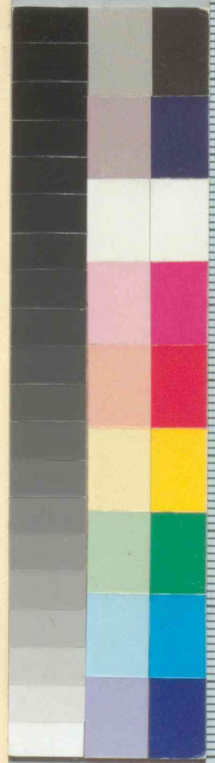



# THE CULTURE READERS

T. KAMIJO

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TOKYO KAISEIKAN

# THE CULTURE READERS

## BOOK FOUR







BY

**T. KAMIJO**

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
IN THE TOKYO HIGHER NORMAL SCHOOL









TOKYO KAISEIKAN

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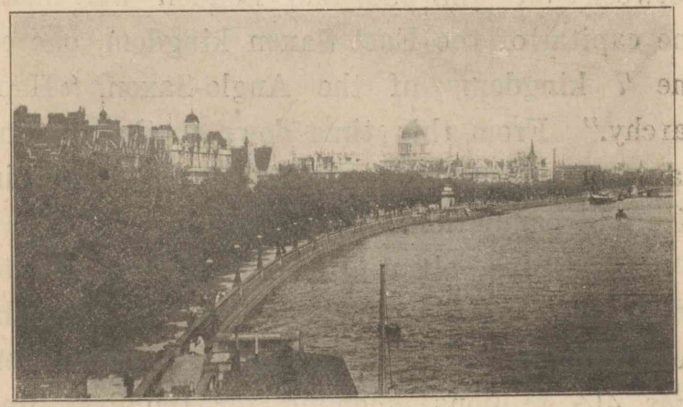
# BOOK FOUR

## LONDON

### I



THAMES EMBANKMENTS

London, the English Metropolis, is the largest and most populous city in the world. It was founded many years before Christ. Its original name Lyn-dyn (Lake Fort) was altered into Londonium by the Romans who conquered Britain, from 47 to 85 A. D. After the downfall of the Roman empire, the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain in 410, which afterwards suffered severely from the raids of

the Picts and Scots. Being unable to resist these wild hordes, the Britons called the Saxons to their aid in 449, and the latter, helped by the Angles, Jutes, and other Teutonic tribes, gradually took possession of the whole country between 449 and 585, and London was made the capital of the East Saxon kingdom, one of the 7 kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxon "Heptarchy." From this time down to the present day, London has been continually increasing in size and population.

London is about 14 miles from east to west, and about 9 miles from north to south. According to the census of 1911, its population was 4½ millions, showing for the first time a slight decrease. What is known as "Greater London," consisting of the Administrative County of London and the so-called Outer Ring returns a grand total of above 7¼ millions. Above 140,000 are foreigners, of whom close upon 6,000 have become naturalized. Foreigners staying in London can obtain advice, support, and protection from their ambassador, minister, or consul.



## II

The London of to-day is situated on the river Thames, which divides the Metropolis into two unequal portions. The southern part, the so-called "Surrey Side," lies in the counties of Surrey and Kent, and consists principally of manufactories, warehouses, shops, and small private houses inhabited by people of the laboring classes. The portion north of the Thames lies in the county of Middlesex, and a small part in Essex. All important public and private buildings, the principal parks and docks, are in this northern part. The banks of the river on either side are lined with wharves, docks, and piers, and partly with embankments of masonry; the latter are very fine promenades.

No less than 19 bridges, 5 of them for railways only, cross the Thames. The finest of them is the new Tower Bridge, opened in 1894, which has two crossings, a permanent footway, and a draw-bridge that can be raised by hydraulic power for the passage of large vessels. The high-level footway and the draw-bridge are supported by two

TOWER BRIDGE

massive Gothic towers. The total cost of the bridge amounted to £1,600,000. The neighboring London Bridge is the oldest and most important crossing between the City and the Surrey Side.

## III

The part of London lying north of the Thames may be again divided into 2 great halves, viz., the City or London proper with the East End, and the West End. The City is the center of the prodigious commerce and trade of the country. About one half of the City houses



are merely used for business purposes, and left empty at night. The traffic is simply unparalleled; about 100,000 vehicles and 1,135,000 persons enter and leave its boundaries every day, but only about 20,000 are resident inhabitants.

The parts to the east, including the East End proper, are inhabited by the lowest classes. In the West End are the mansions of the aristocracy, the better-known clubs, the parks, and most of the public buildings.

The principal London thoroughfares connect the City with the West End. Most streets are paved with wood or stone, or laid with asphalt. There are, beside the carriage road and gutters, two foot-paths or side-walks next to the houses. The "rule of the road" is, for foot-passengers, to keep to the right. Scavengers are engaged from morning till night in keeping clean the London streets. In summer, watercarts go round and water the carriage ways to lay the dust. Of course, all streets are lighted by gas or electric light; the lamp-posts stand along the curb-stones, at intervals of some hundred feet from one another. Very few London streets are planted with trees.

## IV

An attractive feature of London—which, as a whole, can hardly be called a fine town—are the extensive parks, the "lungs of London," as they are called. Hyde Park is three times

HYDE PARK

as large as the island of Heligoland; Kensington Gardens are simply a continuation of Hyde Park. A large artificial lake, called the Serpentine, traverses both parks, and is a favorite place for skating. Green Park and St. James' Park are two public gardens of smaller size. The pretty Regent's Park, still larger than Hyde Park, contains the Zoo and the Botanical



Gardens. All parks are enclosed by high iron railings, and are open free to the public until late at night.

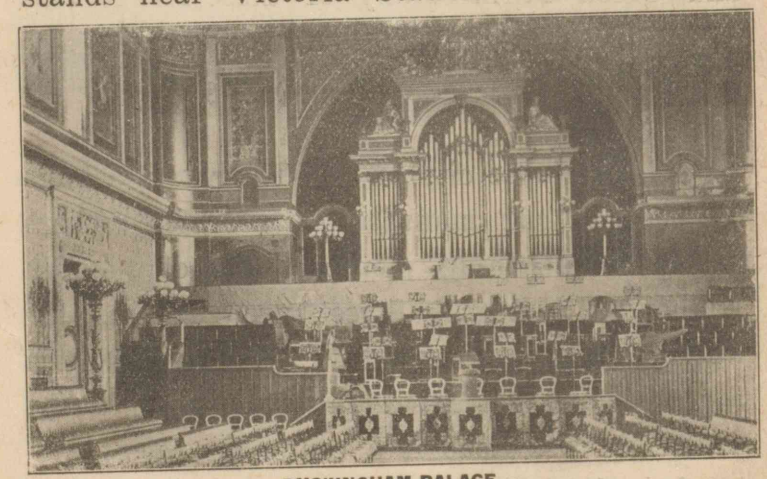
The large London parks, especially Hyde Park, are of particular interest on Sundays. Thousands of people go there to listen to the free concerts given by military bands, or to hear the eloquent political or religious speeches of the "Hyde Park orators." At any time of the day, in the week as well as on Sundays, a great number of ragged roughs and unemployed laborers may be found lying and sleeping on the lawn in the scorching sun in Hyde Park and Green Park. Many of these idle loafers stay there all night.

## V

The gigantic city on the Thames is a huge commercial and manufacturing center. There is hardly anything money will not buy in London. In Regent Street are some of the finest shops in the world. Paternoster Row is an important center of the publishing trade. Charing Cross Road is a center for the second-hand book-trade. In Fleet Street most of the

daily and periodical papers are published. Enormous sign-boards with gilt characters on them cover the front of every story in the main streets.

Public buildings are very numerous in London. There are about 1400 churches and chapels. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are the most prominent, and contain monuments of eminent Englishmen. In the "Abbey," England's Temple of Fame, the "Poet's Corner" is sacred to the memory of celebrated poets and writers. A new Roman Catholic church, the huge Westminster Cathedral, stands near Victoria Station. Other famous



BUCKINGHAM PALACE



public buildings are the House of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, the Tower, the Guildhall, the Royal Courts of Justice, the British Museum, etc. Theaters, music-halls, lunatic asylums, hospitals, prisons, free libraries, barracks, etc., are also to be found in London.

When it is clear, fairly good bird's-eye views of London are obtained from the Monument, from St. Paul's, or from the new Tower Bridge.

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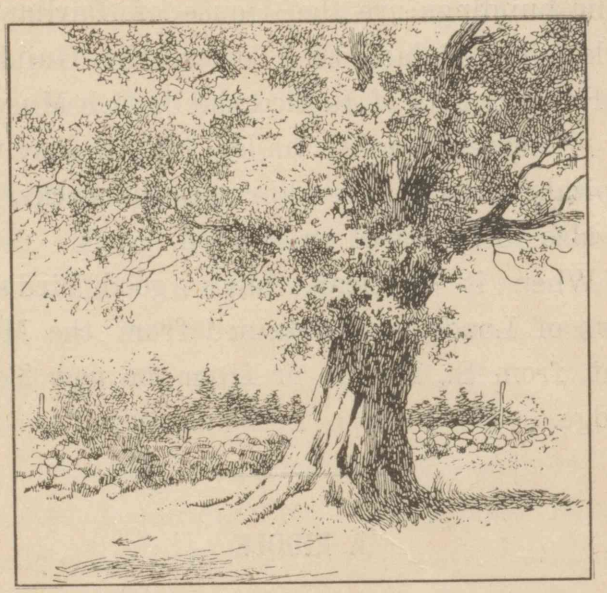
## A RIDDLE

"I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes.
I have many arms, and they're mighty all;
And hundreds of fingers large and small.

"From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,
And yet I am always very tight laced.

"None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite;
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.
In the summer with song I shake and quiver,



But in winter I fast and groan and shiver."

*—George Macdonald.*

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## LITTLE BROWN HANDS

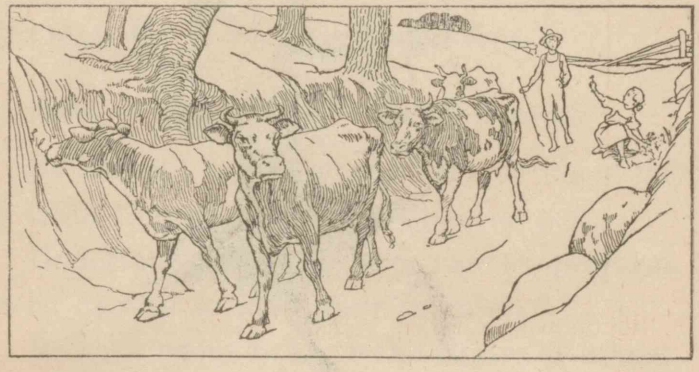
They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder bloom white,



They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They wave from the tall rocking tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.



Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great,
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

*—M. H. Krout.*

## THREE FARMERS WHO HELPED TO MAKE HISTORY

### I

### George Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The name "George Washington" usually recalls to our imagination the indomitable hero of the American Revolution, or the grave and reverend first president of the United States; but the real George Washington was a farmer —a simple country gentleman.

Washington was a remarkably successful farmer. At his death he owned an estate worth



over a half million dollars. One of his biographers says, "It is to be questioned if a fortune was ever more honestly acquired or more thoroughly deserved."

A visitor to Mount Vernon during the lifetime of Washington wrote of him, "His greatest pride is to be thought the first farmer in America. He is quite a Cincinnatus."

#### Some of Washington's "Rules for Behavior"

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. A secret discover not.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak nor laugh.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not;

put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

Honor and obey your parents, although they be poor.

Let your recreation be manful, not sinful.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

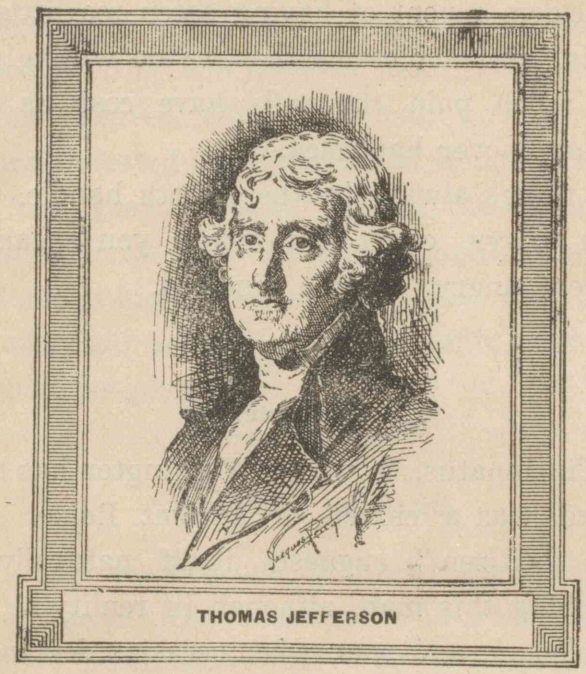
## II

### Thomas Jefferson

Thomas Jefferson, like Washington, was primarily a farmer. Incidentally he was a lawyer, an author of note, and a writer of state papers, among which was the Declaration of Independence. He was Secretary of State, President of the United States for two terms, and an inspirer and patron of public education.

While he lived at home he enjoyed to the fullest the freedom of country life, and the inspiration of communion with Nature which he so dearly prized. Jefferson believed and taught that "cultivators of the earth make the best citizens. They are the most vigorous, the most virtuous, and the most independent."





THOMAS JEFFERSON

### Jefferson's Ten Rules

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
Take things always by the smooth handle.
When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

## III

### Cincinnatus

Cincinnatus, to whom Washington has been likened, was a citizen of ancient Rome. The word "citizen" suggests itself naturally in describing this man, although in reality he was a nobleman, and was, when occasion demanded, dictator, or supreme ruler, of Rome. In times of peace he lived on a small farm outside of Rome, and tilled the ground with his own hands.

There is a story that once while Cincinnatus was plowing his fields, messengers came to him from the Roman senate bearing the news that he had been chosen dictator. War was threatening, and Rome needed her citizen farmer to direct her perilous course.

Cincinnatus left his plow in the furrow,



and went to Rome, where he was received with rejoicing by the people. In a little while he raised an army and marched against the enemies of his beloved city, who had, a short time before, defeated a detachment of Roman soldiers.

The great dictator triumphed over the enemies of his country, and brought them back to Rome at his chariot wheels. Then the warrior dictator laid aside his robes of office, and went back to his plow.

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### TWO BOYS OF PARIS

I had reached one of the remote streets, in which those who would live in comfort and without ostentation, and who love serious reflection, delight to find a home. There were no shops along the dimly lit pavement; one heard no sounds but of the distant carriages and of the steps of some of the inhabitants.

I instantly recognized the street, though I had been there only once before.

That was two years ago. I was walking at the time by the side of the Seine, to which the lights on the quays and bridges gave the

aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars; and I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet; they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying, and I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuileries," said a mason, who was returning from his work with his trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends there, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not ask him his name, and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is that he is called Charles, and that his father is Mr. Duval:—there are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives?"

"I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gen leman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage or with a servant;



he does not know what to do by himself."

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child-stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police office."

"That's the thing. Come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger and at the names of police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back toward the parapet. In vain they tried to persuade him; his fears made him resist the more, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard through the confusion.

"I know him well — I do," said he, looking at the lost child; "he belongs to our part of the town."

"What part is it?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards; Magazine Street."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he belongs to the great house at the end of the street, where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if he put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest to the little boy's account.

"I don't care if I do," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And, taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off toward the postern gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him.

"I hope he will take him right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white'; poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress!"

The crowd dispersed. For my part, I went toward the Louvre: the thought came into my



head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with each other.

The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skillfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from his waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hidden by a velvet cap.

The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, was that of the class who dwell on the extreme borders of poverty, but who there maintain their ground with no surrender. His old blouse, patched with different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling against the wear and tear of time; his trousers were become too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again; and it was evident that his shoes were not made for him.

The countenances of the children were not less different than their dresses. That of the

first was delicate and refined; his clear blue eyes, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness.

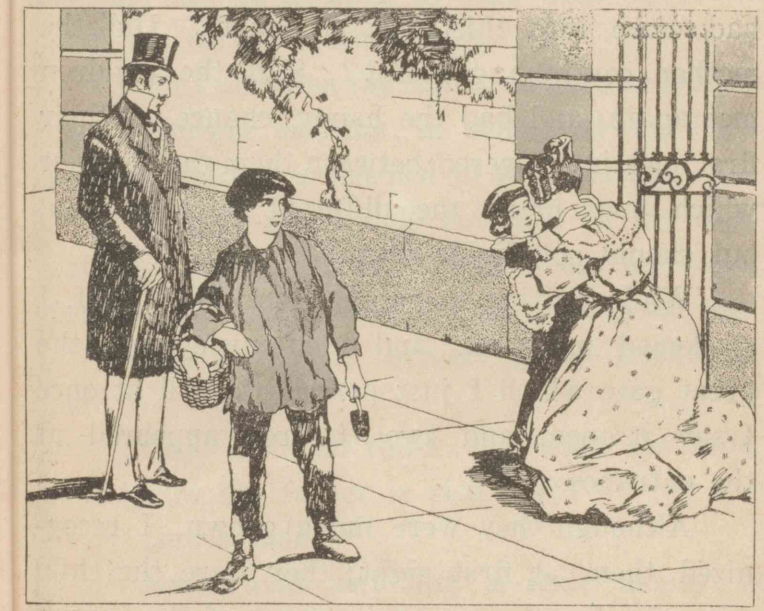
The features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them; his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd; all showed a mind sharpened by early experience: he boldly walked through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine; and this responsible duty had made him careful and prudent. Unfortunately, the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he seemed to feel the loss; for he often stopped before the printshops and asked his companion to read him the names of the engravings.

In this way we reached the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, which the little wanderer seemed to know again; notwithstanding his fatigue, he hurried on; he was agitated by mixed feelings; at the sight of his house he uttered a



cry, and ran toward the iron gate with the gilt points; a lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms, and from the exclamations of joy and the sound of kisses I soon perceived that she was his mother.



Not seeing either the servant or the child return, she had sent in search of them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened. She thanked me warmly, and

looked round for the little boy who had recognized and brought back her son; but while we were talking he had disappeared.

* * * * * *

It was for the first time since then that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful? Had the children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them?

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance.

Although they were much grown, I recognized them at first sight; they were the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed: his blouse of gray cloth was neat, and even spruce, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt; he wore strong shoes, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him, he held in



his two hands an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses; the two children laughed, and parted with a friendly good-by. Mr. Duval's son did not go in until he had seen the other turn the corner of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him of our former meeting; he looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to recollect me.

"Forgive me if I do not take off my cap," said he merrily, "but I want both my hands for the nosegay Master Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends?" said I.

"Oh! I should think so," said the child; "and now my father is rich too!"

"How's that?"

"Mr. Duval lent him a little money; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account; and, as for me, I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are head boy!"

"Master Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"And you are now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and where my mother can always have flowers."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbors, indeed! But here I am; good-by, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile and disappeared.

I went on with my walk with a feeling of relief. If I had elsewhere witnessed the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty.

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### BUYING A HAT

My hat is very old. I need a new hat. I go to a hat store. The salesman smiles and bows.

Salesman: What do you wish?

Customer: I want a hat.

Salesman: What kind of hat do you want?

Customer: I want a soft hat.

Salesman: What size do you wear?

Customer: I wear size 7.



Salesman: Try this one on, please.

Customer: I do not like this hat. The brim is too large.

Salesman: Let me show you another style. Try this hat, please.

Customer: I like this hat. How much is it?

Salesman: This hat costs two dollars and fifty cents.

Customer: I'll take it.

Salesman: Shall I wrap it up for you or will you wear it?

Customer: I'll wear the new hat. Please wrap up the old one.

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### IN THE BARBER-SHOP

"Next! Take a seat, please."

"Please cut my hair."

"Do you want your hair cut very short?"

"No, I do not like it very short."

"Will you have a shampoo, sir?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Shall I shave you?"

"Yes, please shave me."

"Would you like a close shave?"

"No, my face is very tender."

"Does my razor hurt your face?"

"No, it is very sharp."

"Do you part your hair in the middle or on the side?"

"On the side, please."

"Let me brush your coat."

"Thank you."

---

## AT THE RESTAURANT

There is a restaurant near my shop.

I eat my lunch in the restaurant.

The food is very good and cheap.

The waitress serves the food on clean tables.

The table is covered with a table-cloth.

The waitress puts a napkin on the table.

She fills your glass with water and says: "What is your order?"

This is the bill of fare for to-day.

I order a portion of roast beef, a glass of milk, and a piece of apple pie.



After my meal the waitress gives me a check for thirty cents.

I pay the cashier.

BILL OF FARE

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Vegetable Soup | 5 | cents |
| Roast Beef and Potatoes | 20 | " |
| Stewed Lamb and Carrots | 20 | " |
| Sausages and Cabbage | 15 | " |
| Ham and Eggs | 20 | " |
| Eggs—boiled or fried | 15 | " |
| Sandwiches | | |
| Cheese—Ham—Sardine—Corned Beef | 5 | " |
| Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, or Milk | 5 | " |
| All kinds of Pies | 5 | " |
| Cake | 5 | " |

Waiter—What is your order, sir?

Customer—Bring me a ham sandwich, a cheese sandwich, and a cup of coffee.

Waiter—Is that all you wish?

Customer—That's all, thanks. Let me have my check.

Waiter—Here is your check.

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## THE PRINCE OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD

Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, calls the palm the prince of the vegetable world. In richness of foliage, beauty, and stateliness, it has no worthy rival; and, in point of usefulness, no race of plants can compare with it. Is it not, then, fairly entitled to the royal name bestowed upon it?

In all ages, the palm has been a theme for the poets, and an inspiration for the legend-writers of the East. It is an historical tree in every sense of the word, for its associations in sacred and in profane history give it a goodly record: as the symbol of grace and grandeur, of constancy and of victory, the palm is immortal in story and in song.

The family of palms is a very large one; there are nearly six hundred species known, and, perhaps, as many more not known or not properly classified. The trees are generally tall and slender, with a simple, naked stem, bearing at the top a graceful crown of shining leaves. These leaves vary in size, according to the species of the plant, some of them—on the



fan-palm, for instance—being at least thirty feet long.

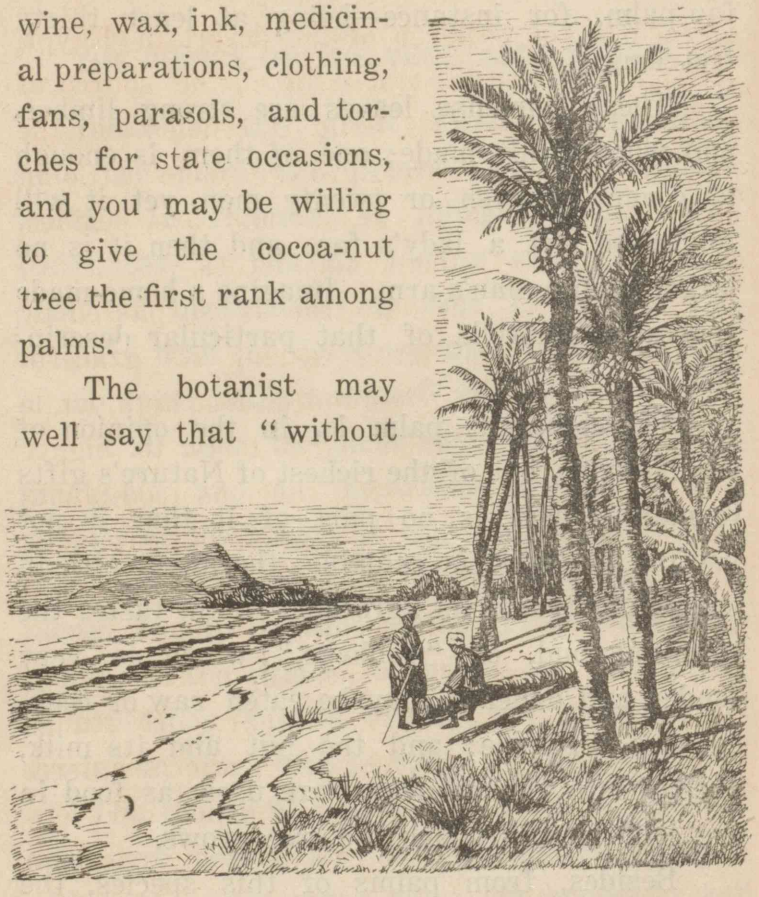
These immense leaves are strong, limber, and wonderfully made: one of them is enough to cover nineteen or twenty men, yet it will fold close like a lady's fan, and then it is no larger than a man's arm. Imagine a home-made vegetable umbrella of that particular description!

