

BOOKS ARE TRUE FRIENDS

"We go to our shelves," Pascal says, "to take down an author, and lo, to our joy we find a man." This is the everlasting surprise and joy of the book. We are slow to believe that books are human. But books are human; some of them as human as any men we know—"books," as Emerson says, "which take rank in our lives with parents and lovers, and passionate experiences."

A boy may forget his early teachers. No boy forgets his first books; no boy, at least of my generation, has forgotten his "Arabian Nights," his "Robinson Crusoe," his "Pilgrim's Progress," and Plutarch. I wish I knew their modern equivalents, or in fact, whether or not there are any.—William Jewett Tucker.

THE FAITHFUL STARS

Robert Burdette writing in Los Angeles Times speaks of curious prophecies that never came to pass and says: I have often listened to my father tell of the great meteoric shower of 1833. He told me how they watched the stars streaming downward from the skies until it seemed there wouldn't be one star left in the heavens. And the next night he watched with awe and curiosity to see what a starless sky on a clear night would look like. And one by one the stars came out—every one that he knew by sight or name—one by one the old constellations marched out on the azure field and took their majestic way across the skies in the old order. Not one missing. Not a vacant file in the symmetrically irregular ranks. The same constellations at which Job had gazed and David had wondered. Every star in its place.

OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT

The English idea of humor is excellently illustrated in a delightful cartoon in a recent Punch, which bears beneath it the legend: Extract from Aldershot Command Orders: "The Gymnasium swimming bath is for the use of soldiers in uniform only." The picture shows soldiers in gorgeous array, with tufted helmets and big bearskin hats, and with dangling swords, diving, plunging and variously cavorting in the waters of the pool. An attendant has the most splendidly uniformed officer of them all in a noose on the end of a pole, while his helpless hands and boots lash the water in vain. An occasional Highlander in kilts and bare knees looks rather more in his element than the rest.

GAME FOR CHILDREN

This is an interesting game for children of 9 or 10 who know something of geography and are familiar with the names of places. One is chosen postmaster. Each child takes the name of any town she prefers. If there are too many for the postmaster to remember he writes down the names and holds the list in his hand. He then calls out "I am going to send a letter from Richmond to Boston," for instance. The children bearing the names of the towns mentioned exchange seats. If they fail to do so the one who does not respond pays a forfeit. Occasionally he exclaims "General post!" Then every one must exchange places. If any one does not secure a seat she must pay a forfeit and these are redeemed when the game is over. Excitement is added if long postal routes, including many cities, are named.—Ex.