

### IDEALS VERSUS WORK

Work and ideals are two opposites. Work belongs entirely to the physical realm which deals with the material and the mind and the spirit entirely with the mind and the spirit. The typical idealist dreams of his work through life often without thought of physical comfort. On the other hand, the typical work of the man-with-the-hoe type, plods along with hope or ambition.

Normally, we as human beings, are physically, mentally and spiritually constituted. So, both work and ideals are necessary to the greatest fulfillment of life. The idealist who refuses to work and the worker who refuses to idealize, are abnormal and are not accomplices of great things.

We may well paraphrase the saying of the Jewish merchant, "What is life without some ideal?" It is, without a humdrum existence to live a life without hope and ambitions. Ideals are to life what oxygen is to the flame; they make life's fires burn brighter.

The idealist who does not work, or who is too much of a part of himself for them. But sometimes we find workers whose ideals have gone to sleep. Not only in farming is this so, but in many other activities of life. It is so easy to give up our hopes and ambitions and just plod along through life.

When we get to the plodding stage, it is essential that we look to our ideals regardless of what the present circumstances are. We must keep them active, for there is nothing to life after the fires of hope have gone down.

The greatest enjoyment in life comes from working our ideals and idealizing our work.

### Deaf, Not Indifferent.

It appears that solitary elephants, not necessarily "rogues," may be met with in all jungle country frequented by elephants. A "solitary," it seems, is rather fond of taking up his residence in the neighborhood of a village, and helping himself to whatever strikes his fancy.

Elephants in Ceylon have in general acquired a contempt for the presence of the ordinary villager, and will walk through a fence as soon as look at it, and help themselves to growing crops in spite of the owner's presence, his shouts, or his gun. A good deal of this seemingly rank indifference is due to the fact that there are many deaf elephants to be found all over the country. Let an elephant, however, once become aware that he is being hunted, and he becomes as wary and alert as possible.

There is told the story of an elephant that was making havoc among the cultivation in the great swamp of Dwarak, and had been "proclaimed" for some time. It was a deaf elephant, and his deafness was the cause of his rampage. When he was driven away from the swamp, he saw a group of men who were working in a field, and he went up to them, and saw that one of them was a deaf man, and he knew that he was not being hunted, and he went back to his work.

### Feeling the Bug.

A motorist in the Southern States once stopped for water at a dilapidated house where a bare-footed man, leaning against a rickety fence, was gazing meditatively across a field that had grown up to weeds. "How is your corn this year?" the motorist asked. "Well, sir," replied the man, "I ain't got no corn. I didn't plant no corn cause I was afraid the boll weevil might be bad."

"How is your corn?" "Well," came the reply, "I didn't plant no corn neither, for I didn't know it was a pest."

The motorist hesitated. "How are your sweet potatoes?" he asked at last. "Well, now, sir, it's just this way. I didn't plant no sweet potatoes cause I was afraid the bugs might take them. No, sir, I didn't plant nothin'. I just played safe."

### The City Boy.

It was in his fourth year that Clarence moved to the country. For the reason that his parents decided that the city was not the place for a growing boy. In this conclusion, however, they had not the approval of Clarence.

During the first day of his stay in the country—a very long day, indeed, by reason of the rain that constantly fell—Clarence was forced to remain indoors. He made many trips to the windows to look out upon the downfall.

"Mother," he demanded, "why ain't any one going by? This query he repeated many times. Then he shifted to: "When is some one going by? No one is going by now, either. I want to go back to Toronto," he concluded firmly.

### A New Meaning.

A teacher asked her class the meaning of the word "furlough." Jack was called up, and said, "It means a mile. It says so in the book." The teacher asked for the book and it was brought forward. At last Jack came to a picture of a soldier sitting on a mule.

At the bottom of the picture was written, "Going home on his furlough."

Intense work is the best remedy for worry.

### The Development of Electrical Science.

The development of electrical science and manufacture is rapidly increasing the use of electricity for industrial and domestic purposes. In some countries this development may cause a power shortage and consequently considerable increase in the cost of power but so far as Canada is concerned this eventuality is a remote one, since only about seven per cent of the available water-power resources have been developed.

# Birds' Eggs, Big and Little

BY ELSA G. ALLEN

**T**HERE was a time not long ago when most boys began their study of birds by collecting eggs. These beautiful, delicately fashioned wonders of nature were taken and cherished by the young fellow who had collected them for a pastime. But little, people came to realize that birds were of great value to agriculture, that they were a great inspiration to wholesome outdoor life, and that therefore they should not be plundered. To-day people's interest in bird life has become a hobby, and public sentiment protects the birds' homes even more effectively than do fines imposed by law.

