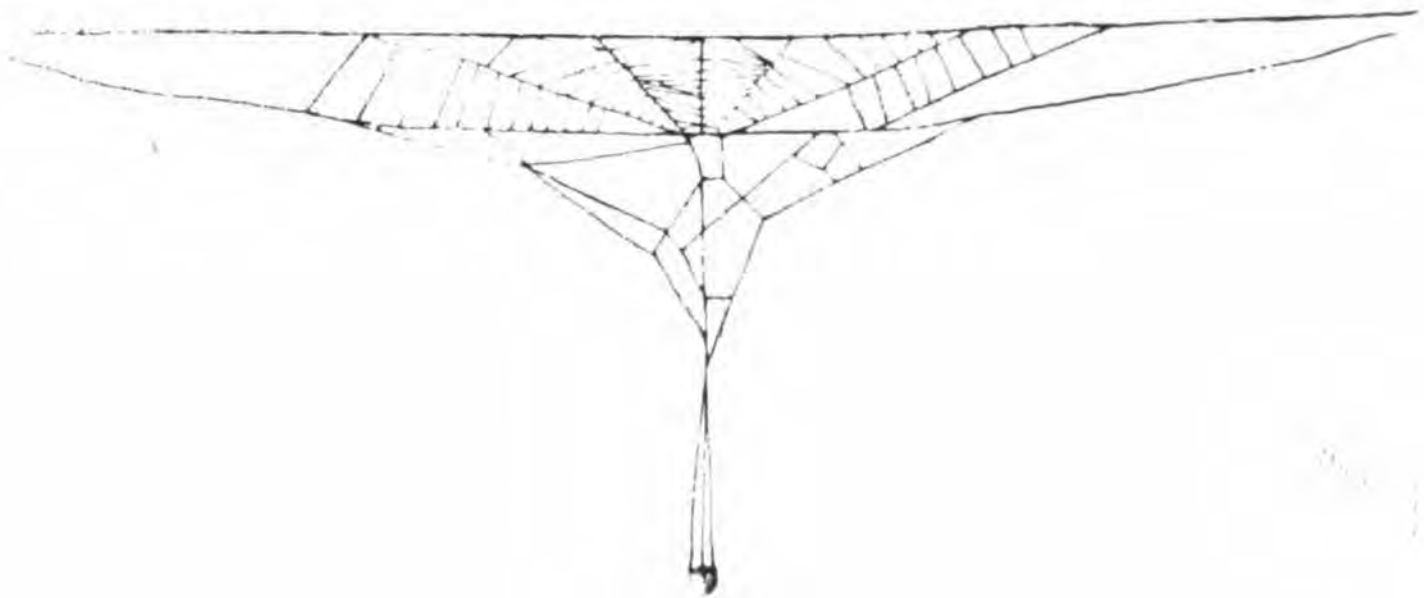
plead thy simple case
landerers of thy race,
y skilful web alone
ie venial faults alone,
ss unnoticed by
in calamity,
lo endure or wail,
nce strong as Fate.

y wind or thunder-shower
b in evil hour;
ss hand of lynx-eyed boy,
gardener's rake, destroy
athematic maze
st in our garden ways,
nings mar thy rest,
ws fill thy breast.

perchance deplore thy lot,
fortune loves thee not;
t thou sulk and mope,
groan, forgetting hope;
patience, calm and true,
l all thy work anew,
'l that Heaven is just
alure of the dust,

Providence whose plan
spiders as to man,
ccord its aid divine
o lazily repine;
strength to those is given
mselves, and trust in Heaven.
lo that faith I cling —
lesson while I sing.— CHARLES MACKAY

each other at the ends and the problem that faced the spider-engineer was to stretch them apart in the middle so as to accommodate the main part of the web. It was also necessary to steady the lower of the two threads so that the whole structure would not be blown about by the wind.



As already explained, the loose dust on the path below prevented a sure attachment to the ground. It seemed as though the spider had let himself down to the path by a thread and had selected a pebble the size of a small peanut; that he had then passed some threads underneath it and hoisted it up after him until it hung three feet above the path. Certainly the little pendulum swung to and fro in the wind, but it was quite steady enough to keep the web stretched and to prevent it from getting crumpled up into folds. Let us hope that the clever little mechanic will succeed in catching

in catching flies but for a sticky fluid like
the threads and to which the flies adhere as
ers. Examine a spider's web carefully and
ound drops hanging on the threads like pearls
re sticky like varnish, as you can prove by
ire not caught by getting entangled among
o the glutinous fluid which covers the web.
ebs when they get broken, but make new ones
e with the spiders of France). From this it
of a spider is like a machine which can only
and over again in their proper order, but
arately and deal with each particular break
have very good reasons for making a fresh
ken of the sticky fluid which catches the flies;
iat it stays sticky for very long. It has been
oy exposure to the air like varnish, and also
ually wash it off the web, so that perhaps the
in entirely new web and coat the threads with
s wonderful how the spider contrives to handle
sticky surface without getting caught in his

which is no thicker than a human hair, is said
000 strands, and so exquisitely fine is the line
that a piece long enough to reach all around
ialf a pound!

The stories that we read about spiders however,
old about a spider that had such a keen appre-
ays dropped from his home in the ceiling and
ver a violinist whenever he played upon his
e likely that the spider was considering the
ng the vibrations of the strings for the buzzing
ier words, he was simply prospecting around to
k up something nice for his next meal.

hers, and it is common in the summer here at
piders running over the ground carrying their
taining perhaps as many as a hundred eggs.
however, and if you rob them of their egg-sacks
cotton in exchange for it, they will run away

rful intelligence at work among spiders, but it
ay that spiders are themselves intelligent. A
nest of a trap-door spider with the neat, round

THE DEAN OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WARD was the dean of American sculpture. He was essentially an American artist, having studied under an American sculptor, the late Henry Kirke Brown, and not having gone to Europe for tuition, though he did go there later on in life. He was born in Ohio, in 1830, of American parents. As a boy he had a great liking for modeling figures in mud and clay, and even dough on baking days.

When he was fifteen he saw a piece of sculpture for the first time and succeeded so well in copying it that his parents sent him to the East to study. His teacher, Henry Kirke Brown, under whom he studied for seven years, had made some studies of Indians as his first work in America and it was quite natural that Ward should turn to this subject. Some time after he went to the West to study Indian life, and his first important work was 'An Indian Hunter,' the first sculpture to stand in Central Park, New York. Perhaps John Quincy Adams Ward's most famous statue is that of Washington, which stands in front of the Sub-Treasury Building, New York City. As a statue it ranks with Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington. Other well known statues are the Beecher memorial, one of Shakespeare, an equestrian statue of Philip Sheridan, and one of Major General George H.

-YOGA TRAVELER IN MALTA

I write you from Malta? A fortnight here has opened nteresting world of history and romance that I hard- where to begin. And then the people — so kindly ous, so industrious and courteous and brave — I feel ı I would like to stay here always.

heir land *Fior del Mondo* ('Flower of the World') ak of it as 'England's Eye in the Mediterranean.' more fitting, even though Malta has many flowers etation in the little gardens that surround the simple itself is little more than a rock. Trees do not flourish il, while the line of forts that surround it suggests r. It is, in fact, one of the famous military strong- is the strongest vantage-point England has on the atened road between herself and her possessions in is often swept by hurricanes, which forest growths like.

ever, 'the *islands* of Malta,' — they are noted on *Iallesi*, and there are four of them. Malta proper ize comes Gozo (or Gozzo), then Comino, then a tto ('little Comino'). All told, they contain less nd our first glimpse of them was not encouraging. and bleak. But after we were pulled ashore by boatmen in the picturesque, high-prowed *dghaisas*, le and felt the charm of the climate and the simple ontent to stay. Tourists generally feel the same. pecially from England, every year.

more densely populated than any other spot of They average more than two thousand people to re beggars, of course, as in all the Mediterranean) from choice evidently, and extreme poverty is e people are very industrious and self-reliant by teady market for the goldsmith and filigree work ert, and for the famous 'Maltese lace' made by prosperous always. Besides, England employs ing and keeping up of her defenses, and Nature with right management, will produce three and hings each year.

d there was a festival and all the people turned festivals, for surely so many would not crowd re not the case, in a land where there are no less ys a year! And they make a happy and beautiful scarfs, sashes and caps picked out like the bits

nd others. Modern structures mingle with process of construction with the drawbridges, ieval days.

ved by some scholars to be derived from the That is not improbable, for the island is well from the storms of nature and those of war, have played about and over it since history an. The little bay near La Valetta is be- ed to be the spot upon which Paul landed en shipwrecked, and the Maltese will show the very grotto where they believe that lodged while on their shores. They will grave- tell you, also, that there are no poisonous kes on the island because Paul put a ban on them! However that may be, there *are* ne, and it is somewhat of a comfort to know t fact when clambering over or creeping ough the crumbling ruins of which Malta such an abundance!

But quite beyond history there are legends ich go back into the mists of time. Malta, 's tradition, was anciently the home of the clopes of Homeric lore, and Gozo is the led isle of the enchantress Calypso, vis- d by Ulysses. And there are great stone so-called 'giant's tower,' which certainly date ne story of which archaeology is not able to sophical books.

many times. The Phoenicians once held it, in the third century B. C. The Vandals took years after that. In 870 the Arabs took pos- or nearly a thousand years. The Arab strain e wonderful examples of Moorish architecture hat the language is of pure Arab origin (so ked with the Mediterranean *palois*, testifies to render Malta in their turn — this time to the at was; and Napoleon surrendered the pos- a few months.

ity') is the ancient capital of Malta. There compared with a bustling modern city, that is. have missed. The atmosphere of a wonderful ruin and crumbling wall. For ruins there are

hospitable and kindly, as though it felt the temper of the people themselves.

How many worlds there are within our great world! And what a sweet breath to the tired traveler is the bare meeting with a simple contented people like the Maltese! It makes you feel more, love more, and long to serve more — and what else are we here for? A RÂJA-YOGA TRAVELER

EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND

VII

THE fox was formerly distinguished by having a noun of multitude all to himself, so that a little group of foxes was referred to as a 'skulk' of foxes. To skulk means to get out of the way in a sneaking manner, and so perhaps the word was used in reference to their sly, secretive behavior as they rapidly retire from view. We are quite at liberty however to speculate as to whether it may not be connected with the Icelandic word *skjol*, which means a place of shelter; if so, then a 'skulk' of foxes would mean a family of foxes living all together in the same *skjol* or burrow. The writer once watched the playful gambols of a skulk of foxes from the top of a haystack, from which point of vantage the foxes could be seen distinctly on the opposite side of the valley. Five or six of the young cubs were frolicking about like puppies in a high state of excitement, and chasing one another up and down the sunny slope of the hill.

ple on the water grew,
porpoise flashed in view."
e reminded that whales and porpoises are not
nals shaped somewhat like fish and resembling
In former times however almost everything
classed with the fishes.
s had set some kind of a standard for the spelling
vas spelt in six different ways and all of them
coole, *scool*, *scole*, *scule*, *scull*, and *skull*, so that
de range of spellings to choose from and could
But even now, after so many years of printed
olutely fixed, and eminent writers like Coleridge,
metimes deliberately set at nought the authority
spelt certain words just as they thought fit.
n for wrong spelling, and the dictionaries can
toms in spelling, but cannot lay down the law:
ot decree. In the United States we have long
the spelling brought over by the Pilgrim Fathers,
park; cheque, check; drachm, dram; liquorice,

solitary in their habits; but they are occasional-
rties, as it is probably an advantage for a number
ile hunting. When evening falls they lay their
shake the air with the terrific thunder of their
es and zebras gallop madly to and fro and sooner
distance of the crouching lions. A French hunter
group of sixteen lions when hunting in northern
readers fall in with such a formidable assembly
'That is a fine 'pride' of lions," and then quickly
porhood. The dictionary gives us no help as to
noun of multitude; but it was probably invented
ney came into contact with the King of Beasts
e Danish word *prud*, which is nearly related to
d magnificent, and certainly a number of wild
attitudes while they gaze disdainfully at the rash
solitudes, might well be called a 'pride' of lions.
e captive lion has a much more impressive mane
ite of nature. Thorns, twigs, and briars are con-
nanes of the wild lions and tearing out little tufts
nave a thin and ragged look; whereas the captive
h wear and tear and so accumulates that massive
ts his wild relations in the second class.

and is derived from the Latin *mostra*, a review of troops. There is nothing very military about peacocks, unless perhaps it is their splendid uniform; but the word might be far better applied to assemblies of the quaint penguin of the Antarctic, which stand upright and frequently march in regular rank and file like soldiers. It may be mentioned that the meeting of numerous musters of peacocks in the jungles of India is always looked upon as a very good sign that there are tigers in the neighborhood, as the presence of these birds never fails to attract the fierce, striped robber of the forests.

In olden times a group of herons was called a 'siege' (or 'sedge') of herons. 'Siege' is simply the old French *siège*, which was taken from the Latin *sedes*, a seat. These graceful, long-legged wading-birds are often seen to stand for hours, expectant of their prey of fish and water-rats along the shallow margins of the lakes and pools; and as one of the meanings of *siège* was the waiting in an attitude of watchfulness for prey, we can easily see how a number of herons came to be known as a 'siege.' When an army lays 'siege' to a city, it 'sits' down outside the walls with a view to its capture. A 'siege' of herons was often spelled 'sedge,' and here the young student is tempted to say that a 'sedge' of herons clearly means a group of these birds standing among the sedge, a very common grass in swamps or on the shelving margins of lakes. It is however quite certain that it has no connection with sedge, the water-grass whose blades have sharp cutting edges. Readers of Tennyson may remember the "siege perilous" in his poem of 'The Holy Grail'; but here siege means a 'seat,' which is exactly what *sedes* means in Latin, and it is used here in its original meaning.

" to point out

old days when hawks were flown and trained
d birds, among the favorite victims was the
omplete contrast to a hernshaw that only the
uld possibly confound the two birds, so that
stupid person, that he could not tell a hawk
vking went out of fashion, people began to
and finally changed it to the more familiar
:he saying has quite lost its point and we say
handsaw." The saying in its corrupted form
akespeare's play of 'Hamlet.' UNCLE LEN

MALDON

in the flat eastern County of Essex in England,
ckwater, close to the sea and forty-four miles

ntiquity and it possesses some ancient and inter-
Townhall of the reign of Henry VI, a Grammar
d some interesting churches, the principal one
hich dates from 1056 and has a curious Early
eing triangular in plan. This has a remarkable

nt place in Roman times, and there are traces
e suburbs. The population is about seven thou-
other factories.
lage of Purleigh, of great interest to Americans,
great grandfather of George Washington, was
there from 1632 until 1642, when he was expelled
tower of this church has been restored by enthusi-
ington Memorial. R.

l) while those tender tributes were being
the older students, and also by the tiny
; to go to school. Every little while out
: '*cheep-cheep!*' or '*lr-r-r-r-r-r-r-e-e-e-l*' or
that just *had* to be sung!

