

Beyond

Every day that dies
With flush and fragrance born of June,
I know shall never re-occur the
Where summer woods, not sun nor moon,
And every leaf on love's low tree,
Where shimmering crimson blossoms fall,
In fullest flower I yet shall see.
High-blossomed by the deeper walls,
Nay, every shrub that glows in days
And wild regrets that veil the air,
Still fade before those dazzling rays,
And no long glory be begun!
Let years come to bless or bruite;
Thy Heaven, O Lord, I shall not lose!
—Edna Dean Proctor.



THE WRONG BEARINGS

BY J. C. PLUMMER

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Seven days in an open boat on that tropical sea. Seven days of pitiless sun, burning and charring our throats until the miserable pittance of water we had allowed ourselves had irritated rather than satisfied and now that was gone. Seven days of biscuit soaked with sea water, which made our terrible thirst more unbearable, and all around us that peaceful sea. When I thought of the awful storm in which the Iris had foundered and looked at the calm ocean I thought of my sister of years ago. She like the sea would have her storms of anger and cry and break her toys and then go to sleep with just such a smile on her face as the sea wore then. It was an odd thought for an old sea dog face to face with death, but then I expect my mind was wandering on account of the thirst and heat. Four of us had leaped in the boat the night the bark went down and there were only two now. One had jumped overboard in delirium and the other was curled up dead in the thwarts one morning. Mr. Pablo, the mate, and I were left to die by thirst if no other way.

"After I'd thought awhile I made up my mind to go to Bess and tell her of my promotion and ask her flat to marry me. It was no good hanging in the rigging as I was doing, so I started for her house. I had turned a corner when I saw Bess and Bates coming towards me and I stepped back into a doorway so they'd pass me, for it wasn't safe for me to have met Bates the way I was feeling. They were talking and laughing together and went into a jeweler's store near where I was standing. By and by they came out, Bess looking as happy



I gripped him by the shirt and held him back. As a lark and then a thought came over me that turned my blood to ice. I went into the shop and made out I wanted to buy some jewelry. "What did that fellow buy?" I asked, trying to seem careless; "the young man and the girl who just went out?" "The shopman smirked. "The old story," he said; "a wedding ring, and she had a time finding one to fit her finger. Pretty gal, wasn't she?" "I went out in a hurry, leaving the man staring after me. My last sail was blown off the yards and I was shipwrecked. It was drag out a life with no good in it or kill myself, and, as I said, Bob, I've often thought of it."

"Well," I said, "did he marry her?" "Not that I cared a bloomin' bit for a man starving for a drink of water isn't interested in love stories, but I thought as long as he was talking he wouldn't jump overboard." "I don't know," he answered; "that night I left Newcastle, and as I have no relatives and have never seen a Newcastle paper I've never heard, but of course he did. What did he want a wedding ring for, else?" "The woman isn't launched that I'd kill myself for or even lose a meal on account of," I said, crossly. "I've been knocking about the world quite a bit and have seen all sorts," said Mr. Pablo, "but I've never seen eyes like she had and never spoke to a woman since unless I was obliged to. I hated to come to Europe on the Iris, only I had promised the skipper."

He was looking over the port quarter where the blue sky came down into the blue sea. "Bates is a sailor-man," continued Pablo, "and I've hoped I'd meet him some day. The Lord be good to him if I do. What's that just above the horizon?" "Why," I screamed, "it's a sail and bearing our way; man, we're saved," and I began to sing, or I expect croak, for my throat was dry as powder. Pablo said nothing, but kept looking over the sea as if he didn't care a bit of spun yarn if the sail saw us or no, but I yelled, though the vessel was miles away and jerked my arms in the air frantically. The bark bore steadily down on us and presently hailed. Then she lowered a boat and took us aboard, for we were too weak to row.

A big broad-shouldered man stood at the gangway and as Pablo set his eyes on him he uttered an awful curse, whipped out his knife and made a lunge at him. I gripped him by the shirt and held him back. "My God!" exclaimed the man, "if it isn't Tom Holmes or his ghost. Why, where've you been this fifteen years?" "It's damned small matter to you where I've been," growled Pablo, with me hanging on to his shirt tail. "Maybe not," replied the man, coolly; "but there's a woman in Newcastle who's been waiting fifteen years for a man named Tom Holmes, and I think it's a bloody big matter to her." "Who's waiting for me?" croaked Pablo. "Why, Bess Devon is." "What are you talking about?" asked Pablo; "didn't I see you buy the wedding ring for her?"