Boys and girls have not lost out of this change. Rather, they have gained because birds are becoming more and more abundant, and through the teachings of the schools, of Audubon societies, and public clubs, millions of children are learning to study living birds, their eggs, and all the birds' habits.

**A Fascinating Study.**

There is little wonder, however, that birds' eggs should fascinate. Their great variety of color and size, and the very difficulty of reaching many nests, have made egg collecting a hobby with thousands of lovers of out-door life. And most of all these lovers want to preserve their discoveries. Nowadays camera offers them the means of doing so. Moreover, pictures have many advantages over a mere collection of eggs. For they preserve the whole scene, nest as well as eggs, on the photographic plate, and all without harm to the bird's home.

Some precautions, of course, must

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be taken. The nest should not be touched until the eggs are laid, and preferably not until the bird has incubated for a few days because, if disturbed when beginning to incubate, she may desert her nest.

Then when the time to photograph comes, the greatest care must be taken not to hurt the good hiding of the nest. Better light, the vegetation should not be cut away, but should merely be bent aside in such a way that it can be restored to its original position. If the proper care is used, the bird will never be discovered, and the photographer will be rewarded by being able to observe and photograph the bird more closely than the collector, even after securing his treasure from rocky ledge or tree-top, never knows anything of the wonder accomplished within the egg.

The bird's life, like any other life, begins with a single cell. Every egg contains one minute cell which is only a microscopic part of the egg as we know it. This germinal cell, from which develops the perfected young, resides in the female bird's ovary and yolk which is a mass of food for the unborn but growing young. When the yolk has reached its full size, it with the cell, passes out of the ovary into the oviduct. In the upper part of which the white or albumen, another mass of food, is added, and in the lower part of which a protecting shell is

added. Last of all color and markings shortly before the egg is laid.

### Birds' Eggs Highly Developed.

In every essential all eggs, even the smallest insects' eggs, are alike; but birds' eggs are the most highly developed. They resemble mostly the eggs of reptiles, and this is not surprising. For birds had reptilian ancestors. The eggs of most reptiles, however, are leathery or parchment-like and are never colored. But the greatest difference between birds' eggs and reptiles' eggs is that birds' eggs require incubation in order to develop.

### Nature a Good Provider.

Many of us have wondered, no doubt, why so many birds lay so few eggs and so many young. Nature is indeed a good mother in the way she looks out for her children, for she sees to it that the birds which have the most enemies lay the greatest number of eggs, while the birds whose young are less dangerous have the fewest. Many of the birds, for example, murres and gulls, nest on rocky islands and nesting season to rocky islands and nesting where they are isolated from plundering animals; and because they are comparatively safe from harm, they lay only one egg. The tiny hummingbird lays but two, while the partridge and hawk lay from twelve to twenty because their eggs and young are subject to many dangers.

### Perhaps birds' eggs make their strongest appeal to us because of their varied colors.

Some are pale white; others are greenish, delicately tinted with blue or dots, and some are bright greenish blue. Birds which lay white eggs, are, for the most part, the whole-nesting species like the light

owls and woodpeckers, and since their eggs are well hidden, it has not been necessary for their eggs to develop protective coloration. On the other hand, the sandpipers and plovers which nest on the open ground, have had, therefore, developed protectively colored eggs, which resemble their environment so closely that they are very difficult to see.

### Protective Colors.

When we consider the advantages which come from protectively colored eggs, we may wonder why some eggs are so conspicuously colored. We should bear in mind that brightly colored eggs are usually laid in nests hidden in the foliage of trees or bushes, or in the grasses and weeds on the ground. The meadow-lark's white eggs spotted with reddish brown are quite conspicuous in themselves, but any one who has searched for the meadow-lark's nest knows how well it is hidden. Not only is it artfully constructed of the grass which surrounds it, but it is even covered over and made almost invisible to prying eyes.

### The Boys and girls who learn to know the more difficult groups of our common birds and to recognize their eggs, may be proud of their nature lore.

They will find cameras very helpful and a collection of photographs will be far more valuable records of progress in bird study than any collection of the eggs could be. In photographing a bird's nest, be careful not to touch the eggs or harm the nest. If the place where the nest is situated is dark, have a mirror and reflect the light.

## Bees Are Masters of Art of War

Did you know that the bee is a past master in the art of war? Did you know that every hive of bees is so thoroughly organized that its entire population of 50,000 to 100,000 bees, move almost instantly to a call for protection? whenever an invader approaches?