; enjoyed the most were the songs by the
Swedish national dance. The pictures
t they need all the imagination you can
you a really complete picture of the color
movement and charm of it.

egree, what the brilliant Swedish national
en has been for centuries one of the great
d her people are known everywhere. If
nen imagine a group of little tots, hardly
elves, decked out in the lovely colors of
d nature-beauty and ancient lore; and if
esides all this, in the lovely nature-setting
the foliage a veritable patch-work of rare
brilliant hues of international flags fluttering
ou can imagine this loveliness all edged and
nd if you then can see these happy tots
mic movement of the old Swedish national
no words from Jenny Oriole!

to the birthday festival: they danced and
t a mistake through confusing figures. And
ause so heartily and so long that one of the
said, "Why, the birds are in the audience,

om the full chorus, a rich and lovely ending
sic, art, and above all the drama, had lent
nd a real Râja-Yoga spirit of fun to honor
Teacher without whom there would be no
ldren learning what real Brotherhood means,
ing in their treetop kingdom in perfect safety.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

Apples in the orchard
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and golden leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother doin' peaches,
All the afternoon,—
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
Pussy's got the ball,—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all? [Selected]

or little girls going around all sad and ashamed."
s us the easy way. It says there is no need to
as Matty did. When Madame Tingley founded
ol she named it 'The School of Prevention.' Now
e is joy" in that School. AUNT ESTHER

a Academy of Sciences

RALONE ISLANDS BIRD ROOKERY

A-BIRDS AT POINT LOMA

when down on the rocks by the sea. I was watch-
icans and gulls. There were about a hundred of
. Some sat on the water floating about, and
e flying around.

interesting. When they finish resting, they
ater. Then they fly till they are between two
the water; then, all of a sudden, they turn
d wings and tumble into the water. They
a minute afterwards and do the same trick
icans never fly when a wave breaks, they dive
the seagulls always fly away.

along the road once when we saw a rock where
ty seagulls. They look so pretty when they

of a sudden a wave broke a little behind him, and when it got ... him he woke and looked around. When he saw the wave, he plunged under the surface and was gone. GÖSTA VON G.

TWO WHITE MICE

MISS FUZZY and Miss Wuzzy are two little white mice. They live in a big wire cage. They have a nest to sleep in, a pitcher of water to drink from, a nice tray for their food, and some branches to climb upon and play among.

They are great gymnasts. They run up the sides of the wire and across the top of their nest to the branches. Then they swing themselves up on the bending branches and run around on them.

Their nest is an empty tea caddy, and their bed is made of pieces of soft newspaper, torn very fine. They like to make their own nest. We give them the pieces of newspaper (they do not like wool) and then they pick up the pieces in their little mouths and carry them to the nest and stuff them in. By and by the nest is filled with soft bits that make a very nice bed.

Miss Fuzzy and Miss Wuzzy look very cunning when they take ...

GRANDPA'S STORY

'A was seated in the doorway of his house, made
e discarded hull of a boat. Harold, his eldest
ı, was watching the deft old fingers as they
a boat, when suddenly, "Tell us a story, Grand-
the balmy ocean air as three sturdy youngsters
ously. Then they remembered themselves, and
said again, very politely,

r-BUILDING

"*Please* tell us a story! We'll listen, and not make a bit of noise."

All sorts of kind little wrinkles showed around Grandpa's eyes as he smiled at the youngsters, and asked the usual question: "What about?"

"Adventures!" said Fred.

"Shipwreck!" cried Donald.

"Tell about some animals," added Hugh, and then they all waited.

"Grandpa" was old Captain William Hudson, who had spent thirty years of his life on merchant vessels plying in all parts of the world; and if ever there was a man who knew a story to
ıe. So he began:

ck in the 'eighties,' when my ship was the clipper
between Liverpool and Bombay. I was on the
dia with a cargo of horses — three hundred of
l, until off the coast of Africa we were becalmed.
t it means to be *becalmed?*"
ered Fred promptly. "It's when the wind goes
ll the sails, and the ship is bound to stand still."

man, doled out the water to the horses — one bucketful a day for each; and when watering-time came the animals formed a line and marched slowly past him, each one drinking his share from the bucket Hardy held. It took hours to do the job: the line of horses was like one of those endless belts that keep on coming and coming.

Hardy was nearly worn out one day, when suddenly he looked up, and what he saw nearly made him upset the bucket. The horse that was drinking was a very strikingly marked animal,— not another one anything like him in the whole shipload — and here he was, coming for a *second* drink of water!

'He had his drink a quarter of an hour ago!' exclaimed Hardy."

Here the boys shouted with laughter, because they saw what had happened, but Grandpa went on:

"Yes, those horses were right cunning. They were still thirsty, and what did they do but attach themselves to the end of the line, and come around again for a second helping! And there's no telling how long it would have gone on, if it hadn't been for that little red and white horse that Hardy recognized."

"I hope you let them all go on and have another drink," said

'mascot.' It was rather lonesome out there.
; when I went on deck, I spied a vessel coming
rate. I called Hardy and Leonard, my first
:hem knew what to make of it; because it
1 queerer. And no wonder! When it came
s what they call a 'derelict'— just a drifting
board. Still, we thought we saw something
ve drew up nearer; and what do you think
as? It was a great Newfoundland dog, the
'er saw, but very thin for it was starving.
g thing on board that hulk.

o see us? I rather think he was! He was too
'ing about, but we managed to get him onto
gave him broth, and fed him up, and he was
arth in a day or two."

)u do with him?"

)me to this very house, and he was a famous
His favorite resting-place was this very door-

have been old Bruno, that we've heard so
Hugh.

)inking of that deserted ship. "What did you
" he asked.

n behind our vessel and brought it into port,
/ disposed of by the proper people," replied
added, "Look at the size of that moon coming
and have a look at it."

ell us *why* you took that old drifting boat,"
wasn't any good to anyone, was it?"

' said Grandpa, "but it might have collided
r in the darkness and caused great loss of life.
ens. Derelicts are dangerous things, my boy.

)peared around the corner of the house. M. S.

F JULY

we cannot love
own country or
derstand it
we *do* love other

But on Four
of July we alwa
have, besides
triotic things, s
games and sp

inds. These grounds are
' is an old, old word.
or college like our own
basketball and other
races and so on. But
f war.'

THE BROWNITAS HARD AT WORK

tle girls had
the little
cross the

"The Bro
have won!"
body calle
How the 'B
itas' did
They had n

pected to win. But they had found the knack of *pulling tog*

We boys hadn't found it — at least not soon enough. We
just as well own up. But wait till the next time!

The next time came a few weeks later. We Brownitos we
termined to make a better record, too. For one thing, we f
had earned the right to *have* a better record, for our work in ou
maland home and school had been better than ever. We had
trying hard and in

Landseer

'PIPERS AND NUTCRACKERS'

LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE FOR

SIR Edwin Landseer was a famous painter of the last century. His p are very much loved because so them tell stories of animals, especially dogs always tell beautiful and gentle stories. something about them that makes one fee and happier than before.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGEI

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TO A CHILD

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WIN THE GAME

NOBODY likes to be beaten. Whether in games or work, ever body strives for success and feels that he ought to have it. An he will, if he knows the rules of the game and concentrates h mind on the details that bring success. Just now, all over th country, growing boys and girls and even their small brothe and sisters are beginning to play one of the most interesting and excitin games we know — the game of GOING TO SCHOOL.

This is a game we have to win against ourselves mostly, for the onl things that make us lose the game are things inside ourselves. It is a wrestlin match between our text-books and our minds, to see which is the mo supple, quick, and strong. Every time a lesson is learned, that means tha so much strength and life has been added to our minds, making them mo able to do the next lesson. But when laziness, inattention, or dislike of th real fun of working makes us shirk or neglect the rules, then the mere printe pages prove stronger and make us dissatisfied with ourselves and disa pointing to our parents and friends.

Râja-Yoga can give you the secret of winning this game, and if yo play it right, it will never seem like hard, tiresome work. In the Râja-Yog School study is looked upon as a pleasure — a fine, bracing exercise tha strengthens and invigorates the mind, just as tennis, football, and rowin make strong lungs and firm, supple muscles. That secret is attention o in other words, application.

When one is studying, every other thought, no matter how enticin should be sent away, and the door to the mind locked fast against the entertaining visitors that make us lose so much time and energy. As yo

IN THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY GARDEN, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

portant? Why then let thoughts go roaming everywhere, to get lost among the clouds?

Have you ever thought that going to school is only one of the departments of the big training-school called LIFE? It is so, and the lessons of patience, carefulness, courtesy, and thoughtfulness for others, that we learn there, are our diplomas for entering more advanced grades. It is such an interesting department that sometimes people forget that there are other classes to be entered, and they spend all their time and interest in books. Now books are written from life, and in themselves they are not the end of education. They only prepare and train us to be able to meet real life outside of the class-rooms. So, in either case, whether we do nothing but study books, remaining content with things *about* life instead of *with life itself*, or whether we neglect our books and miss the training that makes us able to understand life — in either case, we have lost the game and missed our mark.

So, now that the class-room doors are open once more, and we stand ready, waiting for the words "Set, go!" let us pause a moment and see that we have prepared ourselves by collecting every bit of mind-energy we possess, have stopped up all the chinks in the mind by which energy leaks out, and are ready to play the game according to the rule and win out. K. H.

E-BEE

MERSON

mble-bee,
; clime for me.
, Rique,
eas to seek;
,
one!
eever,
g lines;
hy hearer,
l vines.

re;

Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,

there and the retired, serious life encouraged the boy to look inward, and when he was only twelve years old he began to believe firmly in the divinity within and to feel that he must devote his life to some noble purpose.

Admiral Penn was a successful man, fond of worldly advancement, and he wished his son to be a courtier. He himself had served under Cromwell, but he lost interest in the Commonwealth and offered to turn the navy over to the exiled king, Charles II, and when the latter was on the throne after the Restoration, he did not forget this and was very friendly to Admiral Penn and his family.

So William was sent to Oxford University as a beginning of his career. He was thoughtful, but of a very happy disposition and fond of sports, in which he excelled. At Oxford he heard about the Quakers and went to hear one of them, Thomas Loe, preach. What he listened to appealed to him strongly, for the Quakers believed in an 'inward light' and William Penn had already discovered that for himself. He learned too that the Quakers were planning to have a country of their own, far across the sea, where they would not be persecuted for their religion, and this idea made a deep impression on William. When the Quaker students had their meetings interfered with, he resisted along with them and was dismissed from the University. Admiral Penn was much displeased with his son, but, hoping to make him forget all about the Quakers, he sent him to France, with introductions to the great people in Paris. William was received at the court of Louis XIV and attended the magnificent entertainments there; but all

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s life to some noble purpose
ond of worldly advancement
nself had served under Cr
h and offered to turn the
hen the latter was on the
and was very friendly to A

sity as a beginning of his
disposition and fond of
about the Quakers and w
What he listened to appe
an 'inward light' and W
mself. He learned too th
of their own, far across th
heir religion, and this ide
uaker students had their me
em and was dismissed fro
leased with his son, but
e sent him to France, wit

by his father, but no persuasion could alter his decision, and so he became a Quaker preacher. Henceforth he was looked upon by the Quakers as a teacher and leader, and he was sent to prison so often for holding Quaker meetings and for his eager speeches and writings on their teachings that once when the Tower official was ordering a military guard to go with him, he told him there was no need for this. "I know the way," said Penn.

WILLIAM PENN

In prison and out Penn wrote books in defence of liberty of conscience

this, seeing th
was no hope f
liberty in Eng
that time, Pen
the King, to
Admiral Penn l
a large sum of
to grant him
of land in A
The Admiral h
not long befo
peace with h
whom he had
to respect and
for his serene endurance of
cution. The King would neve
repaid the money but he g
Penn the land, and after
delays the charter was sign
Charles II in 1681.

Then Penn busied himself

PRINCESS SANGHAMITTA AND THE BO-TREE

ONE of the wisest rulers ever known in India was the great Aśoka, who ruled as King of Magadha or Behar in the third century B. C. He built hospitals and good roads through his kingdom, established schools, and in every way worked to help the people and build up his kingdom by peaceful means. He is most noted for his great work in gathering together the sacred books, which were being scattered and obscured, and for his effort to purify Buddhism, the religion of his people. This was made necessary because wicked men had put on the robes of religion and were deceiving and preying upon the people.

His son and daughter, Prince Mahindo and the Princess Sanghamitta, were among his most devoted helpers, and in 245 B. C. the Prince went to Ceylon to establish a center of Buddhism there and help the people as his father was doing in India. He was particularly placed in charge of building the wonderful Thuparama dagoba or temple, "still one of the glories of the ruined city of Anurâdhapurâ."

Shortly after his arrival a number of Ceylonese women desired to enter the order which Prince Mahindo founded and devote themselves as he was doing to helping humanity. So the Prince sent for his sister, the Princess Sanghamitta, who had entered the Buddhist order at the same time he had and was helping her father in his efforts to bring about a better and happier life in his realm.

The Princess responded at once and brought with her to Ceylon a band of young women who, like herself, had entered the order to devote their lives to others. In addition she brought a branch of the great Bo-tree which was then growing at Budh-gâyâ on the site of the present temple there. It was held to be the very tree under which Buddha, the great religious teacher of India, won his final battle in self-mastery before going out as a helper of humanity, and it was considered sacred.

The Bo-tree belongs to the botanical order known as *ficus religiosa* and is characterized by a curious method of propagating itself. When the central trunk has reached a certain growth it throws out branches which send roots straight downward into the soil, and presently there is another tree growing by the side of the parent trunk and still attached to it from above. This tree sends out other shoots or branches in the same manner and in course of time you have a little grove of trees, all attached to the one central trunk.