"It looks cool down there," croaked the mate. To me, but many a night when I paced the bridge with a German ocean gale battering my face I cursed her and Bates in my bitterness. "Things were in this bad shape when just as I came back from a voyage they sent for me from the company's office and in a half hour I was mate of one of the tidiest steamboats that floated on the Tyne. Two months ago I'd made a course for the open country and shouted at the top of my voice to leave over the joy that was in me and now I was as gloomy as a fog bank. What was the good of living, I asked myself?"



"If you had had a little patience and let down off the handle so quick," roared Bates, "you'd have found out that Bess was helping me to run off with a girl I loved. It was a dead cert and she dared not even tell it to you. I saw you glaring at us when we passed you in Newcastle that evening and when you were missing I guessed at the whole business. Well, less is waiting for you, and I don't now how you feel about it." Mr. Holmes, as I ought to call him, an to Bates and flung his arms around him and I believed he cried, but I was asking down a tot of grog then and might have been mistaken. At any rate the bark was bound for Liverpool and I never saw a man so anxious to get to port as Mr. Holmes, late Mr. Pablo.

FOUND IT HARD TO GET REST.

Woman Had Multiplicity of Reasons for Insomnia.

The woman who boasts that she never sleeps well has many reasons at her tongue's end, and nobody dares dispute them. There is one woman in particular who has no family, and spends her life in traveling and visiting. She therefore has an opportunity to test all sorts of places. "I can't sleep in New York on account of the elevated trains that run within a block of Cousin James' house," she explained to a friend one day, "and in Philadelphia there is an electric light that shines from the corner right on my bedroom wall, and I never wish to have blinds closed."

"In Boston my friends live on a street through which the milk carts come very early. "In Washington, at the Duncans', there's a dog, and he's liable to bark at any time, so I keep expecting to hear him, even when he doesn't. In Buffalo, at Henry's, there's a cuckoo clock that keeps waking me up. When I'm with the Salisburys I just lie and listen to the sea booming and splashing all night long. And at dear Anna's, of course, there are babies."

"I should think you'd love to go out to the Hendersons'," said the sympathetic friend. "Right in the woods, and no farm animals, like hens, or anything to disturb you." "The Hendersons!" and the sufferer from insomnia raised her eyes to heaven. "My dear, I tried it once, and the quiet was so fearful! I never closed my eyes till daylight!"—Youth's Companion.

Causes for Stupidity in Children.

The teacher should be a close observer of his pupils, and should know when they are falling in bodily stamina as well as when they are not keeping up their scholarship record. Many children have defective eyesight, and suffer for want of properly adjusted glasses. Their astigmatism, myopia, or some other error of refraction, does not cause serious discomfort until the eye strain required to accommodate the vision for close work brings on headache, irritability of temper and digestive disorders, which so often perplex even the physician, who fails to look in the right direction for the causes of these disorders.

Often little consideration is shown the stupid members of a class. The dull boy or girl is always expected to be at the foot, yet the cause of the dullness may be only natural timidity due to imperfect hearing, mouth-breathing, the result of enlarged tonsils, nasal catarrh, or growths in the nose, all of which conditions can easily be relieved. The health would be more vigorous, and the normal activity of the brain would be manifested in increased ability to acquire knowledge.

How Monkeys Sleep.

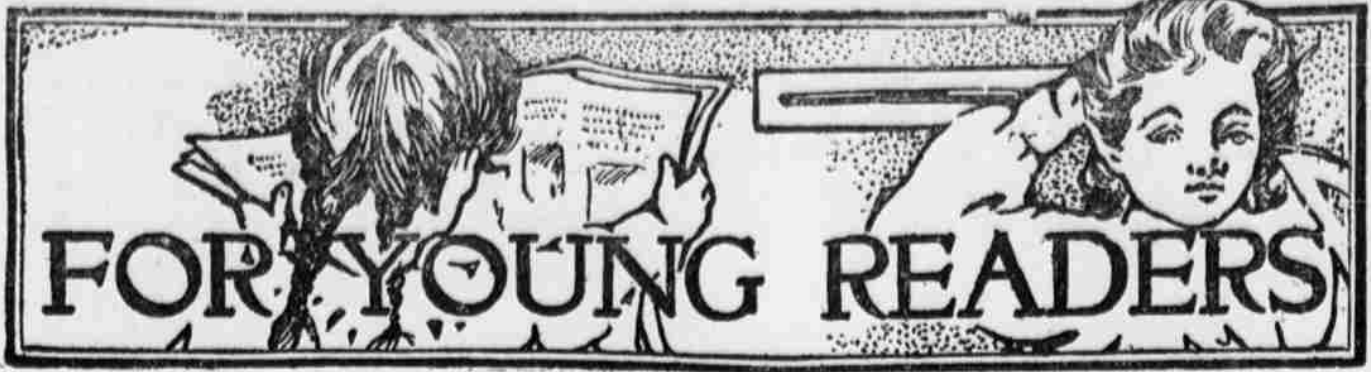
"Look at them," said the keeper softly. "A pretty sight, isn't it?" The rays of the lantern did not awaken the multitude of monkeys asleep in the great cage. They lay in a hundred attitudes. Here a slumbering mother held her slumbering baby in her arms; there a formidable male lay by himself in a cleared space; a fat monkey in a corner snored. Not one of these monkeys slept on his back. "Do you see?" said the keeper. "They lie on their sides, on their stomachs, every which way, but there isn't one a-lying on his back. There never is. No monkey ever was found sleeping on his back. Sometimes I consider their intelligence and their manifold virtues it seems to me that the fact that monkeys never sleep on their backs is the chief difference between them and human beings."