The authority for this information is Michael W. Barrett, Boston's bee expert, internationally known as the "bee king" and reputed to be one of the foremost authorities on bees, both standardist, in America.

Mr. Barrett has been studying and experimenting with bees for forty-five years—ever since his boyhood days. He went to the United States from Ireland at the age of 7 and has since made his home in Boston. For years he traveled through America and Europe with "colonies" composed of more than 100,000 bees. His bee farm in the Hyde Park section of Boston is a mecca for thousands of visitors.

"Next time you go near a bee hive look closely and you will see several bees flying around in a wide circle," says Mr. Barrett. If you made an effort to get closer to the hive you would find that the bees in this group would attack you and the rest would hurry to the hive to warn its entire population of the approach of an invader. If you continued to walk towards the hive an army of thousands of bees would swarm out of it to attack you.

"The bees constantly flying about outside the hive are sentinels, or outposts. They are the exterior unit of the bees' superior fighting organization. This organization, as my research work has proved conclusively, has its vanguard of shock troops, its regular fighting legions, its chemists, engineers and a hundred and one other kind of units that go to make up its fighting force, just the same as a nation of humans."

Investigation in the warfare of bees has convinced Mr. Barrett of no sort of an animal small enough to enter their hive is a match for them. The mouse, for example, always fights a losing battle when he enters a bee hive. If the animal remains in the hive a few seconds he is stung enough times to kill him. The body is too heavy for the bees to drag out. So the body, for sanitary reasons, is sealed over entirely with wax.

It is not an unusual thing to see a mouse or other small animal completely sealed over with wax on the floor of the bee box when the cover is lifted," said Mr. Barrett.

### Voyaging.

However hard the winds may blow, However strong the tides may flow, Though lightning flash and thunders roar, We trust the Master at the wheel.

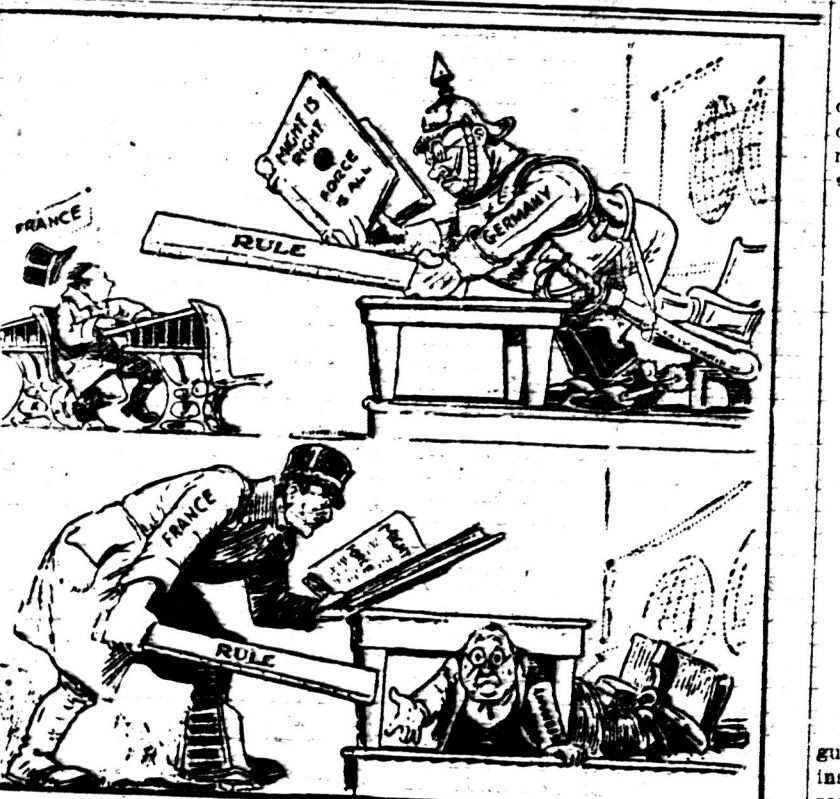
Driven by storms to veer and tack, He never turns the good ship back, But rights her keel, and evermore Fares forward to the distant shore.

Poor children of the human race, For voyaging through time and space, How hard he'll row, how driven wide On angry seas by wind and tide!

But high above the streaming years, The faithful lodestar Truth appears, And thitherwards through tempests still Trembles the compass of Good-will.