The Bo-tree branch which the Princess brought with her to Ceylon was planted at Anurâdhapurâ, near the Ruwanwaeli dagoba; and there it is growing still. It is beyond all doubt the oldest tree in the world which can boast of a chain of authentic documents positively attesting its age. Professor Rhys Davids of Oxford and other learned men have written about this tree, which is now (since it was planted in 245 B. C.) 2165 years old. It has been well cared for always, and when it began to show signs of age

Tree of Orotava, the Frankincense of California, and Mount Etna. But all these estimates are matters of conjecture; and such calculations, however ingenious, must be purely inferential: whereas the age of the Bo-tree is *a matter of record*, its conservancy has been an object of solicitude to successive dynasties, and the story of its vicissitudes has been preserved in a series of continuous chronicles, among the most authentic that have been handed down by mankind. Compared with it the Oak of Ellerslie is but a sapling, and the Conqueror's Oak in Windsor Forest barely numbers half its years. The Yew trees of Fountain's Abbey are believed to have flourished there 1200 years ago, the Olives in the Garden of Gethsemane were full grown when the Saracens were expelled from Jerusalem; and the Cypress of Sorna, in Lombardy, is said to have been a tree at the time of Julius Caesar: yet the Bo-tree is older than the oldest of these by a century; and would almost seem to verify the prophecy when it was planted, that it would 'flourish and be green forever.'"

EMILY E. S.

EVERY DAY ITS TASK

WHAT is more delightful than to feel that every day, every hour even, has its own task? Children especially love to know that something is waiting to be done "next." The prospect of an idle hour is most unpleasant to them.

RIN TINKLE OF THE MUSHROOMS

FATHER and Betty Maud were hunting mushrooms. Father called them 'agarics,' but Father is a professor of mycology, which means that he knows about mushrooms in a scientific way: where they grow and how they grow and when, and which are poisonous and which are not, and which are parasites and which are not, and so on and on and on. There are so many things to know about mushrooms!

So Betty Maud was thinking, anyway, as she tramped the sunny fields and peered about fallen trees and damp, hidden places at the edge of the woods. It was a red-letter day. To go off on a 'mushroom hunt' with Father and a sketch-pad and a jolly little lunch put up by dear old Hannah was the sum of happiness for Betty Maud.

Father called Betty Maud his 'little scientist.' He had had an artist's training in his younger days — a priceless asset to any student of nature — and when Betty Maud began to 'draw things' as a tiny tot, he gave her careful training and help. As a result, she could now record in pencil or color any specimen that it would help to have recorded in that way. She could make accurate drawings of 'sections' and 'stains' and all sorts of infinitesimal things under the microscope, while her color-box was a real magician's court out of which would come trooping at command whole phalanxes of those fairy tints and color surprises that characterize so many lovely specimens of the mushroom family.

"Why not stop here for lunch?" said Father at last, as they neared a giant pine. "It's a good place to leave our specimens, for we may have quite a search this afternoon. I must find a good *clavaria*. But first let me see what I have," he continued, his thoughts on the needs of his class. "Oh yes, my dependable *campestris*," as he set out on an improvised table some sturdy specimens of the common meadow mushroom, and beside them a tumbly, funny cluster of 'brick-tops,' a handsome 'golden chantrelle,' a cluster of 'fairy rings,' and some graceful 'parasols.'

"I want a color sketch of this 'golden chantrelle,'" said Father. "It's quite the finest we have found. Suppose you do this while I look further for the 'corals.' I'll keep close by."

Betty Maud set to work at once. She was only twelve, but what she had been trained to do she knew how to do, when required, and with definiteness and despatch. "Musicians are ready when asked," was Father's theory, "and artists should be"; and so it was nothing unusual for him to ask for an hour's careful work in the midst of all kinds of woodsy fun, and Betty Maud,

"Oh, I wish I dared ask him things," said Betty Maud to herself again.

"Well, why don't you?" said the elf. "You love us and treat our mushroom palaces kindly, and see the beauty in them and all: we'd tell you a lot of things if you asked — we would!"

But Betty Maud's eyes were fastened on the 'fairy ring,' from which the last of the sprites were now tripping or sailing away. "Oh, don't go!" she exclaimed, as big tears stood in her eyes, "Don't go!"

Rin Tinkle fairly shook, he was so in earnest. "Why, Betty Maud, they've got duties, same as you! They're going to that big cluster of lichens that you passed in the Gray Rocks. And they're going to stay there, too — only of course for little playtimes like this — till those hard rocks are all crumbly and gentle and made into lovely rich soil. What would you humans do for wheat and corn and things if we fairies and elves and pixies didn't stick close to our duties *for you?*"

"But Father said it was acids did all that — *secreted*, you know, Rin Tinkle, and —"

Rin Tinkle pulled himself up to his full height. "*Acids!* Outrageous! Absurd! Do I look like an — an *acid?* Did they?" and he pointed to the 'fairy ring' again. "Acids indeed! How would you like being called a — a — *phosphate*, Betty Maud?" Then he softened. "No, you don't dream, you humans, how much we could tell you if you would believe in us and listen — only *you* have to open the door to it; we cannot do it alone."

"But how?" Betty Maud was willing to be laughed at and even lectured if only Rin Tinkle would go on.

"By *loving* us, Betty Maud, and believing that we're something besides — *acids!* You *do* love us and so does your father. He's a very promising scientist — we think so, anyway, and we quite respect him." Rin Tinkle went on soberly, like a little professor himself. "Some people, who *call* themselves scientists, of course we cannot respect. They hurt and they destroy, and think that's the way to find out our big secrets. That's just the way *not* to. But kindness and love reach anywhere — even to things that you don't believe in at all — pixies, for instance, eh?" and the little mite slyly winked.

"I wish I could take you home with me, Rin Tinkle, said Betty Maud.

"Why, a lot of my cousins live there now! What do you suppose makes the bread rise, and the mould to form on food that has been set away when it shouldn't have been (that's our reminder to careless housewives), and the milk to turn just right for making gingersnaps, or butter? We fairies of the fungus clan, of course. We're such a big family, and such a busy one! A fine time you humans would have if we were as careless of our duties as—" Rin Tinkle stopped, embarrassed.

"Say it right out," said Betty Maud. "It's all true enough, I guess.

K, THE FATHER OF BOTANY IN SWEDEN

d translation from 'The Wonderful Adventures of the Swedish People' by Carl Grimberg

emorable event at Upsala when in 1652 Queen Kristina, lendid court of Swedish and foreign savants, attended a the University. The lecturer was a young student, years of age, to whom rumor ascribed a valuable science. It was Olof Rudbeck, son of the great bishop, who disclosed the secrets of some of the minute tubes to his surprised audience.

n years old Olof had been considered by his father ready sity. The lad was allowed to put aside his frieze suit nary garb of high-school pupils, and to don the student's oth with shiny buttons and a sword at the belt. Young aggered about in his new clothes, letting everyone know was, until his father ordered the youngster to lay aside the old familiar garb and go back to his school bench was a hard blow, but this year of trial proved of im- f scorned vanity and show ever afterwards.

Rudbeck immediately showed his preference for natu- ckly learned all the professors could teach him. He examined everything he came across in order to dis- together. He saw further than any one else, and with divined the great connecting links of nature. His fame yond the borders of Sweden.

he Queen's visit to Upsala, she and the great statesman, ade it possible for Rudbeck to take a trip to Holland, ious state, the land of horticulture and all the natural ard botany became his favorite study; he called it "the f all the branches of science, and the first one given of creation."

lied the many ingenious inventions for which Holland ughly as if he had intended to become an engineer. f the benefits which his country was to receive through had acquired, and when he came back to Upsala he see his valuable collections of plants, his models and ar his explanations. The appointed hour arrived — le visitor. He burst into bitter tears, grieved over his ver the indifference of his countrymen. But this dis-

ers. At last nearly all the figures were cut out, and
een printed, ample testimony not only of the editor's
scientific exactness and surprising knowledge of
e work was broken off for ever by a calamity, which

was a stupendous work to treat of Sweden's ancient
f Antiquity had been founded, and throughout the
al in copying runestones and other monuments, in
mounds, in collecting ancient relics and manuscripts,
lk-tales and traditions. Olof Rudbeck caught the
an ardent archaeologist. True, he had not the neces-
ry and languages, but 'impossible' was a word he
ed the idea that the lost Atlantis was no place other
He presented his ideas with boundless imagination
s believed what he wrote, but later discoveries have
e was in error about this.
k's intensely active life was approaching. Evening
with peace and tranquility, sweetened by universal
hen came a crushing disaster. At Easter, 1712, a
psala, which turned almost the whole city into ashes.
the flames from roof to roof. The wooden houses,
almost exclusively built, had been made tinder and
acted drought and an unusually hot season. The
eld within its walls the library, the most valuable
sity, was threatened. "On the top of the house,"
'in a vortex of sparks, in the flames and smoke was
f an old man whose long gray locks were tossed by
l Olof Rudbeck, who, from the shingle roof which was
directing the fire-engines and issuing commands with
ice, every word of which could be clearly heard as
(a river). Word was brought him that his own house
fruits of four decades, his botanical works and his
were being consumed by the flames. In vain! He
st. And all that *could* be saved was preserved through
stness of the old man of seventy-two.
er the great calamity, the old man went to work again
city of Upsala, which was adopted. But in the midst
ddenly taken ill. A few days more — and his active
l.

KARIN N., *a Swedish Râja-Yoga Student*

er rows of small geraniums and calceolarias being potted
ıt — if they grew — when the warm weather arrived. In
were big beds of purple iris in which we used to pretend
g mass of Jerusalem artichokes at the bottom of the kitchen
our 'jungle' when we played 'lions and elephants.' Then
white, and red currant bushes and gooseberry bushes;
:herry trees, and a very big chestnut tree with its heart
was so old.
of the garden near our 'jungle' there was a big weeping-
'armchairs' among the branches. We often had great fun
ground right from the top over the outside branches.
nd pathways were of yellow gravel, and the borders were
ld box trees scattered here and there in the beds of flowers.
ıburnum, lilac, and holly trees which gave their beautiful
ons, and in summer big sunflowers were grown in various
to eat the seed in winter when the snow was on the ground.
was surrounded by tall fences and walls and fine old birch,
es, and the gates were so big and heavy that the man at
›pen them for us.
:ame to see us they always took away big bunches of
ne, corn flowers, irises, or any of the many other beautiful
there, and it must have made them happier, I am sure,
eautiful old-world place away from the noise and turmoil

›re were all the better for living in such a pleasant place,
ıe how busy they were playing at 'mud pies' and other
›use or stables on wet days, and having rides all around
/ when it was fine.
·ything must be changed now, for I know that the old
truck by lightning soon after we left. Many alterations
was sold as an addition to municipal works. T. B. M.

:O INVENTED THE COMPASS?

uang-Ti, a philosopher and a very great ruler, is be-
ted the compass. He ruled over China many centuries
era. In any case we know that the Chinese have used
e thousands of years, and it was re-invented, so to say,
teenth century by one Flavio Gioja of Amalfi. The
e known it earlier, however. The compass with which
perfected sometime in the seventeenth century.

frequentative verbs we can discover. Such indoor sports
ndid exercise and cause no pain to any creature, which
e said of bird and rabbit hunting.

y familiar noun of multitude and means among other
s bred; strictly speaking it should be applied only to
ecause to brood has the special meaning of to "sit upon
otes a number of young birds going about in the care
differs from bevy and covey inasmuch as these words
families which have reached their full growth, but which
r by the ties of family affection.

d's nest are sometimes referred to as a 'clutch' of eggs.
rd clutch means as many eggs as you can grasp in your
it it was used later on in a special sense for the number
ys to sit upon. Thus the proper clutch for a domestic
teen eggs.

of quail's eggs was found near the Academy this spring
wo eggs. On some of the eggs the spots were faint
s again had the spots richly colored and large. There
s of egg-marking makes it probable that two mothers
one nest. Some readers may wonder that eggs are
l nouns of multitude, and may raise the objection
animal. You certainly cannot call an egg a mineral
le of lime, and just as certainly an egg is not a member
m, and as it requires nothing but heat to transform
ay fairly say that it is an animal although in a very
nce.

ingales used to be known as a 'watch' of nightingales.
ns more than to keep guard and to be vigilant, for
ed to 'wake' and signifies to refrain from sleep as
rd while others are sleeping. To watch was former-
osite of ward, which meant to guard by day. When
atch and ward" we are not using two words with
but we imply that guard is being kept both by
the object under protection is being continuously

used in olden times for the whole body of watch-
, unlighted streets of Merrie England, protecting
fire and maintaining public order. We find this
speare's play, Richard II, Act V, Scene III and

hey say, as stand in narrow lanes,
watch, and rob our passengers."

first place for any kind of birds at liberty
nehow it has come to be chiefly applied to
)r geese. There is a very ridiculous misuse
speare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,
l but boastful weaver is made to say: "A
adful thing; for there is not a more fearful
Of course he should have said 'wild-beast.'
)mething by the wrong name and is called
siest ways of making people laugh. In the
)hant a humming-bird, or a buffalo a house-
ence you would be rewarded with a laugh
dered a very high-class form of wit.
:e the carpenter says, "Bless thee, Bottom!
)uld have said "transformed.' UNCLE LEN

CKS

)OYLE

in bloom
er.
of gloom
our.

)ilight hours
be heard
't flowers,
ning bird.

seen,
els blown,
ınd green,
lly shown.

– Selected

HE MASON-BEE

er nest the bee comes with a little ball of mortar
in a circular pad on the pebble or foundation
ıe forelegs, and above all the mandibles, are
e works the material, and it is kept plastic
gradually disgorged. In order to consolidate
l the size of a lentil are inserted separately,
as yet soft mass. This is the foundation of

ery much the same way as man does. To
e employs coarse materials — *i. e.*, big pieces
t hewn stones. She chooses them carefully,
hardest bits, generally with corners, which,
utual support and contribute to the solidity

ıe cell, on top of a paste which consists of
This paste has been made by the thought-
comes to life it will have a means of suste-
e whole cell is quickly covered with a lid
l is securely fastened on, then a second cell
d then a third, up to six or even ten. The
t has been begun until it is quite finished,
extremes of heat and cold, she builds a
of a material which is impermeable to
eat.

he shape of a rough dome equal to half
wing might take it for a round lump of
ays the contents; there is not the least
e of work; to an inexperienced eye it
of mud and nothing more." But to
ating little world of ingenuity, effort,

LOUISE R. (*Junior Râja-Yoga pupil*)

MAGNET

the magnet was discovered by a Greek
d, while walking over certain rocks,
d hardly be pulled away from them.
name from Magnesia in Asia Minor,
Large deposits of iron ore having this
be found today in many parts of
a and New Zealand there is also a
trange and interesting properties.

