The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Dr. Eardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socalist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. Before the lesson begins a girl and young man enter the living-room.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

"Edith," said Mrs. Duncan. Dave arose to shake hands, but then his eyes fell full on her face. "Oh, I know you," he exclaimed. "I heard you sing yesterday."

Slowly he felt the color coming to his cheeks. Had he been too familiar? Should he have held that back? What would she think? But when he felt her hand in his, and he knew it was all right.

"And I know you," she was saying. "I saw you——" She stopped, and it was her turn to feel the rising color.

"Yes, I know what you saw," he took up her thought. "You saw me get up and go out of church because I wouldn't sit and listen to a man say that God punished the innocent to let the guilty go free. And I won't." There was a moment's silence following this outburst, and Mr. Duncan made a new appraisal of his pupil. Then it was time to introduce Mr. Allan Forsyth. Mr. Forsyth shook hands heartily, but Dave was conscious of being caught in one quick glance which embraced him from head to heel. And the glance was satisfied—self-satisfied. It was such a glance as Dave might give a horse, when he would say, "A good horse, but I can handle him." It was evident from that glance that Forsyth had no fear of rivalry from that quarter. And having no fear, he could afford to be friendly.

Dave had no distinct remembrance of what happened just after that, but he was conscious of an overwhelming desire to hear Miss Duncan sing. How like Reenie she was! And just as he was beginning to think Mr. Duncan must surely have forgotten his lesson, he heard her asking him if she should sing. And then he saw Forsyth at the piano—why couldn't he leave her to do it herself, the butt-in?—and then he heard her fine, silvery voice rising in the notes of that song about the land where the sun would never go down. . . And suddenly he knew how lonely, how terribly, terribly, lonely he was. And he sat with head bowed that they might not know. . . .

And then there were other songs, and at last Mrs. Duncan, who had slipped away unnoticed, returned with a silver teapot, and cups of delicate china, and sandwiches and cake, and they sat about and ate and drank and talked and laughed. And Edith refilled his cup and sat down beside him, leaving that Forsyth quite on the opposite side of the room. And suddenly he was very, very happy. And when he looked at his watch it was eleven o'clock!

"I guess we didn't get any lesson to-night," he said, as he shook hands with Mr. Duncan at the sidewalk.

"I am not so sure," replied his tutor. "The first thing for you to learn is that all learning does not come from books. A good listener can learn as much as a good reader—if he listens to the right kind of people." And as Dave walked home the thought deepened in him that it really had been a lesson, and that Mr. Duncan had intended it that way. And he wondered what remarkable fortune had been his. The air was full of the perfume of balm-o'-gilead, and his feet were light with the joy of youth. And he thought much of Edith, and of Reenie Hardy.

In subsequent lessons Dave was rapidly initiated into many matters besides earlier manners and conversation. Mr. Duncan placed the first and greatest emphasis upon learning to write and to write well. They had many philosophic discussions, in which the older man sought to lead the younger to the acceptance of truths that would not fail him in later life, and when a conclusion had been agreed upon it was Mr. Duncan's habit to embody it in a copy for Dave's writing lesson. One evening they had a long talk on success, and Mr. Duncan had gradually stripped the glamor from wealth and fame and social position. "The only thing worth while," he said, "is to give happiness. The man who contributes to the happiness of the world is a success, and the man who does not contribute to the happiness of the world is a failure, no matter what his wealth or position. Every man who lives long enough, and has brains enough, comes to know this in time. And those who have not brains enough to know it, are the greatest failures of all, because they think they have attained success, and they have only been buncoed with a counterfeit."

"But a man who has money is in a position to give more happiness than one who hasn't," objected Dave. "Think of all the things a man with a million dollars can do to make people happy—like paying for libraries, and giving excursions to poor children, and things like that. So, in order to make people happy wouldn't the first step be to make money, so it could be spent in that way?"