The cocoa-nut palm is, in the opinion of the botanist, one of the richest of Nature's gifts to man. There is no part of it that is not useful: the wood is valuable; the sweet pith in the young trunks is agreeable to the taste; the terminal bud, or "cabbage," which is very tender and delicate, may be eaten raw or cooked as a vegeteble; and the nut and its milk, prepared in various ways, are used as food in the countries in which the tree grows.

Besides, from palms of this species, the primitive people in tropical countries get materials for paper, thread, furniture, dishes, candles, soap, lye, mats, bags, brushes, cages for poultry, fuel, fencing, roofing, ropes, rigging and calking for ships. Add to this long list bread, oil,

wine, wax, ink, medicinal preparations, clothing, fans, parasols, and torches for state occasions, and you may be willing to give the cocoa-nut tree the first rank among palms.

The botanist may well say that "without



this tree the islands of the Pacific would be uninhabitable, and the uncivilized natives of the tropics would be left to perish of hunger and thirst, without clothing and without shelter."

The date-palm furnishes an important article



of food to the children of the desert in Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, and is, also, the source of a lucrative trade. Its fruit is wholesome; the stones, soaked in water, are given to cattle in districts destitute of grass and are, besides, valuable for their medicinal virtues.

In loftiness, the date-tree is surpassed by the cocoa-nut, the latter rearing its graceful head from sixty to one hundred feet high, while the former is, as a rule, from forty to eighty feet in height. Comparing them as food-plants and with reference to their numerous products, the two species stand almost side by side: it would be hard to choose between them.

The date-palm flourishes in greatest abundance in the oases of the Sahara. It stands erect, green, and beautiful, even when the fierce light of the tropical sun has burned up every plant near it: its many strong roots, deep in the earth, draw nourishment from waters too far down for other roots to reach. The tempest in vain assails it, and it lives its long life in dignity, affording cool shade, delicious food, and refreshing drink to the weary, fainting traveler.

Perhaps the following story of the cocoa-nut tree may give a fair idea of the usefulness of certain species of the royal palm family: A man was once journeying under a tropical sun, far away from any human habitation, as he thought. Hungry and weary, he was about to sink from exhaustion, when he beheld, at a distance, a hut surrounded by trees; yet the country around him was a desert.

Glad to see some green thing growing, he made another effort to continue his journey; and after a while, he found himself under the roof of a kind-hearted native. He was immediately refreshed by a drink of pleasant flavor and served with various kinds of food, after which he was invited to partake of some delicious sweetmeats.

The traveler, in astonishment, asked his host how he procured all these delicacies in the midst of the desert. "I get them all from my cocoa-nut trees," was the reply. "The water that I gave you was drawn from the nut before it had ripened. This palatable nut is the fruit in its maturity; the milk, which you find so pleasant, is drawn from the same ripe fruit.



"This delicate salad comes from the leaf-buds of the tree; this wine is obtained from the cocoa-nut. Exposed to the sun, it changes to vinegar, from which we distil brandy. The juice furnished the sugar to prepare my sweetmeats, which, also, are, as you may have perceived, the product of my wonderful tree."

The stranger listened with wonder as his host proceeded. "All these dishes and utensils are made of the shells of the cocoa-nut. That is not all: my home, even, I owe to these invaluable trees. My cabin is built of their wood; their leaves, dried and interwoven, make the roof; and these same leaves, made into an umbrella, protect me from the sun when I walk out.

"The clothes that I wear are woven from the fibers of the leaves. The sieves yonder were ready-made in the parts of the trees from which the leaves grow. Finally, the delicate oil with which many of the dishes before you are seasoned, and which is also burned in my lamp, is obtained by pressing the freshly-gathered fruit."

When the traveler was about to leave, the host asked him to carry a letter to town.

While waiting for it, he discovered that the pen with which his host wrote, and the paper that he used, were products of the cocoa-nut tree; and even the ink was manufactured of sawdust from the wood.

"Can it be possible that all these comforts and luxuries come from a palm-tree, and in a desert, too?" exclaimed the traveler. "Then that tree is, indeed, the prince of palms!"

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## THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I am the god Thor,



I am the war god,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miolner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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## THE NECKAN

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,
Green rolls the Baltic Sea;
And there, below the Neckan's feet,
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale;
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,
And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth
Far from the kind sea wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wander'd
By castle, field, and town —
But earthly knights have harder hearts
Than the sea children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal --
Priest, knights, and ladies gay.
" — And who art thou," the priest began,
" Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day ? " —

" — I am no knight," he answered ;
" From the sea waves I come," —
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream'd,
The surpliced priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel
He vanish'd with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea halls
Beneath the salt sea tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
'Mid shells that round her lie.



" — False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps ;
" No Christian mate have I." —

He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch trees cool,
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,
Beside the river pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan —
Tears filled his mild blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassock'd priest rode by.

" — Why sitt'st thou here, O Neckan,
And play'st thy harp of gold ?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
Than thou shalt heaven behold." —

But, lo, the staff, it budded !
It green'd, it branch'd, it waved.
" — O ruth of God," the priest cried out,
" This lost sea creature saved ! "

The cassock'd priest rode onwards,
And vanished with his mule ;
But Neckan in the twilight gray
Wept by the river pool.

He wept : "The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles ;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—
But, ah, not human souls ! "

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

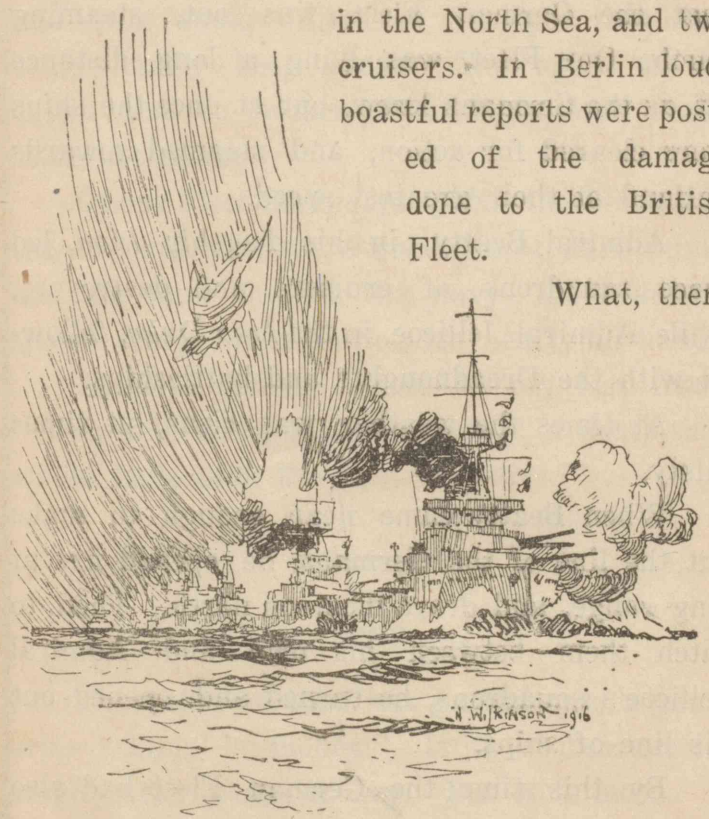
## THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

The greater part of the German Navy lay in security in its harbours during the war.

So when on the evening of May 31st, 191[illegible], a rumour flew over England that the German High Seas Fleet was out, and that our North Sea Fleet was in action, there was but one thought—that the navy had got its chance.



Two days later the Admiralty reported that three of our finest battle cruisers had been sunk in the North Sea, and two cruisers. In Berlin loud, boastful reports were posted of the damage done to the British Fleet.




What, then, had happened ? Our navy not victorious ? Our ships gone!

Our navy carries on a silent duty and does not brag. It was some days before parts of the true story came out.

On the last afternoon of May, scouting planes sent word by wireless to Admiral Jellicoe that the German Fleet was out, steaming north. Our Fleet was lying a long distance off, as the Germans knew, but at once the ships were cleared for action, and steamed towards Jutland at their greatest speed.

Admiral Beatty, in his flagship *Lion*, led three squadrons of cruisers and destroyers, while Admiral Jellicoe, in the *Iron Duke*, followed with the Dreadnoughts and battleships.

At times the weather was clear, at times misty.

When Beatty came near enough to make out the line of the Germans, he opened fire at long range, and drove them on north. Then, to catch them between his own and Admiral Jellicoe's squadrons, he turned and opened out his line of ships.

By this time the German Fleet had also turned about, and was making fast for home, fighting gallantly. The British followed, and kept up a running fight through the evening, the night, and part of the next day, till the Germans had gained the protection of their mine-



fields and returned to harbor.

Several of their newest and greatest cruisers had been sunk, others so damaged that they could hardly keep afloat. The spirit of the crews was so broken that they never dared come out again.

Of our Fleet the *Indefatigable*, the *Invincible*, the *Defence*, and the *Black Prince* were sunk; and the show ship of the navy, the beautiful *Queen Mary*, went down with nearly all hands.

Admiral Jellicoe wrote of the lost lives: "They fell, doing their duty nobly, a death they would have been the first to desire."

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## TIME

The value of time has passed into a proverb,—"Time is money." It is so because its employment brings money. But it is more. It is knowledge. Still more, it is virtue. Nor is it creditable to the character of the world that the proverb has taken this material and mercenary complexion, as if money were the highest good and the strongest recommendation.

Time is more than money. It brings what money cannot purchase. It has in its lap all the learning of the past, the spoils of antiquity, the priceless treasures of knowledge. Who would barter these for gold or silver? But knowledge is a means only, and not an end. It is valuable because it promotes the welfare, the development, and the progress of man. And the highest value of time is not even in knowledge, but in the opportunity of doing good.

Time is opportunity. Little or much, it may be the occasion of usefulness. It is the point desired by the philosopher where to plant the lever that shall move the world. It is the napkin in which are wrapped, not only the talent of silver, but the treasures of knowledge and the fruits of virtue. Saving time, we save all these.

Employing time to the best advantage, we exercise a true thrift. To each of us the passing day is of the same dimensions, nor can any one, by taking thought, add a moment to its hours. But, though unable to extend their duration, he may swell them with works.



It is customary to say, "Take care of the small sums, and the large will take care of themselves." With equal wisdom and more necessity may it be said, "Watch the minutes, and the hours and days will be safe." The moments are precious; they are gold filings, to be carefully preserved and melted into the rich ingot.

Time is the measure of life on earth. Its enjoyment is life itself. Its divisions, its days, its hours, its minutes, are fractions of this heavenly gift. Every moment that flies over our heads takes from the future and gives to the irrevocable past, shortening by so much the measure of our days, abridging by so much the means of usefulness committed to our hands.

The moments lost in listlessness, or squandered in unprofitable dissipation, gathered into aggregates, are hours, days, weeks, months, years. The daily sacrifice of a single hour during a year comes at its end to thirty-six working days, allowing ten hours to the day,—an amount of time, if devoted exclusively to one object, ample for the acquisition of important knowledge, and for the accomplishment of inconceivable good.

Imagine a solid month dedicated, without interruption, to a single purpose, and what visions must not rise of untold accumulations of knowledge, of unnumbered deeds of goodness! Who of us does not each day, in manifold ways, sacrifice these precious moments, these golden hours?

In the employment of time will be found the sure means of happiness. The laborer, living by the sweat of his brow, and the youth, toiling in perplexities of business or study, sighs for repose, and repines at the law which ordains the seeming hardship of his lot. He seeks happiness as the end and aim of life, but he does not open his mind to the important truth that occupation is indispensable to happiness. He shuns work, but he does not know the precious jewel hidden beneath its rude attire.

Others there are who wander over half the globe in pursuit of what is found under the humblest roof of virtuous industry, in the shadow of every tree planted by one's own hand. The poet has said,

"The best and sweetest far are toil-created gains."

But this does not disclose the whole truth.



There is in useful labor its own exceeding great reward, without regard to gain.

Seek, then, occupation; seek labor; seek to employ all the faculties, whether in study or conduct, not in words only, but in deeds also, mindful that "words are the daughters of Earth, but deeds are the sons of Heaven." So shall your days be filled with usefulness,—

"And when old Time shall lead you to your end,
Goodness and you fill up one monument."

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## BEHIND TIME

A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late,—so late that the period during which the down train was to wait, had nearly elapsed: but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly, a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant, there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been behind time.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or every thing would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and, if it came up in season, all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.



At last, came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds; and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined, because their agent, in remitting, had been behind time.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and, though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body hung suspended in the air. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down the hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which

he waved to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive behind time.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis are worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being behind time.

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## WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*



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## BETTER THAN GOLD

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
May adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

—*Abram J. Ryan.*

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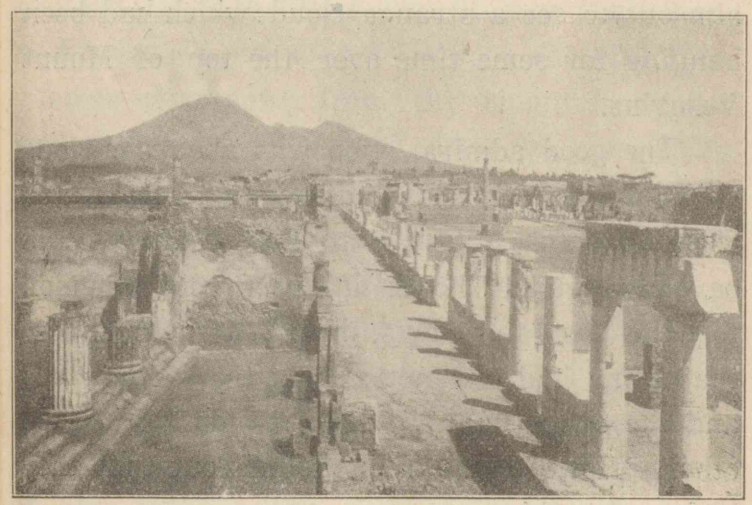
## THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

More than eighteen hundred years ago, Mount Vesuvius had, for ages and ages, been lying quiet like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot. These cities were filled with people who were as handsome and comfortable and, I fear, as wicked as any people as ever were on earth.

Fair gardens, vineyards, olive-yards covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the paradises of the world. As for the mountain's being a burning mountain, who ever thought of that? To be sure, the top of it



was a great round crater, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines, and was full of boars and will deer. What sign of fire was there in that?



To be sure, there was also an ugly field below by the sea-shore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground, and a lake over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed anyone, and how could it harm them? So they all lived on happily and merrily enough till the year A. D. 79. At that time there was stationed in the

Bay of Naples a Roman admiral called Pliny, who was a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history.

He was staying on shore with his sister, and, one day, as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius.

The good admiral, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his cutter, and went off across the bay to see what it could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days, but I do not suppose that Pliny had any notion that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had, and to his cost.

When he got near the opposite shore some sailors met him, and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice-stones were falling down from the sky, and flames breaking out from the mountain above; but Pliny would go on. He said that if people were in danger it was his duty to help them, and that he must see this strange cloud.



But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly and almost left them on dry land; and Pliny turned away to the house of a friend, who was just going to escape in a boat. Pliny told him not to be afraid, ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and went in to dinner with a cheerful face. Flames came down from the mountain nearer and nearer as the night drew on, but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

However, in the middle of the night they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not waked up the admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house. The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall. Pliny, his friend, the sailors, and slaves all fled into the open fields, tying pillows over their heads to prevent themselves from being beaten down by the great showers of stones and cinders which were falling.

Day had come by this time, but not the dawn; for the great cloud shut out the light of

the sun, and it was still pitch-dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore, but the sea raged so fiercely that there was no getting on board of them. Then Pliny grew tired, and made his men spread a sail that he might lie upon it for a little while to rest. But suddenly there came down upon them a rush of flames and a horrible smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

Some of the slaves tried to help the admiral upon his feet, but he sank down again, overpowered with the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again there he lay dead, but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he were only sleeping. And this was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

But what was going on in the meantime? Under clouds of ashes, cinder, mud, lava, those happy cities were buried at once—Herculaneum and Pompeii. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and earthenware, and in many cases even jewels and gold behind, and here and there



among them was a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful deluge of dust.

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## VOLCANOES

Volcanoes belong to a totally different series of mountains.

It is practically impossible to number the volcanoes on our earth. Humboldt enumerated 223, which Keith Johnston raised to nearly 300. Some, no doubt, are always active, but in the majority the eruptions are occasional, and though some are undoubtedly now extinct, it is impossible in all cases to distinguish those which are only in repose from those whose day of activity is over.

Perhaps no spectacle in nature is more magnificent than a volcano in activity. It has been my good fortune to have stood more than once at the edge of the crater of Vesuvius during an eruption, to have watched the lava seething below, while enormous stones were shot up high into the air. During the eruption of Cotopaxi in 1877, the lava gradually rose to

the edge of the crater, and poured over the whole lip at once. It must indeed have been a magnificent spectacle.

The most imposing crater in the world is probably that of Kilauea, at a height of about 4000 feet on the side of Mouna Loa, in the Island of Hawaii. It has a diameter of 2 miles, and is elliptic in outline, with a longer axis of about 3, and a circumference of about 7 miles. The interior is a great lake of lava, the level of which is constantly changing. Generally, it stands about 800 feet below the edge, and the depth is about 1400 feet. The heat is intense, and, especially at night, when the clouds are colored scarlet by the reflection from the molten lava, the effect is said to be magnificent. Gradually the lava mounts in the crater until it either bursts through the side or runs over the edge, after which the crater remains empty, sometimes for years.

A lava stream flows down the slope of the mountain like a burning river, at first rapidly; but, as it cools, scoriæ gradually form, and at length the molten matter covers itself completely, both above and at the sides, with a



solid crust, within which, as in a tunnel, it continues to flow slowly as long as it is supplied from the source, here and there breaking through the crust, which, as continually, re-forms in front. Thus the terrible, inexorable river of fire slowly descends, destroying everything in its course.

The stream of lava which burst from Mouna Loa in 1885 had a length of 70 miles; that of Skaptar-Jokul in Iceland in 1783 of 50 miles, and a maximum depth of nearly 500 feet. It has been calculated that the mass of lava equalled that of Mont Blanc.

The stones, ashes, and mud ejected during eruptions are even more destructive than the rivers of lava. In 1851 Tomboro, a volcano on the Island of Sumbava, cost more lives than fell in the battle of Waterloo. The earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 destroyed 60,000 persons. During the earthquake of Riobamba and the mud eruption of Tunguragua, and again in that of Krakatoa, it is estimated that the number who perished was between 30,000 and 40,000. At the earthquake of Antioch in 526 no less than 200,000 persons are said to have lost their lives.

Perhaps the most destructive eruption of modern times has been that on Cosequina. For 25 miles it covered the ground with muddy water 16 feet in depth. The dust and ashes formed a dense cloud, extending over many miles, some of it being carried 20 degrees to the west. The total mass ejected has been estimated at 60 milliards of square yards.

Stromboli, in the Mediterranean, though only 2500 feet in height, is very imposing from its superb regularity, and its roots plunge below the surface to a depth of 4000 feet.

It is, moreover, very interesting from the regularity of its action, which has a period of 5 minutes or a little less. On looking down into the crater one sees at a depth of say 300 feet a seething mass of red-hot lava; this gradually rises, and then explodes, throwing up a cloud of vapour and stones, after which it sinks again. So regular is it that the volcano has been compared o a "flashing" lighthouse, and this wonderful process has been going on for ages.

The summit of a volcanic mountain is sometimes entirely blown away. Between my



two first visits to Vesuvius 200 feet of the mountain had thus disappeared. Vesuvius itself stands in a more ancient crater, part of which still remains, and is now known as Somma, the greater portion having disappeared in the great eruption of 79, when the mountain, waking from its long sleep, destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii.

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## TWO SCHOOL BOYS' LETTERS

21 Howard Avenue,
St. Joseph, Mo.,
June 30.

Dear Tom,

Mother tells me that your folks are going to move to St. Joseph this summer. This means that you will go to school here in September. Well, as soon as I heard the good news I thought to myself, "Tom certainly must attend the Davis School."

I'm in my second year at "Davis" now,

and I like it better all the time. It's a brand new building with a large gymnasium and a dandy swimming pool. It has the best athletic field in the city. The other schools are all the time wanting to use it. And the principal of "Davis" is a good fellow. He believes the boys should have some fun along with their work. He backs up the teams with his whole heart, goes to every game, and roots along with the rest of us. You'll like the teachers, too. They're *fair*, and I tell you that's a great thing. Don't you think so? They take a special interest in a fellow and follow him up after he leaves. This means a lot to a chap who wants to get on, you know.

Your friend Jack Thompson goes to a school at the other end of the city, the Garfield School, but I hope you won't let him influence you to go there. It will be too far for you to go, for I understand that you are going to live on our block. We beat "Garfield" 40 — 0 last year at football, but the school has no athletic field and the team could't get the right kind of practice. Of course, I'm not knocking "Garfield," but "Davis" really is a better school.



Think this over, Tom, and let me hear from you. I hope to see you soon. Give my regards to your father and mother, and to Alice.

Your friend,
James Allison.

P.S. I bet Jack Thompson will write you about "Garfield."

* * *

18 De Kalb Avenue,
St. Joseph, Mo.,
July 3.

Dear Tom,

Hurrah! You're going to move to St. Joseph, I hear. This is fine. I have already told the fellows at our school about you and we're all ready to welcome you in September.

You're just the boy for the Garfield School, Tom, and "Garfield" is just the school for you. You'll like the fellows and the teachers both. Everybody at "Garfield" knows how to be a good pal. We've got the best course of study, father says, of any school in this part of the country. I've often heard you say that

you want to be a mechanic. Well, here at "Garfield" they find out, as soon as he enters, what a fellow wants to be, and then they make everything he studies tell in that direction. We've got immense manual-training classrooms. Every boy has to know how to make things. I made a table for Mother last winter which is a crackerjack, if I do say it myself. Our school auditorium is the biggest in the city. When a visitor comes here from any other place, why, he always visits "Garfield."

You've heard of Turner, the Minnesota fullback, haven't you? Well, he's an old "Garfield" boy. So is Brooks of Yale, and Watkins of Pennsylvania. You see we go in for athletics a bit too at "Garfield."

Of course our building isn't much to brag about. It's old, but it's still strong, and all right. Besides, it isn't the building that counts: it's what is in the building. "Garfield" is the oldest prep school in this part of the country and it has the best reputation with the big colleges, so what more could you want? You've heard of "Davis," of course. They have a brand new building and a big athletic field, but



all they think about at "Davis" is sport. When it comes to real school work, "Garfield" is the place.