HY OF STUBBY

ll white watsonia lilies stood like
among the blossoms. The taller
to peep at the rose bushes laden
still more roses! Some with hearts
in them; some that rivaled the
ite that even the lilies themselves
fragrant, but something else was
violets creeping from under green
d tufts of quaint mignonette, and
bonnets. Under the shade of the
unny little faces, they looked so
like cross old men, and some that
ugh at them and give them good
ed so friendly. J. C.

OF STUBBY

n-and-white dog, with a short
ed to try to wag when he was

ragua, and belonged to a poor
an away from her, and, hungry
n Consul's Camp at Managua.
around the camp, until one day
d said, "He is my dog!" "Take
; so she chased poor frightened
d-room, where no one but the

'OU S'POSE?

th their thou-

sy with lea,
et in her way,
m-me-see"?

pose little fish, when their dear
nammas wish
ke a short nap — just a wink —
d on the door with their soft little fins
whimper, "P'ease gimme a d'ink"?

they creep

: they stay,
her head aches

today?"

'pose little bees, as they hum in the
rees,
find where the honey-sweets lurk,
of their papa, who's busy near by,
now — but what for must I work?"

ow that any one knows
ht think awhile
do? So I thought—
! smile! — Selected

us, as you with your eyes have seen,
nd everybody in this whole world.
. do kind acts, and you will not only
ıl and strong, but you will help every-
orld. For your kind thoughts purify
:en the world's atmosphere, and you
vith more warmth upon all that lives.
unpleasant things which destroy our
g dew vanishes in the sunshine."
glad I am you told me, and how sorry
flowers. I must go and tell the other
e may have the glorious sun shining
ep the gardens in our hearts, and all
'et and beautiful."
singing,
ıings, we know right well,
ke them good;
ıeeds we do
t they should.

happy thoughts,
od and true,
to everyone —
ıelp them too!" J. E. A.

in Balboa Park, San Diego

first he thought it nothing but a shadow, but next time he heard a whirr and flutter as if of tiny wings, so the man concluded to watch.

The shadow came in at the cat-hole, and after a bit the man discovered that it was a dear little wren. As the bird became less timid, he saw she was carrying little wisps of straw for a nest.

In and out she fluttered day

pocket of his old coat! And it hung by the window not more than three feet from where he stood to grind and sharpen his tools. So he took pains not to disturb the nest, and in order that others might not disturb it, the man hung the sign "Hands Off" on the coat. Thanks to this brotherly care, Mrs. Wren was able to rear her family there.

The nest was quite out of

es. The egg shown in the picture is

iably hunt for such places for nesting.
ging in a shed has sheltered a family
very close to human habitations and
some secluded place near the house
ttle birds and love to be near people.
lelight, and their cute little ways are
rth while cultivating their friendship.
at will hang there in the shop another
will have gained such confidence in
ake a picture of herself and her small
ike to return to the same locality for
unate enough not to have been dis-
probably come again. BIRD LOVER

's

's

ed up
cup.
zure

's
UISE

ıt of his cage and went into Jerry's, and the
were on the floor of the cage eating seed out
hat night they went to sleep together, sitting
get on the same perch, and the next morning
g Jerry's feathers and scratching his head in
ion.

would brook no interference from their mis-
undertook to help them out in some trivial
ı little fellows seated themselves midway on
orward, told her just what they thought of
Over and over again they told her exactly
their squawks growing shriller and more

mistress, "if you are happy at last, I am
u alone." She saw that Pixy was finding
ch better than looking-glass shadows, and
ome any more. Even birds, you see, can
elves that they can come very near losing
s in life — a friend. COUSIN EDYTHA

HOBBY-HORSE

orse
s it
gry
ıer
h.
ıg
ıt
er
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g
(

horse will soon be mended. GEORGE

all day long in the big window. They are even as happy as the cunning little bush warbler, who has a nestful of tiny, warm eggs to care for. And she is happy, because she has real Duties!

Gerald and Winifred have duties too, and do them faithfully before they go out in the sunshine to play. Duty lovingly done brings happiness. This is a Râja-Yoga secret---and now you see, it is out!

HELENA M.

DANCING AND WHIRLING THE LITTLE LEAVES WENT

were excited too, and they waved their
One big fir tree, partly sheltered behind
ere having great fun. It swayed to and
that must have been very interesting.
enjoying themselves riding on the wind,
ng. I am sure the quails must have been
-hunting picnics they were going to have
ll that chatter. The low boughs were
lack people planning something. As the
one they flew off to their homes.
ed the news round; and laughed just as
ed too good to be true. The dry leaves
nd gossiping as fast as they could.
Well, it is'nt my business to tell secrets,
ething to do with rain. COUSIN JAMIE

AND HER BONNET

ELIZABETH loves the sunshine. She loves to feel the warm sunshine patting her curls and coaxing the roses into her cheeks. That is why she pulls her bonnet off. One day she lost her bonnet.

Alas, alas! She could not find it anywhere. She looked for it in the daisies, and under the big elm, and by the bunnies' house, and by the rose hedge, and at the swing.

Then she found it. It was hanging right on her arm.

How Elizabeth laughed! AUNTIE SUE

MAMA'S BIRTHDAY

Mama, Mama, take them do,
See the flowers, all for you.
I have picked them just for this,
Happy Birthday and a kiss. CARMEN

WAITING FOR PAPA

I wonder when my papa will come
To pick me up and take me home.
My Mama said: "Sit still and wait,
Here on the seat beside the gate." HELENA

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVI, No. 6 NOVEMBER 1920

I hear the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play;
And wild and sweet,
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.— LONGFELLOW

"GUARD THE LOWER LEST IT SOIL THE HIGHER"

OW often do we stop to talk to our lower nature? How often in the day do we allow it to say to us, "That does not matter," or "That is good enough"? Many of us begin it the first thing in the morning: the clock says it is time to rise; "Just two more minutes," we say, and before we know it half an hour has gone. That was a great victory for the lower self. If our right thinking mind had been properly in training, we should have known perfectly well that two more minutes could not possibly have made any difference to us; but we allowed ourselves to be dragged along by our lower self, and so a whole half-hour of precious time was wasted at the beginning of the day. Having gained that victory, the lower nature gets ready for its next suggestion — how best to slight our work? A patch of dust under the beds will never be seen; and if there are streaks of dust on the window-sills, we can easily say the light was shining on them, or the dust had not settled.

By the time the breakfast hour has arrived, our lower nature has quite got the upper hand. What does it matter how we eat at the table? — the food gets eaten all the same. Why should we have nice table manners, what good does it do us anyway? So we let ourselves be dragged along. The animal side of our nature is plainly apparent at the table; our animal desires become keenly alive to the fact that they are being petted and pampered, and so rise and assert themselves, thus making us very disagreeable people to meet that morning. Our work has to be done over again, we are late to our duties and make other people late too; so the day has started all upside down.

Now if there is one thing the lower nature likes better than anything

else, it is to put things off and talk them over; so if we stop to listen to any little putting-off scheme it may suggest, we may be pretty sure there is trouble to follow. Why not say 'No' firmly to any of these weak suggestions? Why not let our first thought in the morning be, "I will make the day one of sunshine and I will begin *now*"? With this idea before us, we should be able to be up in time, our work would be done quickly and neatly, and we should be ready to start the day well; for at the very suggestion of the word 'sunshine,' our lower nature would hide itself and become small.

If we could go through the day with the feeling that our Higher Nature was the Silent Watcher of all our acts, we should not be able to slight our work, to speak crossly, or to disobey. We should feel a calm presence that would lead us through the whole day in an inward world of joy and happiness, and Katherine Tingley's words, "Be true, true to yourselves, and thus you will be true to all," would be a living power in our lives. M. B.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

BY JOHN KEATS

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury,— he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

GREAT MINDS MAKE ALL WORK GREAT

NOTHING is menial — unless a warped mind make it so. Great minds have made any duty a thing of dignity. Cincinnatus turned from his plow to help his country; George Washington loved nothing so much as to attend to his farms; and the great Roman poet Horace immortalized in verse his love of Nature and the lessons he learned while turning the soil on his Sabine farm. According to ancient custom in China, the Emperor himself set the example of springtime husbandry by going in state to a consecrated plot of land and there turning the first furrow — thus giving the cue to his subjects throughout the empire to begin their spring plowing.

George Eliot, perhaps the greatest English novelist, was very proud of her skill at butter-making, and was a wonderful housewife. The Empress Livia, wife of the great Augustus, and one of the wisest and noblest women ever on a throne, wove the wool for her husband's garments on her own looms, and as ruler of her household was a model to every matron in Rome.

The youthful Epaminondas, when appointed public street-sweeper of Thebes through the malice of political opponents, declared that "the work does not degrade me: I confer honor upon the work." In later years his greatness and nobility of character conferred honor on all Greece. As we know, the word 'menial' in its original sense does not imply any degradation. The greatness of really great men and women dignifies the very humblest work with the excellence of their own ideals of duty well done.

Peter the Great — the real builder of Russia — we think of mainly as a monarch on a throne. How many know that he was also proud to claim the title of "workman"? He laid the foundation of Russia's industrial life. To prepare for that he served as a ship-builder's apprentice. This was in Holland. Then he went to England and spent a long time working in paper-mills, rope-yards, jewelers' and goldsmiths' shops and in the shops of other craftsmen, that he might get the necessary practical knowledge to enable him to found a new industrial life for his people. He even passed a month swinging the blacksmith's heavy hammer and learning how to shape and weld iron at a glowing forge. They tell of him that on the last day there, so well had he done his work that he forged eighteen *poods* of iron and put his own mark on them.

A *pood* is a Russian measure and is equal to 36 pounds. So you can judge whether this was a good day's work.

Later, when vast responsibilities came to him, he ***shouldered*** them instead of throwing them upon others to carry. When hard problems faced him, and his harassed officials said "You can't solve them; they are *too* hard," — he thought of those *poods* of iron and put his problems on the glowing forge of aspiration and good will, where he hammered, yes, ***hammered*** them into shape. It meant work—but he knew how to work. Do you?

CROWN PRINCESS MARGARET OF SWEDEN

ROWN PRINCESS Margaret of Sweden, whose death occurred last spring, was dearly loved by the Swedish people. They called her affectionately "The Flower Princess" and "The Sunshine Princess," and their esteem for her was as great as their love, for her character was most sincere, earnest, and unselfish. Margaret was not of Swedish birth; she was born January 15, 1882, at Bagshot Castle in England, being the daughter of the Duke of Connaught.

The Princess Margaret was brought up in beautiful country surroundings, and her time was given to studies, housekeeping, and out-of-door life. She was especially fond of flowers, and the English gave her a flower-name — Daisy.

It was while traveling in Egypt in 1905 that the Princess met the Crown Prince of Sweden. Just as soon as she gave her promise to be his wife, she set to work seriously to study the Swedish customs and to prepare herself in every way to make Sweden her own country. Her heart was so full of good-will and real love that the Swedish people felt it at once and welcomed her unanimously as their own.

From the first she showed her interest in the intimate needs of the people, and by her example encouraged what there was of good in the national life and customs. Her appearance at the numerous outdoor festivals and similar gatherings, where she often wore the beautiful national costume, was one of the aspects of her helpful influence in this direction.

Even the humblest people learned to love her. One day she received a bouquet of blue anemones: "See" she exclaimed, "how beautiful! They are the very first that I have seen this year." — They had been sent by a very poor old market-woman in Stockholm, who, rather than sell the anemones at the high price they would have brought — being so early — wished to make a gift of them to "the one who looks so kind and is so kind." You can imagine that the Princess Margaret was deeply touched by this tribute.

Work for others was the keynote of Margaret's life. She did not stop at good intentions: all was action and care for others. For the blind she worked with special interest and energy. She studied the best methods of improving their industries, and spared no effort to encourage and help them. As secretary of the Society for Schools for Housewives and the Care of Children, she showed equal enthusiasm and executive ability. She was never idle. She interested her own friends in forming a Sewing Club which met regularly during the war, by means of which generous gifts were sent to soldiers and prisoners, to hospitals and to blind people, and to children, not only in Sweden but in other countries. Each gift was accompanied by a note of encouragement and kindly cheer, and very many of these were written by the Crown Princess herself. Prisoners of war from France, Eng-

land, Germany, Russia, and Austria all came to know her generous hand and loving heart.

Though busy with all this and much other beneficent work, the Crown Princess yet left none of her more intimate responsibilities to others, but was an ideal wife and mother. At Soffiero, their country home in Skåne, which her personal supervision and artistic taste had made a paradise of trees and flowers, she arranged playhouses for the children and planned their games; and when winter came and the school-term began, she it was who superintended their education. She was firm — even strict — about lessons and duties, but so just and loving that no one was ever more welcome than she when she entered the schoolroom, as she did every day.

From time to time the mother and children got up plays, in which the children took the parts. Once they translated the whole of *Peter Pan* from the English and dramatized it; and the Crown Princess herself painted all the decorations for the scenery: lovely wildflowers and birch-trees. When all was ready and the little actors were absorbed in their parts, it was their mother who was the most interested spectator and the most generous in applause. What happy memories they will have of these times: indeed in how many hearts will live the memory of this noble and beautiful life — still shedding its gracious influence.

AGDA

—"Over hill, over dale, . . ."

LITTLE PRINCESS INGRID

THE ART OF KNITTING

THE art of knitting and crocheting is so old that nobody knows when it was first invented. It is known to have been in use in Italy and Spain in the 15th century, and somewhere about the close of that century there was a society formed in Erfürt, Germany, of knitters who made stockings and gloves.

It was not until the 16th century that knitting was much known in the British Isles but there is a record of some knitted woolen caps made at the time of Henry VII in 1488.

GETTING READY FOR SANTA

Knitting a large-sized stocking in Sweden

The first stockings that we have any record of was a pair worn by Henry II of France in 1559. They were knitted of silk and were made especially to wear at the wedding of the King's sister. As up to this time all hosiery had been made of cloth and was more or less shapeless and uncomfortable to wear, the silk fitted ones were considered a great luxury and only worn by royalty.

At the time of Henry VIII knitted stockings were still exceedingly scarce in England, and it was only once in a while that even a king could get them, as they had to be imported from Spain. In those days there were no railroads, no fast steamers, and no great manufactories knitting by machinery; so even Henry VIII was obliged to wear cloth-made stockings part of the time — thus encouraging thrift and economy, let us hope. However, when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, she was presented with a pair of silk stockings, and after that *she* would have no more cloth stockings!

