

A FRIEND.

As one who, looking from a dusk-whimmed height—

How Nita Was Punished

"Mamma, please tell me a good-night story." So begged little Grace Adams of her mother.

"Very well, dearie," promised Mrs. Adams. "What sort of a story do you want?"

"I like fairy stories best, mamma," replied Grace.

"Well, I can't be direct from the spring, child," said the poor old lady.

"Although Nita felt ashamed of being tried to deceive old granny," she nevertheless got the old lady's stick for her.

"I feel so faint, child, that I want you to fetch me the camphor bottle. You'll find it on the top shelf in the closet of my room.

the doll's frock. A cotton one will do you as well as a silk one.

"Nita sat with bowed face, for she felt very guilty indeed. And she knew she deserved just such punishment as the fairy was inflicting on her.

"Suddenly the fairy caused a terrible throb to come to Nita, and looking up into her grandmother's face, she wailed: 'Oh, granny, I am ill and dying for a drink of cold water.'

"Well, dear child, you shall have it," declared granny, getting the dipper from the kitchen and going down the long stone steps to the spring.

"Nita touched her lips to the water, but it was as bitter as gall. She did not say a word to her granny about this, for she understood that the fairy had changed the taste of the water from sweet and pure to a horrid titter.

"Oh, granny, you are too good to me, for I have been such a naughty, naughty girl. But I shall make a clean breast of it all. Here, let me sit at your knee and ask your forgiveness.

"An hour later Nita's mamma found them on the porch together, the old grandmother's arm about the little girl's shoulders and the feeble old voice talking ever so sweetly and forgivingly to the little one, who had held back nothing of her own naughtiness.

"The Cingalese have a notorious propensity for travel on our lines. I am reminded of a true story of a native shopboy who stole forty rupees and then disappeared for several days.

"I must not forget also that during the early days of the seaside line the villagers traveled so much, using up all spare cash, that certain small taxes payable by them were only with some difficulty collected.—Britannia.

"Human nature is very perverse." "That's right. A man may be with you in politics and against you on this Arctic question. Few men are on the same side in all the current controversies.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Prince Edward of Wales, future king of England, until a few weeks ago received 24 cents pocket money each week while in residence at Osborne naval college.

The Apparently Drowned Rolling on a Barrel an Obsolete Method of Resuscitation

By Wilbert E. Longfellow, General Superintendent U. S. Vol. Life Saving Corps

Eight out of ten cases when there has been a drowning or near drowning the reporters tell us that "the patient was rolled on a barrel," with varied effects.

The good old barrel ceased to figure prominently as a successful resuscitation factor a number of years ago, except in stories, and the constant repetition of it serves to induce longshoremen and others to use the barrel and waste valuable time that might save the patient's life.

No barrel or roller is needed for resuscitation. The patient can be laid face downward over a box or log or across a person's body so as to force water out of the stomach and throat, and there is usually very little water to come out.

My point in speaking of this matter is not so much to describe the methods of resuscitation in vogue is to point out the way the press may do a real service to humanity by reporting the methods used in cases of complete recovery.

Crying Need of the Church

By Dean Shailer Mathews, of the University of Chicago.

Present the Church seems to be in danger of not having leaders enough. There is nothing more threatening to the growth of evangelical Christianity than the failure of men to go into the ministry.

The city church is too often a parasite upon country churches for its pastors. Now these little springs that feed the river are drying up. In place of leaders too often appear untrained or but poorly trained pastors.

As industrialism and the new education spread the output of ministers diminishes in number and in quality.

Even ministers do not want their sons to go into the ministry. Christians of maturity do not want to be ministers. I believe, also, that one of the largest problems that beset Christian education is how to prevent young fellows from losing their early ministerial ambitions during the college or university courses.

Many such college students are more eager to be married than to be trained for real leadership as ministers.

Many theological seminaries are failing to send out trained leaders of the Church as they should. The curriculum of most theological seminaries was practically determined two hundred years ago.

Another important duty you owe to yourselves, to your children, and to the welfare of the state, is—if I may use the expression—to conserve your children for your farms and for rural life and to prevent them rushing from the farm to our large cities in such great numbers.

London Police vs. The Social Evil

By William McAdoo

It is agreed in London that there is no connection between the police and the social evil, and that while street-walkers are too prominently visible in many quarters, there has never been a charge that they were subjected to blackmail or collections.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Silver Spoon. I'm happier to be thy spoon Than anything I know. I'll carry goodies to thy lips And help to make thee grow.

Still Made by Hand. We seem to think that machinery can do anything, but there are numerous important trades which are carried on in much the same way as they were ages ago.

Gratitude. A party of a ship's crew being sent ashore on a part of the coast of India, for the purpose of cutting wood for the ship, one of them having strayed from the rest was greatly frightened by the appearance of a large lioness.

Primitive Time-Keeping. In Madagascar, before the people had clocks and watches, the passing of the night and day was marked by various observations of nature and of domestic duties.

When Papoose Dies. The Indian mother, when her baby dies, does not believe that swift angels bear it into the sunshine of the spirit-land; but she has a beautiful dream to solace her bereavement.

der mother carries a papoose's cradle on her back that the baby spirit may ride and rest when it will. The cradle is filled with the softest feathers—for spirits rest more comfortably upon feathers, hard things bruise them—and all papoose's old toys dangle from its hood, for dead papoose may like to play even as living papoose did.

The Last Day of Vacation. Through all the sunny morning any one familiar with their habits would have noticed that a sort of gentle melancholy seemed to brood over the pool of the alligators.

Finally even these hollow attempts at play were given up, and a rippleless silence took possession of the pool. All the alligators, big and little, arranged themselves in a row, and shutting their eyes, just rested the points of their long noses on the bank.

Was it any wonder they were all greatly depressed? But it is absurd to spend the last day of vacation in vain regrets. So when the oldest and largest gator crawled slowly out of the pool to the center of the pen, all the rest opened their eyes at once.

When the oldest and largest alligator had stretched himself at full length, the next largest in the crowd crawled on top of him, with his head turned toward the big one's tail. Then both together gave the same steam-hissing sound, and then the next largest crawled up, and the next and the next, until on the top of the pyramid sat quite a little gator, with eight larger fellows underneath, all head to tail.

Then began the really difficult part of the game. Old Samson Alligator started to crawl slowly round the pen. If there were any hillocks in his path, or stones or uneven places in the ground, he did not avoid them, as one might suppose, but even went out of his way to go over them.

That pleased him very much, for it is the rule of the game that the top ones should fall first, and as number eight had fallen before him, he could stay on his back and ride round until all the rest were shaken off. This, naturally, took some time, and as all the rest fell off in regular order, number eight was in bad humor at his mishap.

"Oh, you're terrible smart, I know!" he said, ill-naturedly, to little number nine. "Just you wait till tomorrow, when you begin school! Perhaps you'll find you don't know so much, after all!"

An Embryo Statesman. "Harold!" "Yes, papa." "What's this I hear? You say you won't go to bed?" "Papa," replied the statesman's little boy, "if you heard anything like that, I have been misquoted."—Kansas City Journal.