Let me know exactly when you are coming and I'll bring the fellows of our club to the station to meet you. Give my best to Sis and all the others. Ask any questions about school you want to. I'll answer.

Yours for September,

Jack Thompson.

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## THE PRODIGAL SON

A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to one of

the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and



is found. And they began to be merry.

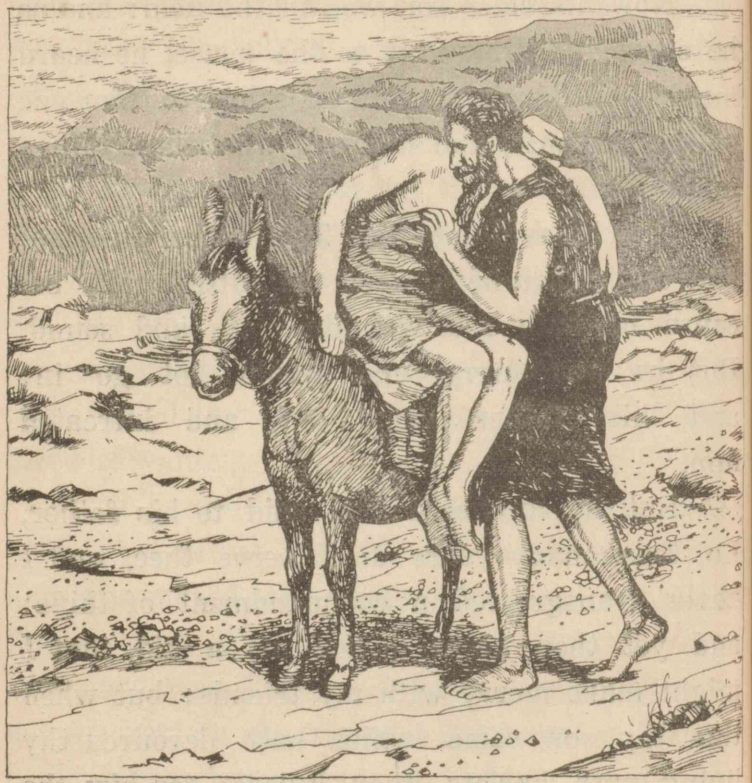
Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and intreated him.

But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

## TH GOOD SAMARITAN



A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him he



passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves ?

---

## ASKING YOUR WAY

This advertisement was in a newspaper:

WANTED—Cigarmakers—Men and Women. Apply in person at the factory before 10 o'clock. Strauss & Co., 25 E. 34 St.

John Smith saw this advertisement. He is a cigarmaker but he has no position. He met a policeman and asked him how to go to 25 East 34th Street. This is the conversation between John Smith and the policeman:

John Smith: Excuse me, sir! Please tell me how to go to 25 East 34th Street.

Policeman: Take the Eighth Avenue car and get a transfer. Ride down to 34th Street and take the East 34th Street car. Ask the conductor to let you off at No. 25.

John Smith: Thank you very much.

Smith took the car and got off at 34th Street. He then asked a stranger which was the East 34th Street car.

John Smith: I beg your pardon, can you tell me which is the 34th Street car ?

Stranger: This car coming now goes east. How far do you want to go ?

John Smith: I want to go to No. 25 East 34th Street.

Stranger: Ask the conductor to let you off.

John Smith: I'm much obliged to you, sir.

The conductor called out when Smith was near No. 25. He got off at the corner and



walked a little distance until he came to the cigar factory of Strauss & Co. He went inside and applied for the job.

---

### RENTING A FLAT

TO LET

4 Rooms

Inquire Janitor

We ring the janitor's bell. He comes to the door. "What do you wish ?" My father says: "We want to see the flat." The janitor takes us to the fourth floor front. He opens the door. We walk in. We go into the kitchen. It is not very large, but it is light and sunny. There are two large closets for dishes. There is a washtub in the kitchen. Then we go into the bedroom. It has two windows facing the street. The ceiling is high. The walls are painted. Next we enter the dining-room. The ceiling is white, but the walls are papered a light brown. From the

dining-room, we go into the sitting-room. We like the flat very much. The janitor tells us the rent. It is not dear and it is not very cheap. The price is satisfactory. We rent the flat.

* * *

"Have you a flat to rent?"

"Yes, we have a four-room flat on the top floor."

"Have you nothing lower down?"

"No, that is the only flat vacant."

"How much is the rent?"

"The rent is twenty dollars a month."

"May we look at the flat?"

"Certainly; come with me, please."

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## CONVERSATION ABOUT TRAINS

### INFORMATION DESK

Mr. T.: I want to go to Pittsburgh. When does the next train leave?

Clerk: The next train leaves at six o'clock. Let me give you a time-table.



Mr. T.: Thank you. Can you tell me if the six-o'clock train carries a sleeper?

Clerk: Yes; sleeper, dining-car, and observation-car.

Mr. T.: That's fine. I'll get my ticket and check my trunk.

### BAGGAGE OFFICE

Mr. T.: Will you check my trunk through, please, to Pittsburgh?

Baggageman: Surely. Let me see your ticket.

Mr. T.: Here it is.

Baggageman: I'll punch your ticket. Take this baggage check and give it to the baggage-master in Pittsbnrgh. He will give you the trunk.

Mr. T.: Then I don't have to look after it until I arrive?

Baggageman: No. The railroad will take care of that.

Mr. T.: Is there any charge for this?

Baggagsman: No. We carry one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage free.

## PUBLIC SIGNS

Last Sunday it was very warm and we decided to spend the day in the country. On our way we read all the signs which we saw. In the trolley-car there was this sign:

SMOKING ON THE FOUR REAR SEATS ONLY

When we arrived at the RAILROAD STATION we found that we had just missed a train. The gates were down and we had time to read several signs.

In the WAITING-ROOM we noticed more signs:

NO SMOKING

SPITTING ON THE FLOOR PROHIBITED

We looked around the room at all the windows and doors. Everything seemed to have a sign on it. There was the TICKET OFFICE and the TELEGRAPH OFFICE. Next to that was a window marked INFORMATION. The busiest place of all seemed to be the BAGGAGE-ROOM. It was piled high with trunks and hand-bag . One door was marked NO ADMITTANCE and another had a sign on it which



read PRIVATE. They did not want any one to enter either of these two doors.

At last our train arrived. The conductor called ALL ABOARD; the whistle blew, and we were off for the country.

In about an hour we got out at our station. There was a pretty little garden near by, but the children could not play there because they saw the sign KEEP OFF THE GRASS. We passed other pretty places, but we did not go near them because the signs warned us off. These were some of the signs:

NO THOROUGHFARE
NO TRESPASSING
NO CROSSING
COMMIT NO NUISANCE
KEEP OUT

At last we came to a beautiful field which had no signs to keep us out, and we spent a very pleasant day in the country.

---

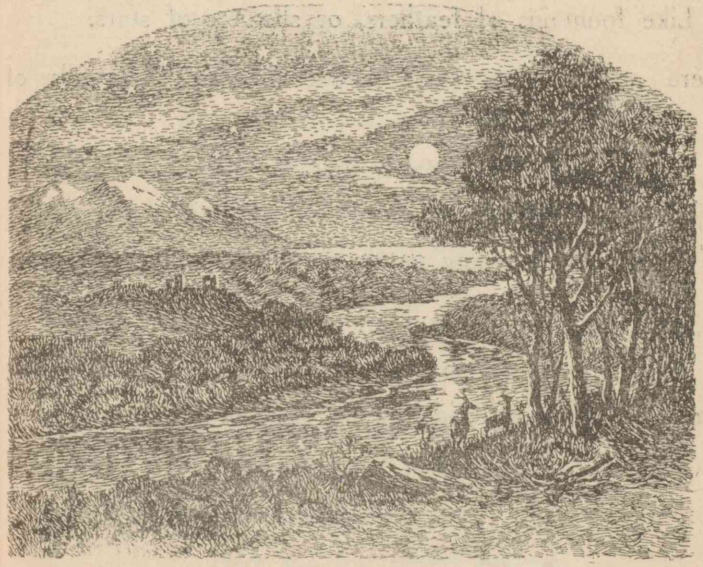
## SOME MORE PUBLIC SIGNS

CHILDREN UNDER SIXTEEN NOT ADMITTED.
HELP WANTED.

MEN WANTED FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY.
MEN WANTED FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.
DENTIST.
DRUGGIST.
APOTHECARY.
DOCTOR.
OFFICE HOURS, 10 TO 11 A. M.—5 TO 6 P. M.
TO LET.
FOR RENT.
FOR SALE.
POLICE-STATION.
HANDS OFF.
ENTRANCE AROUND THE CORNER.
SCHOOL STREET—DRIVE SLOWLY.
PUSH.
PULL.
BEWARE OF THE DOG.
DO NOT FEED OR ANNOY THE ANIMALS.
SMOKING-ROOM.
DANGER.
PAINT.
POST NO BILLS.
FIRE-ESCAPE.
FIRE-ALARM.
FOR MEN.
FOR WOMEN.
THIS WAY OUT.
PAY AS YOU ENTER.



## BEAUTIFUL THINGS



What millions of beautiful things there must be
  In this mighty world! Who could reckon them all?
The tossing, the foaming, the wide flowing sea,
  And thousands of rivers that into it fall.

O, there are the mountains, half covered with snow;
  And tall and dark trees, like a girdle of green;
And waters that wind in the valleys below,
  Or roar in the caverns too deep to be seen;

Vast caves in the earth, full of wonderful things,
The bones of strange animals, jewels, and spars;
Or, far up in Iceland, the hot, boiling springs,
Like fountains of feathers, or showers of stars.

Here spread the sweet meadows with thousands of flowers;
Far away are old woods that for ages have grown;
Wild elephants sleep in the shade of their bowers,
Or troops of young antelopes think them their own.

O, yes, they are glorious all to behold,
And pleasant to read of, and curious to know;
And something of God and his wisdom we're told,
Whatever we look at, wherever we go.

—*Jane Taylor.*

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## WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand

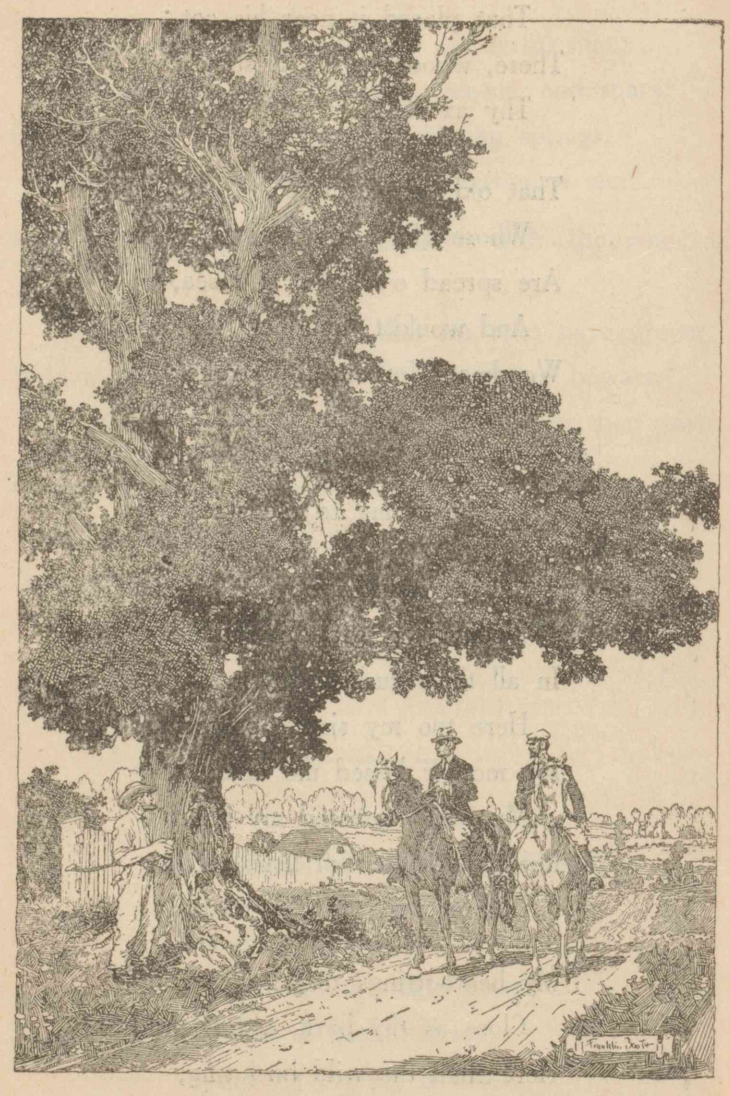


That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke;
Cut not its earth-bound ties:
O, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!



Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot:
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

—*G. P. Morris.*

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## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of Continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed toward the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war.

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men is not going to charge an enemy in position!

Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds; and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion.

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more

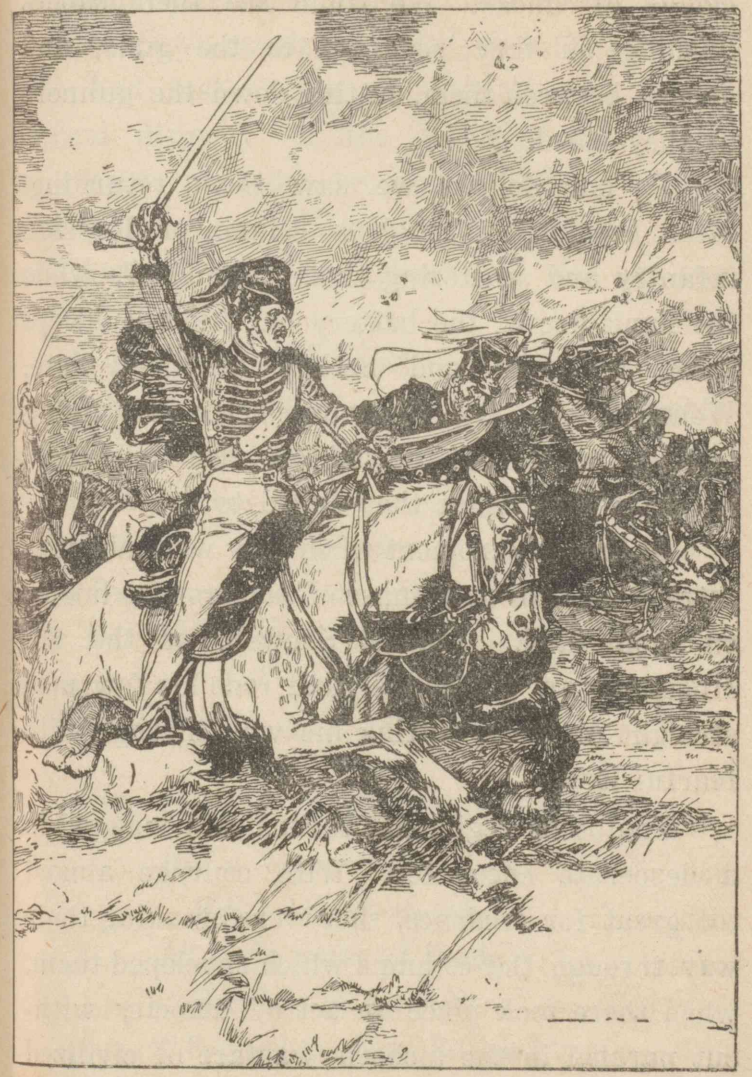
fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death.

At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt nor check their speed for an instant.

With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer, which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses.

They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry through the





THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

clouds of smoke. We could see their sabers flashing as they rode up to the guns, and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

To our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told us the sad tale; demigods could not have done what they failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss.

The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage almost too great for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm



of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin.

It was as much as one heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnant of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

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## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:

ALFRED TENNYSON

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,





Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,

While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

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## BOY SCOUTS

Whoever wants to know the real value of a boy, let him ask any Briton who fought through the Boer War in South Africa how the English laddies behaved during the siege of Mafeking. It was a time to try men's souls, with the city surrounded by the enemy and the small ranks of its gallant defenders reduced hourly by the cruel fire of the attacking Boer. It was a time when every man's value was



more than trebled, and when every boy was called upon to be a man.

And how did those laddies behave? Why, they answered that call. Uniformed and drilled like soldiers, they became men indeed. As messengers, they carried dispatches from fort to fort under fire of shot and shell, and faced death as bravely as their fathers faced it. As sentinels and orderlies, they lived up to the last requirement of duty. At whatever post of

service they were placed they behaved like soldiers. So conspicuous was the service of these boy soldiers of England that the editor of the London "Daily Express" wrote of them: "Throughout the hail of Boer bullets these young heroes, mounted mostly on bicycles, carried on their duties without wavering. At the end of the war they received their medals like the grown-up soldiers."

The behavior of those British lads at Mafeking prepared English ground for the seeds of the Boy Scout movement which were to be sown some years later.

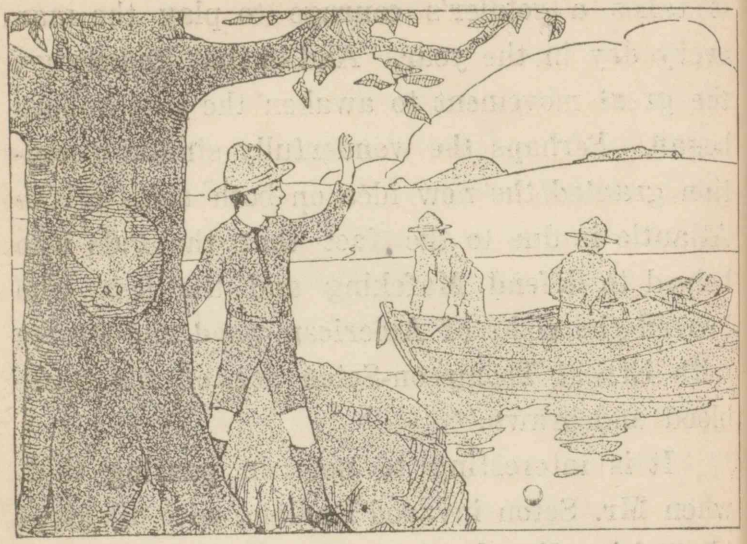
While the English lads were risking their young lives in the defense of the South African city, Ernest Thompson-Seton, the great nature lover, was banding American boys together to play at the man's game, that they, too, might answer nobly when duty called. He knew that real men are needed in peace as well as in time of war. He knew that there are dangers to be faced other than the danger from shot and shell. He knew that there are weak and suffering ones calling hourly for the support of some greater strength and fortitude. He knew that



it takes a soldier's courage to play the man every day in the year. And in that knowledge, the great movement to awaken the *man* in boys began. Perhaps the wonderfully similar reception granted the new idea on both sides of the Atlantic is due to the fact that the lads who helped to defend Mafeking and the lads who braved the risks of American wood and stream with Ernest Thompson-Seton are of the same blood and brawn.

It is interesting to note in passing that, when Mr. Seton invaded England with his great idea of banding boys together for the development of the manhood in them, he at once met a strong ally in Lieutenant General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, who was already drilling the boys of his neighborhood. The two together soon enlisted hundreds of thousands of English boys in the great work.

The Boy Scout organization exists for the purpose of turning boys into upright, honorable, chivalrous, patriotic, kindly, self-reliant, and useful men. That it will do this for the boy who fulfills his promise, there need be no doubt, for this is what he pledges himself to do:



"I give my word of honor that I will do my best,

1. To do my duty to God and my country.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To obey the Scout Law."

The law in brief is as follows:

1. *A scout is trustworthy.*

A scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his scout badge.

2. *A scout is loyal.*



He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due: his scout leader, his home parents, and country.

3. *A scout is helpful.*

He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.

4. *A scout is friendly.*

He is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout.

5. *A scout is courteous.*

He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless. He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.

6. *A scout is kind.*

He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

7. *A scout is obedient.*

He obeys his parents, scout master, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. *A scout is cheerful.*

He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never

shirks nor grumbles at hardships.

9. *A scout is thrifty.*

He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects.

10. *A scout is brave.*

He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear and has to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

11. *A scout is clean.*

He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd.

12. *A scout is reverent.*

He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

Boy Scouts are formed into patrols, which consist of eight boys each, one of whom is appointed patrol leader, and another assistant patrol leader. Three or more patrols form a troop. A scout master has charge of one or



more patrols or of a troop. The scout master is guided by a local council, composed of prominent men in a community. Where there are many troops in a place, there is a scout commissioner at the head of the scout masters.

A scout becomes first a tenderfoot, after having met certain prescribed requirements. After serving a month, he is in a position to qualify for the degree of second-class scout. The requirements and tests for this degree call for considerable training. To pass to the degree of first-class scout, much more strenuous training is required.

Of the three hundred thousand boys in the movement about one hundred thousand are tenderfoots and second-class scouts, with two hundred thousand more in preparation. There are between three and four thousand scout masters enrolled at the National Headquarters at New York.

The Boy Scouts of America as now banded together form one of the most influential organizations in the country. Almost every state in the Union has thousands of these men in the making, who are pledged together

to do their duty like men. Almost daily the press of the country recount some deed of heroism which has the scout's promise as inspiration. All over the country the youngsters are taking to the woods on camping trips—swimming, racing, wrestling, and sitting at the feet of Nature for wisdom. Many of them wear

the picturesque scout's uniform. But there are many thousands of scouts who are going about their daily duties in crowded towns and cities, but who are none the less ready to perform whatever act of kindness or of manly daring comes their way.

"Be Prepared" is the scout's motto. Interpreted it means "Be prepared to play the *man* right."



## LETTERS ASKING FOR INFORMATION

147 Main St.,
Boston, Mass.
March 10, 1922.

Mr. T. F. Goode,
General Industrial Agent.
Proud Park Realty Co.,
Woolworth Building,
Galveston, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Kindly send me information about the farm which you advertise for sale.

Very truly yours,
James Huneker.

* * *

36 Warren St.,
New York,
June 5, 1922.

Messrs. J. H. Smith & Co.,
Woolworth Building,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

Please send me a catalogue of your Household Goods.

Yours truly,
Frank Gordon.

* * *

10 Shipmen Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.
July 2nd, 1922.

The Travellers Life Ins. Co.,
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I should like some additional information about the Life Insurance plan which you advertise in this morning's Times.

Truly yours,
Clara Carpenter.



## AN INQUIRY LETTER

December 2, 1922.

Gentlemen:

The English department of our school is studying the magazine from the points of view of its make-up and its appeal to the public. We study it also as a medium of advertising. We are using it as a textbook for intelligent reading of current literature. By this means we hope to give our students a general knowledge of the magazine itself, and at the same time develop in them a critical judgment in the selection of magazine reading. We are, therefore, placing in their hands many different types of magazines.

We should like to include your publications. If you care to put us on your mailing list, or to send us about twenty sample copies or back numbers, enough for one class, we shall be glad to make a detailed study of them. It would be a means of advertising for you, and an opportunity for us.

Yours truly,

## A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

78 Brattle St.,
Cambridge, Mass.,
May 3, 1922.

My dear Mr. Cameron:

Permit me by this to introduce to you my brother-in-law, Mr. Gerald Marsh, who is in St. Louis for a few weeks on business.

Gerald likes people and is himself delightful company. If you can make it possible for him to meet a few congenial folks, I shall consider myself greatly in your debt.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Robert Cameron,
University Club,
St. Louis, Mo.



## A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

140 Temple Avenue,
Louisville, Kentucky,
April 30, 1922.

To whom it may concern:

The bearer, Master James Doan, has just graduated from Public School 18 with marks 90 in all subjects. His record in the school has been superior in every respect. It gives me great pleasure to recommend him as an excellent young man and to assist him in getting a position that will offer him opportunity for further development. He is sixteen years of age, but he possesses the steadiness of character and the alertness of mind of one of maturer years.