Woolen stockings were first knit in 1564, by a man named William Rider, who learned the art from an Italian merchant. He made a present of a pair to the Earl of Pembroke — the first pair of woolen stockings to figure in English history. But it was not until the sailors of the Spanish Armada were shipwrecked upon the Shetland Isles that the people of the British Isles learned to make knitting a useful accomplishment. It was then that the beautiful Shetland shawls were originated, which are famous even today.

It took the economical, practical Scottish mind first to see another good use for wool—the raising of which was such an industry in their country—and also the advantages of this warm and at the same time shapely material

as a covering for feet and legs — far superior to any cloth covering ever invented. It was not a hundred years from that time before stocking-knitting was one of the most important industries of the country of Scotland.

There are pictures in old books of shepherds of Scotland busily knitting or crocheting as they tend their sheep in the pastures. Knitting with a hook, or 'crochet,' as we call it, was called 'shepherd's knitting' for quite a number of years.

It did not become fashionable for ladies to knit until the last century, — though it was, indeed, one of the necessary women's tasks along with spinning and weaving. In 1838 however, when Victoria became Queen of England, she, with her practical common sense, introduced it into her court — and thus it became a work for gentlewomen as well as for the housewife, and ever since that time knitting in its various forms has been a most useful and congenial feminine accomplishment. E. A.

A BIRD BIOLOGIST

A VISITOR was eating his lunch on one of the benches in a public park in Scotland a few years ago when a young sparrow softly alighted on the further end of the seat. After a brief inspection at a safe distance, the new arrival decided that the stranger was a man to be trusted, and shyly approaching by short hops — he finally ventured upon his knee.

After such friendly advances, of course the sparrow had to be invited to dinner; but strangely enough he would eat nothing, although a variety of tempting scraps were offered to him. It appeared that it was knowledge the sparrow was after and not nourishment, and so he made a careful examination of the buttons on the waistcoat of his new acquaintance, gently pecking at them with his bill. Having satisfied himself as regards the buttons, he passed on to inspect the cloth of which the coat was made and then looked up into the wearer's face as if to judge his character by his expression.

The augurs of ancient Rome professed to be able to find out all sorts of curious things by observing the behavior of birds; but whether they could or no, we may feel perfectly sure by the way in which the sparrow acted that his new acquaintance was a man to be trusted. Birds are pretty good judges of character and often seem to know who can be trusted to do the right thing and who needs to be watched. UNCLE LEN

to fitte up their Houses and Dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength, and had all things in good Plenty; for as some were thus employed in affairs abroad, others were exercised in fishing about codd, and bass, and other fish of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion. All the somer ther was no waste. And now begane to come in store of foule, as winter approached, of which this place did abound when they came first (but afterwards decreased by degrees) and beside water foules ther was great store of wild turkeys, of which they took many, beside venison, etc. Beside they had about a peck of meal a weeke to a person, or now, since harvest, Indian corn to that proportion."

And Master Winslow adds:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor (William Bradford) sent four men on fowling, so that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our Labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest their greatest king Massasoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our Governor and upon the Captain (Myles Standish) and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we were so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our Plenty."

— Through half-open lids I watch her, but under the spell of time, place and circumstance, the child before me fades away. In her place I see the gentle maiden Priscilla, the deftest spinner of Plymouth, with sunny hair and brave blue eyes, watching the *Mayflower* careening down the bay — its sails on fire with the setting sun,— bearing away the faint-hearted and the weak, leaving only the great of heart to conquer a New World and tame it to their wills. Other maids and matrons join her, their strong, pure faces serene and placid above their snowy kerchiefs.

And now come the Elder and Miles Standish, and the stern men-folk of Plymouth gather round the board, awaiting the haughty sachems with their dusky warriors. Out from the forest depths they glide, an hundred grave and stalwart figures. The tomahawk is forgotten for the while. The gay feathers, the belts of curious wampum, the fringed leggins of soft white deer skin, with ermine tassels, are the array of peace. Respectful and attentive they stand through the "long grace in classic Hebrew," as with dignity befitting their own state they accept the attentions of their hosts.

Each one finds at his place five grains of corn — a reminder of the long and bitter winter, when that was all they had, while the contrast of the plenty before them impressed the purpose of their gathering — mirth, happiness, and content. It was grateful acknowledgement of present comfort, and tender memory of those they had lost — for who among them had not laid some loved one beneath the snow? . . . Aye, Rose Standish — she too lay there, and over the bronzed face of the Captain stole a look of unwonted gentleness, and his iron fingers trembled strangely as he hid the kernels in his leathern doublet.

So for three days they feasted and gave thanks, and renewed the treaty of amity and peace, which for fifty years the honor of Massasoit kept unbroken. And before the forest swallowed up the strange guests, he must have spoken such words as these to the Elders and the Council:

"Friends and Brothers! . . . It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has shaken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly. Our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit. Brothers! This council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed." . . .

Waking suddenly, the red and yellow leaves seemed for a moment the feathers of the Red Men, but before the last one faded from my opening eyes, up rushed the troop of merry lads and lassies with their booty, eager to hurry home, to transform the oaken hall into such another scene as I had dreamt of while Priscilla read.

In the red firelight how the laughter and song rang out, as healthy appetites were appeased by Grandma's well-famed cookery. The swinging dance and twice-told tales took us far into the night, but at last the household was asleep (even the best spare room being invaded by nieces and nephews) and quiet settled down once more.

Like a round Chinese lantern the harvest moon rose over the black velvet hills. Scarce one timid star withstood her golden flood, but to my eyes, growing dim with age, her rays revealed another scene — such as come only in the twilight of life.

A scene of what had been, and would never be again — a circle of the stately, silent warriors, as they smoked their peace-pipes around their medicine-lodge, till the Great Spirit could speak into their minds His wishes

and commandments. What had He thus revealed to them of the coming of the Pale-Face? How had He counseled them to keep their oath, no matter how others broke it? What retribution had He promised to the wronged and to the wronging?

Out of the forest, where the shadows dwell, trooped the spirits of the Red Men — warriors, priests, medicine-men and prophets — there stood Massasoit, and much wronged Philip; aged Opechancanough, and the men of Narragansett; Squanto and the friendly Samoset; Canonicus, Powhatan, and the gentle Pocahontas; Passaconaquay and Miantonimo; Canochet and Passacus, and many an unnamed chief, so often the last of their line.

The air was crowded with their presences; dark eyes burned into mine, and in words my heart understood, though my ears could no longer hear and my voice had forgotten their tongue, they cried out to me to speak for them, to tell their ancient glory, in the days when they came from lands beyond the sunrise.

I struggled to make answer, but no word came, the spell was broken. . . . But as the shadowy procession vanished from my inner eye, the shadows of the leaves above me seemed to fall like drooping plumes — as if some ghostly Hiawatha wandered there, and bowed his head in blessing ere he passed. K.

MAPLE-SUGAR

WAS there ever a sweeter or better sugar made than that from the sap of the maple tree? We stick the blade of a knife into the bark of the maple and a drop of sap follows. It has a slightly sweetish taste; yet we are slow about concluding that such a faintly sweet liquid could ever make the sugar that we are all so fond of.

Well, "sugaring time" is great fun. If the maple grove is some distance away a tent and provisions are taken for a stay of a week in the woods. Great sugaring kettles are taken along as well as a supply of smaller pails with which to catch the sap.

A wagon is loaded up with tent and supplies, we all jump in, and away we go down the shaded lane towards the distant woods. The brush is cleared away, the tent is set up, stones are piled up for the fire place. Balsam boughs are cut in plenty for the beds, an extra lean-to, sheeted with birch bark and made rain proof is constructed, and everything is in readiness for a week of housekeeping in the woods. Now comes the work of tapping the trees. Openings are made a foot or two from the ground into which small

troughs are placed, and to these the pails are hung. Drip, drip, drip — night and day the sap runs from the tree into the pails; and one must be ever on the alert watching the pails lest they run over and the sap be wasted.

The great kettle is now put over the fire and the logs are burning merrily under, and soon the boiling sap gives out a most delightful odor that somehow makes one think of pancakes. Day and night the sap bubbles in the great kettle, and pail after pail of fresh sap is added. Great care is taken to keep the logs supplied under the kettle, so that it be kept boiling, and it is someone's duty to watch the kettle all the time.

But at last the work is over. The small pails are collected, the fires are put out, the tent pitched and folded, and all is in readiness to load into the great farm wagon that we hear clattering along the road in the distance.

We have had a royal time; — the gathering of the sap and chopping of the wood have been more than relieved by the hours spent at night around the blazing fire: telling stories and seeing faces and castles amidst the glowing embers.

'Sugaring' is over for the year; and home we go to stow away the sugar where it is nice and cool — to await the mornings when the pancakes are put upon the table.

COUSIN CHARLIE

EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY LAND

IX

'MENAGERIE' means a collection of different wild animals kept for exhibition. The word is derived from the French *ménage*, a household or family; it reminds us that in a wild-beast show the inmates keep house together and live more or less like a happy family. Menagerie, manor, manse, mansion and menial are all nearly related words and have to do with houses, because they may all be traced back to the Latin word, *manere*, to dwell.

'Menial,' which is now a word of contempt, in the first place meant no more than a house-servant; but because some people had the idea that washing dishes, making beds, cooking, etc., were degrading occupations, the word was used with a meaning of inferiority to signify a person employed in that kind of service. No necessary work is servile or degrading if done in the right spirit and prompted by a feeling of love and goodwill to our fellowmen. The glorious sun is the king of the solar system, and yet he is the servant of everything that has the breath of life. He warms the spider on the garden wall and helps the smallest weed to grow; and even

tadpoles wriggling in the stagnant pool were hatched by his kindly beams. Before we leave the words derived from *manere*, to dwell, let us remind ourselves that some students believe that the *ma* in mastiff is derived from the same source and that the word 'mastiff' really means a house-dog.

A 'wisp' of snipe is another of these quaint nouns of multitude. Wisp is generally used for a little bundle of hay or straw, and as a small flock of snipe may be said to be bound together by the ties of friendship, so they came to be called a 'wisp.' There is no special reason for applying the word wisp to snipe; but some ingenious sportsman with a craze for novelties in nouns of multitude may have thought that wisp would do as well as any other word, and anyway it was something new. Before we laugh at the queer invention let us remember that in the Western States a similar word is even now being born. Properly speaking a 'bunch' is a small collection of objects of the same kind growing or fastened together; thus we speak of a bunch of grapes or a bunch of keys; but some restless mortal in search of a new noun of multitude for cattle hit upon the happy thought of calling a herd of cattle a 'bunch' of cattle. This expression is now in common use, and if it continues to find favor in the mouths of the public, we shall find it in the dictionary later on. Many useful additions to our language have had a very lowly origin as common slang.

As we are only making a rambling excursion into Dictionary Land, and not a regular exploration according to any set plan, let us pause for a while at the word 'snipe.' The snipe is a small bird with long legs and a slender bill, inhabiting marshy places. A good dictionary will give us a picture of the bird, for besides its other uses a dictionary serves us as a picture gallery. Strangely enough, this bird was once called 'snipe' or 'snite,' according to the fancy of the speaker. Let us follow these two by-paths for a little distance.

Now snipe is nearly akin to 'snip,' to cut off with scissors, and also to 'snap,' which means to bite suddenly or snap up, so that a snipe means a 'snipper' or a 'snapper.' It is easy to see how this little bird snapping up worms and insects with its scissor-like bill, came to be known as a snipe. In Denmark they call it a *sneppe;* in Holland a *snip;* in Germany a *schnepfe;* and in Sweden the sandpiper, a very similar bird, is known as a *snäppa*. So much for snipe.

The word 'snite' has also reference to the long bill of this bird, and is closely related to 'snout,' the nose of an animal. But two words with exactly the same meaning cannot exist forever side by side; one of the two must disappear, and so snite has retired in favor of snipe.

A 'parliament' of crows is an expression sometimes to be met with in books of natural history, and although the crows of America, unlike those of England, are frequently to be seen in flocks, a 'parliament' is an assembly of a very special kind. The parliament is a regular convention for transacting

business where a great deal of talking takes place. Parliament is from the French *parlement* and is related to the word *parler*, to speak. The crows, sometimes several score in number, sit in a circle on the ground with two or three birds in the central space. Charges seem to be brought against one of their number to which the accused party jabbers an excited reply. Sometimes all caw in unison, and then again only one voice is heard. The writer once saw the assembling of a parliament of crows on a hillside in Lomaland; some dozens of crows were sitting around waiting for the proceedings to begin; but before the meeting was called to order he had to leave and is therefore unable to record any of the business transacted.

Nouns are sometimes used as verbs and 'parliament' has been treated in this way by some writers. As a parliament is an assembly where a lot of talking goes on, to parliament means to gabble or vociferate. A certain writer who seems to have very little respect for legislative assemblies once wrote of "a great phalanx of geese which stood loudly parliamenting in the mud beyond." A phalanx is a military term meaning a body of soldiers massed together in a very compact formation. Anyone is at liberty to set a fashion of using a noun as a verb, and if other people approve and copy the inventor, the new verb will certainly be put into the dictionary some day.

We have by no means come to the end of nouns of multitude for animals; but life is short, and there are many fields of knowledge to be explored. We will simply notice: a 'troop' of monkeys, a 'fall' of woodcocks, a 'stand' of plovers, a 'chattering' of choughs, a 'tribe' of goats, and a 'singular' of boars.

Turning to nouns of multitude as applied to humanity, we find 'crowd' to be one of the commonest. This word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb *creodan*, to push or drive. A crowd is a disorderly assembly in which people are pushed and driven this way and that. The verb 'crowd' is still used in the sense of pushing in Norfolk, England, where a laborer may be asked any day to crowd (*i. e.* push) the bricks to the new house in a wheelbarrow. From the word 'push' we are even now making a new noun of multitude, exactly as crowd came from *creodan*, to push or drive. A father who wishes to keep his son out of bad company may be heard to say, "I wouldn't associate with that 'push' if I were you." This new word for crowd is inelegant and needless; but if it catches the popular fancy it may be admitted to the dictionary in due course.

'Mob,' a word with a very interesting history, came into our language between 1680 and 1690 and is used to signify an unlawful and riotous assembly. The whole phrase of which mob is a part, is ***mobile vulgus*** — that is, the easily moved, or fickle crowd. Sir Thomas Browne used the words ***mobile vulgus*** in a book which was printed in 1690, and two years later he employed the abbreviation 'mob'; but he felt as though it sounded rather

like slang and so he apologized to his readers by slipping in the words "as they call it" immediately after.