A Dream of Opulence.

Were I a multimillionaire
I'd have a lot of things;
My pomp and splendor should compare
With earth's most potent kings.
I'd build a score of churches great
In which I seldom kneel;
I'd own a forested estate
Where shade I never felt.
I'd have a pay roll full of names
Of folks I never knew,
And pictures set in massive frames
Which I would seldom view.
I'd build great palaces with rooms
Where I might walk alone,
And splendid gardens rich with blooms
Which died to me unknown.
A lot of colleges I'd rear
Whose precepts I'd not heed,
And libraries both far and near,
With books I'd never read.
I'd nurse my golden store
Where others worked eight hours a day
I'd toil the twenty-four.
—Washington Star.

Less Majesty a Heinous Crime.

One hundred and twenty-five paragraphs of the German statute book are devoted to detailing how fine or imprisonment may be incurred by that most heinous of crimes, lese majesty. Words or action, private or public, are liable to be challenged, and there is nothing—in law—to prevent one or two people talking together denouncing the other for speaking disrespectfully of the wileder of the mail—fst.



America!
Where nightingales sing all night long,
Let art, and poetry, and song,
From crumbling crag and castle call
Romance to lift her glorious pall,
Woven of wild and subtle gleams—
Yet everywhere the magic seems
Lift over dark and cruel deeps,
Where feeling faints and fancy sleeps.
There, if chance shafts of light fall down
And strike the jewel of some crown,
Or touch to something half sublime,
A hero greater than his time,
Or gild the brow of some white queen,
Still harker sink the gifts between,
Where, slippery with blood and tears,
The stair of immemorial years
Once climbed from out and never night
Ill races staggered to the light!

As the Elephant Kneels
HERE is an elephant kneeling.
Well you ask,
What is odd about that?
We have often seen elephants kneel in a circus.
Suppose you have. Did you ever notice anything peculiar in the position or know that the elephant is about the only animal that kneels as human beings do—that is with the hind legs stretched out behind them, so that they actually kneel on their knees? Most other animals draw their legs up underneath them, like a horse or cow lying down.

Phantom Doves.
A man who had been at work in a shoe factory in Maine set a hen one day. He was told that he eggs were "bantams," and he always was fond of bantams. "It don't take scarcely nothing to feed 'em," said he, "and I'm much obliged to you." And the young fellows in the same room in the shoe factory, who gave him the eggs, smiled among themselves. The eggs hatched and then the devoted bantam raiser hung over the "chicks" in rapture. They were the most awful specimens of bantams, though, that he ever saw. They were the leanest and most insignificant and nakedest and fuzziest birds he ever met in all his existence. "Seems to me," proffered he, the next day, as he stood at his work, "that them's mighty queer bantams. I kind of think they're some new breed—something sort of original, you know. Such things does happen." The boys in the shop agreed, without much urging, to come up and see them. They came in ones and twos and threes and squads, and filled the hen house and flocked his premises, and after they had all got there they gave the hen fancier the bottom of the plot. They had given him a setting of dove's eggs.

A Barometric Stone.
So far only one stone has been discovered in the world which actually foretells changes in the weather, and it was found in Finland many years ago by an explorer. This stone, which is known as the semakur, is mottled with white spots, but just before an approaching rainstorm it turns absolutely black. The semakur is composed of clay, rock salt and nitre. When the atmosphere is dry the salt in the stone shows itself in spots of white on the surface, but when rain is expected the salt, absorbing the moisture, turns black, and thus acts as a barometer.