"That is a good thought," agreed Mr. Duncan, "but not a conclusive one. In reckoning the happiness a man gives we must, of course, subtract the unhappiness he occasions. He may make a great sum of money, and use much of it in creating happiness, but if in the making of the money he used methods that resulted in unhappiness we must subtract the unhappiness first before we can give him any credit for the happiness he had created. And I am disposed to think that many a philanthropist, if weighed in that balance, would be found to have a debit side bigger than his credit. No matter how much wealth a man may amass, or how wisely he may distribute it, we cannot credit him with success if he has oppressed the hireling or dealt unfairly with his competitors or the public. Such a man is not a success; he is a failure. In his own soul he knows he is a failure, that is, provided he still has a soul, and if not, as I said before, he is a greater failure still."

Out of this discussion Mr. Duncan evolved the copy line, "The success of a life is in direct proportion to its net contribution to human happiness," and Dave sat writing it far into the night.

As soon as Dave had learned to read a little Mr. Duncan took him one day to the public library, and the young man groped in amazement up and down the great rows of books. Presently a strange sense of inadequateness came over him. "I can never read all of those books, nor half of them," he said. "I suppose one must read them in order to be well informed."

Mr. Duncan appeared to change the subject. "You like fruit?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. Why——"

"When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all of that fruit; crates and crates of it, and carloads more in the warehouse? Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system, and let it go at that. Now, just apply the same sense to your reading. Read enough to keep your mind fresh, and alert, and vigorous; give it one new thought to wrestle with every day, and let the rest go. . . . Oh, I know that there is a certain school which holds that unless you have read this author or that author, or this book or that book, you are hopelessly uninformed or behind the times. That's literary snobbery. Let them talk. A mind that consumes more than it can assimilate is morally on a par with a stomach that swallows more than it can digest. Gluttons, both of them. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think, but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chloroform it."

Mr. Duncan also took occasion to speak with Dave about his religious views. He did not forget Dave's explanation of why he went out of the church. "I sympathize with your point of view a great deal," he said, "but don't be too sweeping in your conclusions. The Church is too fussy over details; too anxious to fit the mind of man—which is his link with the Infinite—into some narrow, soul-crushing creed; too insistent upon the form of belief and not nearly insistent enough upon conduct. It makes me think of a man who was trying to sell me an automobile the other day. He was explaining all about the trimmings; the cushions and the lights and the horn and all that sort of stuff, and when he was through I said, "Now tell me something about the motor. I want to know about the thing that makes the wheels go round. If it's no good I guess the trimmings are only fit for junk.' Well, that's the way with the Church. The motor that has kept it running for nineteen centuries is the doctrine of love; love of man to man, love of man to God, love of God to man. Nothing about wrath—that's only a backfire—but love. Without that motor all the trimmings are junk. Each sect has its own trimmings, but they all profess to use the same motor. . . . Still, the motor is all right, even if it is neglected and abused. I don't think you'll find a better, and you must have power of some kind."

"What about Socialism?" asked Dave.

"Very good, in so far as it is constructive. But there is a destructive brand of Socialism which seizes the fancy of disappointed and disgruntled men and women, and bids them destroy. There is a basic quality in all human nature which clamors for destruction. You see it in the child pulling his toys to pieces, or in the mob wrecking buildings. Destruction is easy and passionate, but construction demands skill and patience."

"I have been at some of their meetings," said Dave. "They lay great stress on the war between Labor and Capital——"

"Between husband and wife in the family of production," interrupted Mr. Duncan. "Nothing is to be gained by that quarrel. I admit the husband has been overbearing, offensive, brutal, perhaps; but the wife has been slovenly, inefficient, shallow. Neither has yet been brought to realize how hopeless is the case of one without the other. And I don't think they will learn that by quarrelling. What they need is not hard words, but mutual respect and sympathy, and an honest conception of what constitutes success. Doctrines and policies are helpful to the extent to which they cause men to think, either directly, or by creating environment conducive to thought; but they will never bring the golden age of happiness. That can come only through the destruction of selfishness, which can be destroyed only by the power of love. That is why I emphasized the motor, in our talk about the Church. It is our only chance."