A 'concourse' is from the Latin *concursus*, a running together. No one who knows the true meaning of the word would think of speaking of the people gathered in a church as a concourse, because they have assembled in a quiet and leisurely way; but a street accident very quickly attracts a large crowd, and this may be very properly described as a concourse because the people composing the crowd have come up in a hurry.

'Reunion' means more than an assembly of people, because it signifies that they have 'reunited' or come together again after a separation. A crowd of foot-passengers taking shelter from a storm of rain under an archway could not be called a reunion because they have probably never seen each other before; but the meeting of a scattered family which comes together again at Thanksgiving is correctly described as a reunion.

This series of 'EXCURSIONS IN DICTIONARY-LAND' has now come to an end; but the dictionary is still accessible, and is ever ready to help us to most interesting and profitable explorations; and it is to be hoped that once we realize the treasures to be picked up for nothing in this land of enchantment, we will go in and take possession. UNCLE LEN

'SUSPENSE,' BY LANDSEER

(In the South Kensington Museum, London)

WHAT TIGE TAUGHT ME

TIGE was such a friendly fellow that your liking for him came as naturally as breathing. As his master said, "He was *some dog*." And Tige surely thought that his master was the best ever — and then some. These two were great chums; and Tige was so happy over anything that pleased master that he easily adopted his master's friends too. He was the first dog I ever really knew, and he soon taught me that I had missed something worth while in not exploring the kingdom of Dogdom before. My regret was mixed with shame and wonder that I had ignorantly overlooked anything so interesting and so easily accessible.

Tige started right away to round out my education in his line, in the most matter-of-fact way. He was so natural about it that I simply surrendered to his winning way and affectionate good-will. If he suspected that I was a dunce about dogs, he made no sign, but politely went ahead to treat me like any superior creature that was used to receiving devotion from dogs. There was something irresistible in the way this clean, bright, loyal little creature acted as if he saw nothing but what was good in you. He just crept into your heart with such a 'comfy' air that he made you feel that there were more choice spots in your nature than you had supposed.

It struck me that Tige's manner of meeting a new acquaintance was ahead of my usual 'sizing up' of a subject who was introduced. I realized that I often let my small insight into human nature rather blind me to good points that were ready for someone to call them out. At any rate, Tige's simple, happy, genuine friendliness challenged you to make good his high opinion of you. He went about finding human traits to love and admire because he looked for them, and then he took them for his code of realities rather than the meaner things. It struck me that that was a pretty good religion — far better than the 'miserable sinner' idea that was educated into most of us in youth, tainting our blood with suspicion and belittlement of human nature.

Actually, that dog set me thinking about the saving grace of a simple natural faith in yourself — your best self. If you just keep on expecting the fine, square thing of yourself, something in you finds a way to do it. And the right kind of faith in yourself gives you faith in others, and as that gives them faith in themselves it draws out their better impulses. And there you are! It's the whole solid fact of natural brotherhood in a nutshell. No tangled, confusing, gloomy, far-fetched theology about it. Tige's way of working out his articles of faith was so homelike and comfortable

and satisfying. Most of us justly resent being preached *at;* but Tige just came along with this neat little miracle of good will, showing how easily the trick could be done by anyone who tried.

Then the dog's devotion to his master reflected happily on the rest of us,— just as the sight of love between a mother and her child enriches the air with a rare quality. Tige's stedfast loyalty and his instinctive response to his master's feelings, showed the real touch of unity in this tie between man and the lesser creature.

Certain it is, that a dog's devotion to his master has much in it that we cannot explain. Perhaps the animals who came after man — being closer to nature than he is — have picked up some neglected human qualities and treasured them. For there are many dogs like Tige, who, treating their masters with the affectionate reverence due to a god, show a quality of pure, selfless devotion which is most rare in human ties today. These little four-footed friends can teach us something worth knowing. ANTONE

LIFE AT THE POLES

T is an interesting fact that although the Arctic regions have a large population of polar bears, musk oxen, white foxes, reindeer and Arctic hares, there are no land animals whatever to be found within the *Ant*arctic circle at the opposite pole of the earth. Seals there are in plenty, swimming in the water or lying on the ice; sea-leopards and sea-elephants also—but of true land animals there are none.

The handsome emperor penguin may be seen in vast multitudes, clothed from head to foot in deep black plumage and splashed as it were, with a vivid patch of orange on his neck. The lower half of his bill is decorated with a line of delicate rose-color. Although unable to fly, this matters little, as he has no enemies to escape from, and no need to travel in search of food, for the waves everywhere are alive with fish.

The emperor is never seen inland, nor does he even use the land-ice as a standing ground: when he wants to rest he simply sits down on the frozen sea. Even the eggs are hatched upon sea-ice and that in the coldest season of the year! The single egg which forms the family is laid in midwinter during the six months of darkness, when the sun lies hidden below the horizon. Thousands of the parent birds at this gloomy season sit under the ice cliffs and hatch their eggs in company. No nest is ever made, for the very good reason that there is nothing to make it of; but when the 'empress' lays her solitary egg, she places it upon her broad, webbed feet and thus it is protected from contact with the cold ice. A loose flap of skin

and feathers falls over it like a curtain, and there it lies pressed against a bald spot on her breast, absorbing the heat which passes through her skin.

In stormy weather large cracks open in the ice and many eggs slip through, while others are crushed by pieces of ice falling from the steep cliffs. So few eggs are laid, and so many are destroyed, that as the season advances

CHRISTMAS-TIME IN SWEDEN

you can find only one egg to every twelve grown-up penguins. But this scarcity of eggs is on the whole perhaps an advantage as it gives rise to a good deal of pleasant excitement and competition which serves to pass the time away. The old birds are so fond of hatching and nursing that when they lose their own egg they try to get possession of another, and many a lively scuffle takes place to decide whether a stranger in want of an egg is stronger than the rightful owner or not. A young penguin is never in any danger of being left a friendless orphan, as there are always hundreds of would-be mothers wandering about eager for the chance to adopt a chick.

Although the penguin is unable to fly, some of the smaller kinds have been found cheerfully paddling about in the open sea two thousand miles from land. Some people have wondered how ever they manage to find their way home again. In the first place perhaps they are lost penguins who never do find their way home, and in the second place it really matters very little whether they are lost or not, because wherever they can find a wave-washed coast with plenty of fish is a good-enough home for a penguin. P.

ROMFORD MARKET-PLACE

E found that "noise and confusion" were rather mild words to use for Romford market-place. Almost before we arrived we were besieged by newsboys and flower-sellers. Everyone from everywhere seemed to be gathered there: bargaining housewives, farmers, oily mechanics, prim nurse-maids, merchants, all kinds of salesmen and buyers of all nationalities and of every age — and all of them there to make bargains or to get the advantage of everyone else.

First of all there was a fish stall. Fish of every kind, from tiny silver sardines to the immense cod that hung temptingly — row upon row. Next was a vegetable stall with stacks of cabbages, bundles of celery, and baskets of potatoes. Beside it was a fruit stall piled high with bright red apples (all carefully polished on the owner's apron, which was far from spotless white), nuts, and great bunches of bananas and grapes. "Horanges, three a penny, foine happles, veree cheep, loidy." This is what we were greeted with by a woman in a very soiled apron, with fat bare arms and a man's cap over curling-papers.

There was one stall which seemed to be the center of attraction to all the small sticky boys and girls with pennies or farthings and longing eyes, not to mention the numerous flies, bees, and wasps that liked sweet things too. A little farther on was another crowd of people watching an auction sale of buttons, shoe-blacking, or something of the sort.

Presently we came to what is really the most interesting part of a market. Ranged in rows and chained to an iron railing were patient cows and very impatient bulls and calves. These were being sold and as often being replaced by others. All day long farmers arrived with their herds of cows and flocks of sheep.

Farther along were hurdles of sheep with their thick wool and red brands. In another part of the market-place were enclosures of pigs, big and little, white and black, who squealed all the time. These poor creatures were constantly being worried by small boys — which was a pity.

Then we came to another interesting scene, and that was the poultry and game-keepers' store. There hens and ducks were crowded into crates piled one upon another. The poor birds were very frightened, and they craned their necks through the bars and squawked and cackled. There was such a noise here that we were only too glad to move on to the next stalls in the nursery department. Here there were displayed boxes and pots of all kinds of plants on exhibition and tables of packets of seeds and bright beans. Still farther on we came to the ironmongers and smiths who sold chains, nails, padlocks, and such things. By this time everything was quiet, and at the end of the market we came to the silent town. J. C.

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

OLD BUILDING, BERGEN, NORWAY

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

NORWEGIAN FIORD NEAR ODDA

A typical Norwegian fiord landscape. The green glacier, the white streams and patches of snow on the dark gray mountains, the many-colored lichens on the cliffs, and the dark blue-green ocean water,— seen in sunlight, it is a scene of wondrous beauty.

NEVER ABOVE A DUTY

It is related of General Washington, that on one occasion he was passing a group of soldiers who were trying to lift some heavy timber from the ground. It proved to be beyond their strength and they were about to give up. A petty officer was standing by, but he did not offer to help them. General Washington (whom the men did not recognise, by the way) dismounted and went to the assistance of the men and after a few well-directed efforts the timber was up and in place. Then he turned to the officer standing by and said "Why did you not help these men?" "I am a corporal, sir," was the astonishing reply. This was almost too much for even the broad patience for which General Washington was noted. "You will report to me at headquarters," he said to the man. "*I am General Washington.*" O. N.

PURITAN CUSTOMS IN OLD MASSACHUSETTS

HE Puritans were very strict about the Sabbath. There was no noise, no singing, no play, no laughing allowed on that day — everyone must attend church for the greater part of the day, and between times must sit quietly reading the Bible. Even the little children and tiny babies were wrapped up and taken to church: if any one was absent he was severely punished.

There were no bells on the churches: a man stood at the door and beat his drum to call the people together. The colony was small and all would be ready to hurry to the church at the first rap.

All the children sat together in one part of the church, but they had to be very quiet, for there was an officer of the church called the 'tithing man,' who had a long rod with a soft squirrel tail on one end and a hard round ball on the other. If any adult was seen nodding the tithing man tickled his face with the squirrel tail, but if children were seen laughing or misbehaving he would strike them on the head with the hard knob.

All the children were sent to school when very young. The girls were taught to sew, cook, paint, embroider, and knit, but did not have very much from books. The very little girls would spin coarse string and knit socks and mittens. They learned to knit designs into these, sometimes using the alphabet or verses of poetry.

The boys were taught Latin when they first entered school. They did not do much in mathematics, but were drilled on the multiplication tables. There were no lead pencils and no steel pens — they wrote with quills, and kept their writing and their sums on large sheets of paper tied together

like a book. They were very neat and careful about all their work.

The Puritans had no gas, electric lights, or lamps. When it was dark they used tallow candles, making these themselves. If they went out at night they carried curious candle lanterns.

Most of the cooking was done on big open fires. There were great iron hooks on which to hang kettles, pots, and even pieces of meat to be roasted. Sometimes they had big brick ovens built in the walls with a fire underneath — these were so large that enough for a week could be baked at one time.

There were no means of heating the churches, so the people took foot stoves with them: little square pans with hot coals in them.

The Puritans had no clocks but used hour glasses to tell the time when they could not see the sun. In church it was one man's duty to turn the hour-glass during the sermon, when it ran out — sometimes it would be turned three times during a sermon.

The Pilgrims did not dress as most other people of that time dressed. It was the usual fashion of that time to wear very bright and very fancy clothes, and for the gentlemen to wear their hair long. But the Puritans dressed in the very plainest clothes and the men had their hair cut short. The women wore dull-colored dresses, white aprons, and white caps. When out of doors they wore woolen hoods over the caps. The men wore queer-looking hats with round brims, and shoes made of very thick leather which were sometimes bound with iron — necessarily of ample size. E.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BY LONGFELLOW

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith, with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away! — Selected

TROUBLE FROM THE SUGAR BOWL

ELL, well, Master Jack, how is this? Twice this month to be paying you a visit. What is at the root of all this trouble?" —queried big Dr. Johnson as he stood looking down at little Jack on the bed. "Don't know, eh? Well now, stomachs don't get upset unless there is a cause for it. I am willing to wager that the sugar bowl is at the bottom of your trouble; now, is it not?"

Jack opened his eyes and looked at the doctor in surprise. How did the doctor know that he sometimes took lumps of sugar from the bowl? He turned his aching head and looked at his mother, who stood near the bed. Did she know it too?

"No," the doctor said, noticing his glance in her direction, "Your mother has not told me, but I happen to know, by long experience with sick boys, that a boy with an upset stomach twice in one month usually is altogether too fond of the sugar bowl. It's a bad habit, my lad, and I advise you to quit it before it gets you into serious difficulty, which it is bound to do if you keep on."

"Mrs. Linton, we will give him this medicine," the doctor said, pouring out a large tablespoonful of a kind that Jack did not like at all, "and keep him on broth and toast for four meals. No, he need not go to bed; but just keep him in the house for a couple of days; he will soon be quite well. But remember to let that sugar bowl alone and stop eating so much candy, Jack my boy. Now heed what I say, for you certainly do not want to start your life with a bad digestion." Dr. Johnson shook his finger at Jack as he turned to go, looking still serious.

"Oh Mother," said Jack after the doctor had left and she had returned to his room, "Did you hear Doctor say that I must stay quiet in the house for two days? Did he mean that I must stay at home tomorrow when it is Archie's birthday picnic?" Poor little Jack looked at his mother piteously. How could he help but think of all the good things they were going to have at that picnic dinner! "Can't I go tomorrow, Mother?"

"Mother is sorry, dear, but you must remember that the doctor put you on a diet. You would not like to eat a picnic dinner of toast and broth. You are much better off at home, dear. Two nice quiet days in which to do some serious thinking — that is a fine opportunity, not to be lost"— and Mother turned over the hot pillow and lowered the window shades, leaving the room dark and cool.

What made that old sugar bowl keep coming into Jack's mind when he did not want to think about it? He certainly did not want any sugar now; it made him sick to think of it. Why did Mother and the doctor *want* him to think about it when he was so sick?

That night he dreamed that he had gone to the picnic, and that when they came to open the lunch baskets, they found them full of little bowls

of sugar. There was nothing else to eat; and when he wakened in the morning and remembered his dream, for a moment it made him feel quite ill.