Faith in the Master, and mankind, Some day beyond the flood will find, When dark and wild and peril cease, The shining harbor shores of Peace. —Loisie Plinckney Hill.

Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.—Thoreau.



The pupil who learned his lesson from the teacher who taught too well.—From the Columbus Dispatch.

## THE AUTOMOBILE

LEARN TO BLOW YOUR OWN HORN IN PROPER WAY.

That the automobile horn is equally important as brakes in the prevention of motor accidents is a fact which is apparently few drivers recognize.

There are situations, in fact, where the horn alone must be relied upon; but without sound judgment in using it, the driver cannot hope for favorable results. The bulletin board says further: "The motorist uses the horn as a signal of approaching doom, just as though he and his car were entitled to special privileges. Accident reports show that such attitude on the part of the motorist encourages an attitude of retaliation and disinclination to make concessions on the part of other motorists and pedestrians, with the result that they take their time about getting out of the way. This may be the makings of an accident." "The driver also happens to be depending upon his horn for safety.

### A Rain Song.

It is not raining rain to me, It's raining daffodils; In every little drop I see Wild flowers that I love. The clouds of gray engulf the day And overwhelm the town; It is not raining rain to me, It's raining roses down. It is not raining rain to me, But fields of clover bloom, Where any buccaneering bee May find a bed and room. A health and the happy! A fig for him who frets! It is not raining rain to me, It's raining violets. —Robert Loveman.

### Sand Cleans Metals.

A new compressed air sand blast gun for cleaning metals does its work inside a cabinet that prevents the sand flying.

### Start a Compost Heap.

To start that useful adjunct of the garden, a compost heap, choose an inconspicuous corner, and there through the entire season pile all waste that will rot quickly—pea pods, corn husks, grass from mowing the lawn, leaves, tomato vines and pea vines. Now and then throw on a little lime. Every spring sift out the unrotted material with a spading fork. What remains will be rich, dark humus, a most important material to revive worn-out soil. The unforfeitable offense in the eye of a man who knows how to make a compost heap and how to use it is to have some one dump ashes and to not rot.

change his course of direction, hesitate and otherwise endanger himself. There are occasions when it is better not to use the horn at all.

"For most purposes a moderately long blast of the horn, sounded from a suitable distance, is to be preferred.

"A short blast from the horn discloses either impatience or inexperience, to either of which pedestrians and other motorists will foolishly pay less attention.

"If the horn is sounded too loudly, and too soon, the driver will be under the same suspicion.

"Moderation and judgment are the points to watch.

"As discovered by men investigating the subject, the average driver does not appreciate how often he is dependent upon 100 per cent of the contents of his horn. There are many instances where failure of the horn, or a too violent and illogical response, will put the driver in a position where he is helpless to avoid an accident, regardless of the use of his brakes and clever steering."

### The Ballad of the Cross.

Metichlor, Gaspar, Bathazar— Great gifts they bore and meet; White linen for his body fair And purple for his feet— And golden things—the joy of kings— And myrrh to breathe him sweet.

It was the shepherd Terish spoke, "Oh, poor the gift I bear! A little cross of broken twigs, A hind's gift to a king— Yet, haply, he may smile to see And know my offering."

And it was Mary held her son Full softly to her breast; "Great gifts and sweet are at Thy feet And wonders king-possessed, O little son, take Thou the one That pleases Thee the best."

It was the Christ-child in her arms, Who turned from gold and gifts, Who turned from wondrous gifts and great.

From purple wool and gold, And to His breast the cross He pressed That scarce His hands could hold.

"Twas king and shepherd went their way— Great wonder tore their bliss; Twas Mary clasped her little Son, Close, close, to feel her kiss, And in His hold the cross lay cold Between her heart and his— Theodosia Garrison.

### The Sky.

The sky is a drinker-cup, That was overturned of old, And it pours in the eyes of men Its wine of airy gold.

### Famous Old Chapel.

Gray's Inn Chapel is one of the most ancient edifices in London. It was, in 1215, assigned by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to the Priory of St. Bartholomew, Southwark, and after 200 years as a chantry chapel was assigned to the ministry at Sheen. The pulpit dates from 1568.

### Porto Rico Prize.

If the Jesuit treasure chest was a myth, which has not yet been proved, there remains the Santa Margarita, another Spanish treasure ship, sunk off Porto Rico and worth \$7,000,000.