Dave's talks with Mr. Duncan became almost nightly occurrences, either at the Duncan home, or when he drove the family—for the master of the house often accompanied them—or when they met down town, as frequently happened. And the boy was not slow to realize the broad nature of the task to which Mr. Duncan had set himself. His education was to be built of every knowledge and experience that could go into the rounding of a well-developed life.

(To be continued.)

Making Debtors Pay Up.

They have a very ingenious way with debtors in Ceylon.

The creditor, it would seem, goes to the man who owes him money, holding in his hand neungala leaves, an extremely poisonous plant, and declares that if he is not paid immediately he will poison himself. The debtor pays up at once.

In other lands he would very likely laugh at his creditor, but in Ceylon there is a law which imposes an enormous fine upon the person who is the cause of another's suicide.

Consequently it seldom happens that a creditor actually swallows the terrible neungala leaves before his debtor.

Total Eclipse of Sun on Christmas Island.

Christmas Island, a little patch of land in the Indian Ocean which is distinguished chiefly by its pretty name, will be a busy place for a few minutes next September 20, and from this activity may come many startling announcements of a scientific nature.

Astronomers have calculated that Christmas Island will be one of the few stops on this earth over which the sun will be totally eclipsed September 20 for a full six minutes by the clock. Science, which computes its time by such vast periods as "light years," is preparing, however, to make quite a fuss over this insignificant six minutes.

A German scientific expedition, headed by Dr. Erwin Freundlich-Finley, of Potsdam University, is now on the way to Christmas Island with a large number of delicate instruments by which it hopes to make a thorough test of the Einstein theory of relativity. If Jupiter Pluvius withholds his rain clouds they expect to succeed, but if the sky is overcast their long journey will have been in vain.

The equipment to be used in the tests consists of two of the most modern photographic telescopes, one of which is 3.60 meters long and the other 8.50 meters. Both are capable of taking detailed photographs at extremely long focal distances. The plates used will be 50 centimeters square, and the time of exposure will range from 10 to 90 seconds. Eight or ten photographs will be taken during the brief six minutes.

The test of the Einstein theory of light curvature decided upon by this expedition is possible only when the sun is completely eclipsed. Thus its practicability is sharply defined.

Several American, Australian and English expeditions also are headed for Christmas Island, where they plan to make various tests and astronomical observations in connection with the six-minute eclipse.

Separating Sunbeams.

Certain of the sun's rays have already been separated from the rest and used to cure special human disorders. There are other rays which might be captured and used to the same advantage.

"I love the merry, merry sunshine,
It makes my heart so gay,"

ran the old song. Why is it that on bright and sunny days we feel so much better than we do when the weather is overcast and cloudy?

A noted psychologist stated recently that "it is because the human race was brought to life by the sun. The light and warmth of the sun are the natural elements of mankind."

Sunlight cures diseases and creates life.

Scientists have for a long time been cutting up sunlight to sort out its different powers and harness them for use, whilst X-rays have already been procured to combat certain human ills. There are other rays that can very well be extracted from the sunlight and used for scientific purposes. Some day we may be able to make ourselves happy at will—give ourselves the holiday feeling at any moment—by just pressing a switch in our homes or offices, and turning on a flow of happiness-inspiring rays.

Some people vow that they cannot cross the Equator without falling wholeheartedly and desperately in love. Perhaps in the future the fairy-tale of the magic love potion, by which the fairy prince made the fairy princess love him, will be attainable at any chemist's. Then we may read: "Ask for Daniel Cupid's Harnessed Sunshine Love Mixture—accept no other," on the hoardings everywhere.

Perhaps sunshine wil be stored in a little box like a pocket electric lamp, and young ladies will discard powder and rouge, and will make up their complexion by applying a little concentrated sunlight to their cheeks for a few minutes until the roses appear.