"My!" said Jack to himself, "Can't seem to get that old sugar bowl out of my thoughts. Might just as well thrash it out and be done with it," and Jack, who was, after all, a boy with considerable moral courage, began to think seriously on the subject. Yes, it was a fact — he did take sugar very often, and he noticed that the oftener he took it, the oftener he wanted to take it; and sometimes there seemed to be something inside him which drove him to take it even after he had made up his mind that he *would not!* It was a fact, also, that he did think about things to eat a good deal, and surely that must be a part of the sugar-bowl habit!

He remembered just the day before the sick spell that when Aunt Jennie had sent the basket of plums for brother Archie's birthday picnic, that Mother had said each might have *just one* — and how he had asked to pass the basket so that he might manage to get two. He remembered how he had visited the cooky jar that day, and the number of pieces of 'fudge' he had 'swiped' and the great piece of frosting he had taken from the birthday cake, and — Jack's face flushed at these thoughts, and he felt very much ashamed. "Well, the plain truth is that I have been a *p-i-g* and nothing less, and I deserve to be sick and miss the picnic, I do!" and Jack pounded his pillow hard for a minute.

"The doctor was right, it did start in the sugar bowl, just as he said," continued Jack. "I know what Mother will say: she will ask me who is going to be the boss, the sugar-bowl habit or — *Jack*. Why, I do believe I can almost make a game out of it between the fellow who wants the sugar and the one who wants to do the way he ought and use 'self-control,' as Mother would say." So all the quiet day Jack planned how to get the best of the 'fellow of the sugar bowl,' as he called his bad habit, and keep him in his place, and the long day went more quickly than he thought it possible.

In the evening when the family came home from the picnic they came trooping into his room with spoils from the woodland for him: beautiful autumn leaves, a last spring's humming bird's nest, a string of brown shining buckeyes, and a bunch of orange-colored bitter-sweet berries. How pleased he was to be remembered, and how pretty the woodsy things looked after the two long days indoors!

But a little later, when Mother came to say 'good night' and he told her about his troubles and how he had resolved to cure himself, Jack was happiest of all. He went to sleep feeling that the battle was partly won already, with Mother to help him through. E. A.

to Gray Rocks while Grandmother is resting. Maybe you'll find Santa Claus there."

Romp was a faithful old collie, and Betty's constant companion while at the farm. His romping puppy-days were long forgotten, and he was now a pattern of watchful dignity and protectiveness. With Romp, Betty was safe, and when she was off on a tramp under his care, wearing the warm scarlet cape with its Eskimo hood that Grandmother had made her for especially cold days, she would have passed for 'Little Red Riding Hood' anywhere, and Romp for the wolf — though a very kind and much improved one! At the word Romp was up and ready, and in a few minutes they were off.

'Gray Rocks' was a giant pile of boulders that had given the farm its name. It humped its massive granite shoulders up above the surrounding land to an astonishing height. On the windward side the rocks were covered deeper and deeper with every snowfall, but on the lee side, no matter how the storm might drift or swirl about it, the rocks, piled and shaped like a huge archway or door, were always clear of snow. Snow fairies might drift in there, but they did not stay, and the lichen clumps that grew upon them had their winter with open eyes. Gray Rocks was an institution in itself, a splendid picnic-place in summer and in winter fine tobogganing for small sleds.

On trudged Betty Maud, her hand on Romp's shaggy neck, past the barn and Mill Oak and the beeches before Gray Rocks loomed into view. Soon she heard a fine silvery tinkle in the air, like distant bells, and then, — "Oh," she exclaimed, clinging a little more closely to Romp.

There on a ledge on the warm lee side was a little furry pixie, perplexedly looking over at his cap which had fallen to the ground.

"Well," he said in a voice as tiny as the bell-sounds. "I may as well leave it off, now that you have spied me! Did you come to call on Santa Claus? He'll be here at once. Don't you hear him?" as the bells came nearer and nearer.

Betty was too astonished to reply.

"Oh, I say, I know you — you're Betty Maud. Rin Tinkle of the Mushrooms told me all about you. My name's Trille Pat and I'm a pixie too, — bigger than he was *then*, but we change our sizes when we need to, you know. We can do *ever* so many things humans can't do," and the elf rattled on like a boastful but very lovable little boy.

The sleigh-bells came closer and then stopped, while a musical, grandfatherly voice rang out close by.

"Whoa! Whoa there — Trumpet and Midge, and you Snap and Tinkle —whoa I say! You'll be willing enough to rest on the day *after* Christmas!"

A sound of hurrying and scurrying, as though a dozen pixies had hastened up; the same grandfatherly voice giving orders and little bright voices crying "Ay, ay, sir!" "Ready!" "At once!" and the big rock under the crest of the nature-arch began to move.

"Trille Pat, where are you, and where's your cap? Put it on at once!"

In an instant Trille Pat was invisible and Betty Maud felt wonderfully lonesome in the midst of that fairy bustling, which she could hear but of which she could see not a thing. Trille Pat was whispering to someone — she could understand that — and then, all of a sudden again, there he stood as before, cap in hand.

"Betty Maud" — as slowly, slowly, the big rock continued to move and a large open way into the heart of the granite mass began to appear —"Betty Maud, I say; how would you like to see Santa Claus — our fairyland Santa Claus? He says you may — I asked him."

Betty Maud's heart gave a leap. "Oh, Trille Pat, more than anything else in the world!"

"Well, bend down now, lower, lower; shut eyes; shut lips . . . *now!*" Trille Pat rubbed something soft and sweet on Betty Maud's eyes, something he dipped out of a wee rosebud-cup he carried, and then touched her lightly three times with a long, glistening rose stem. "*Now!*" he said, "you've got two new eyes, and. . . ."

"Why, I'm as little as a pixie, Trille Pat, and so is Romp, and" — but Betty Maud could say no more. Before the rock entrance, now opened wide, was an elfin Santa Claus sleigh and four elfin reindeer, champing and pawing and playfully nipping each other, and beside the sleigh a white-bearded, elfin Santa Claus, laughing heartily at Betty Maud's surprise and holding out a friendly hand.

"Come into our fairyland, my dear, if you wish, and Romp, too. Here, Trille Pat, you be escort. I must attend to the Christmas boxes, and you," — he motioned to a dozen brown-coated pixies standing near — "you take care of the sleigh and these restless little steeds." And in went Santa, followed by the whole odd retinue.

Betty Maud was surprised at the orderliness of it all. Some were making dolls, others painting and dressing them — tiny dolls they were, like the miniature models that inventors sometimes make for their big engines or ships. Others were making toys — every kind you can imagine, from tiny 'choo-choo cars' and automobiles and airships to simple pinwheels and toy balloons. Still others were making books: — such tiny books, though they did not seem so tiny to Betty Maud, who was no larger than a pixie herself just now, you know.

Such a lot of pixies! More than you could count if you began in the morning and did not stop until night and then began the next morning

again! Pixies from many nations, too, filling the rooms that extended out on all sides as if nobody could hope to find an end to them. There were scores of baskets filled with Christmas goodies like those Grandmother always prepared for the poor — only teeny-weeny little ones; and there were Christmas puddings and Christmas wreaths and — letters!

Yes, *letters!* The senders never called them that, but they were letters, nevertheless. It is this way: you know that in fairyland thoughts and wishes are really *things*, and when little boys and girls all over the world wish and *wish* that Santa would bring them some special thing for Christmas, why, what could happen but just that these wishes go floating and flying to fairyland? And when they get there they are letters, of course, all addressed to Santa Claus. What else could they be? "It's just as natural, isn't it Romp?" said Betty, one hand on the dog's big neck and the other clasping Trille Pat's.

Of course they are not all alike, these letters, for some wishes are good and unselfish like lovely flowers, while others are ugly and mean. Everybody knows that. But Santa Claus knows his business. The selfish and ugly ones are sifted out and dumped into waste-bins and carted off and burned up! That's the end of *them*, so far as Santa is concerned. Ugly wishes often *do* come true, we know, but that is another story. The Christmas ones never do if the fairies can prevent it — not at Christmas time, anyway.

Well, they went on: from one room to another, from one gallery to another, up long stairways and down others just as long; from one craft-shop to another, from one happy, bustling pixie group to another — for this was the whole world's Christmas fairyland, you see, and 'Gray Rocks' was only one of many, many entrances to it in many nations — for those who know the way. Betty couldn't see it all on this first visit, of course, for Santa well knew that she must be home before Grandfather arrived from the city, or there would be a great alarm. So he called to Trille Pat from one of the turret-places in which he was adjusting some tiny lenses and telescopes, "Never mind the rest, Trille Pat. Take her to the Christmas Rose and then I'll come."

"The Christmas Rose!" exclaimed Trille Pat. "My word, but you're favored, Betty Maud! We've had visitors before, but not *one* ever saw the Christmas Rose — not in my time. Lots of us pixies never have seen it! I didn't dare even tell you about it, for you see, *I didn't know*" — and his roguish face was radiant.

They stopped at an archway beyond which was a wonderful door which had — Betty Maud couldn't guess what, shimmering and misting before it. "It's the 'Door of a Thousand Veils'" said Trille Pat, seriously.

Now that door too has another story, for it leads to many things besides the Christmas Rose, and it also shuts away from things. But this time

the veils were lifting — veils of a thousand tints and hues, and so misty-fine that you could not be sure you were seeing them at all till you found that you couldn't look behind. They lifted and swung, and floated away and floated back, and lifted again to show other veils, and these lifted too — but not all of them. A few still hung close before the high, rich door, but they were transparent and filmy, and Betty Maud could see beyond them into what seemed to be a large temple-room that was filled with a soft, cool light and with fairy music that came and went like fragrance. In the room was the Christmas Rose. There was no going through the door that led to it, but that it really was the Christmas Rose she had been believing in, there was no manner of doubt.

It was very large and of a delicate pearly tint, like sunset-color and shell-pink and mother-of-pearl-glisten all blended together, only more delicate and more beautiful than the most beautiful of these. And it was opening. It was growing larger and larger, till it seemed to Betty Maud as if it must end by pushing out the sides of the temple-room and the granite sides of 'Gray Rocks' and dropping its soft warm petals all over the world!

A great many birds were flying above and over the Rose, some of them carrying sprays to which pearls and diamonds of sparkling dew were clinging. These poised above the center and shook the dew-pearls off, to fall right into the Rose's heart. And Betty Maud could see that whenever a drop fell it clasped hands with other drops and that fairy-magic turned these drop-clusters into petals — rosy, satiny petals, springing from the heart of the great flower and curving and growing into fairylike, petal-shapes. With every one, of course, the Rose grew larger.

"Fairy-dew, that is, from the 'Tree of Time,' " said Santa Claus. "They gather it on rose-sprays at Christmas time and bring it here. Oh, I see" — he paused as Betty Maud's questioning eyes met his kindly, twinkling ones. "I see. You don't know what the 'Tree of Time' is like, perhaps. Well, it's very simple. It's been growing forever and ever,— human eyes can't see it but fairy ones can — and it has two kinds of fruit, good and bad. There is the poisonous fruit and then there is the kind that is beautiful and wholesome. And how does the fruit come? Well, that's simple, too. It's this way: every thought in your human world turns into a blossom when it reaches this tree — for everything reaches it sometime, even fairies — and it hangs there, a beautiful flower if the thought is good, but poisonous and ugly if it's bad. And every *act* in your human world is one of these blossoms ripened into fruit. Now, could anything be plainer than that? And these fruits, and the flowers as well, distil their dew: golden dew of happiness and healing if they are flowers of happiness, or if not, then black drops of misery and pain.

"But the Christmas Rose, Betty Maud," he went on, "that never dies.

It never can die, for its roots are deep in every heart. It lives always and always, though it cannot always blossom, for try as we may, we fairy-people simply can't get enough golden dew of happiness to make its petals of. If we could, you would find it blossoming every day in the year — not just at Christmas. But since it cannot, why, the fairies make it their business to see that it blossoms at least once a year, and that's what makes the 'Christmas feel' in the air and why it comes so 'all at once.' We have to, you see, or you wouldn't have any pattern to fashion your human Christmas by — I mean the joy-and-happiness part of it, the part you cannot see or measure or touch, even though it's the best and the biggest part. Just as our little pixie dolls and toys and books have to be worked out first, for you of the human world to model your own toys upon. That's simple, too. Everything is, in fairyland. Don't you see: when a fine new picture slips into your mind — humans call it an 'idea'— what is that but a glimpse of one of our pixie models? You see *that*, and then you know what to do."

"It's just as natural, Romp," said Betty Maud again, but she looked at the Rose and then at Santa with a question in her eyes.

"I know, Betty Maud; but not this time. You want to go through 'The Veils,' don't you? Well, let me see. Suppose next Christmas that you come again, and if you go through the whole year *as you should*" — the grandfatherly old eyes were very serious for just a moment — "we'll see, we'll see. Perhaps then you can really go through 'The Door.' There's more beyond it than the Rose. But now I must go. The sifting-gallery needs my care and the pixies of the petal-group. Good-bye, my dear, and good luck. Trille Pat will see you safely out"; and before Betty Maud could see just what was happening, Santa Claus and the Christmas Rose and the 'Door of a Thousand Veils' and all the myriad busy pixies had been left far behind and she was out in front of Gray Rocks, her big human self again, and Trille Pat was beside her. With a merry twinkle in his eye he bowed three times, each time lower than the other; then he lifted the scarlet cap to his head and — disappeared!

"Come Romp," said Betty, "they'll be needing us." And just as the sun was going down they reached the farmhouse door. AUNT ESTHER

The Thread from Above

IT was a beautiful September morning; all the meadows glimmered with dew, and through the air sailed silvery, shining threads. They came from far off, and they drifted far away.

One of these threads landed at the top of a tree, and the air-sailor (a little yellow-and-black brindled spider) left her airy boat and stepped on to the firmer ground of a leaf.

But the place did not please her at all, and with quick determination she spun herself a new thread and lowered herself right down to a big thorn-hedge.

Here there were plenty of sprouting shoots and twigs, among which she could spin a web. And the spider set to work, while the thread from above, on which she had come down, held the upper corner of the web.

It became a big beautiful web. And there was something unique about it, because it went straight up as it were into empty space, without anyone being able to perceive what held its topmost edge. For it would need very keen eyes to detect such a fine little thread.

Days came and went. The fly-catching began to diminish and the spider had to spin her web bigger, so that it could cover a larger space and catch more. And thanks to the thread from above, this enlargement passed all expectation. The spider built her nest higher and higher up in the air and more and more out at the sides. The web spread over the whole border of the hedge, and when in the wet mornings it hung full of sparkling drops, it was like a veil embroidered with pearls.