Where Kaffir Children Live.
IRISH and boys, do you think you could live in a house like his? Yet such a lot of sticks hatched with grass as all the home hundreds of Kaffir children of South Africa ever know. The hole in the side serves for door, window and chimney all in one, and often it is so small over the children have to creep in side. In these huts, which are between ten and thirty feet in diameter a big fire is built on the earth floor, and sometimes nearly forty people sleep around it. The only advantage of such a home is that it can be built in a day. No one need bother with architects or fear builders' strikes.

Indian Children.
We Americans should know a great deal about Indians, for we occupy their land. Boys like Indian stories well enough, and girls like to look at Indian pictures; but how many of you know that an Indian baby's first year is spent strapped up in a tight little cradle? After the little boy Indian is a year old he soon learns to walk, and he no sooner walks than he mounts a stick or branch of tree and pretends he is riding horseback. A little Indian girl is scarcely out of her cradle before she begins carrying a dolly on her back just as her mamma used to carry her. She plays keeping house, and constructs a cute little wigwam, while her little brother plays at fishing and hunting. Besides playing, these Indian children learn all sorts of

Poor Miss Mynah!
Miss Tabitha Prynn
Was singing a hymn
And her mouth opened
Wider and wider.
When a mischievous boy
With unholy joy—
On the orifice
Dropped a rat spider.

Broke Up "Happy Family."
A baby pig objected to being juggled by a monkey at a wild animal show at Coney Island a few days ago, and bit the monkey's tail off. The two belonged to the "happy family" at the show. All season there have been three monkeys, a hairless dog and a pig in one cage. All have seemed to be on the most friendly terms, but the pig usually has been the butt of all the jokes which Skip, a mischievous monkey, could invent. Skip's particular fancy was the curled stump of piggy's tail, and he had a habit of stealing up and giving it a sudden jerk. But the pig didn't mind; he seemed to look on it as a friendly sign. The other day, however, Skip ruffled the natural dignity of the pig by putting his arms around its neck. Quick as a flash the pig snapped Skip's tail, and that broke up the "happy family."

The Talking Mynah.
The hill mynah of India, like the parrot or raven, imitates human utterances. Tommy speaks Hindustani and English. Tommy is one of the features of the London Zoo. The mynahs belong to the starling rather than the crow genus. The body is black, legs brown, beak red, and they have bright yellow bars around the neck.

one might think their great love of sugar would sweeten their dispositions. If a Kaffir child can get sugar in no other way he will steal it. In one thing, though, the Kaffir boy sets a good example to Polly Evans' boys—he is very thrifty and early in life begins to save. As there are no Kaffir dime savings banks, a boy buries his wealth in the jungle till he has enough to buy a cow. When he buys from six to a dozen cows he can marry.

Washington's Signature.

In writing his signature Washington put his pen to the paper five times. First he wrote the G. W. in one connected line; second he raised his hand and made the small o between the upper part of the G. and W. and the two dots; third, his hand and arm were placed in a position to write ashing, these six letters occupying a breadth of almost exactly one and three-quarters inches. This is about as much of the arc of a circle (of which the center is the elbow pivoted on the table) as one with a forearm of average length can cause to coincide with the tangent, or the straight line across the paper which the lower part of the letters follow, unless unusual effort is made, and a great deal more movement be given to the fingers. The G ends in a curved flourish, of which the convex side is turned upward below the right center of the name. Fourth, he wrote the final ton; fifth, he added the very peculiar flourish above the right center of the name, with the object of dotting the i and crossing the t at the same stroke.

Don'ts for Boys and Girls.
Don't do anything halfway. Work that is worthy your attention is worthy your best efforts.
Don't fail to make the most of your possibilities. God helps him who helps himself.
Don't be ungrateful for kindness received from others. Only an ingrate is capable of such meanness.
Don't shirk your duty, no matter how heavy the task, but perform it readily and with willingness.
Don't be ignorant of the usages of good society.
Don't slight your own position in the world to waste time envying those who may be more favored than yourself. Success will come to the boy or girl who strives earnestly with a high purpose in view.

THE SIMPLEST MOUSE TRAP.
The Home-Made Mouse Trap Ready for the Quarry



At some time you may want a mouse trap in a hurry and find that you have none about the house, or at least none that will work. Of course you can go out and buy one, but you can make one just as easily, and perhaps by so doing earn a bit of pocket money from your parents. All you need is an old bottle with a mouth or opening in the neck about one and one-half inches in diameter. Place this in the position shown in

the illustration, inclined by means of bricks or blocks of wood. Leading up to the mouth of the bottle place a board or a piece of cardboard, and on the cardboard lay a train of crumbs of cheese. Drop some larger bits in the mouth of the bottle and the trap is set. The mouse will enter the bottle to get the bait and will find that it cannot climb out again, as the slippery glass will afford no hold for its claws