All handsome men will be able to broadcast the concentrated sunlight all over their faces until they have that slightly sunburnt tint by which they are known.

But make no mistake; this article is perfectly serious. The rays of the sun have all these powers, and merely await dissecting by some scientific genius.

When Swamps Explode.

Nature indulges in odd tricks at times. One of her latest antics is the sudden disappearance of an enormous swamp in British East Africa. The theory is that the swamp was supported by the roof of a rocky underground cavern, and that this roof collapsed. At any rate, an immense volume of water has disappeared into the earth, leaving behind a huge, and at present unexplored, hollow.

In November, 1920, a large section of the Culliagh Bog, near Longford, burst with a roar that was heard for miles, says an English newspaper. Acres of slime gushed outwards. Luckily, there were no houses near the bog, and the only damage was to a road.

In 1910 a similar disaster took place near Castlerea, in Co. Roscommon. In the middle of a November night there was a sound like thunder. Great fissures opened in the surface of the bog, and an area of more than three square miles began to slide towards the adjacent lowland. It swept on for about a quarter of a mile, overwhelming cottages and a portion of the main road.

A moving plain sliding steadily towards the sea was the terrifying spectacle witnessed in Carnarvonshire in September, 1913. This amazing performance began with rumblings like those of an earthquake. Then a large plot of grazing land began to move, its surface rising and falling like waves. Great boulders were flung out and then sucked in again. This continued until the flat, pebble-covered beach had disappeared and been replaced by the grass land.

Most people have heard of Chat Moss, in Lancashire, the great bog that was the despair of engineers for many years. In the days of Henry VIII. this mighty bog burst. It not only covered a great area with evil-smelling moss, but the peat water which ran into the Mersey destroyed thousands of fish. Great quantities of rolling moss were carried as far away as the Isle of Man.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

SLANDERED PRUNES

Though prunes are held to be the symbol of everything that's cheap and base, the man whose brains would fill a thimble must know such taunts are out of place. For prunes are wholesome and nutritious, they brace us up from head to heel, and serpentwise are cooks who dish us a quart or two at every meal. Oh, prunes are sidestepped, donnerwetter, because of jesters' quips and quirks, yet doctors say there's nothing better to regulate the human works. They have the acids we are needing, the vitamines and things like those, and that rich juice you see them bleeding gives haggard cheeks the tint of rose. And yet we blush when we go stopping, to ask for prunes, of fruits the best; we fear the grocer will be yawping the customary boneless jest. We fear to place prunes on the table when visitors are in the chairs, for haply they may not be able to stifle threadbare jokes of theirs. And thus the helpful prune inherits an odium that keeps it shamed; it cannot advertise its merits, for people yell when it is named. Of prunes I'd chant when other singers are praising roses to the sky; for prunes are daisies, prunes are dingers, when stewed or fried or in a pie.

Women of Mandalay Gave the Prince a Surprise.

The long-necked women of the Shan States of Burma were the subject of much comment during the Prince of Wales' visit to Mandalay, writes W. A. Fernie in the London Daily Mail.

The stretching process to produce the champagne-bottle neck of the Padaung women begins when a girl is ten or twelve years of age.

A solid brass rod about as thick as the little finger is twisted round the neck, five coils generally sufficing to begin with.

As the girl grows, fresh coils are added until the ordinary limit of 21 is reached.

With these the majority of women rest content, but with the local belle this number may be increased to 25 or so.

A variety of plinth of brass rod is continued over the shoulders, so that the final effect is similar to that of an oversized magnum with its foil-covered neck

At right angles to the back of the collar small rings stick out like handles.

Not content with this brazen display similar brass rods are also worn around the calves and forearms, so that altogether the fashionably attired Padaung lady perambulates with a load of fifty or sixty pounds of brass as he adornment.

As the villages are usually upon boulder-strewn and inaccessible hill slopes the carriage of these additions to nature's charms is no easy matter.