Samuel Arbuthnot,
Principal, P. S. 18.

## LETTERS OF APPLICATION

13 Sheridan Street,
San Francisco, Calif.,
February 11, 1922.

P.X. — Cal.
Dear Sir:

Please consider the following in answer to your advertisement in the Call this morning for a handy girl in a dressmaker's establishment:

1. I am 16 years of age.
2. I am a graduate of elementary school.
3. I have had a half year at high school.
4. I have worked for six months in the office of the Tupper Millinery Company.
5. My present salary is $5 a week.
6. I desire to make a change because I prefer training in the dressmaking business to training in the millinery business.
7. I enclose letters of recommendation from my elementary and high school principals.

Very truly yours,
Mary Swart



605 Pitcher Street,
Baltimore, Md.,
May 10, 1922.

BOY WANTED. — 16 yrs. of age in real estate office. Grammar school graduate. Good penman. Answer in own handwriting, stating nationality, age, education, experience. American, Box. 24.

Gentlemen:
In reply to the above advertisement in today's American, I submit the accompanying statement as to my qualifications for the position.

I am at liberty to call upon you at your convenience, should you care to see me.

Very truly yours,
Alfred Brush

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**The statement** — Nationality — American
Age — Sixteen
Education — Graduate of grammar school
— One year in high school
Experience — Two summers as general assistant in the real estate office of the A.H. Crosby Co.

## CHARLES DICKENS'S LETTER TO HIS SON

CHARLES DICKENS

I write this note to you to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me to think of now and then at quiet times.

I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne.

It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which



you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been: and without that training, you could have followed no other suitable occupation.

What you have always wanted until now has heen a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it.

I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of this determination; and I have never slackened in it since.

Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power.

Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour than that you should.

I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason, and with the very

same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child, because it is the best book that ever was, or ever will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided.

As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities.

I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now would most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it.

Only one thing more on this head. The



more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it.

I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. In no other way can you show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.

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## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

### ACT I

TIME: *the day before Christmas — late afternoon.*
PLACE: *London; Scrooge's office.*

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| EBENEZER SCROOGE. | A PORTLY GENTLEMAN. |
| BOB CRATCHIT, HIS CLERK. | A BOY. |
| SCROOGE'S NEPHEW. | A LABORER. |

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[SCROOGE *is seated at an old desk in a dingy room. He is a lean old man with a hard,*

*sharp face. In a corner, at a high desk, sits* BOB CRATCHIT, *working by the light of one candle. Bob is tired and worn; his clothes are threadbare. He shivers, tiptoes to fire, which is very low, and cautiously lifts one coal from scuttle. Scrooge turns and sees him.*]

SCROOGE. So you find it cold here, Cratchit?

BOB (*frightened*). Oh, no, no, sir! Oh, no, no, Mr. Scrooge!

SCROOGE. It might be well for us to part, Cratchit.

BOB. Oh, no, no, sir!

(*He puts coal back in scuttle.*)

I beg your pardon, sir—I didn't mean any harm. It shan't happen again, sir.

SCROOGE. You are talking on my time, Cratchit.

BOB. I beg your pardon, sir. I thank you, sir.

[*He crosses to his desk and writes. Pause. He shivers; gets his comforter secretly; wraps it about his neck, and warms his stiff fingers at his candle.*]

SCROOGE (*turning*). Ah! So you find it cold here, Cratchit?



BOB (*shivering*). Oh, no, no, sir! I am comfortable, sir, very comfortable I may say, sir.

SCROOGE. It might be well for us to part, Cratchit.

BOB. Oh, no, no, sir! I'll never warm 'em again, sir! They can freeze if they like, sir—not one minute of your time shall be taken, sir! Not one minute, sir!

[*He works hurriedly. Enter from street a* PORTLY GENTLEMAN. *He is pleasant to behold.*]

GENTLEMAN. This is the firm of Scrooge and Marley, I believe?

SCROOGE. It is.

GENTLEMAN. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

SCROOGE. Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago this very night—a Christmas Eve.

GENTLEMAN. Then, Mr. Scrooge, I will give you my credentials.

(*Hands papers to Scrooge.*)

A few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to make some Christmas cheer for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common neces-

saries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts.

SCROOGE. Are there no prisons?

GENTLEMAN. Plenty of prisons, but—

SCROOGE. Are not the workhouses still in existence?

GENTLEMAN. I wish I could say they were not.

SCROOGE. Is there not a Poor Law for the destitute?

GENTLEMAN. Yes, but—

SCROOGE. Then why should you trouble yourself?

GENTLEMAN. Why? Why, because these places you mention do not furnish Christmas cheer of mind or body to the multitude. What shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE. Nothing!

GENTLEMAN. You wish to be anonymous?

SCROOGE. I wish to be left alone.

(*He hands back credentials.*)

I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I pay taxes for the support of the poorhouses—they cost enough. Those who are badly off must



go there.

GENTLEMAN. Many can't go, and many would rather die.

SCROOGE. If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population.

GENTLEMAN. Sir! How can you talk so!

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

GENTLEMAN. But, sir—

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

(*Exit Portly Gentleman.*)

How did he dare ask me for money! How did he dare!

BOB. I don't know, sir—no one ever does.

[*Enter from street Scrooge's* NEPHEW, *a handsome young man, cheerful and happy.*]

NEPHEW. A Merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW. Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure.

SCROOGE. I do. "Merry Christmas!" What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

NEPHEW. Come, then! What right have you to be sour? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE. Bah! All a humbug!

NEPHEW. Don't be cross, uncle.

SCROOGE. Out upon your "Merry Christmas"! What is Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money—a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer.

NEPHEW. Oh, but—

SCROOGE. If I could have my way, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

NEPHEW. Uncle!

SCROOGE. Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

NEPHEW. Keep it! But you don't keep it!

SCROOGE. Let me leave it alone, then.

NEPHEW. But it is such a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time in the whole year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of the people about them.

SCROOGE. What good has that ever done you? Have you ever made a penny by it?

NEPHEW. No, it has never put a scrap of gold in my pocket, but I believe that it has done



me good and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

[*Bob forgets himself and applauds.*]

SCROOGE (*to Bob*). Let me hear another sound from you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your job. (*To Nephew.*) You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

NEPHEW. Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE. No.

NEPHEW. Why not, uncle? Why not?

SCROOGE. Why did you get married?

NEPHEW. Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE. Because you fell in love! Bah! Good afternoon!

NEPHEW. Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before I married. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon.

NEPHEW. I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you. Why can't we be friends?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon.

NEPHEW (*going*). I am sorry to find you so resolute. A Merry Christmas, uncle?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

NEPHEW. And A Happy New Year!

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

[*Bob opens door for Nephew.*]

NEPHEW. Merry Christmas, Cratchit!

BOB (*warmly*). Merry Christmas, sir!

NEPHEW. A Merry Christmas to Mrs. Cratchit and the little Cratchits, especially to Tiny Tim!

BOB. Thank you, sir. A Happy New Year to you, sir!

[*Exit Nephew.*]

SCROOGE. Why do you talk about a merry Christmas? You earn only fifteen shillings a week, and you have a large family to support.

BOB. We are very happy when we're together, sir.

[*He glances at clock, unconsciously.*]

SCROOGE. Are you in a hurry to go home, Cratchit?

BOB (*crossing to desk*). Oh, no, no, sir!

SCROOGE. Well, it's closing time—and it's here far too soon.

(*Bob instantly snuffs out his candle and puts on his hat and comforter. Scrooge puts on his great coat. Pause.*)



You'll be wanting all day tomorrow, I suppose.

BOB. If quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE. It's not convenient, and it's not even fair. If I were to stop you half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound.

BOB. Oh, sir, you wouldn't do that!

SCROOGE. Why not? You don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

BOB. But it's only once a year, sir.

SCROOGE. A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier the next morning.

BOB. Oh, yes, sir! I'll be here before time, sir!

[*He opens the door. A* BOY *who is passing stops and sings.*]

BOY (*singing*).

God bless you, merry gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay!

SCROOGE (*angrily*). Be off! None of your Christmas carols here! Be off—be off, I say!

[*Boy runs, frightened. Bob starts out. A*

LABORER *passes.*]

LABORER (*to Bob*). Merry Christmas, stranger!

BOB. Merry Christmas to you, my friend!

[*They disappear.*]

SCROOGE (*growling as he takes keys from pocket to lock door*). A world of fools! A world of fools!

[*Exit, closing door.*]

## ACT II

EBENEZER SCROOGE.
GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST.
FIRST BOY.
SECOND BOY.
THIRD BOY.
MR. FEZZIWIG.
MRS. FEZZIWIG.
DICK.
EBENEZER.
SCHOOLBOYS.

### SCENE I

TIME: *one hour later.*

PLACE: *sitting room in Scrooge's lodgings.*

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[*The room is poorly furnished—a table, an old sofa, two chairs. A very low fire burns in fireplace. Enter* SCROOGE *in hat and great coat. He lights a candle; locks door into hall; removes*



*hat, coat, and shoes; puts on dressing-gown, slippers, and night-cap; sits by fire. Pause. A bell hanging in room begins to ring softly, then louder and louder. Scrooge is astonished.*]

SCROOGE. What is this? Why should that bell ring? The wires are broken—no one could ring it from without—there's no draft here to cause it.

(*The bell rings for a minute; it ceases. A clanking noise is heard below.*)

That's a curious noise! It sounds as if some one were dragging chains over the cellar floor. Now it is coming upstairs—it is coming straight toward my door! No! It's all imagination. There is no noise; and besides, my door is locked.

(*The door is thrown open. Enter* MARLEY'S GHOST, *looking exactly like Marley and dressed in Marley's usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. It drags a long chain made of keys, ledgers, deeds, etc., all made of steel. Scrooge looks at Ghost sternly; speaks coldly.*)

How now! What do you want of me?

GHOST. Much!

SCROOGE. Who are you?

GHOST. Ask me who I *was*.

SCROOGE. Who *were* you, then? You're particular for a shade.

GHOST. In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE. Can you—can you sit down?

GHOST. I can.

SCROOGE. Do it, then.

[*Ghost sits by fireplace.*]

GHOST. You don't believe in me?

SCROOGE. I don't.

GHOST. Why do you doubt your senses?

SCROOGE. Because a little thing affects them. Do you see this toothpick?

GHOST. I do.

SCROOGE. You are not looking at it.

GHOST. I see it, nevertheless.

SCROOGE. I have but to swallow this, and be persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you, humbug!

(*The Ghost shakes its chains and groans. Scrooge is frightened; trembles.*)

Mercy, spirit! mercy!

GHOST. Do you believe in me or not?

SCROOGE. I do, I must. But why do spirits



walk the earth?

GHOST. It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide. If that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death.

SCROOGE (*thoughtfully*). You didn't go about much, Jacob.

GHOST (*not heeding*). It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share.

[*Groans and shakes its chains.*]

SCROOGE (*trembling*). You are fettered. Tell me why.

GHOST. I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard. I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Mark you what it is made of!

SCROOGE. Cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and great purses wrought in steel. It is heavy for you, Jacob.

GHOST. Your chain will be heavier still, you have laboured on it seven years longer.

SCROOGE. My chain?

"IN LIFE I WAS YOUR PARTNER, JACOB MARLEY."



GHOST. Aye, your chain! And made, like this, of cash-boxes, padlocks, deeds.

SCROOGE. Will I bear it about forever?

GHOST. I cannot tell you what I would. But look upon me and take heed. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere.

SCROOGE. Strange! In life you were never restless.

GHOST. No—in life my spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole.

SCROOGE. You didn't have time. You were a good business man, Jacob.

GHOST. Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. Hear me, my time is nearly gone.

SCROOGE. I will, but don't be flowery, Jacob!

GHOST. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the ocean of my business. And now no rest, no peace—incessant tortures of remorse. And that will be your fate, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE. Is there no way of escape! Speak,

Jacob! Comfort me!

GHOST. Yes, you have a chance—a chance of my procuring.

SCROOGE. What is it, Jacob? Speak! Tell me!

GHOST. You will be haunted by three Spirits.

SCROOGE. I—I think I'd rather not!

GHOST. Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first when I am gone.

SCROOGE. Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?

GHOST. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us! Farewell, Ebenezer Scrooge, farewell!

[*Ghost walks backward toward window, which now opens of itself. The Ghost floats out. Scrooge closes window, locks door, returns to fireplace.*]

SCROOGE. Humbug! All a dream! (*Pause.*) Well, now, was it a dream?

(*Bright light streams into room. Enter the first* SPIRIT. *Its face is like a child's; its hair is white with age. It wears a tunic of white trimmed with roses. It carries a bunch of green holly in its hand.*)



Who are you?

SPIRIT. I am the ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE. Long past?

SPIRIT. Your past. Your welfare brings me here. Rise and walk with me!

SCROOGE. It is bleak without—I am but lightly clad—I have a wretched cold—

SPIRIT. It is your reclamation. Take heed!

SCROOGE. Oh, I will go—of course—of course!

SPIRIT. Come!

[*Takes Scrooge's hand and crosses toward window, which again opens of itself.*

SCROOGE. Spirit—stop! I am but mortal—I will fall!

SPIRIT (*laying its hand on Scrooge's heart*). Bear but a touch of my hand on your heart, and you shall be upheld in more than this. Come!

## SCENE II

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *a country road, near a village.*

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[*A clear, cold winter day. The fields are covered with snow. Enter* FIRST SPIRIT *and* SCROOGE.]

SCROOGE (*looking about*). What! Here—here in this place! Why, I was a boy here!

SPIRIT. Remember, then, your boyhood days.

SCROOGE. I do—I do! I seem to remember everything—the hopes, the joys, the cares.

SPIRIT. Your lip is trembling. What is that on your cheek?

SCROOGE (*brushing away a tear*). Nothing—nothing—

(*Shouting is heard in the distance.*)

Here come the very boys I knew—the boys I went to school with!

SPIRIT. These are but shadows of the things that have been. They have no consciousness of us.

[*Enter several* SCHOOLBOYS, *laughing and shouting. They pelt one another with snowballs and finally separate, some going this way, some that, calling after one another.*]

FIRST BOY. Merry Christmas!

SECOND BOY. Merry Christmas!

THIRD BOY. A Happy New Year!

[*They disappear.*]

SCROOGE (*delighted*). That is just the way we used to do! Hear them! They are calling to



each other across the fields! "Merry Christmas! —Merry Christmas!" they are saying!

SPIRIT. Out upon "Merry Christmas"! What good has it ever done them? Have they ever made a penny by it?

SCROOGE. I understand your rebuke, Spirit.

(*He wipes his eyes with his cuffs.*)

I wish—but it's too late now.

SPIRIT. What is the matter?

SCROOGE. Nothing—nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something —that's all.

SPIRIT. Ah! Let us see another Christmas!

[*The Spirit waves its hand, and the scene disappears into the darkness of the night.*]

## SCENE III

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *interior of a large warehouse.*

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[*An old gentleman, wearing a wig, sits behind a high desk. Two clerks, both young, are at desks near by. Enter the* SPIRIT *and* SCROOGE.]

SPIRIT. Do you know this place?

SCROOGE. Know it! I was apprenticed here!

Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart—it's Fezziwig! And there is Dick Wilkins at that desk to the right! And—and there is myself at the other! How strange!

SPIRIT. No, I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE. I was very fond of Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear! Look at old Fezziwig! See him look at the clock and throw down his pen! And it's before the hour of closing!

FEZZIWIG. Yo, ho, my boys! No more work tonignt! Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer!

(*All leave desks. The Apprentices take up their hats and comforters.*)

No, no, my boys! Put down your hats and comforters! You are to dine with us tonight.

(*Enter* MRS. FEZZIWIG, *one vast substantial smile.*)

Mrs. Fezziwig comes now to invite you.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. And will the young gentlemen honor our table with their presence tonight? No refusals now—'t is Christmas Eve, remember.

DICK. You are very kind to us, Madam.



EBENEZER. Indeed, you are very, very kind!

SCROOGE (*poking Spirit*). Just what I said, exactly.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Come, then, my friends.

FEZZIWIG. To table now—to table!

DICK. You are always so kind, dear Mr. Fezziwig!

EBENEZER. Dear Mr. Fezziwig, you are so, so kind.

[*They go, laughing and talking.*]

SCROOGE. Marvelous! I said those very words, I did. But, really, there never was such a man as Mr. Fezziwig. Who else would invite 'prentices to dine on Christmas Eve? No one! I repeat it —no one!

SPIRIT. A small matter to make you so full of gratitude.

SCROOGE. Small!

SPIRIT. Is it not? It cost him little to dine you.

SCROOGE (*warmly*). It isn't that! He has the power to render us happy or unhappy—to make our service light or heavy, a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks—what then? The happiness he gives is

quite as great as if it cost a fortune. I wish—

[*He pauses.*]

SPIRIT. What is it?

SCROOGE. Nothing particular.

SPIRIT. Something, I think?

SCROOGE. Well—I wish I could say a word or two to my clerk just now.

SPIRIT. Ah! Come now, I must conduct you hence. My service to you is completed. Come—come—

[*The Spirit takes Scrooge's hand. They go.*]

## ACT III

EBENEZER SCROOGE.

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME.
BOB CRATCHIT.
MRS. CRATCHIT, HIS WIFE.
BELINDA CRATCHIT.
PETER CRATCHIT.
MARTHA CRATCHIT.
SECOND YOUNG CRATCHIT.
TINY TIM.
SCROOGE'S NEPHEW.
NEPHEW'S WIFE.
TOPPER.
PLUMP SISTER.
THIN SISTER.
A FRIEND.
SECOND FRIEND.



FIRST YOUNG CRATCHIT. THIRD FRIEND.
TWO CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

### SCENE I

TIME: *a few minutes later.*
PLACE: *hall of Scrooge's lodgings.*

[*A door at the back, opening on the hall, is closed. Enter* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST *and* SCROOGE.]

SCROOGE. Why—my own hall again! And there is the door to my sitting-room!

SPIRIT. Another Spirit waits for you within. Go—enter. I leave you now. Farewell, farewell—I shall not come again.

[*The Spirit disappears. Scrooge hesitates, then knocks timidly at door.*]

VOICE (*within*). Come in! Come in!

[*Scrooge opens the door. The sitting-room is seen transformed. It is hung with Christmas greens; a great fire blazes on the hearth; heaped up to form a throne, are fruits, nuts, cakes, candies. Upon this throne sits the* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT, *a jolly giant wearing a green robe bordered with white fur; on its head*

*is a holly wreath. It waves a glowing torch upon* SCROOGE, *who enters timidly.*]

SPIRIT. Come in and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me!

SCROOGE (*humbly*). Spirit, you are beautiful! I have never seen anything like you before!

SPIRIT. What! Why, I am the very Spirit of Christmas time! Look at my holly, and ivy, and mistletoe! Look at my fruits, my nuts, and my sweetmeats! Look at my blazing fire upon the hearth! Look at the torch I carry!

SCROOGE. It looks like the horn of plenty. Have you aught within it, Spirit?

SPIRIT. 'T is a miraculous torch and 't is full of good humor, peace, and good will. I sprinkle it freely on all who pass. (*Rising.*) Are you willing to go forth with me?

SCROOGE (*submissively*). Conduct me where you will. If you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it.

SPIRIT. Touch my robe. Come!

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## SCENE II

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *living-room of the Cratchits' home.*

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[MRS. CRATCHIT *and* BELINDA *are setting the table. Both wear cheap dresses, but are brave in ribbons.* PETER, *in a great collar, is watching a saucepan on the hob. He blows the fire frequently. Enter the* SPIRIT *and* SCROOGE.]

SCROOGE (*whispering*). They will see us—hear us talk!

SPIRIT. We are invisible—neither can they hear our words. Wait—I will bless this dwelling.

[*It sprinkles the threshold with its torch.*]

SCROOGE. These people must be very poor. Why do you come here? Do you know them?

SPIRIT. They should be friends of yours. This is the home of Bob Cratchit.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Belinda, my love, is that tablecloth straight?

BELINDA. Dear, dear, I'm afraid not!

[*She rearranges cloth instantly.*]

MRS. CRATCHIT. Are the potatoes cooking, Peter, my dear?

PETER. They are knocking against the lid, mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT. They want to get out and be mashed.

PETER. Ha! ha!

BELINDA. Ha! ha!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Here's the masher. I'll leave it all to you, Peter.

[*Enter the two* YOUNG CRATCHITS, *running and breathless with excitement.*]

FIRST YOUNG CRATCHIT. I smelt our goose at the baker's!

SECOND YOUNG CRATCHIT. And so did I! I smelt it plain!

BELINDA. How did you know it was our goose?

PETER. The baker is baking dozens today.

FIRST YOUNG CRATCHIT. I just know it was our goose.

SECOND YOUNG CRATCHIT. And so do I! Don't you think so, mother?

MRS. CRATCHIT. Of course it was our goose, dears. Now see if your father is coming. He and Tiny Tim are late, and Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour—that's



certain.

BELINDA. Here's Martha, mother!

[*Enter* MARTHA, *a young girl in shawl and bonnet.*]

YOUNG CRACHITS. Here's Martha, mother! There's *such* a goose, Martha!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

[*She kisses Martha and removes her wraps.*]

MARTHA. We had a lot of work to finish up last night, and we had to clear away this morning.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Never mind so long as you are come. Sit by the fire, my dear, and have a warm.

FIRST YOUNG CRATCHIT. There's father! Hide, Martha!

SECOND YOUNG CRATCHIT. Hide, Martha, hide!

[*Martha hides. Enter* BOB *with* TINY TIM *upon his shoulder. Tim carries a little crutch.*]

BOB. Home from church, mother—safe and sound! Why, where's our Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT. Not coming.

BOB. Not coming!

TINY TIM. Not coming!

BOB. Not coming on Christmas Day?

[*Martha rushes out, laughing. All laugh. Martha hugs Bob; takes Tiny Tim in her arms and carries him to the fireplace.*]

MRS. CRATCHIT (*to Young Cratchits*). Fetch the goose, you two! Be careful, be most careful!

(*Exit Young Cratchits, shouting. Mrs. Cratchit and Bob talk in low voices aside.*)

How did little Tim behave in church?

BOB. As good as gold, and better. He told me coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Well now, isn't that strange!

BOB. He said it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see.

MRS. CRATCHIT (*wiping her eyes*). Well—well—

[*Enter the two* YOUNG CRATCHITS *with the baked goose.*]

YOUNG CRATCHITS. The goose! The goose!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Dear! dear! Isn't it beautiful!



[*She places it proudly upon the table. All cross to look at it.*]

BOB. There never was such a goose!

BELINDA. Did you ever see such a fat goose?

PETER. Did you ever see such a large goose?

MARTHA. I know it's going to be tender.

TINY TIM. Doesn't it smell beautiful?

MRS. CRATCHIT. Bring your potatoes, Peter. Belinda, sweeten the apple sauce. Put up the chairs, Young Cratchits. Martha, you pour the water.

[*Bustle and confusion. At last, glasses are filled; all sit down. Bob rises and lifts his glass.*]

BOB. A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!

TINY TIM. God bless us, every one!

[*All drink to the toast. Bob lifts his glass again.*]

BOB. Here's to the health of Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT. The Founder of the Feast, indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon. I'd tell him to his face that he makes you work much too hard, Mr. Cratchit, and pays you far too little.

BOB. My dear—the children—Christmas Day.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Well, he is a stingy, hard, unfeeling man. You know he is—nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow.

BOB. My dear—Christmas Day—

MRS. CRATCHIT. I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's, not for his.