The spider was proud of her work. She was no longer the unimportant being that had come sailing through the air without a shilling in her pocket — so to speak — and without any fortune but

her spinning-glands. She was now a large well-to-do spider and had the biggest web along the whole hedge.

One morning she awoke in an unusually bad humor. There had been a frost during the night; there was not a sunbeam to be seen and not a fly buzzed through the air. The spider sat hungry and idle the whole long gray autumn day.

To pass the time she began to move around the circles of her web to see if there was any need to improve it here or there, pulling all the threads to find if they were well fastened. But although she found nothing wrong, she still continued in a very fretful mood.

Then in the outmost edge of the web she came across a thread which she knew at once was unfamiliar to her. All the others went either here or there. The spider knew each twig which they were fastened to. But this wholly incomprehensible thread went NOWHERE — that is to say, it ran right up into the air.

The spider rose on her hind legs and peered up with all her many eyes, but she could not see where the thread went to. It looked as if it led right up to the stars.

She became more and more annoyed the longer she sat and stared at it. She did not remember at all that once she herself had come down on this thread on the clear September morning. Neither did she remember what a great service this particular thread had rendered when the web was built and extended.

The spider had forgotten this altogether — she saw only that here was a silly useless thread, which went nowhere but up into the empty air.

"Away with you," said the spider, and with a single bite broke the thread.

At the same time the web gave way — all the skilful network tumbled down, and when the spider came to herself she sat between the thorn-leaves, with the web like a little wet rag over her head. In the twinkling of an eye had she destroyed all its loveliness — for she did not understand the use of the THREAD FROM ABOVE.

—*Translated from the Danish of Johannes Jorgensen by* J. T.

A LETTER FROM SPORT

DEAR CHILDREN: I am a little Lomaland dog, and I have three brothers — Hector, Pompon and Thirteen. First of all comes Hector, who is about nine years old. He is smaller than I and is very nice and very friendly, although sometimes he snaps at people who bother him. Pompon is also nine, and is the smallest of us four. He has very short legs and knows how to carry mail and his master's lunch without eating it. Youngest of us all is Thirteen, a little white dog with black ears and black spots who is only six and is very smart in his actions.

While I am the biggest I am not the eldest. I am eight years old, and have been here in Lomaland ever since I was a month old.

My mistress is a very kind lady who takes exceedingly good care of me. She combs and brushes me every day and most every week I get a good bath. I often used to go and hide in the closet when I heard my bath being made ready, but now I am more grown-up, and know what is good for me.

My master is very good to me, and has taught me several tricks. Shall I tell you some of them? I think I shall — one of them is to shake hands. I love to show my tricks off, and when people come to see my mistress I often do my special trick of shaking hands. Another is begging to go out and play in the garden. If I want to go I find my mistress and stand on my hind feet and beg with my front paws. She always knows then that I want her to go and open the door for me.

I like to look out of the windows, but the curtains are always in the way. People use their hands, but I have no hands, so finally I found a way, and that is — to push the curtains aside with my nose. When my mistress found out that I did that, she had to stop me because I got the curtains so soiled.

I will tell you my newest trick, and then no more in this letter. My master has just taught me how to sit up for a cookie. When he asks me if I want a cookie, and tells me to sit up for it, I always get up on a chair and lean up against the back, begging quietly

with my front paws for the cookie. I always want the cookie, so I do my part well.

I heard that many animals are taught to do cute tricks by very harsh means, but my kind people have taught me very quickly by

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN

just being kind and gentle. They never talk crossly when I don't do it right away, but keep on teaching me patiently. They always give me a gentle pat or a little attention when I do what they want.

I am indeed one of the happiest dogs that are. I have to say good bye now, and help my mistress get dinner ready.

Your faithful little friend,

SPORT, *per Frances W.*

A RIDDLE

I'VE a dear little playmate;
I'll tell you a lot
About what she does —
And cares not a jot —
And what she is like,
And then, you must try
To guess what it is
That I play at.

Her dress — it is white,
Her nose — it is pink,
And she has some pins
In her paws, too, I think;
She drinks milk for breakfast,
And is very neat,
But oh, dear! — she washes
Her face with her feet!

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

TAKE your meals, my little man,
Always like a gentleman;
Wash your face and hands with care,
Change your shoes, and brush your hair;
Then so fresh, and clean and neat,
Come and take your proper seat;
Do not loiter and be late,
Making other people wait;
Do not rudely point or touch;
Do not eat and drink too much;
Finish what you have, before
You even ask, or send for more;
Never crumble or destroy
Food that others might enjoy;
They who idly crumbs *will waste*
Often want a loaf to taste!
Never spill your milk or tea,
Never rude or noisy be;
Never choose the daintiest food,
Be content with what is good:
Seek in all things that you can
To be a little gentleman.

—Selected, from 'The Home Book'

ROCK-A-BYE BABY

ALL cradles do not rock, though many people seem to think so. In Ireland of early days a curious kind of hammock or bag was used, with a narrow opening on one side for the baby to look out of. It was not unlike the little cradle-basket of an Indian pappoose. There is a little drawing of the baby Prince Edmund, son of Henry III of England, which shows him lying in a cradle much like an ordinary bed, which has no rockers at all — still, he looks comfortable. S.

WHAT HAPPENED IN A NIGHT

Pixies and sprites in a mad, merry whirl
Thistledown airy are winging
Their way out of elfland to set things to rights,
Roguishly, elfishly singing:
"We'll just make it over, this stupid old world!
We'll just make it over, we will!"— *E. S.*

ONE fine day in autumn Tom Merryman, of the land of the fairies, was flying about in a clover-field in search of adventure, when suddenly his wings struck against something hard and rough and ugly. It was covered with glaring red and white letters. Now as Tom was only a wee elf, he took out his minifying-glasses so as to bring these gigantic characters within the scope of his diminutive eyes. Having adjusted them nicely, what did he manage to spell out but —"*Use Elfin Baking Powder!*"

At sight of this his little cheeks flushed with anger, and his wings flapped with indignation. "How dare these mortals profane our dainty dancing ground with these ugly signs of their greed for riches? And as if we elfin folk used their ugly foods! Why cannot they at least keep within their own precincts, and out of ours? But I won't have it! I'll put a stop to it at once."

He seized a foxglove bell and rang it, and soon myriads of little elf-men, as tiny as himself, came flying through the air. Like a gay crowd of flitting dragon-flies they buzzed and circled about.

Tom told them his grievance, whereupon they all gave forth a mighty shout, like the chirping of an army of crickets: "No, we won't have it!" So they borrowed the stings from all the honey-bees they knew, and thus armed, they flew in a crowd up to the objectionable sign, and pricked it to pieces, splinter by splinter. Then they built a huge bonfire and burnt the splinters up, until at last all that was left of the disfiguring sign was a light column of fairy smoke.

A few moments afterwards, when the sun appeared to make his morning call on the blue mountain-tops, he caught a whiff of this fairy smoke, and it made his old eyes water; but he only smiled

an indulgent smile, and said to himself: "There are those 'little folk' at their mischief again. But I let them have their own way once in a while, for it's a good thing for them, and it serves those greedy mortals right."

Now it happened that Farmer Diggs was on his way to market, and passed by the fairy precinct just at the very same moment. He looked for the big, garish sign, and then rubbed his eyes. How astonishing! The sign was gone — not a trace of it was left anywhere.

Hurrying to the village, Farmer Diggs told everyone he met, and in a short time the news had spread like wild-fire: the old sign had been taken down in the night, but no one knew how and no one knew where it had gone.

Some of the older villagers nodded their heads sagely over the strange affair. They made up their minds that it must be the work of the 'good people' or 'little folk,' as they are called. "The field," they said, "must belong to them: it must be their dancing-space," and from that time forth no one ventured to cross it. For no one would be so selfish as to disturb the elves, who had already given up so much of their nature-world to thankless humans.

And Tom Merryman and his fellow pixies chuckled in high glee, for they knew at last that their dancing-ground was free from intruding mortals — at least for many a year. F. S.

THE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A CHILD should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.— Robert Louis Stevenson

YESTERDAY ON THE BEACH

THE ocean was so gentle, yesterday.
The little lapping waves invited play,
Seemed wishing us to chase them as they swept
Backward and then forward while we crept
From one rock to another, out of reach
Of the small waves that rolled along the beach.

Such treasures as it gave us yesterday!
Making us linger longer there and stay
Turning the sand and pebbles o'er and o'er,
Gathering sea moss, shells and many more
Gay-colored pebbles, all so shining bright
As one and still another came in sight!

The water in the rock-pools yesterday
Was clear as crystal, and within it lay
Curious little creatures of the sea —
Snails, limpets, crabs and bright anemone;
Small spotted fish were also swimming there,
Hiding within the seaweed's tangled hair.

Ernestine Arnold

DAPHNE TAKES A WALK

DON'T you want to come out? Come on out." This is what polly Daphne keeps saying when she wants to go out of her cage and take a walk about the garden. So the door is unfastened and she is ready at once to step out onto the hand of her mistress and then she is carried out of doors and put down on the ground.

Off she goes along the path, her funny claws "toeing in" as she walks, making the oddest sort of tracks in the sand as she waddles along.

How she does enjoy getting out of doors! She generally goes along talking and laughing. If she happens to see one of the ladies in the garden she asks, "Say 'how do' to the lady?" and then if the lady happens to notice her, she usually has much to say — "Are you happy? Do you like pepper? Good morning" — and so forth, over and over, interspersed with much laughing on her part.

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND HER

If asked to show her pretty tail, she says, "Oh, O-o-o-h," and spreads it out like a fan and walks along very proudly saying, "Pretty bird, yes."

Sometimes she says and does unexpected things while walking about. When her mistress called her to come back one evening, Daphne remarked, "Oh, do you know — aren't you funny?" and traveled away just a little faster. She is trying to escape from her mistress in one of the pictures. Can you find her?

One day however, her mistress ran away from Daphne when she was some little distance off and came into the house leaving the door open. From the window, Daphne could be seen hurrying along

the walk and she came up the steps and into the house in a surprisingly short time. Since then, she seems able to find her way home whenever she feels inclined.

She has shown no inclination to use her wings to fly. The only time she attempted to do so was when something frightened her and she came flopping over the ground to her mistress in a hurry,

A FINE DAY FOR A WALK

with her wings spread. Her mistress is generally on the lookout and is never far away when Daphne goes for a walk.

Sometimes Daphne enjoys climbing about the small trees but not so much as walking about the ground. She doesn't want her mistress out of her sight. Often when stooping down busy among her flowers, her mistress has felt a pull at her skirts and in a minute Daphne has climbed to her favorite perch on her mistress' shoulder.

She can walk once and a half around the bungalow — then she is tired and holds up her claw to be taken up, saying: "Want to go to bed. Put her to bed." This she keeps calling out all the way back to the house; but when she is safe in her cage again she always says "Thank you."

Many people would like to take her in their hands and smooth her pretty feathers, but she will allow no one to touch her in this way but her mistress. She will, however, go to those she knows and let them carry her to her cage if her mistress is not there,

because she seems to know these people will take care of her.

Most parrots will allow no one to handle them except the one who cares for them, and sometimes even the caretaker cannot touch them; but Daphne has been trained in this way since she was a very young bird, so she has gained confidence, and being of a very affectionate nature, loves to be petted by her mistress.

Dear little bird! — Although she will allow no liberties, she is of such a sweet and friendly disposition that she wins her way into the liking of all who get to know her. There is nothing quite so dear to her mistress as this pretty, plump, yellow-headed Polly.

She is sitting quietly on the arm of the chair while this is being written, looking very wise and knowing. What do you suppose is going on in that little noddle of hers? DAPHNE'S MISTRESS

THE SECRET OF IT

"WHERE does the clerk of the weather store
The days that are sunny and fair?"
"In your soul is a room with a shining door,
And all those days are there."

"Where does the clerk of the weather keep
The days that are dreary and blue?"
"In a second room in your soul they sleep,
And you have the keys of the two."

"And why are my days so often, I pray,
Filled full of clouds and of gloom?"
"Because you forget at the break of day,
And open the dreary room." — St. Nicholas

EFFIE'S SURPRISE

"I HAVE a big surprise for you," said Daddy one evening. Effie climbed happily on to his knee.

"Is it black or white, soft or hard, big or little?" she asked, playing the guessing game.

"Yes, it's soft and white, and alive and small," Daddy answered, smiling.

"It's a kitty then,"— Effie clapped her hands.

"No — wrong again, little daughter. Besides it isn't "IT" at all — it is a whole family."

"Well, then it's too hard to guess."

"Suppose you come and see," said Daddy, and he led the way to the garden, where Effie saw five little white bunnies sitting on the roof of their house — which in bunny-talk is called a hutch — nibbling fresh, green lettuce-leaves. They were all so much alike that nobody but their mother could tell which was which, but then, you know, mothers always can. They had pink eyes and ears and little, quivering pink noses, which looked as if they wanted to ask hundreds of questions.

"Oh, you dear creatures," cried Effie, and began to hug them.

"Be careful, dear," said her Daddy, "you will hurt them and then they will be afraid to come near you. They are to be your very own, just as long as you look after them well yourself."

"Oh yes, Daddy, I will brush and comb them, and wash and feed them, and play with them each day: how happy we'll be!"

"I'm afraid you may hurt them with kindness then. Still you must never forget that they are living creatures, and if you neglect them they will starve. Every day you must clean out the hutch and put in fresh straw for them to lie on, and fresh lettuce to nibble."

"Yes, Daddy," answered Effie eagerly, "I promise you I will never forget them. And I will never touch a teeny mouthful of my own breakfast until I have fed my pets. Oh, it was so good of you to give me a family all my very own!" M.

'THE LAST MOVE': HENRIETTE RONNER

You have all seen little kittens at play, so you know how they love to romp and tumble. But surely you have never seen them at so serious a game as chess! Old Mother Cat is watching carefully to be sure that they play it rightly, as they are doing in the picture. Do you think Mother Cat can tell who won? See if you can.

TOMMY BEING USEFUL

TOMMY got a nice new set of blocks for Christmas. It was left for him by Santa Claus. Tommy is a busy little builder now. Every day he makes tall towers, and then pretends he is the wind and blows them down.

What a noise they make when they fall! But Tommy only laughs at that!

He says when he is big he is going to build a real Râja-Yoga school for little children. He thinks it will have to be a very big one to take care of all the children who will want to come.

Tommy has been in Lomaland a year now, so that when new little children come he sets them a good example. He is full of fun, too, and that always makes his playmates feel just as happy as he. A.

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

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