The women are frequently quite good-looking, but they are seldom or never sought in marriage by the neighboring tribes.

Though these Padaungs are not true Karens, one can be sure that the Karen clans were present in force at the Mandalay festivities, and a dance of the red Karen women is not to be forgotten.

Around their legs are wound many circlets of black lacquered rattan, making their mode of progression grotesquely like the movements of a pair of compasses.

Their kinswomen of the Zaluns insert brass rings five or six inches in diameter into these leg coils and have to seek the aid of a stick for walking purposes. Nearby neighbors have a brass rod coiled from the ankle to just below the knee and in some cases this is continued from above the knee to half-way up the thigh.

His Way Out.

It was the drawing lesson, and a class of small children were drawing from memory. They had been told to draw a river, with two figures sitting on the bank, one of whom was to be fishing.

The teacher was going round the class, when she came to a smal boy who had finished his drawing.

She looked at his paper and was surprised to find only a river.

"Why, Jack," she said, "where are the two people I told you to draw?"

"Well, you see, Miss Jones," he answered, "I'm not very good at drawing people, so I've put up a notice: 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.!'"

Why Not a Music Club in Your Town?

Every town in Canada with a population of 2,500 or over could have, and ought to have, its own music club. It might be a women's music club, or it might be a mixed organization, according to local conditions. With very few exceptions, there are enough music lovers in any town of 2,500 or more inhabitants to make such an organization go. All that is necessary is for two or three genuinely interested leaders to call a meeting of likely members, choose a name, elect officers and decide upon a constitution and by-laws.

To arrange a season's programme is not a very difficult piece of work for a keen and representative committee. There will be papers prepared by various members, and read at certain meetings. These will cover sketches of the life and works of various composers, stories of the operas, discussions of ways and means for securing better congregational singing in the churches a more serious use of music in the schools and more local musical activities in the community life.

A music club often is able to arrange for the local appearance of outstanding concert and recital artists. Plenty of activities will suggest themselves. Have you a music club in your town?

For the Sake of Music.

Music may be considered as an art, a profession or a business. In one of these ramifications we are engaged in making a living. Any one of us might be indicted for following our vocation with too narrow a vision. We teach, perform, or do our business with too much self-centred satisfaction. Music by itself, as a glorious cause, as a great uplifting power, or as a fountain of inspiration, has not yet gripped us sufficiently. Personalities, methods and what may be termed the vehicles through which music flows, have protruded themselves, and we only perceive the shell of music and not the very thing itself.

This is manifested in the too obvious fact that musicians are generally only interested in a musical programme that concerns them or has aroused their curiosity. How many go to a concert to enjoy music? How many put themselves out to attend musical affairs that do not bear some relationship to their pocket-books? How are we to have music unless the fire of its passion burns at our altars?

The City of Good Champagne.

Epernay, in France, whence the best champagne comes, may be said to be a vast subterranean city. The streets for miles and miles are hewn out of the solid chalk flanked with piles of bottles.

There is no light in this labyrinth except that which the sputtering candles afford. All is dark and damp, with the thermometer near the freezing point. The largest champagne manufacturers in Epernay possess underground cellars covering forty-five acres and holding five million bottles.

and the worst is yet to come

Woman's Interests

Backward Children Respond to Rhythm.

What can be accomplished with music as a means of introducing a child into normal life, the child who because of backwardness is too often given the cold shoulder and told that he cannot do this thing and that because of his handicap, is exemplified in the work which Miss Mary C. Greene, supervisor of music in special schools, is now conducting, says the Providence Journal.

The progress which the children who are attending the special schools have made in the brief time Miss Greene has given to them is extremely gratifying and satisfactory.

As explained by Miss Greene, the children are made interested first of all in the work of a band, and experience enjoyment. In the second place, they are taught to listen and to concentrate. Thirdly, they are trained in musical co-ordination, and, lastly, they are taught to work with a group which is the real social aspect of the music work.