(*Holds up her glass.*)

Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

[*All drink, but without heart or interest. The dinner is served, and the Cratchits eat.*]

SCROOGE. It is plain that I am the Ogre here, even to Tiny Tim there.

SPIRIT. Do you deserve anything better?

SCROOGE. No, not even that my name be mentioned. I wish I could do something for Tiny Tim—he is so delicate. Tell me, Spirit, if he will live.

SPIRIT. What difference does it make? If he be like to die, he had better do it and decrease the surplus population.

SCROOGE. I regret I ever spoke such words—I regret them deeply, Spirit.

SPIRIT. Is it for you to say what the surplus



is and where it is? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than this poor man's child.

(*Scrooge hangs his head, overcome with penitence and grief. Pause.*)

Come, another scene awaits you.

[*The scene fades into darkness.*]

## SCENE III

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *home of Scrooge's Nephew; the cheerful living room.*

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[*Scrooge's* NEPHEW, *the Nephew's* WIFE, *the Wife's two* SISTERS, TOPPER, *and several* FRIENDS *are gathered around the fireplace. Enter the* SPIRIT of CHRISTMAS PRESENT *with* SCROOGE.]

NEPHEW. Ha, ha, ha! He said Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it, too!

WIFE. More shame for him!

TOPPER. They say he is very rich.

NEPHEW. His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't even make himself comfortable.

WIFE. I have no patience with him!

PLUMP SISTER. No, nor I!

THIN SISTER. Nor I!

NEPHEW. Oh, I have! I am sorry for him. I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. I mean to wish him a Merry Christmas every year, whether he likes it or not. And now, my friends, I propose a game. What do you say to *Yes* and *No?*

OTHERS. Splendid! Fine!

NEPHEW. I'll begin. Now then—I am thinking of something. What is it? Remember that I can only answer Yes or No.

WIFE. Is it a bird?

NEPHEW. No.

PLUMP SISTER. Is it a fish?

NEPHEW. No.

THIN SISTER. Is it an animal?

NEPHEW. Yes.

TOPPER. Is it a live animal?

NEPHEW. Yes.

A FRIEND. Will it fetch or carry?

NEPHEW. No.

SECOND FRIEND. Is it a pet?

NEPHEW. Pet? Ha, ha! No one would dare to touch it! No one would care to touch it!

WIFE. Does it live in London?



NEPHEW. Yes.

THIRD FRIEND. Is it in a menagerie?

NEPHEW. No.

PLUMP SISTER. Is it led about the street ?

NEPHEW. No.

TOPPER. Is it ever killed for market?

NEPHEW. No. Ha, ha!

THIN SISTER. Is it a horse?

NEPHEW. No.

FIRST FRIEND. Is it a tiger?

NEPHEW. No.

SECOND FRIEND. Is it a bear?

NEPHEW. No.

THIRD FRIEND. Is it a pig?

NEPHEW. It is both a bear and a pig. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Can't you guess it? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WIFE. I know what it is! I know what it is!

OTHERS. What? What?

WIFE. It is your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!

NEPHEW (*nodding*). Uncle Scrooge.

OTHERS. Ha, ha, ha!

NEPHEW. Well, here's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!

SPIRIT. Come. My time on earth is almost done. Come, come.

[*Darkness hides the scene.*]

## SCENE IV

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *a miserable room in a hovel.*

---

[*Two starving* CHILDREN *are crouching over a single coal in grate. They are yellow, ragged, scowling, wolfish.*]

SPIRIT. To these I shall become visible.

[*He holds his torch aloft. The Children run to him and cling to his robe.*]

SCROOGE. They are starving!

SPIRIT. There are many such.

SCROOGE. Can nothing be done for them?

SPIRIT. There are prisons and the workhouse.

SCROOGE. I repent those cruel words! Remove me, Spirit! I would aid these poor children here at once. Come, let us hence! Let us hence!

SPIRIT. Nay, you must go with the Spirit that comes. My task is done—farewell.

[*It disappears with the Children. Enter slowly the* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME. *It is tall, stately—draped and hooded in black.*



*It comes to Scrooge, but does not speak. Pause.*]

SCROOGE. Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?

(*The Spirit points onward.*)

You will show me shadows of the things that will happen in the time to come, will you not?

(*The Spirit inclines its head; points onward.*)

Lead on, Spirit—lead on! I will follow.

[*The Spirit goes. Scrooge follows.*]

## ACT IV

EBENEZER SCROOGE.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME.
FIRST MERCHANT.
SECOND MERCHANT.
THIRD MERCHANT.
FOURTH MERCHANT.
FIFTH MERCHANT.
OTHER MERCHANTS.

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *business part of London; the Merchants' Exchange.*

---

[*Merchants are seen talking in groups.* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME *enters with* SCROOGE *and leads him to one of the groups.*]

FIRST MERCHANT. I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead.

SECOND MERCHANT. When did he die?

FIRST MERCHANT. Last night, I believe.

THIRD MERCHANT. What was the matter with him?

FIRST MERCHANT (*yawning*). I didn't ask.

THIRD MERCHANT. It's likely to be a queer funeral. I don't know of anybody to go to it.

FOURTH MERCHANT. Nor I. He has no friends here on 'Change.

FIFTH MERCHANT. He made friends with no one. He was solitary as an oyster.

FIRST MERCHANT. I shan't miss him in the least.

SECOND MERCHANT. No, nor I!

THIRD MERCHANT. Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone—old Scrooge!

SCROOGE. Scrooge! Are they talking about me, Spirit?

FIFTH MERCHANT. Well, I must go. Cold, isn't it?

OTHERS. Yes—yes—

[*They separate and stroll away.*]

SCROOGE. Spirit, hear me! Why do you show me this if I am past all hope? Spirit, I am not the man I was. I will honor Christmas in



my heart. I will try to keep it all the year. Tell me it is not too late! Speak to me, Spirit —I pray you!

(*Spirit begins to glide away.*)

Spirit, stay! Tell me it is not too late! Spirit, tell me—tell me!

(*Spirit disappears. Scrooge sobs.*)

It is too late—too late—too late—

## ACT V

| | |
|---|---|
| EBENEZER SCROOGE. | A LITTLE GIRL. |
| A BOY. | A PORTLY GENTLEMAN. |
| A YOUNG LADY. | A BEGGAR. |
| A YOUNG GENTLEMAN. | SCROOGE'S NEPHEW. |
| AN OLD LADY. | BOB CRATCHIT. |

### SCENE I

TIME: *the next morning.*

PLACE: *Scrooge's sitting-room.*

[*Scrooge sits sleeping by the hearth; the fire is now out.*]

SCROOGE (*in sleep*). Spirit — Spirit — stay! Not too late—tell me—not too late—

(*The church bells ring merrily. Scrooge wakes, rises, looks about; is astonished.*)

What! What! My own room—my chair—my table—my rug! They are here—I am here! There's the door by which Marley entered! There's the window where the Spirits went forth! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened! Ha, ha, ha! Why—I feel so different—I am as light as a feather—I am as happy as an angel—I am as merry as a schoolboy!

(*Laughs again heartily.*)

I don't know what day it is! I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind, I don't care—I'd rather be a baby. Whoop! Whoop! Hurrah!

(*Runs to window and opens it.*)

Glorious day—golden sunlight—heavenly sky—sweet, fresh air—oh, glorious, glorious!

(*Leans out window and calls.*)

What's today, my lad?

BOY (*without*). Eh?

SCROOGE. What's today, my fine fellow?

BOY. Why, Christmas Day!

SCROOGE. Here's a shilling for you, my lad!

[*Throws money out.*]

BOY. Thank you, sir! Merry Christmas!



SCROOGE. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Will you come in, my lad? I'd like to speak with you.

BOY. Coming!

[*Scrooge goes to door, unlocks and opens it. Church bells ring out merrily. Scrooge listens with delight.*]

SCROOGE. Glorious—glorious! Wonderful bells! It's Christmas Day for a certainty. I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like—of course they can.

(*Enter* BOY—*a little chap in his Sunday clothes.*)

Ah, my lad, now do you know the Poulterer's in the next street?

BOY. I should hope I did.

SCROOGE. You intelligent boy! Now do you know whether they have sold the prize turkey? Not the little prize turkey—the big one?

BOY. The one as big as me?

SCROOGE. Yes, my lad. What a delightful boy you are! It's a pleasure to know you.

BOY. It's hanging there now.

SCROOGE. Go and buy it. Tell 'em to send

it to Mr. Bob Cratchit, Camden Town. Do you hear that? Mr. Bob Cratchit—Camden.

BOY. Yes, sir—I'll tell 'em.

SCROOGE. It's a surprise—no names to be mentioned.

BOY. You're a jolly one, sir!

SCROOGE (*chuckling*). Am I, now? Do you think so? You're a wonderful boy. And here's the money for the turkey. And here's half-a-crown for yourself, my lad.

BOY. Thank you, sir. I'm off!

[*Exit, running.*]

SCROOGE. And now to dress myself in my best! I'll go to church this glorious day! I'll dine with my nephew after! Oh, Jacob Marley, Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! You have saved me, Jacob—you have saved me!

## SCENE II

TIME: *three hours later.*

PLACE: *street in front of a church.*

---

[*Scrooge in his "best," comes from the church with the other worshipers. He smiles on everyone.*]



A YOUNG LADY. Merry Christmas, sir!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! (*Aside.*) Nice girl—very!

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN. Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! (*Aside.*) Fine young man!

AN OLD LADY. Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! (*Aside.*) Splendid old lady—splendid!

A LITTLE GIRL. Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas, my dear! (*Aside.*) What a beautiful child!

(*Enter* PORTLY GENTLEMAN.)

My dear sir, how do you do? (*Shaking the Portly Gentleman by the hand.*) I hope you succeeded yesterday. Will you have the goodness to put me down for—

[*Whispers to Portly Gentleman, who shows astonishment.*]

GENTLEMAN. My dear Mr. Scrooge! Are you serious?

SCROOGE. Not a farthing less! A great many back payments are included, I assure you.

GENTLEMAN. My dear sir, I don't know what to say to such munificence.

SCROOGE. Don't say anything, please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?

GENTLEMAN. I will!

(*He shakes Scrooge's hand heartily.*)

Bless you, sir! Bless you!

[*Exit Portly Gentleman. A* BEGGAR *passes. Scrooge hastens after him.*]

SCROOGE. Why didn't you ask me for alms as you passed?

BEGGAR. Ask you? Why—you're old Scrooge!

SCROOGE. I'm new Scrooge, my man—new Scrooge! Here (*giving money*)—and a Merry Christmas to you!

[*Exit Scrooge. Beggar looks after him, shaking his head.*]

BEGGAR. He's off a bit in his head—old Scrooge.

## SCENE III

TIME: *the following morning.*

PLACE: *Scrooge's office.*

---

[SCROOGE *enters from street; removes hat and overcoat; mends fire, heaping on all the coal in scuttle. Enter his* NEPHEW.]

NEPHEW. Good morning, uncle!



SCROOGE. Why, good morning, my boy! Good morning!

NEPHEW. I thought I'd just look in on my way to work and see how you felt this morning.

SCROOGE. Never better, never! That was a glorious Christmas dinner, my boy. And then the games afterwards—ha, ha! Wonderful—wonderful!

NEPHEW. I am so glad you enjoyed them.

SCROOGE. Your wife is very charming, Nephew. Her sisters are charming, too. And what a fine fellow Topper is! Wonderful party, Nephew, wonderful party!

NEPHEW. We want you to come often, Uncle —as often as you would like.

SCROOGE. Thank'ee, my boy, thank'ee.

NEPHEW (*looking at clock*). Time for me to be on my way. By-by, Uncle!

SCROOGE. By-by!

(*Exit Nephew. Scrooge looks at clock.*)

Ha, ha! A full quarter after nine! Bob Cratchit is late—a full quarter of an hour, too. Ha, ha! This is the very thing I wanted.

(*He chuckles; goes to desk; works; chuckles again.*)

The very thing I wanted!

(*Enter* BOB, *hurriedly; glances at clock; throws off hat and comforter and is at work in an instant. Scrooge growls at him.*)

What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

BOB. I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind my time.

SCROOGE. You are? Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please.

BOB (*crossing*). It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

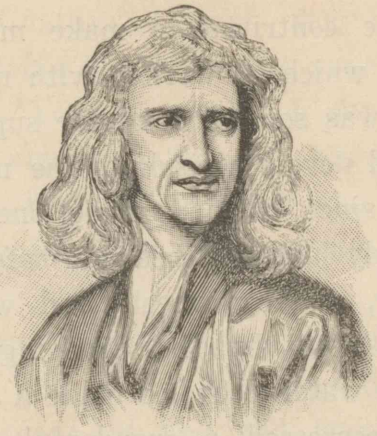
SCROOGE. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer, sir. And therefore—I am about to raise your salary!

BOB (*trembling*). What, sir?

SCROOGE (*clapping him on the back*). A Merry Christmas! I'll raise your salary, I tell you! And I mean to do all I can for Tiny Tim —I've taken a great fancy to him. Now make up the fire, Bob, and buy a larger coal-scuttle before you dot another *i*, Bob Cratchit!



## NEWTON



ISAAC NEWTON

On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born in the small village of Woosthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, he was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school. In his early years Isaac was remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various

sizes manufactured by himself. With the aid of these he contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with much skill.

There was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. Besides the water-clock, he made a sundial.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

My story would be too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made



after he became a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light; for, before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses.

Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his room, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed Newton opened the chamber door and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any

other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

"O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards his little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, was made a member of Parliament, and receieved the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learn d only made him feel how little he knew in comparison with what remained to be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the seashore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."



In 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died.

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## THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS

Neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depend upon the manner in which these small events are dealt with.

Character is built up on little things — little things well and honorably transacted. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged and duly provided for.

Accumulation of knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind are the result of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up. Those who learn nothing or accumulate nothing in life are set down as failures — because they have neglected little things. They may themselves consider that the world

has gone against them; but, in fact, they have been their own enemies.

There has long been a popular belief in "good luck"; but, like many other popular notions, it is gradually giving way. The idea is spreading that diligence is the mother of good luck; in other words, that a man's success in life will be in proportion to his efforts, to his industry, to his attention to small things. Your negligent, shiftless, loose fellows never meet with luck, because the results of industry are denied to those who will not use the proper efforts to secure them.

It is not luck, but labor, that makes men. Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; Labor, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; Labor turns out at six, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a fortune. Luck whines; Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; Labor on character. Luck slips downward to self-indulgence; Labor strides upward and aspires to independence.

A pin is a very little thing in an article



of dress, but the way in which it is put into the dress often reveals to you the character of the wearer. A shrewd fellow was once looking for a wife, and was on a visit to a family of daughters with this object. The fair one, of whom he was somewhat enamored, one day entered the room in which he was seated, with her dress partially unpinned and her hair untidy; he never went back. You may say such a fellow was "not worth a pin"; but he was really a shrewd fellow, and afterward made a good husband. He judged of women as of men — by little things; and he was right.

Neglect of the little things has ruined many fortunes and marred the best of enterprises. The ship which bore home the merchant's treasure was lost, because it was allowed to leave the port from which it sailed with a very little hole in the bottom. For want of a nail, the shoe of the aid-de-camp's horse was lost; for want of the shoe, the horse was lost; for want of the horse, the aid-de-camp himself was lost, for the enemy took him and killed him; and for want of the aid-de-camp's intelligence, the army of his general was lost; and all be-

cause a little nail had not been properly fixed in a horse's shoe.

"It will do!" is the common phrase of those who neglect little things. "It will do!" has blighted many a character, blasted many a fortune, sunk many a ship, burned down many a house, and ruined thousands of hopeful projects of human good. It always means stopping short of the right thing. It is a makeshift. It is failure and defeat. Not what "will do," but what is the best possible thing to do, is the point to be aimed at. Let a man once adopt the maxim of "it will do," and he is given over to the enemy—he is on the side of incompetency and defeat—and we give him up as a hopeless case.

Say, the French political economist, has given the following illustration of the neglect of little things:—

"Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate, inclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two and a few minutes' time would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a



person went out, and as it was not in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

"One day a fine porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook, and milkmaid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, got a sprain that kept him to his bed for a fortnight. The cook, on her return to the farmhouse, found the linen burned that she had hung up before the fire to dry, and the milkmaid having forgotten in her haste to tie the cattle in the cow house, one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt that happened to be kept in the same shed.

"The linen burned and the gardener's work lost were worth full five pounds, and the colt worth nearly double that money, so that here was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few half pence."

Life is full of illustrations of a similar kind. When small things are habitually neglected, ruin is not far off. It is the hand of the

diligent that maketh rich, and the diligent man or woman is attentive to small things as well as great. The things may appear very little and insignificant, yet attention to them is as necessary as to matters of greater moment.

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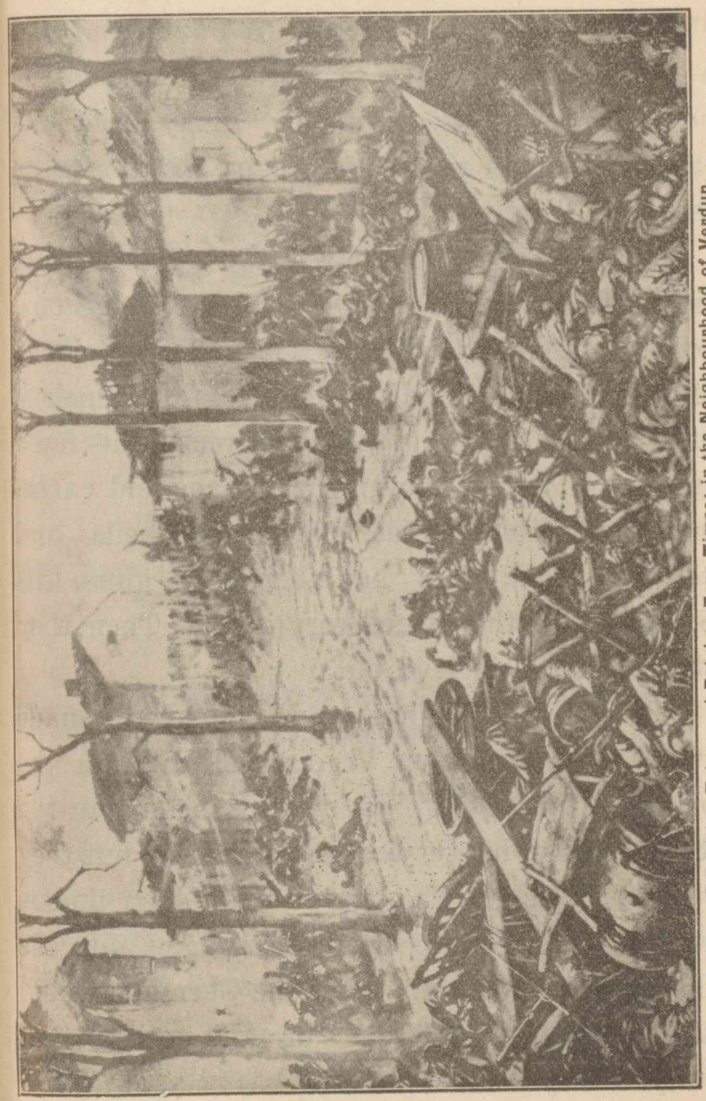
## VERDUN: "THEY SHALL NOT PASS"

When the Germans were turned back at the Battle of the Marne, they were not driven across the Rhine, but still held a great part of France, with some of her most important and prosperous cities. They made a great chain of trenches and forts, and lookout posts, with underground passages and dug-outs, which was known as the Hindenburg Line, after the German Marshal who had beaten the Russians. This line was behind their armies, and sometimes they were obliged to fall back, but they could not be driven beyond there.

They were constantly trying to push forward one way or another to force France to her knees, or to threaten England so hard that we should give up fighting.





A Position Taken and Retaken Four Times: in the Neighbourhood of Verdun.

When they could not get to Paris and had to retreat, they turned north, and pushed for the Channel Ports. But our Army held the way at Ypres, where for many months there was hard fighting.

The Crown Prince, with a great army, laid siege to Verdun, one of the strongest of the frontier forts. The French had prepared for a siege. They had made lines of trenches, some of them deep in the solid rock, and fixed many guns hidden cleverly by foliage and earth. They had made great stores of shells and munitions, and they had their long guns, the 75,s, of which they were very proud. Then they set their faces to hold out.

The Crown Prince and his army made attack after attack on Verdun all through the spring. Their heavy guns fired shells into the city till not a house was left standing, but they could not reach the garrison hidden underground. There were deadly struggles for the hills around, and sometimes the Germans would gain a footing on one or the other, but always they were driven back again with great losses. The French soldiers swore,



"They shall not have Verdun," and General Pétain encouraged his men.

They thought, "If Verdun falls, all is over with France," and the sons of France shed their blood freely to keep the city, while the whole world looked on and wondered.

For months this great struggle lasted. And then, after attacking again and again in vain, and losing thousands of his men, the Crown Prince gave up trying to capture the city.

It was a heap of ruins, but still the French flag flew there.

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## CAPTAIN SCOTT AND THE HEROES OF THE SOUTH POLE

### I. GETTING READY

In 1901 the hero of this story, Captain Robert F. Scott, of the British navy, led an expedition over a wide rough field of ice called the Great Barrier and pushed southward so far that he felt sure he could reach the Pole if he had another chance. So he went back to England and began to prepare for an expedi-

tion that should not fail. Eight years he spent in getting ready, and at last in 1910, a year after the North Pole had been discovered, he started south again with the largest and most complete outfit that had ever been carried by a polar party. He realized that the most important part of the outfit was the men themselves, and he chose a company of heroes that the world to-day is proud to honor.

He planned to start for the South in November, at the opening of the southern spring—for the seasons, you will remember, on the southern half of the earth are just the opposite of ours, and January is midsummer. He was to build there, during the first summer, a large hut or camp to protect the men through the next winter. He was to explore the coast of the Antarctic continent, to cross the Great Barrier, which he had crossed in 1901, and to build camps or stations at different points along the route, filling them with provisions so that when the party made their final dash for the Pole the next season, they could travel more quickly and carry lighter loads.

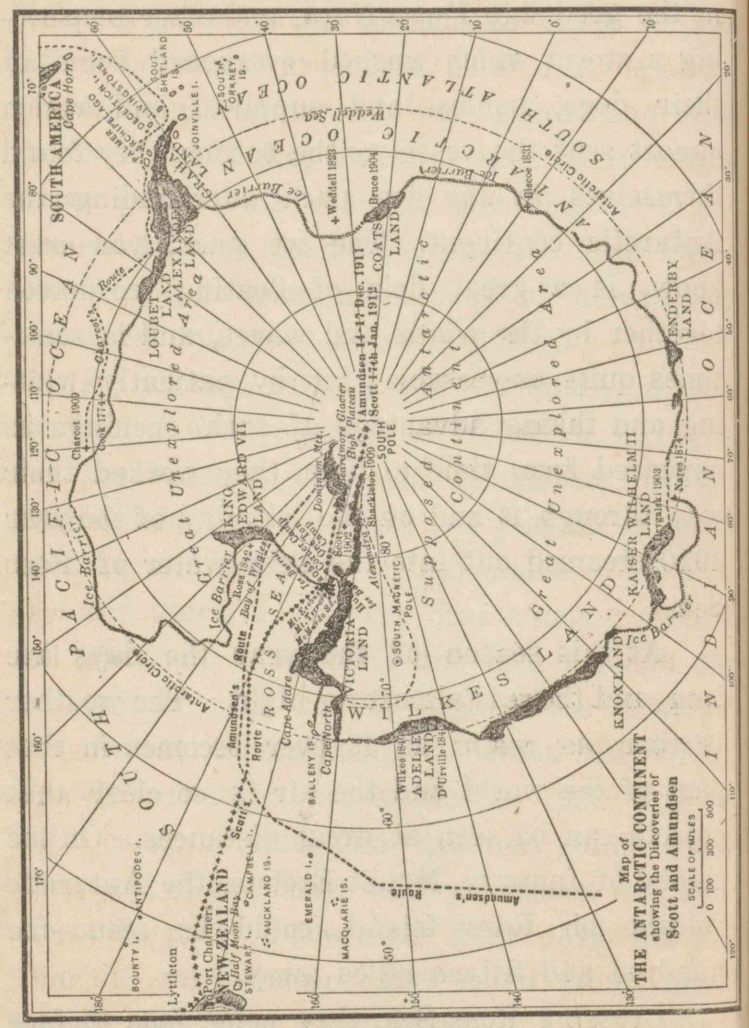
His plans for the first season were carried



out. The expedition sailed from New Zealand in the good ship *Terra Nova*, and after weathering a storm which washed overboard some of their dogs, ponies, and supplies, and which almost sent the vessel to the bottom, they found themselves in the ice pack surrounding the Antarctic continent. The ice pack, you must know, is a great field of floating ice driven together by the winds and waves, and is sometimes quite impassable; but by patiently waiting and taking advantage of such openings as appeared from time to time, they worked their way through it and on the last day of the year 1910 steamed out into the clear water of Ross Sea.