### Ontario Treasure Hunt.

There was the incident at Pennington, only last summer. A dredge and several divers were taken to the Wye River to locate the chest of gold dropped there in 1650, when the canoe of two Jesuit missionaries was overturned. It was known to have contained among other things a set of

## A Billion Dollars at the Bottom of the Sea

**A** BILLION dollars at the bottom of the sea! Half of it at least has lain there for longer than a century—plundered Spanish galleons, covered with treasure. Besides the Peruvian silver dollars from wrecks more recent. Will the sea forever keep this toll of gold?

Perhaps. Each of the last fifty years almost has seen some effort to drag this wealth from the infinite strongholds of the captives. Some one has estimated that more money has been spent in these vain efforts than the sum of the whole treasure. Yet each year the ingenuity of the scientists and their allies, the divers, has developed new implements to aid in making the sea disclose its treasures.

We have the long-distance armored diving suit, the submarine and radio. Possibly six or more expeditions equipped with one or all of these agencies have gone since 1913. Two naval destroyers left San Francisco to measure the depth of the Pacific; to attempt, in fact, a map of the bottom of this supposedly "bottomless" ocean.

**The "Sonic Depth Finder."**

On board the destroyers were mounted a faculty of the Carnegie Institute and a new instrument called the "sonic depth finder," a development of that child of the war, the submarine detector. It is with this apparatus, directed to both the seismograph and the

radio, that the scientists will attempt to gauge the fathoms of the Pacific over its whole track. This accomplishment will be of incalculable value to submarine explorers for treasure.

Though the Pacific's share of the sunken gold is said to be nearly half, it offers no difficulties which any general treasure diver could solve as gessed, so far does the bottom seem beyond the longest sounding line. It was not a wholly unreasonable superstition held by those early voyagers that the ocean went through the center of the earth to its opposite side.

The "sonic depth finder" works by the insertion into the water of a steel disc from which vibrations are sent forth. These vibrations are echoed from the bed of the ocean, and the depth is determined by measuring the time taken for the "sound wave" to travel downward and back.

The other expedition, which cleared New York on January 14, is that of a salvaging corporation, bound for the coast of Chile in the hope of recovering some \$1,000,000 worth of tungsten and copper sunk in 200 feet of water. This wealth of metal belongs to the Chilean Government. It went down with the barges that were conveying it to Valparaiso during an unprecedented storm.

**Seventeenth Century Romance.**

But even more romantic is the case of the Morgan gold, which lies eight fathoms below the surface of the Caribbean. Students of seventeenth-century history will remember Sir Henry Morgan as the boldest buccanier of all that age of dauntless seamen.

It will be remembered also that while Morgan was sacking the Spanish colony of Panama twenty of his crew gathered up most of the loot and made off aboard a Spanish schooner. The freebooting admiral followed in the schooner and when close enough to the schooner set her afire with a shot in her stern. Though close to a small island the renegade pirates were unable to beach their vessel. The blaze reached the magazine and while spars and masts fell in hundreds of fragments went flying in the air the treasure sank to the bottom. There it has lain since 1671.

This year may see also an acceptance by some one of the standing offer of the Spanish Government to pay 20 per cent of the salvage to anyone who will raise the sunken galleons in Vigo Bay.

**Richest of Treasure Beds.**

This is perhaps the richest single treasure bed in the world. To whom?

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morrow; Morning's at seven; The hidden's were parted; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the horn; God's in His Heaven— All's right with the world! —From "Plays Faustus," by Robert Browning.

ever succeeds the prize is \$24,000,000.

In 1702 a fleet of seven galleons brought cargo of three years' accumulation of gold, silver and jewels from the colonies of South America. At the mouth of Vigo Bay a combined Dutch and English squadron lay waiting to attack.

The Spanish convoys were beaten to the battle, but rather than let a prize of \$140,000,000 fall into the hands of enemies and heretics, the Spaniards sank the seventeen treasure ships.

Six of them sank in shallow water, and years afterward were raised and about \$20,000,000 recovered. But there remain in the bay the hulks of eleven great galleons holding a treasure that, according to official record, is \$120,000,000.

Among countless other prizes is the General Grant, the position of which hulk has but recently been located. The Auckland Islands. The General Grant is worth \$15,000,000, and as much may be said of the Florentine, land-rigger prizes either than the Lusitania.

A thrilling business for any one this treasure hunting. There is always the element of doubt and danger and possible disappointment, even when one goes hunting in rivers and lakes.

**Ontario Treasure Hunt.**

There was the incident at Pennington, only last summer. A dredge and several divers were taken to the Wye River to locate the chest of gold dropped there in 1650, when the canoe of two Jesuit missionaries was overturned. It was known to have contained among other things a set of