"Our children in the special schools," said Miss Greene, "because of their backwardness, are too often left out of things, and most of them are not even on the side lines. They cannot do things that other people do; they are not so alert, and that is why most of the crowd usually do not want them. This band work, while it teaches musical appreciation, has far greater results in making the children a part of a social group and training them to work with other people for a common end.

"In the regular schools the so-called backward children are repressed, and too often made to feel the shame of their backwardness. In the special classes the teachers are trying to live up to the old idea of education which means a drawing out of all the intelligence and all the ability the children have, and we find that music is one of the best agencies for drawing the children out and finding their latent possibilities.

"We find that many of the children have an undeveloped sense of rhythm. Now the teacher in the regular class is too busy in getting three "R's" across with her class of from 40 to 50 children to discover individual abilities. In the special class the teacher is conscious that the traditional lullaby, for instance, the time-honored 'Bock-a-by Baby,' is impressed upon the mind of every child. Men of all ages have yielded to the swaying of a mother's arms, while she crooned that homely old song.

"In the plan for the music for the special classes we are considering first the band music; secondly, music for interpretation; thirdly, music for appreciation and, finally, music for story-telling.

"The band music is only a means to an end; the band is not the end. Through it we are trying to arouse the child to group activities. We have music for listening, and we introduce it at the rest periods. Many of our children are restless—some of them because they are nervous, and others because their activities have not been directed, and we believe that many of the discrepancy cases arise because the children have not become fraternized. So in our special classes we have frequent rest periods during which the teachers are playing on the phonograph music that is beautiful, quiet, simple and short. In other words, we make those periods ones of relaxation and rest for the children.

"We are working toward the interpretion side, to bring out what music means to the child. Every child runs, gallops or dances to almost any kind of music at home, and almost any child has at one time or another taken part in a regular parade.

"We hope to catch the spontaneous expression of the children and tie it to good music, rather than to some of the cheaper music that is often heard upon the street."

A Water-Melon Party.

Play singing games and musical games, a talking machine being provided for the necessary music. Poison Handkerchief is a good game for a crowd. Divide the company into groups of twenty and have the groups form circles, facing in. The player who is "it" stands in the centre of the circle and tries to catch the knotted handkerchief which is passed around or thrown across the circle from one player to another. If the person who is "it" catches the handkerchief, the person who threw it last, or who is touched while the handkerchief is in his possession, becomes "it."

Another jolly game is called Three Deep. Twelve or more players form a circle of pairs (one behind the other facing in) with space enough between the players to allow them to turn and run in any direction. Two players on the outside of the circle and at a distance of two yards from each other begin the game. One of them, the "tagger," tries to tag the other before he can place himself in front of one of the pairs forming the circle. If he succeeds in doing this the player tagged becomes "it," and the former "tagger" in turn tries to run to a place of safety in front of some pair. Whenever the one being pursued succeeds in getting in front of a pair before being tagged, this forms "three deep" and the one in the rear of the other two must take to his heels and try to get a place in front of some other pair before being tagged. In seeking to avoid the "tagger," the players being pursued may run in any direction, either to left or right, or across the circle, but not to pass in front of a pair so as to indicate a stop and cause a false start. A hindmost player may step in front of his own rank, making the middle man hindmost or "third" and in position to be caught.

Have the refreshment table on the lawn, using paper table-cloth and napkins and paper or wooden plates. Appropriate napkins for such an affair have a fruit border. A low basket of fruit on a mat of ferns could be used as a centrepiece, the fruit to be served after the watermelon. Place watermelons on large trays or platters at each end of the table. Cut the melons into pieces of convenient size and have the men serve it to the girls. For favors provide horns, rattles, whistles, and drums, anything to make noise and fun. Wrap the favors in pink crepe paper and tie the package with green ribbon.

Hot Weather Diet.