At this season of the year the days are long, and there is almost no night. The weather is then as warm as it ever becomes in that part of the world and the air is so clear that objects can be seen at great distances. On the second of January, Mount Erebus, the Antarctic volcano on Ross Island, could be seen one hundred and fifteen miles away.

Crossing Ross Sea, they came face to face with the Great Barrier, a wall of solid ice






which incloses part of the Antarctic continent and slopes away on the inside to an ice plain some eight hundred miles in width. Part of this ice plain is over the sea, but is so deeply frozen that it never breaks up.

At last the party found a landing place. After tramping over a mile of ice they came upon the solid rock of the coast and built their hut or winter quarters. Then they unloaded the ship on the edge of the ice and carried the supplies across on sledges.

The sound was full of killer whales; and while this work was going on, the whales swam under the ice, bumping against it from below and breaking out large sections. It was an anxious time for Scott and his men, but happily no lives were lost.

I will not tell you much about the work of that first season. It was mainly getting ready. They built camps and stored provisions at different points upon the Barrier, along the route which they were to take the following year — Hut Point, at the southern end of Ross Island; Safety Camp, a little farther on; Corner Camp, where the line of march turned; and most im-

portant of all One Ton Camp, where they stored a ton of provisions, oil, fuel, and other necessaries, making a safe base of supplies for their next year's journey.

Traveling upon the Barrier was very hard. Part of the surface was covered with deep, soft snow which sometimes almost buried men and animals, and which concealed the great cracks or crevasses in the ice below. I will tell you but one incident of this first year's sledging to show how a true man acts when a creature that is dependent upon him is in need.

The summer season was drawing to a close, and winter was almost upon them. Scott and his men were making such haste as they could to get back to winter quarters and were gliding along in the half-twilight when suddenly two of the middle dogs of Scott's team disappeared, then another pair, then two more. In less time than it takes to tell it, twelve of the thirteen dogs which drew his sledge dropped out of sight, and the leader, Osman, a large, strong animal, was seen struggling desperately to keep his foothold on the ice beyond. They had fallen into a crevasse.



Looking down, Scott could dimly see them hanging in their harness, while two that had dropped out were clinging to an ice bridge far below. In an instant he threw a bundle of tent poles across the crevasse, leaped it, fastened a rope to the harness which was strangling Osman, and tied it firmly to the poles. He then cut Osman loose, just in time to save him. The dogs that were still hanging in the harness were now supported by the tent poles, and through the united efforts of the entire party were soon pulled up. Then Scott in the half-darkness was lowered by a rope sixty-five feet into the crevasse, where the two remaining dogs were still upon the ice bridge. The dogs were drawn up one after another, and last of all, the captain himself.

When the Scott party reached Safety Camp on their return, they found a note from one of the parties whom they had left to explore the coast and mountains. This told them that the Norwegian explorer Amundsen had been seen in the Bay of Whales at a point much nearer the Pole than the Scott party, and that he, with a large force of men and dogs, was planning

to start as soon as winter was over, on the same quest.

If Scott had been a jealous man he would perhaps have taken chances and started sooner, for it would be disappointing after all these preparations to have another reach the goal before him. But as he thought of it, it seemed to him that the important thing after all, was to get there and take the observations, and he would not risk the safety of his men or the success of his undertaking by trying to get ahead of another man who was working for the same end. So he continued his journey back to winter quarters.

The winter was long and cold. The men made themselves as comfortable as possible, taking observations of temperature and winds, and going out on a few short journeys when the weather permitted — which was not often. During an entire week the temperature did not rise higher than sixty degrees below zero and once it fell to seventy-seven degrees below. Meanwhile three of the party went to the other end of the island and studied the habits of a colony of penguins. They were gone five weeks.



In all that time there were but a few hours each day when it was light enough for them to see, and even that was but a dim twilight. They slept in bags under a canvas tent, and one night a blizzard carried away the tent, burying them in snow. But they lived through it and returned to their comrades with valuable records and specimens.

## II. THE DASH FOR THE POLE

The light was now gradually growing stronger and the cold less intense. The Arctic summer was again approaching, and the time was at hand for our heroes to do the thing for which they had been so long preparing. It was not an easy task. First, there was the Barrier to cross, between four hundred and five hundred miles in width at that point; then there was the great Beardmore Glacier to climb — a difficult undertaking even in a temperate climate and an inhabited country, but frightfully difficult there. Then there was a further journey of some three hundred and fifty miles over — no one knew what, for no human being had ever been there. And when all that had been done

and the goal reached, there was the return journey, out of the ice and the cold and the awful loneliness, back to life and safety. From their winter quarters to the Pole and back again was a journey of some eighteen hundred and fifty miles, or nearly the distance from New York to Chicago and return — through unbroken and uncharted wastes of snow and biting cold, with no human help in case of need.

It had been snowing heavily and the journey over the Barrier was slower than had been expected. The two motor sledges broke down, one after the other, and part of the loads had to be left b hind, while the lightened sledges were hauled forward by the men. During the warmer hours of the day the ice and snow often melted, but as the sun dropped toward the horizon or was covered by clouds the temperature fell to fifteen or twenty degrees below zero. This is the Antarctic summer. Yet the men had become so accustomed to greater cold that they did not feel it. At one time they were held back four days by a raging blizzard. When such storms came they could only get under cover of their tents and wait.



As they neared the glacier, the fodder gave out, and they had to kill the ponies. A few days later, to save provisions, the dogs were sent back in charge of one of the men, and the rest of the party pushed on, hauling the sledges up the glacier, over rough ice seamed with crevasses. At one time they tramped through loose snow knee-deep. Again, they went for days over a half-formed crust which was continually breaking through under their weight. They found no animals or birds of any kind which they could kill for food. The only wild life they had seen since leaving the coast was a few gulls on the seaward stretches of the Barrier.

On the twenty-second of December they reached the top of the glacier. Here it was found that the provisions were still falling behind their calculations, and four of the men were sent back, that there might be food enough for the rest. Those who returned would find provisions in the camps along the route.

The crevasses became less frequent as they went on, and the surface harder. Beyond the top of the glacier they found a rough plateau

of ice which led them upward to a height of 10,570 feet above the level of the sea—about four thousand feet higher than Mount Washington, and thirty-five hundred feet lower than Pike's Peak.

On the thirty-first of December, with lightened provisions, they rebuilt the sledges, making them smaller in order to lessen the labor of pulling. But even so, they did not make the hoped-for progress, and a few days later three more men were sent back. They were terribly disappointed, and one even wept, but there was no help for it. They did not know then that the selection meant life to them and death to those who were chosen to go on. If they had known, perhaps it would have made no difference, for they had set their hearts upon reaching the Pole, and death was a thing they did not fear.

The little party who pushed on were Captain Scott, Lieutenant Bowers, Dr. Wilson, Captain Oates, and Edgar Evans—five as brave men as the sun ever shone upon. It will be worth while for you to remember them, for it is good to know such men. Misfortunes soon began to



crowd upon them. The surface of the ice was crossed with great ridges like waves, made by the wind, and the crests of these ridges were hard and sharp and difficult to get over. Farther on, the snow grew loose and sandy and the pulling frightfully hard, while a strong wind blew in their faces nearly all the time. An average of about ten miles a day was made, but the work was very exhausting. On January eighth they were stopped by another blizzard, with drifting snow, and were obliged to wait again. Then the surface grew softer and the plain more flat. Think, if you can, of the monotony of those last stages, as they trudged on with the heavy sledges dragging behind them, and nothing before, as far as the eye could reach, but snow and sky.

On the sixteenth of January they knew by their observations of the sun that they were nearing the Pole, and they began to wonder whether the Norwegian expedition under Amundsen had been before them. Even as they talked of it, Bowers's sharp eyes saw what seemed a black speck ahead. They drew nearer, and the speck gradually took the shape of a flag. At

last it was seen to be tied to the runner of a sledge. Around it were the remains of a camp, with sledge tracks, ski tracks, and the footprints of dogs. That told the story. Amundsen, coming from another direction, had already found the Pole, and their labor was in vain. Yet they pushed on.

On Thursday, the eighteenth of January, they reached, upon a broad, flat plain of snow, a place which their calculations told them was the Pole. And sure enough, not far away stood a tent with the Norwegian flag and the pennant of Amundsen's ship, the *Fram*, flying from the peak. Inside the tent they found a note saying that Amundsen and four companions had been there December sixteenth, 1911, just thirty-three days before. There was also a letter from Amundsen to Scott and another letter to the king of Norway, which Scott was asked to deliver if he got back to Europe first.

Scott took the letters and left a note in the tent saying that he with Wilson, Bowers, Oates, and Edgar Evans, had also been there. Then, as nearly as possible on the spot which they supposed to be the Pole, they raised the Union



Jack. The surface of the snow on all sides was flat except for the wind ridges ; and the temperature on that day was twenty-two degrees below zero.

The Pole was about ninety-five hundred feet above the sea, a thousand feet lower than the country over which they had passed. They took an observation of the sun each of the twenty-four hours of the day and found that it passed in a circle around the heavens, moving neither up nor down. This proved that they were at the Pole. The compass had been pointing to their right all through the journey from Ross Island, showing that the magnetic pole was not the same as the geographical pole. Indeed, while they were pushing southward another party from Ross Island had sought and found the magnetic pole in latitude about 72°.

The thing Scott's party had set out to do had been accomplished. Now their chief concern was to get back to the world of men and to the loved ones who were waiting for them anxiously at home.

The wind was with them as they started back, showing that its direction was reasonably

constant. They rigged a piece of sailcloth to their sledge ; this gave them some help, but the sledge sank into the loose, sandy snow and the men were evidently losing strength. Evans had injured his hand when they rebuilt the sledges, and the wound grew worse. Oates's feet suffered terribly from the cold.

All felt that they were not having enough to eat, yet they did not dare to increase their rations, fearing that they would run short, for they were now many days behind their program. Dr. Wilson strained his leg while pulling the heavy sledge. Captain Scott and Evans fell into a crevasse, and Evans in falling struck his head a hard blow on the ice. They were able to retrace their old sledge tracks without great difficulty, though in some places the snow had drifted over them ; and as they went from camp to camp they picked up the provisions which they had left for their return. Yet they were losing time, they had not strength to make the long stages which they had taken on their outward journey, and the provisions which they found at one camp were barely sufficient to carry them to the next. Scott's journal at this point begins to show



anxiety.

On February seventh they reached the glacier. Here they were sheltered, and the weather grew somewhat warmer—the temperature one day being as high as twelve degrees above zero. In the glacier they saw solid rock once more and collected specimens of stone and fossils.

But Evans was rapidly growing weaker, and one day, though he tried bravely to keep up and not let the others know how ill he was, he fainted, and the secret was out. The fall into the crevasse had given him a fatal hurt. He told them to leave him there and save themselves, but they laughed at such a thought. "While there is life, there is hope!" they said. "Come on and do your best! We will not leave you." So they pulled him on the sledge, adding his weight to the burden that was already too heavy for them to bear, and taking the tenderest care of him. At last, when he could not bear the jolting of the sledge, they camped and stayed with him, lessening their own food supply until they were almost starving. And when he died, they buried him in the snow and held a funeral service, and went on.

Hope began to stir in their hearts again. If they could make nine miles a day, there were enough provisions to carry them to One Ton Camp, and there they should find plenty of everything. Nine miles was not much. They had done more than that on their outward journey. But now they were on short rations, and their strength was failing. Could they do it?

It was early in March. Winter was coming on, and with so little food they could not stand against the cold. One day Scott wrote in his journal, "For the moment the temperature has risen to twenty degrees below zero, an improvement which makes us much more comfortable."

Oates's feet were badly frozen and growing worse. Each night in camp Dr. Wilson worked over them, but could not bring them back to life. At last Oates's hands and arms began to freeze, and one night he said, as Evans had said, "Boys, you must leave me here and save yourselves. I shall never live through this, even if we get to One Ton Camp." And they knew that it was true. But they would not leave him. By turns they helped him on over the



snow, supporting him on either side when he could walk, and at last pulling him upon the sledge, when he could no longer stand.

They were not making their nine miles a day. Sometimes it was only four or five miles. Oates begged them again to leave him, but they shook their heads. Then a great thought came to him. "If they will not leave me," he said to himself, "I will leave them." So he got up and went out into the blinding storm—and was never seen again. And the three who were left, when they understood what he had done, bowed their heads, for they remembered how it is written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." Oates had given his life for theirs.

They tried to find him, but the snow was driving so fiercely that they could scarcely see one another. There was nothing to do now but to hasten on.

During the lulls in the storm they made such progress as they could and at last pitched their tent only eleven miles from One Ton Camp —one day's march, or two at most, from all that would give them life and strength. But

that night the storm increased, and when they arose next morning they knew that they should never go any farther.

Scott spent the strength which remained to him in writing letters to his wife and to the friends of Wilson and Bowers, who were then too weak to write for themselves. He also wrote a message to the world in which he said:

"For my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another, and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past. Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent upon us are properly provided for."

So Scott and his companions finished their journey, and found at last a better country than is anywhere on earth, and they entered it joyously and triumphantly, as heroes always do.



When it became evident that Scott and his party were delayed, a searching party started after them, but the winter was by that time so far advanced that the men were driven back. Next spring they tried again and after six weeks' search found the bodies of three of the heroes in the tent, with their records and specimens and Scott's journal, which tells us all we know of that last terrible journey. The journal told them how Oates met his death, and they went farther, to the place where he had left his comrades, but they could find no trace of him. As near the place as they could guess, they raised a mound of ice and marked it with his name. Over the bodies of the other three they raised another mound, and after a prayer went away leaving them to the great white silence of the ice and snow.

On a hill above the camp on Ross Island, and looking out over the wide lonely Barrier, stands a cross on which is carved the names of the five heroes and a line from Tennyson's "Ulysses," "To seek, to strive, to find, and not to yield."

## YOUR NEWSPAPER TALKS

I am your morning newspaper. My name is the *News;* but it might be the *Times*, the *Sun*, the *World*, the *Express*, or the *Leader*. I was tossed on your front porch early this morning by a bright-faced boy. And you carried me in to the breakfast table so your father could read to you what has happened in the last twenty-four hours.

I told you what had occurred in your own city. I brought you an account of the doings of kings and queens in distant countries; of wars on the otherside of the globe; and of ships far out at sea. My pages showed you the base-ball score of your favorite team, and the kind



of weather you may expect to-morrow when your school goes picnicking. Your mother found in me big advertisements. She will know where to go shopping to-day.

How was I able to bring all this information to you and your family? Sometimes I wonder myself. But like all big things I am really very simple to understand.

In the first place I was a tree—a tall fir tree in a northern forest. Thonsands of my fellows stood straight in the great wood to which I belonged. Lumberjacks came with saws and cut us into logs. We were floated downstream in great rafts, hundreds of us fastened together. At a big mill we were cut into blocks, soaked in a fluid, and then shredded into bits by heavy machinery. We were now pulp.

To this pulp a kind of earth was added. Then we were run between huge rollers, and such a squeezing as we had! When we finally came out on drying screens we were as flat as a pancake but ever so many times smoother and thinner. I was now a part of a great sheet of paper.

Over and over I suddenly turned, dozens

of times; until the entire sheet was made into one roll, weighing hundreds of pounds. Newsprint, we were called. But I was far from being a newspaper. I was only a piece of white paper, rolled up.

In this roll I traveled a long way by train to your city. I was taken to the upper floor of the tall building where the *News* is printed. Yesterday afternoon my roll was put on an elevator and started to go slowly down to the pressroom. It was on this brief journey that I got a glimpse of how a newspaper is made.

We stopped directly opposite a floor. Here many men were busy at their desks. Typewriters were clicking, and pencils and telephones were busy. These men are reporters and news writers for the paper. They were then busy writing the news I now contain. Each man or group has his own job. One takes care of police news; another of social events, such as banquets and weddings; another of sporting news; another receives the news that comes by telegraph, and so on. Over all presides a staff of editors who decide what shall go into each edition of the paper. I caught only a glimpse of all the activity

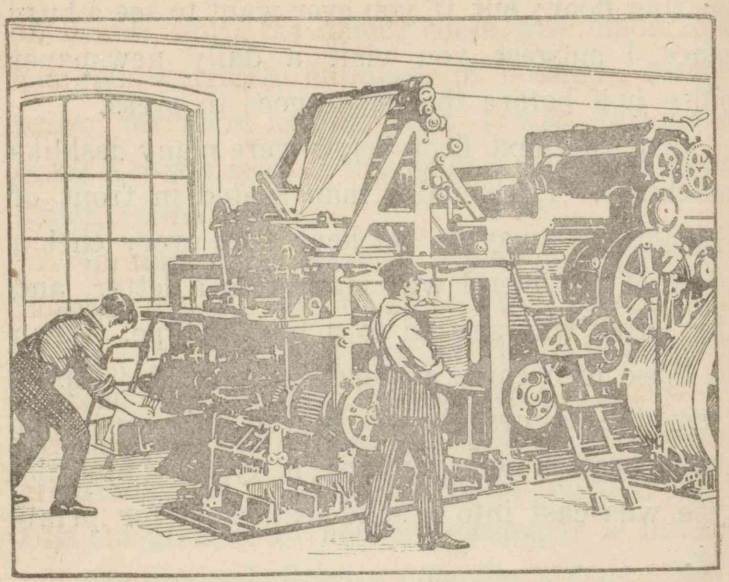


on this floor; but if you ever want to see a busy place, I suggest you visit a daily newspaper office just before the paper goes to press.

On the next floor below were many desklike machines. Each had a man seated in front of it, clicking away on its keys. At every click a piece of hot metal was made into a letter, and the letter was shifted to a line of type. Down to these men came a steady stream of "copy" from the editors' desks. It was this copy that the operators were putting in type. Later the type was cast into a solid lead mold for printing.

At last I came to the first floor where the big printing presses were idly waiting. Pulleys and ropes and chains lifted my roll into one of the presses. Other rolls were brought to the many other presses in the room.

Workmen began fastening the curved sheets of type on the printing rolls. I guessed that I would soon be squeezed again. Other workmen were filling ink feeders. The later it became, the harder the men worked. Then they waited for the last sheet of metal to come. That contained the latest news carried by telegraph



or telephone or brought by speedy reporters. The press was ready.

A man touched a button and my press started. Over and over I went. Suddenly I glided between big rubbery rolls. I came out very much changed. One side of me was printed. But I did not stop. On I went, up and over and down. Back again I shot through the press between other rolls; and I came out this time with my other side printed.

On I went, first one side up, then the other. I was in the folding machine. Snip! and I was



cut from the rest of the sheet. Now this way, now that, and suddenly I dropped out into a receiving box—a real newspaper. Here I was, all printed and folded in less time than it takes you to read twenty lines of my story.

An antomobile truck carried hundreds of us over to a news stand, long before daybreak; and the bright-faced boy did the rest.

I am only a newspaper. To-night I shall be thrown into a pile of other papers in the basement. To-morrow I may be sold to a junk-man but I am having one big day of life. Without me you would not know to-day what other people did yesterday. As you are reading me you come to think as I think. In this way I both serve you and rule you. My one day of life is well spent.

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## TWO GREAT STATIONS

Railway-stations are good places in which to study the life of a city, for, though they are chiefly built to get away from, and though everybody who comes to them is hurrying somewhere else, and usually lives in another place, they

yet have peculiar characteristics belonging to their special environment, ways of meeting particular conditions and fulfilling various demands.

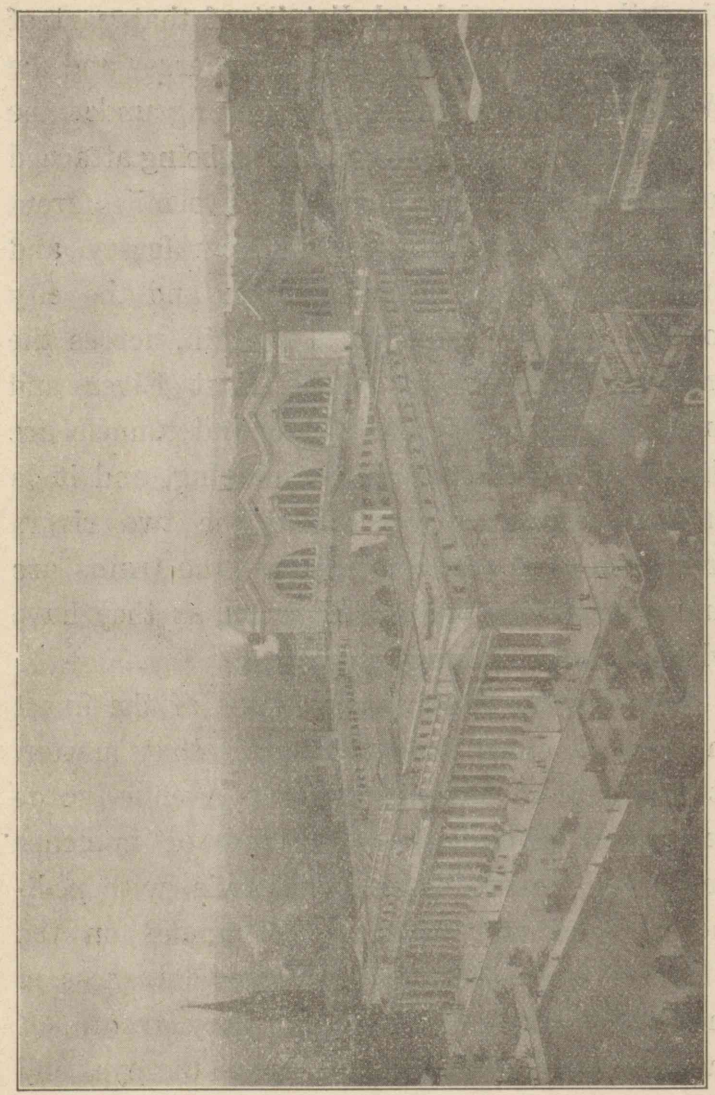
Most people like stations, with their exciting suggestions of travel and their stir and bustle, even though they are too often ugly, smoky places, chilly and dark, and so noisy that one can't hear oneself think.

But the two great new stations in New York, of which the Pennsylvania is just completed, while much still remains to be accomplished on the Central, are like palaces, and no pains have been spared to make them as beautiful as they are spacious and convenient. The most modern ideas have been followed in their construction, and time- and trouble-saving devices are multiplied within them.

The Pennsylvania Station is the largest building in the world devoted solely to railway traffic. The building itself covers close upon eight acres of land, while the underground station and yards occupy twenty-eight acres. It stands between Thirty-First and Thirty-Third Streets and Seventh and Eighth Avenues, only a block from Broadway and the crowded shopping, theatre, and hotel district of that part of town. It is connected with New Jersey and the West by immense steel tubes running under the Hudson River, the incoming trains being attached to electric engines at Harrison, five miles from the banks of the Hudson, in New Jersey, and proceeding thence under the river and the city to the station, and then on again, across the entire town, under the broad East River and into Long Island. The tubes and tunnels are the last word in modern engineering, and it is hard to believe, as you look at the two rivers from the deck of a boat, that the trains are thundering along underneath them, as they have whirled under the city itself.



As for the building, it is one of the finest in the city, or in the country, for that matter. It is classic in form, the Seventh Avenue facade being adorned with a double row of immense granite columns in the Doric style, with pediments above, and there are colonnades on the Eighth Avenue side, and columned entrances on the north and south. The cool grey granite of the entire building is grateful to the eye, and the noble proportions full of a calm dignity.

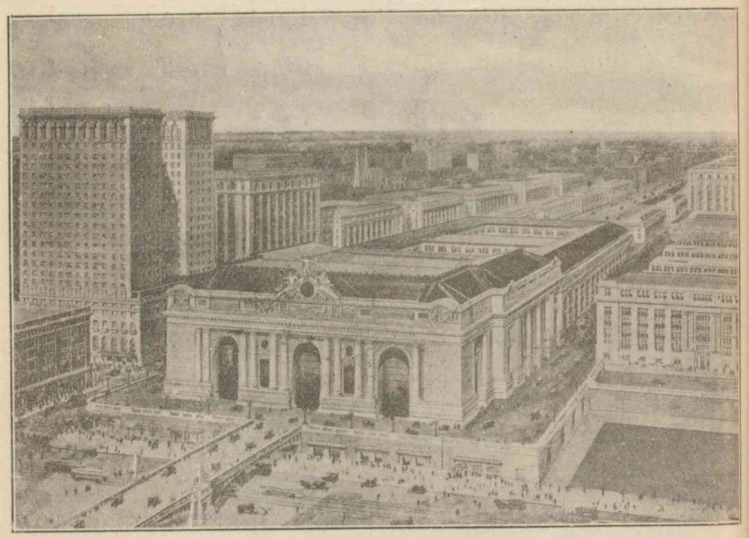


THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION



In the centre of the Seventh Avenue frontage is the huge entrance for foot-passengers, which leads into an arcade bordered by shops selling articles calculated especially to meet the requirements of the traveling public—sweets, fruits, books and magazines, flowers, drugs and what not. This arcade is wide, with pilastered arches and a domed roof, and at its farther end are lunch- and dining-rooms reached through a big loggia, from which steps lead down into the vast general waiting-room. This great hall has a beautifully vaulted roof, 150 feet high, supported on splendid Corinthian columns, forming arches that frame windows in the upper part, beneath which the wall-spaces are decorated with paintings by Jules Guérin representing sections of the earth's surface. In this room are the ticket-offices, the baggage-checking windows, telegraph and telephone service, and from it open the special waiting-rooms for men and women, with withdrawing, writing, and smoking rooms, charmingly and cosily treated, having comfortable lounges and little tables and harmonious colour-schemes that rest the tired traveler. There is an emergency hospital, also, with first

aid to the injured and a doctor always available; there are automatic telephone booths, a newsstand and an information bureau. And if you can think of anything that is not there, it's more than the New Yorker has yet managed to do.



GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

From this immense room a wide thoroughfare, reached through many doors, leads to the concourse, below which is the level where the trains stand. Stairways lead to these lower platforms, the passengers passing through gates that are plainly marked with the time of leaving



and the destination of each train. In addition to the stairs, there are escalators, or moving stairways and lifts, to expedite the traveler on his way, and special entrances for cabs and taxis. The interior of the station is finished in stone and cement of a mellow creamy tone, and it is heated and ventilated to perfection. Of course, as the trains are run by electricity, there is no smoke to be considered.

The simplicity, effectiveness, and beauty of this superb station make it a delight to enter. However crowded it is, it remains spacious, quiet, composed. It is the gateway to a continent —immense, secure, built of the most enduring materials, capable of handling thousands without confusion. Through subways, already built or soon to be constructed, it connects with every portion of the city, draws the suburban traffic from Long Island and New Jersey, and by its great trunk system reaches to every part of the South and West, as far as Texas and Mexico, California and Alaska, and across the Northern boundaries into Canada.

To sit and watch the crowds that pass through it is to see persons from all over the

world, who meet and mingle here for a brief instant, and then scatter in every direction. In one corner, perhaps, there is a group of Italians just arrived from the Old World, huddled together like sheep, with tickets pinned to them. The women wear bright shawls over their heads and lead black-eyed children by the hand. The men have their legs wrapped in cloths, and look out under shaggy hair upon the unfamiliar scene, occasionally bursting into excited talk and gesticulation. Near-by two Chinamen, in their Oriental costume, their pigtails coiled up under their funny round hats, are buying tickets at a window, speaking pidgin-English to the imperturbable clerk. Commuters, as the residents of the nearer towns and villages are called, who use the roads daily and get a reduced fare or commutation-ticket in consequence, pour in a steady stream through the arched entrances, and rush wildly for their trains, disappearing down the various stairs, or stopping for an instant at the news-stand for the latest edition of the evening papers, with their flaming headlines in red ink. Country-folk, in dowdy or oversmart clothes, come in rather hesitantly,



looking about them in a dazed way or crowding to the information booth. School-children enter in groups, laughing and larking, and usually chewing gum. Frantic men and women hunt for a lost friend.

At every other minute men in uniform call out departing trains in sonorous voices, with the stops to be made: "Five-thir-rty express for Pittsburgh and the West—Philadelphia the first stop—on track number six—all abo-a-a-ard." Or "Long Island local on track seventeen—all stops—all abo-a-a-ard." As he calls detachments of people start for the gates, rushing through the doors into the concourse. Hundreds of feet tramp by; there is a murmur of voices and the muffled sound of the hidden trains below. Groups take leave of each other: some weep, some smile and call out parting messages. A wedding-party arrives, the groom and bride scattering rice with every footstep, and striving to seem unembarrassed, the friends who have come to see them off laughing and talking. A nice old black Southern "mammie," as the coloured nurses are called, watches over a baby while the parents go to the lunch-room for a bite to eat. Her

head is bound with a bright bandanna, and she cuddles the child, crooning a queer old melody, quite undisturbed by the hurry and noise around her. Above soar the great stone pillars supporting the vast arches of the roof. A mighty clock marks the passing hour, and at each tick of its huge mechanism some hasten out, others rush in. It is a world in miniature, with Father Time for King. Meetings and partings, laughter and tears, brides, old folks, children, workers and amusement-seekers, white, black and yellow races, all come and go through these portals. And you can spend an hour or two of the greatest interest looking on at it all.

The Central Station, at Forty-Second Street, between Fourth and Lexington Avenues, on the east side of town, is even more central in location than its great rival. Here the trains enter and depart on two levels, far below the city's humming life. The old station, long since proven too small for the city's needs, is being demolished, and as it goes down the new one springs up, a giant structure which will be many stories in height and comprise offices and business suites besides the station proper. It is to be built of



light-toned marble and brick, on steel girders, and will be an architectural adornment to New York, equal in beauty to, though utterly different in form from, the "Pennsy" building, as the other station is affectionately termed. Here, too, no trouble is being spared to meet every possible requirement—not only for the present needs, but for the far heavier demands of the near future.

New York is justly proud of these two new buildings, and of the enterprise and skill that made them possible. Through them pulses the life and movement, the ebb and flow, of an entire continent. The freight that feeds the millions of citizens and provides their means of life arrives largely on their tracks, and upon their efficiency and honesty depend to an almost unimaginable extent the health and comfort of all New York.

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## PRINCETON AND NEW YORK

### PENNSYLVANIA R. R. *Jan. 6, 1921.*

Subject to change without notice.

| Leave Princeton | Arrive Princeton Junction | | Leave Princeton Junction | Arrive Newark, N. J. | Ar. NEW YORK Hudson Terminal | Penna. Station |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | WEEK-DAYS | | | |
| 7.09A/M | 7.19A/M | | 7.30A/M | 8.32A/M | 8.55A/M | |
| 7.47 " | 7.56 " | | 8.00 " | 8.57 " | 9.21 " | |
| 8.25 " | 8.34 " | c | 8.56 " | | 10.00 " | 10.00A/M |
| 9.33 " | 9.43 " | | 9.54 " | | 11.00 " | 11.00 " |
| 11.10 " | 11.20 " | | 11.25 " | 12.25P/M | 12.51P/M | 12.48P/M |
| 1.15P/M | 1.24P/M | | 1.27P/M | 2.25 " | 2.50 " | 2.48 " |
| 2.15 " | 2.25 " | | 2.30 " | 3.27 " | 3.50 " | 3.50 " |
| 3.37 " | 3.47 " | | 4.04 " | 5.00 " | 5.22 " | 5.23 " |
| 4.57 " | 5.07 " | | 5.10 " | 6.27 " | 6.58 " | ▲ 7.00 " |
| 5.47 " | 5.57 " | | 6.04 " | 7.00 " | 7.26 " | 7.23 " |
| 7.10 " | 7.20 " | | 7.26 " | 8.30 " | 8.52 " | 8.53 " |
| 7.46 " | 7.56 " | | 8.00 " | 8.55 " | 9.20 " | 9.18 " |
| 11.04 " | 11.14 " | | 11.21 " | 12.27A/M | 12.50A/M | 12.50A/M |
| | | | SUNDAYS | | | |
| 6.11P/M | 6.21P/M | a | 6.27P/M | 7.34P/M | 8.02P/M | ▲ 8.00P/M |
| 7.45 " | 7.55 " | | 8.00 " | 8.55 " | 9.20 " | 9.18 " |
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| Lv. NEW YORK Penna. Station | Hudson Terminal | Leave Newark, N. J. | Arrive Princeton Junction | Leave Princeton Junction | Arrive princeton |
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▲Passengers for or from Pennsylvania Station will change cars at Newark.
"a" Stops only on signal or notice to Agent to receive passengers.
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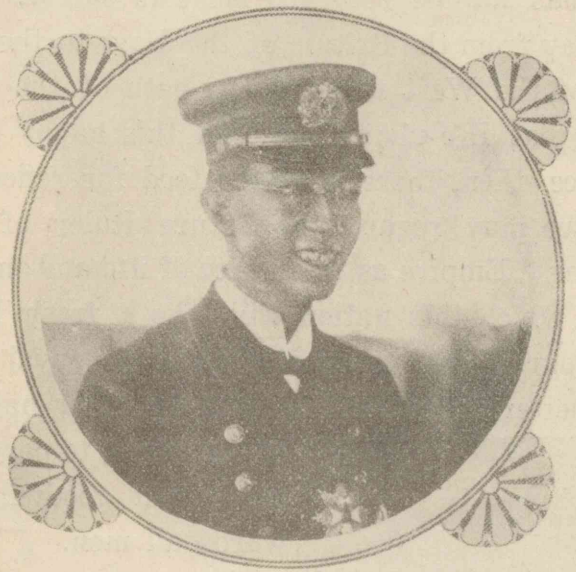
## CROWN PRINCE'S ODYSSEY

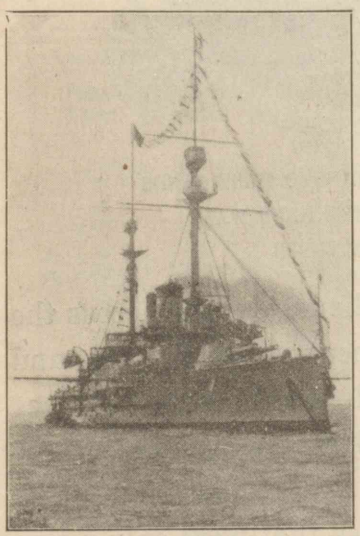
### A Series of Welcomes



ACROSS MANY SEAS AND INTO MANY LANDS
WHERE FRIENDSHIP'S HAND WAS
ALWAYS EXTENDED

After a long and tedious journey across the full length of two continents—the largest and the smallest in the world—across wide expanses of ocean and sea, across burning sands of desert climes, through the brilliant, if heated, tropics and across stretches of sea that were only a few short years ago the scene of a bloody conflict,

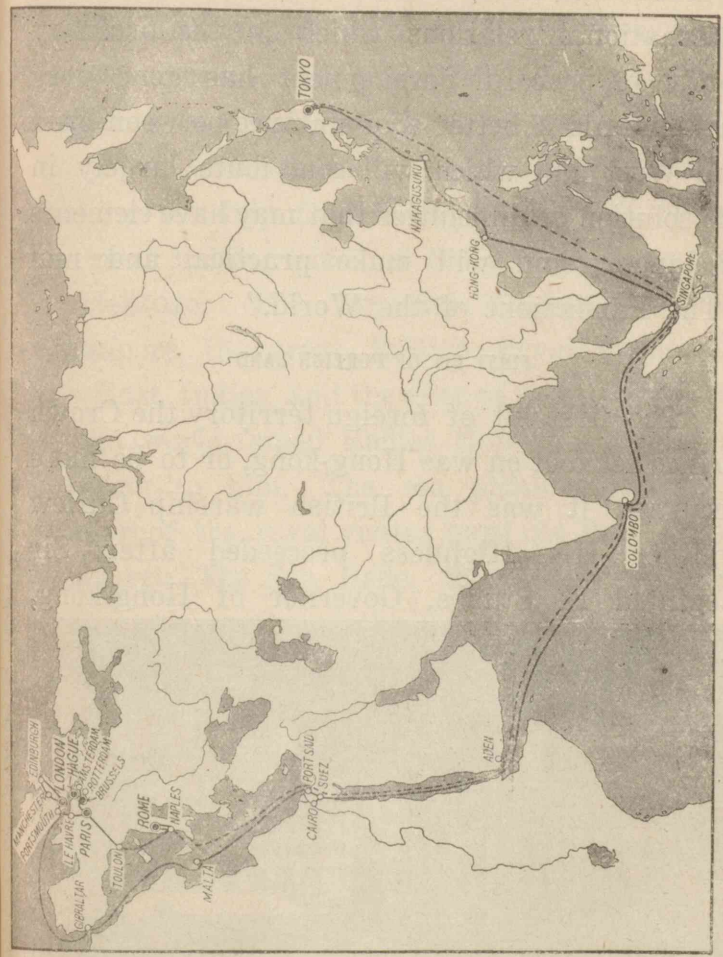
His Imperial Highness, the Crown Prince of Japan, visited the Courts of his Allies in Europe and has at last returned home in safety. His journey from the Britain of the East to the Japan of the West followed the path of the sun, the great life-giving orb. In this happy coincidence, then, there is ample food for reflection and we may regard the future Ruler of the Japanese Empire as the source of life and energy from which this nation will take a fresh lease of progress and prosperity along the royal road to a better understanding with the other nations of the world, to peace on earth and goodwill towards all men.



"THE KATORI"

The visit of the Crown Prince to the Allied Powers in Europe, there is every reason to believe, is the beginning of a new era, not merely for Japan and the European Powers that had the privilege of entertaining the Heir



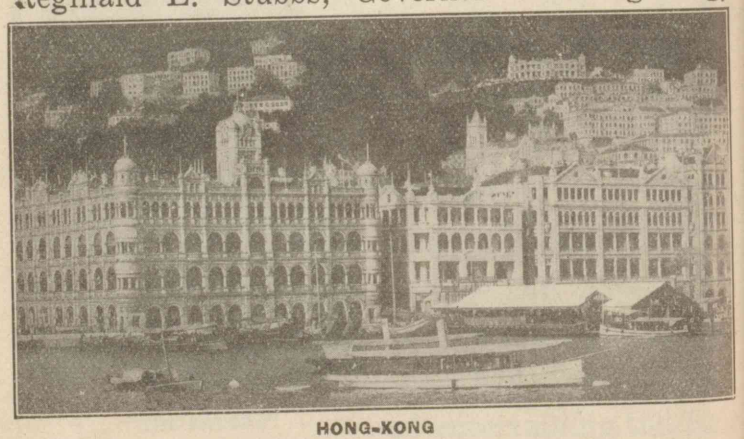



The Lines Show Sea—and Land—Routes Taken by the Crown Prince in his European Tour.

to the Phoenix Throne, but for all the world, for it means the inauguration of a new system of international relations which in the ordinary course of peaceful development has gone very far towards a better acquaintance between East and West and which will contribute largely in the solution of difficulties that may have elements of danger, and will make practical and real "The Parliament of the World."

### FIRST BIT OF FOREIGN LAND

The first bit of foreign territory the Crown Prince set foot on was Hong-kong, or to be more accurate, it was the British warship Curlew whither His Highness proceeded after Sir Reginald E. Stubbs, Governor of Hong-kong,



HONG-KONG



visited the Crown Prince of Japan on the Katori. Later on, His Imperial Highness with his entire suite landed and proceeded to Government House where a brilliant official reception was tendered to the future Ruler of these shores.

Fair weather and smooth seas aided in making the trip from Hong-kong to Singapore, the next halting place of the Prince, a joy and a pleasure. His Imperial Highness visited Singapore, the great British naval station in the East Indies, and the élite of society gathered at the world-famed Raffles Hotel to pay their respects to him. The sea picnic arranged in honour of the royal visitor gave the Prince most pleasure. The Sea Belle, the yacht belonging to the Governor of the Colony, was placed at the Prince's disposal. The picnic was held in the waters surrounding the little island of Singapore and His Imperial Highness expressed the greatest delight at the outing.

### IN THE MID-EAST

Old Father Neptune continued to hold in leash all storms and mischievous winds, and when the Imperial squadron left Singapore for

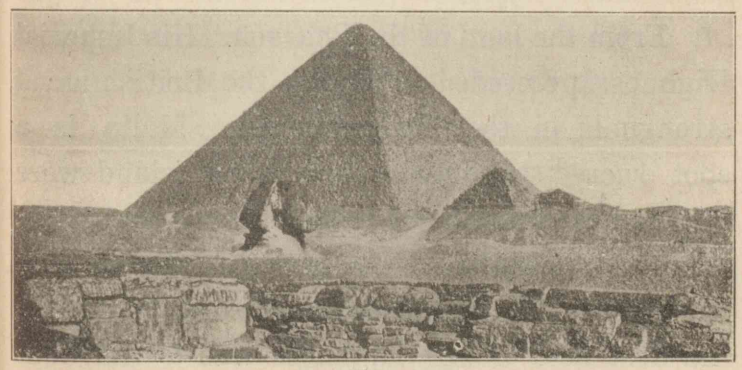
Colombo, the next point in the itinerary of the Imperial route, the weather continued to be as fair and as charming as it had been since the Kashima and the Katori left the shores of Japan. The journey across the Indian Ocean, with its heaving, gentle waters, full of majestic beauty and crested with sunlight, and with the azure sky above laughing at its glad reflection in the tranquil mirror, pleased His Highness very much, and very often during this portion of the journey, the Crown Prince would sit on deck, surveying the great and wonderous picture that lay unfolded at his feet. Colombo was soon reached, and His Highness received a truly regal reception here. After the official functions in the capital city were over, His Imperial Highness left for the ancient capital of Ceylon, Kandy, where, for the entertainment of the Prince, a monster elephant procession, with the white elephant belonging to the Temple of the Sacred Tooth, was formed. It was a token of royalty in olden days and even to-day the honour is only conferred on scions of royalty. A Governor of Ceylon, for instance, cannot claim the honour. It shows the enthusiasm of the people



and their desire to render appropriate honour to the future sovereign of the Japanese Empire.

### THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

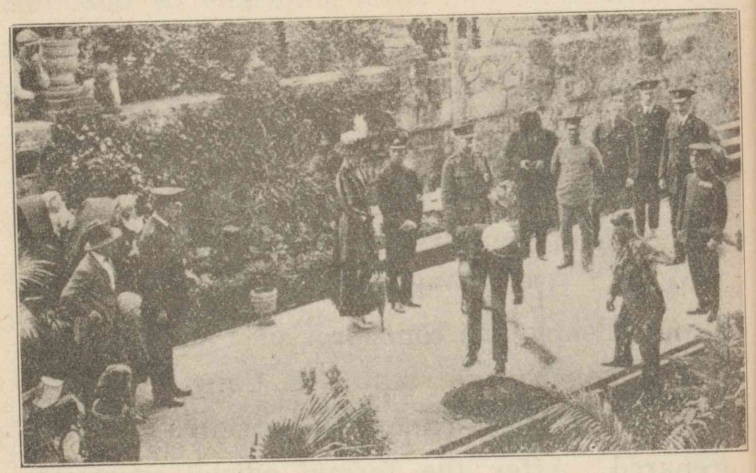
After brief stops at Aden and Suez, His Imperial Highness' next stopping stage was Cairo, Egypt. The guns of the Alexandria forts boomed loud as the Katori and the Kashima came in. His Highness was met by Lord Edmund Allenby, the conqueror of Palestine, and was conducted in state to Cairo, where a magnificent reception in his honour had been prepared. After the formal official courtesies



THE PYRAMIDS

had been completed, His Highness left the city for the desert, and set his eyes for the first time on the great pyramids that stand as a mon-

umental wonder to the now forgotten civilization of Ancient Egypt.



THE CROWN PRINCE AT MALTA

From the land of the Pharaohs, His Imperial Highness proceeded to Malta, the British naval stronghold in the Mediterranean. Malta is a spot sacred to Japan, for in the island were interred the remains of several Japanese sailors who had lost their lives in the Mediterranean Sea during the recent war. Naturally, one of the first acts of His Highness was to visit that little portion of the cemetery that is to Japanese a bit of Japan and to lay there a wreath as a tribute to the valiant dead.



### THE PILLARS OF HERCULES

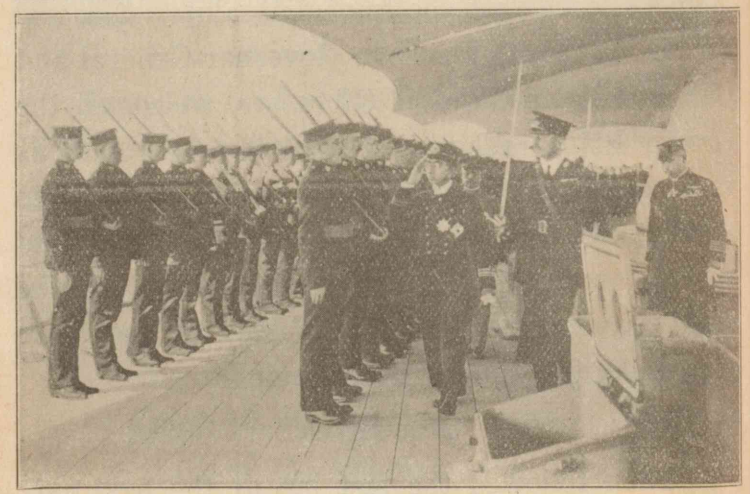
Amid the cheers of thousands, the Katori and the Kashima left Malta for Gibraltar, the rocky fortress that commands the entrance to the great Mediterranean Sea. One of the most interesting events of the voyage occurred here when an American Squadron headed by the Pittsburg sighted the Katori and the Kashima and Rear-Admiral Niblick lowered his colours in courtesy to the Crown Prince, the guns of the Pittsburg simultaneously rending the immense silence with the Imperial salute. General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, welcomed the Crown Prince ashore. The visit to the famous rock galleries, bristling with guns, the way to which lies through a tunnel bored in the solid rock, was perhaps the most wonderful of the sights and experiences witnessed by the royal visitor at the Pillars of Hercules.