Midsummer days add greatly to the problems of the housekeeper. The men must be fed as usual, and they must have food upon which they can do a day's work, but there are many finicky appetites. What shall be the menu on these hot days? How shall the children be fed? What can we give to tempt grandma's appetite? What is there that will really taste good?

Fortunately the seasonable things of the garden help greatly in answering these questions. Tomatoes are not only priceless as appetite ticklers, but they do stellar work in supplying the necessary features of a meal, and are therefore very valuable, even though their actual nutritive value is small. Lettuce, cabbage, spinach, cauliflower, are all good vegetables to consider. They are as helpful in their line as the more solid articles of diet, though they will not wholly replace them. New potatoes make a good dish and may be served in a variety of appetizing ways. Milk gravies may often be served with these vegetables and this addition will go far to supplying the needed protein element. Milk is always an important food, but especially so in hot weather. It should be used in gravies, soups, stews, puddings, custards, sauces, and in every way in which it can be worked in, because it is a food that will supply in readily digestible form the very elements that the appetite is prone to reject in other foods under stress of hot weather. As a beverage, when suitably cooled it is as tasty as any drink that can be served.

Eggs are often more appetizing than meat in hot weather and make an excellent substitute; in fact, the most portion of the hot weather diet must be kept very low indeed, if eggs are served, and also used in custards, puddings and drinks.

Make a special effort to get in whenever it can be secured. Then start the ice cream freezer and serve up dishes that will be suited to the taste of every member of the family and at the same time supply positive food value.

Safes That Fire Rockets.

It is not generally known that Dutch liners are equipped with special safes for the conveyance of mails and other valuables.

Unlike the square receptacles seen in offices and banks, the ship's safe is oval in shape. It is carried on the deck in a cradle. Though exposed to public view, it is proof against attack, for, should any unauthorized person attempt to open it, he would start an alarm.

Should the vessel meet with disaster and sink, the safe remains afloat. On its top is an ingenious automatic signalling apparatus. After the safe has been in the water half an hour this is set in operation, and a bright light is shown every fourth minute.

Evern ninth minute a signal horn sounds for one minute, while for twelve hours after the safe leaves the ship a rocket is set off every hour.

After the postal authorities at a Dutch port have put the mail in a safe it is closed with two or more covers provided with special locks and keys. Should the safe be cast afloat, a device fastens the innermost cover, so that it can be opened only by using a special secret code. Finally, every safe is provided with a separate compartment, which automatically destroys the whole of its contents should an unauthorized person attempt to open it.

Joy in the Daily Job.

What do you see in your day's work, my friend? What does it mean to you? Do you see anything outside of the salary? Do you see a life-building in it? Do you see great possibilities for success and happiness? Do you see self improvement, growth, mental expansion in a richer character, a broader wiser man? Do you see your vocation as a training-school for future greatness, or do you see yourself tied down in an uncongenial environment, with nothing better in view?

Do you see only hours of drudgery or monotony in the day, and a mere living? Are you sorry when the day begins and glad when it ends? Does the dollar-mark so blur your vision, so fill it, that everything else in your day is covered up? Or is money a minor consideration and do you see a lot of real interest, enlarged capacity, a possible partnership, a possible business for yourself, in your day's work? Success.

The Tides of Fundy.

Extraordinary stories are told of the immense tides in the Bay of Fundy. The scientific facts in regard to them have been published by the Canadian Geological Survey.

The bay is about 145 miles long and gradually narrows and becomes shallower as it penetrates the land. The upper part divides into two main branches, and several small side bays exist. The highest tides at the mouth of the main bay reach eighteen feet. Going up the bay they increase in height.

At Digby Neck they attain twenty-two feet, at Petitcodiac River forty-six feet, and at Noel River, in Cobequid Bay, fifty-three feet, the maximum. Some branch bays are left empty at ebb tide.

"I see Hiram is sparkin' up to that pretty young postmistress, but she doesn't seem to think much of him." "No, she looks upon him as a class mate."