### ON TO BRITAIN

Then followed the last lap of the first part of the precedent-breaking journey undertaken by His Imperial Highness. The gray rocks of

Gibraltar were a mass of seething humanity who crowded every point of vantage to bid God-speed to the Prince as the Katori and the Kashima majestically steamed through the narrow straits, and the Prince found himself for the first time in the ocean that laves the shores of the King and Emperor he was about to visit.

The journey across the Atlantic, via the beautiful Azores, was splendid, and on a bright, sunny May morning, Portsmouth was sighted. The Prince of Wales boarded the Katori and conducted the Crown Prince of Japan ashore.



**His First Official Function in English Waters: The Crown Prince Inspecting a Guard in Admiral Madden's Flag-ship.**

The first words exchanged between the two

## His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Japan.

May it please your Imperial Highness, We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Commons of the CITY OF LONDON in Common Council assembled, offer you on our behalf and that of our fellow Citizens a most cordial and hearty welcome on the auspicious occasion of your visit to this country in accordance with the wish of your august Father, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan, the faithful Ally of our Beloved Sovereign, whose assistance rendered to the Allied and Associated Powers on sea and land during the Great War we gratefully acknowledge.

We rejoice to have this opportunity of expressing the admiration felt by all the people of our country for the many brilliant feats of arms performed by your magnificent Navy and Army.

We trust that your visit to this country may be both Pleasant and interesting, and tend to strengthen the many ties of friendship existing between your country and our own.

In conclusion, the Citizens of London, entertaining the sincerest admiration for your great and renowned nation, desire to express the earnest hope that the Empire of Japan and your Royal House, which has existed for so many centuries, may flourish in happiness and prosperity.

Signed by Order of the Court.

James Bell.

Town Clerk.

Guildhall.

London. E. C.

May, 11th, 1921.



Princes were to the effect that friendly feelings would consolidate and strengthen the two island Powers for the good of both countries and for the peace of the world. They were memorable words, and summed up admirably the object of the visit of the Crown Prince to Japan's Allies in Europe. A special train, gorgeously decorated, took the two Princes to London the same morning. His Majesty the King met the Crown Prince at Euston Station and a brilliant procession consisting of the Imperial visitor, the King of England and the King's two sons, the Prince of Wales and Prince George, was formed which drove to Buckingham Palace amid cheering thousands that lined the streets, climbed the trees, crowded windows and thronged balconies to see the young Prince to whom all England was that day doing honour.

### KING GEORGE'S WELCOME

A State banquet was given in Buckingham Palace the same evening, the company present being one of the most brilliant gatherings that ever assembled in the ancient and time-honoured palace of the sovereign of Great Britain.

There were present the King and the Queen, Princes and Princesses of the Blood, representatives of British royalty, all the Foreign Ambassadors and the flower of English social, civil and military life to do honour to the representative of Great Britain's Eastern ally. The Crown Prince sat between King George and Queen Mary.

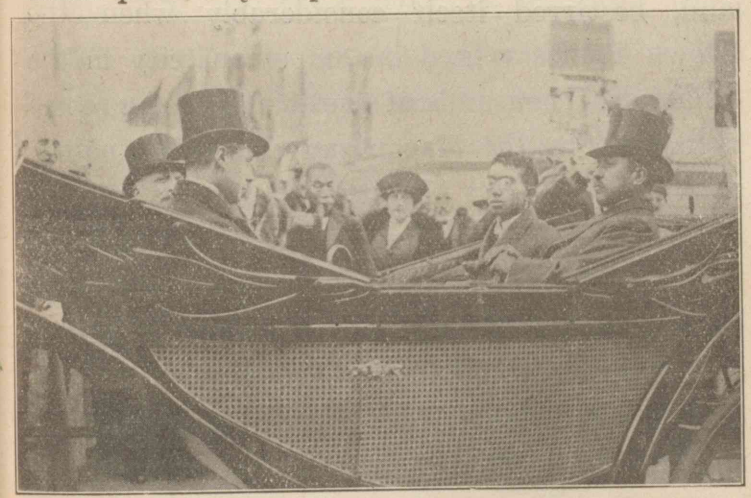
His Majesty the King made a very interesting speech in which he recalled that, as a youth, he had visited "beautiful and unforgettable Japan." His Majesty expressed deep appreciation of the compliment paid to Great Britain by the Emperor of Japan in entrusting to her his eldest son on the first occasion in history when the Heir Apparent to the Japanese Throne had left his native shores, and declared that the Prince's visit symbolized the long friendship that had existed between Japan and Great Britain. His Majesty concluded by saying that friendly co-operation between two nations is essential to the peace of the world.

### THE PRINCE'S REPLY

The Crown Prince, in reply, expressed deep



gratitude for the magnificent way in which he had been received and declared that from the moment he touched the first eastern outpost of the British Empire, he had been accorded everywhere the most bountiful hospitality. He expressed gratification at the happy relations between the two countries which had stood the test of stress and time and concluded by saying that he was most happy to feel that the first step on his European study and observation should have been "on the territory of the great country whose friendship and good will are so much prized by Japan."



The Crown Prince of Japan and the Prince of Wales Riding Together.

The Crown Prince had a very busy time in London. He visited Windsor, placed a wreath at the base of the Cenotaph and offered floral tributes at the tombs of Queen Victoria and King Edward. The Japanese community in London came out in full strength and London was a mass of inter-twined Union Jacks and Rising Suns. Everywhere the Crown Prince went, the Prince of Wales was his constant and close companion.

### THE COMMERCIAL CAPITAL

Manchester, the commercial capital of England, bestirred itself considerably when the Crown Prince visited the important city in the Midlands. Thousands of guests attended a reception given by the Mayor and the Municipality, at which the Lord Mayor made a great plea for a good understanding between Great Britain and Japan in the interests of trade. At Manchester, the Crown Prince made the longest speech during his tour and in the course of it paid an eloquent tribute to the placidity and courage with which the English industrial troubles were being met. Thousands of school children, who



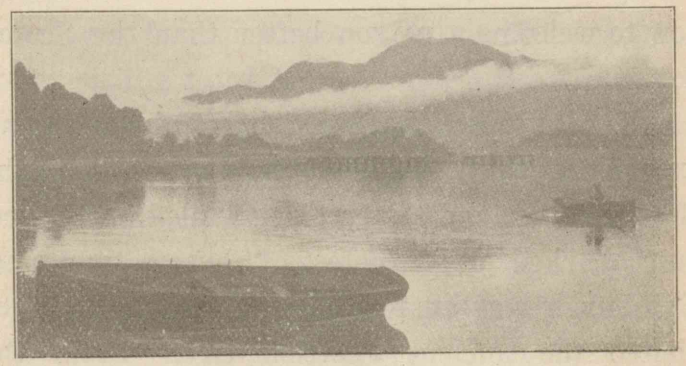
had been granted a half-holiday in honour of the visiting notable, cheered enthusiastically as the Crown Prince passed them. The Prince appeared to be particularly delighted at the spontaneous welcome of Young England, and when the children sang out "Banzai" after "Banzai," the Prince waved his hat again and again to them.

### NORTH O' TWEED

When the Prince went north of Tweed, he was in reality setting foot in a country whose people and whose manners and customs are fairly different from those in England. The Scotch gave His Imperial Highness a really hearty welcome, and no one in the world knows how to welcome a person better than the Scotch do.

Kimigayo on the Scottish bagpipes was an experience that England could not offer the Crown Prince and as the pipes wailed in cadence, guns barked gruff notes of hearty welcome. Edinburgh was en fete when the Crown Prince visited the ancient Scottish city. From the lowlands of the South, His Imperial Highness

went into the mountains of the Highlands, so famed in song and story. The duke of Atholl, the only chieftain in all Great Britain that is allowed to have an army of his own, with the young and beautiful Duchess, acted as hosts to the Imperial visitor and conducted him to the old and stately castle of Blair Atholl. Great big brawny Highlanders, in the kilt, plaid and cap of Bonnie Scotland acted as a guard of honour to the Prince who was welcomed with Scotch honours. All formal ceremony, except the old ceremonies of the Scotch, were abandoned at Blair Atholl and the toasts at the banquet given there were drunk with Highland honours, the pipers piping appropriate music while the guests with one foot on their chairs and one on



A SCENERY OF SCOTLAND



the table responded to the toasts. Scotland's great old song "Auld Lang Syne," known so well in Japan, was sung just before the gathering broke up.

The rugged mountains of Scotland, the great glens and deep ravines enchanted the Prince greatly, for in these respects, Scotland bears a great resemblance to the mountainous Japan. Fishing was one of the pastimes indulged in by the Prince and he landed a splendid salmon from one of the highland streams.

### BACK AGAIN IN ENGLAND

On his return from Scotland to England, a very instructive and interesting programme had been arranged for the Crown Prince. This included a visit to the workshops of Messrs. Armstrong and Whitworth, the builders of the Kashima and on the occasion of the Prince's visit there the managing director of the great English engineering firm presented the distinguished visitor with a beautiful model of the Kashima. The Manchester Ship Canal, a veritable triumph of engineering, was visited and the Prince was shown over the place by the Mayor

of the City of Manchester.

On his return to London, His Imperial Highness dressed in the uniform of a British General held an investiture at the Japanese Embassy and conferred a number of honours on distinguished British people. Visits to Olympia where a military tournament was witnessed and to the principal London theatres were also on the programme and His Highness' short stay in Britain was full of interest.

After being the guest of the King and Queen and of the British people for nearly three weeks, the Crown Prince bade farewell to the shores of Albion and left for France. His Majesty the King, the Prince of Wales and representatives of British aristocracy met the prince at the station and bade him Sayonara there. The departure was silent. No salutes were fired, but the crowd on whom the prince had made such a good impression was not to be silenced, and as the Katori and the Kashima steamed away from Portsmouth, escorted by nine destroyers and a number of aircraft, there was a burst of acclamation. The Prince issued for publication a farewell message in which he



declared that he felt as though he was leaving very old and dear friends and stated that he bade farewell to England's shores with a "heart full of gratitude."

### LA BELLE FRANCE

Havre, the charming French sea-port on the French side of the English Channel had the signal honour of receiving the Crown Prince first on the soil of La Belle France. The Prince has a special interest in France, for his youth was entrusted to the care of a French tutor. A special train had been drawn up in readiness to take the Prince to Paris and the same afternoon saw him in the gay metropolis of the French republic. During his stay in France, the Prince made his home in the Japanese Embassy. Paris, with the characteristic warm-heartedness of the French, welcomed the Prince with open arms.

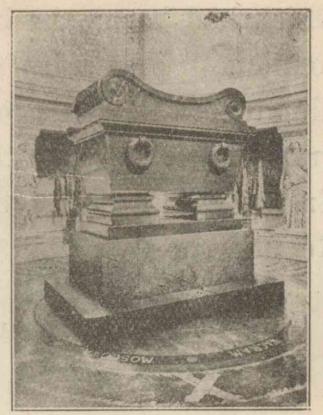
His Highness was induced to inscribe his name in the "Golden Book" of the city, the treasure of the City of Paris. One of the first acts of the Crown Prince was to visit the tomb of the Unknown Warrior buried underneath the

THE ETOILE TRIUMPHAL ARCH

Arc de Triomphe and lay there a wreath. Attached to the wreath was the following short, but impressive, message: "To the unknown soldier: A pious souvenir." The Prince was much impressed with all that the Arc de Triomphe symbolized as was shown by the speech he delivered there. "I bow before this unique temple of honour and court of duty in respect," he said, "and place thereon the token of the homage and admiration of the entire Japanese people." To judge from the tone of the French



press, nothing made a greater impression on the French people than the reverence paid by the young Prince of Japan who belonged to a distant country to the popular hero of France.



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I

The Louvre and Napoleon's Tomb in Les Invalides were also visited, and His Highness did not fail to see The Eiffel Tower, a miniature replica of which carved in beautiful ivory was later presented to the Prince. After seeing the battlefields of France and the devastation and destruction wrought there by the barbarous Germans, His Imperial Highness gave utterance to the following words which will live for ever and ring down the corridors of time for centuries and centuries: "I challenge anyone hereafter to praise war."

His Highness' admiration of the French poilu was unstinted. He recalled that the Japanese infantry had imbibed French methods and paid a great tribute to the French spirit

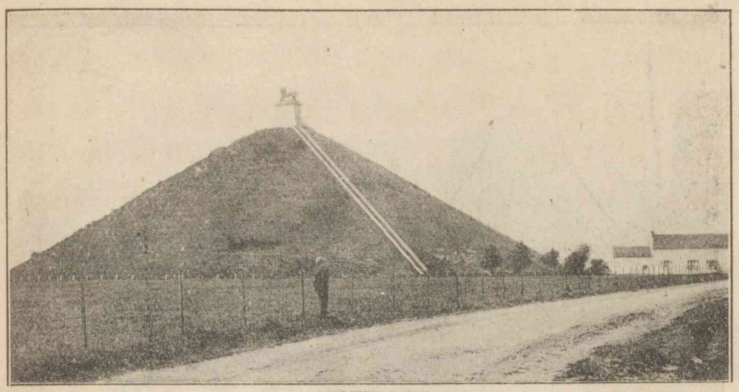
which had borne the brunt of the recent titanic conflict. "France is the home of civilization, illuminated by the fire of intelligence" was the graphic tribute paid the French nation by the Crown Prince before he left the great European Republic.

### GALLANT BELGIUM

Belgium had been promised a visit and the gallant people of that little country, with their hero-king and heroine-queen, mustered in strength to bid the Imperial visitor from the Far East a hearty welcome. At the state banquet given in honour of the Crown Prince, King Albert dwelt on the assistance rendered by the Japanese Navy to the Allies in keeping the ocean highways free from German pirates. An incident connected with the arrival of the Crown Prince in Belgium and which will live in history is that, during the visit, Japan elevated her Minister in Belgium to the rank of Ambassador as a tribute of admiration to the valiant little land that hurled back the German hordes of destruction.

The battlefield of Waterloo on which the





WATERLOO

destinies of Europe were signally decided about 100 years ago was visited and the Prince was greatly interested in an account of the battle given by a noted Belgian general. Antwerp, the great Belgian port and the center of a great deal of attraction during the war, was also visited, the entire port being beflagged in honour of the Prince.

### IN THE LOW COUNTRIES

Holland was next on the itinerary. On his arrival at Amsterdam, His Imperial Highness was received by His Royal Highness Prince Henry of the Netherlands and representatives of the civil and the military authorities. Escorted by a guard of honour, the two Princes then

AMSTERDAM

drove in an open carriage through the streets of Holand's capital to the Royal Palace, where the Imperial party was received in state by Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina Bands stationed at the front of the palace played the Japanese national anthem as the Crown Prince descended from his carriage.

The same evening a gala dinner was given by Her Majesty in honour of the Prince at which there were present more than one hundred guests. The tour of the Dutch capital included a visit to the world-famed diamond cutting



works of Messrs. Asscher. The Peace Palace at the Hague was also visited.

The press of Holland had some very nice articles expressing admiration for Japan and pointing out that the Dutch had the first relations with Japan even when this country was hermetically sealed. The Dutch have their principal colonies in the Far East, and the press proceeds to point out how much Japan and Holland can do for the welfare of humanity if they decide to work in co-operation.

### BACK TO BELGIUM AND FRANCE

The Crown Prince spent a few days in Holland incognito and then left on a special train for Louvain, in Belgium, where His Highness paid a visit to the beautiful and ancient Catholic library that was partially sacked and destroyed by the Germans. Cardinal Mercier, the Primate of Belgium, guided the Imperial party through the city. Visists were then paid to Liege and Namur where the Germans were first held up by a thin line of determined Belgians and where the first mad onrush of the Teutons was checked.

A short visit was paid to Alsace-Lorraine, now happily united once again to France. At Verdun, the Prince carefully inspected the battlefield where so many gallant young men laid down their lives in the defence of their homes and hearths.

### IN SUNNY ITALY

From Western Europe, His Highness directed his footsteps to the greatest country on the Mediterranean, Italy. The welcome given him was in accordance with the best traditions of the great Latin nation's characteristic penchant for lavish hospitality to those whom Italy respects, whether peasant or prince. The Seven Hills of Rome beheld a gorgeous spectacle on the arrival of the Crown Prince, His Majesty the King of Italy, the Duke of Aosta, the cousins of the King, the Cabinet members and a large gathering of Italy's proudest patrician families meeting the Japanese Heir to the Throne.

The procession from the station at Rome to the Quirinal was an imposing spectacle. It proceeded along the Via Nationale, one of the finest thoroughfares in Europe, and the carriages



bearing the distinguished visitor and the Italian royalty were flanked by the special body-guard of the King of Italy, one hundred strong, all the men being over six feet in height. The forts boomed salutes while the historic bell at the Capitol, which is only rung on very special occasions, joined in ringing its welcome to the Prince. In Italy, as everywhere else, the Heir to the Japanese T rone conducted himself with an admixture of democracy and dignity that won the hearts of everyone with whom the Prince came into contact, and every time he made his appearance, there were cries of "Viva Japan," and "Viva Prince" from thousands of lusty throats.

Brilliant entertainments and fetes were held in the Quirinal during which the highest in the Italian Kingdom and the Prince exchanged warm toasts. The wonders and marvels of Rome were visited. A large number of decorations were exchanged and when, after a stay of some days, the Prince left Rome, thousands on thousands gathered to wave adios.

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AT THE VATICAN

THE VATICAN

While in Rome, the Prince paid a visit to the Holy See and was received with great joy by His Holiness the Pope. Gifts were exchanged between the aged Supreme Pontiff and the Crown Prince of Japan, the Crown Prince presenting His Holiness with a magnificently chiselled silver vase while the Pope gave him a large mosaic representing the Square and facade of St. Peter's cathedral, the largest edifice in the world dedicated to the worship of God.



BACK HOME

The voyage home was unofficial, but at Colombo, Ceylon, the Prince landed again and was in time to witness the annual carnival there in connection with August festivities.

Aided by splendid weather and calm seas, the Katori and the Kashima once again ploughed the rich and glorious waters of the Indian seas and sped back homewards. Soon the vessels were back in Japanese territorial waters. Tateyama Bay was reached on the morning of September 2 and after a voyage that lasted between four and five months, His Imperial Highness once again beheld the shores of the land of his birth. The imperial squadron was welcomed at the entrance to the Bay by the battleship Yamashiro and a flotilla of destroyers, while the Haruna, the Asahi, the Ikoma and the Tsugaru and other destroyers and torpedo boats joined the Yamashiro and escorted the Katori and the Kashima into Yokohama Harbour. As the imperial fleet neared the entrance to Tokyo Bay, a flotilla of aircraft fluttered above it dropping sky rockets at intervals.

Tateyama put on its best garb of rejoicing and the seaport town was a mass of greenery, with winking, twinkling lanterns at night and

WELCOME HOME OF THE CROWN PRINCE (in front of Tokyo Station)

a blaze of flags by day. The precedent-breaking visit was over. The Crown Prince was back safe and in excellent health, while the Japanese Empire has gained more kudos and respect abroad through the efforts of the young Prince than Japan's contemporary diplomats have been able to do for her.

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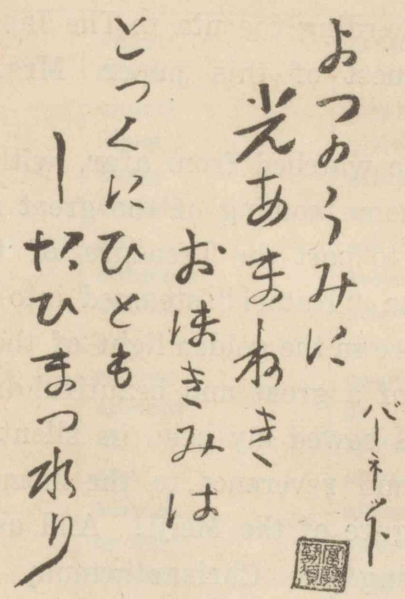
## AMERICAN POETESS WELCOMES PRINCE

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Mrs. Burnett Composes Uta for Event

An "uta," written on the occasion of the home coming of the Crown Prince, which has attracted wide and appreciative attention from those Japanese who have read it, has just come from the pen—or brush—of Mrs. Frances Hawkes Cameron Burnett, wife of Colonel Burnett, the American Military Attache, reproduced

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In forwarding the uta to The Japan Times, on the request of this paper, Mrs. Burnett wrote.

"I have watched from afar, with eyes of love, the home coming of the great ships that bring safe to port the Treasure of the Land. And as the "Katori" steamed into the bay I seemed to see in the golden light of the morning the vision of a great and beautiful dream come true—and I bowed my head in silent acknowledgement and reverence to the memory of the splendid figure of the Meiji! And as the battleship flying the Chrisanthemum Flag bore steadily shoreward, this 'uta' came into my thoughts. It is a poor uta—but it marks the way of the Path of Love by which I ever seek the heart of your people."

## THE THOUSAND COMMONEST WORDS ARRANGED IN ALPHABETIC ORDER

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| a | allege | arrange |
| able | allow | arrangement |
| aboard | almost | arrest |
| about | alone | arrive |
| above | along | article |
| absence | already | as |
| accept | also | ask |
| accident | although | assist |
| according | always | associate |
| account | am | association |
| across | among | assure |
| act | amount | at |
| action | an | athletic |
| add | and | attempt |
| addition | annual | attend |
| address | another | attention |
| adopt | answer | August |
| affair | any | aunt |
| afraid | anything | auto |
| after | anyway | automobile |
| afternoon | appear | avenue |
| again | application | await |
| against | appoint | away |
| age | appreciate | awful |
| ago | April | baby |
| agreement | are | back |
| air | argument | bad |
| alike | army | ball |
| all | around | band |

be
bear
beautiful
became
because
become
bed
been
before
beg
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believe
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beside
best
better
between
big
bill
black
block
blow
blue
board
boat
body
book
born
both
bought
box
boy
bridge
bring
broke
brother
brought
build
built
burn
business
busy
but
buy
by
call
came
camp
can
cannot
capture
car
card
care
career
carried
carry
case
cast
catch
cause
celebration
cent
center
century
certain
chain
change
character
charge
check
chief
child
children
Christmas
church
circular
circumstance
cities
citizen
city
claim
class
clean
clear
clerk
close
clothing
club
cold
collect
colonies
combination
come
comfort
coming
command
committee



common
company
complaint
complete
concern
condition
conference
connection
consider
consideration
contain
contract
convenient
convention
convict
copy
cordially
cost
could
country
course
court
cover
crowd
cut
dark
dash
date
daughter
day
dead
deal
dear
death
debate
December
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decision
declare
deep
degree
delay
department
desire
destroy
develop
diamond
did
died
difference
different
difficulty
direct
direction
director
disappoint
discussion
distinguish
distribute
district
divide
do
doctor
does
dollar
done
don't
door
doubt
down
dozen
dress
drill
driven
drown
due
during
duty
each
earliest
early
east
easy
eat
education
effect
effort
eight
either
elaborate
elect
election
else
emergency
empire
employ
enclose
end
engage
engine
enjoy
enough

enter
entertain
entire
entitle
entrance
escape
especially
estate
estimate
even
evening
event
ever
every
everything
evidence
examination
except
expect
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experience
express
extra
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fact
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most
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Mrs.
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金一圓十四錢

かるちゃ・りーだす
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