



By Edward B. Clark

WISE BILLY, they called him up Bowmanville way. He was called this in derision, for Wise Billy was witless. There were no wittier people who wouldn't have it that Billy was entirely witless, and it was in the expression of this belief these people showed that they were to be classed with the wiser ones.

Wise Billy had been hit on the head when he was nothing more than a toddler and it was the blow that set his mind groping for things. It could never fully grasp Bowmanville, while it is a part of a great city, has green fields and forest forests yet untouched by the ax of nature's tyrant. Billy roamed the fields and woods and the great. Like Little Hiawatha he learned of the birds and the squirrels their secrets. They were playmates that never made sport of his mental shortcomings. He loved them and they loved him. The streams beyond the little stream which farther on in its course becomes the Chicago river, were the haunts of bobolinks. It was there that the Italian bird catchers hired by the big city dealers were in the habit of setting their traps to catch rollicking Robert of Lincoln that he might be cooped up in a cage to play away a few brief summer months for the supposed pleasure of someone whose ideas of liberty did not include bird and beast.

One afternoon the Italians set their traps all over the meadow with a catbird in the lower compartment. The men went to a hedge by the roadside to watch results. They saw a boy start on a leap jump across a meadow and the bird was winged. Before the trappers could realize what was up the lower door of the first trap in line was open, a bobolink was freed and the trap itself was a crushed mass of wire and sticks. They tried, but they could not catch this grey-hooded of a lad. He liberated twelve birds and smashed twelve traps, and then shot into the budding woods. It was the catbird who had done this turn for his bobolink friends.

Wise Billy's father and mother sent him to school. The teachers did not want to receive him, but he was quiet and he showed a wit that impressed them as made upon his disordered mind. He knew more about the pictures than he did about the words, but in the course of a year or two he wrote sentences and lines of poetry that Wise Billy loved, especially the poetry in which the words sang of birds and trees and flowers. It was an inspiration to hear Billy repeat Bryant's "The Wind" and "The Waterfall." There was a place in his heart seemed to speak to some little sound section of his muddled mind.

Wise Billy reported at the school one morning that he was going to be a poet. He stood at his desk and made the announcement out loud. The pupils laughed and laughed. The teacher tried to look kindly, but there was a bit of scorn in his face. "I'll bring some verses and show you," cried Billy. He was keenly alive to ridicule, witless though he was.

Wise Billy had found a friend. He was a man who tramped the field with a round bin in which he put leaves and flowers and with an opera glass through which he stared at birds. Billy had come across the stranger near the edge just west of the budding woods. The man was picking marsh marigolds. Billy told him he would show him where there were some prettier ones if the man would promise to pick for him. The stranger seemed struck by this appeal from the boy with halting tongue and vacant

eyes. "You're a second edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson, my boy," said he a little quizzically.

"They're pretty by the water," said Billy, "and the wind whippers to them and they tell me what the wind says."

"You're a poet," said the man with the box. "I wouldn't pick your flowers now were they the real gold they seem to be, but I'll after birds."

"Bang 'em and put 'em in a box!"

"No, just look at them."

"I'll show you lots," said Billy.

The man came to the meadow often after this and met Billy. The lad knew where the lark finch, where the vireo placed its paper-lined home and where the oriole swung its cradle. He showed all his treasures to the man who was willing to look and to spare. One day Billy brought some papers to his botanical-ornithological acquaintance. "They're poems," he said. "Like what the man with the gray beard wrote about bobolinks and like what the man Shaker something said about the yellow swamp flowers."

Billy's naturalist friend took the manuscript. Rhythm there was none, the spelling would make a lexicographer weep, but there was poetry. The boy said in essence that the marigold glows through which he stared at birds. Billy thought, and thinking of things "makes 'em live." One of Billy's schoolmates had trapped a shore lark. The bird sings as it sits, and in that respect is like unto the lark that "at heaven's gate sings." Billy had fought a good fight for the trapped lark when the trapper was taking it home, but a crowd of schoolmates who re-

garded the larks as fair prey made numbers carry the day.

One day Billy and the stroller strolled were tramping the meadow that edges the Bowmanville road that runs along and crosses the rustic bridge over the north branch of the river. They heard shouts and turning saw that a building facing the road was on fire. It was a frame structure with the two upper stories occupied by families. It was on the ledge of the front window of the upper apartment that the caged lark which Billy had tried to save had been imprisoned for several days. The man and boy started for the scene of the fire. The building was a furnace. "Everybody's out," called a man in the crowd that had gathered.

Billy, the witless, looked up. He saw the lark in the cage. The stray was burning. He clinged a detaching hand and dashed into the entrance and up the stairs. A man jumped after him, but it was too late. He was driven back in less than a minute the people with staring eyes saw the boy appear at the front upper window. His form was framed with smoke and flame. They saw him fairly tear apart the cage that held the lark. In an instant the bird was free and went soaring heavenward singing.

There was a crowd; a foot had given way. A little later a cawed and gathered round the dead body of a boy. The school teacher and Billy's naturalist companion were looking down on the face that the flames had left untouched.

"He wanted to be a poet," said the teacher.

"Wanted to be?" said the trapper of the fields.

"Wanted to be? His whole life was a poem and his death was a song."

BARN SWALLOW, CHIMNEY SWEEP AND KING BIRD

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL

When the King bird arrives in the early spring with his bride from the south, he guards her most jealously, and fights most vigorously all others of his kind who come near.

Noted for his fighting nature, the King bird is entitled to his royal name, and is also called the tyrant flycatcher, and from his epicurean love of insects, he is known again as the blue Martin, although far removed from the Martin family, being really one of the Flycatchers.

He possesses no noble qualities, as without provocation he often allows "his angry passions" to rise, and makes bold and aggressive attacks on the cow, and often comes down from his field the less offensive small birds. Very like the Indians of the western plain, the King bird never likes to meet a foe preferring to swoop down upon some unoffending neighbor, giving him a

parts are grayish slate color; on his head is a brilliant orange red crest. The under parts are white, washed with gray on the breast. The tail is black and tipped with white. The bill is at the end of a branch of the wood tree, several feet from the ground, and is a compact structure, composed of leaves, string, weeds, grass, roots, bark and hair. The number of eggs are generally five, and they are creamy white, spotted with dark brown and purple.

I suppose that every boy who reads this paper has seen the Barn Swallow, but how many have seen the bird at work building her nest? Some of you hide away inside the barn, and keep very quiet, you can witness this very interesting performance.

One day last summer I was out on a farm, and in the barn I heard a great chattering and chirping, and discovered the Barn Swallow was building. As the male of most bird families does not assist his mate in this work, I concluded that it was "he" who was doing the chattering, while the little housewife carried on her work at the end of which the walls of the house were built. Most of the time he was inside the half-finished nest giving advice, while she worked.

There were three nests under way, and they were round in form and the mud and string were firmly and smoothly plastered together, and the inside of a finished one was lined with soft feathers from the chicken yard. The birds are very contented and they go about in colonies, flying low over the meadows and fields while on the lookout for the insects on which they feed.

The male and the female Barn Swallow are marked alike. The upper parts are steel blue throat, upper breast and forehead are chestnut, rufous in color, and the under parts are washed with the same, shining to a lustre. The tail is gray slender, and deeply forked. The female is slightly smaller than the male, and her coloring is paler. She raises two broods of young in a season, from the first to six eggs at a sitting, which are white with spots of purplish brown.

The Chimney Swift is more commonly called "the Chimney Swallow,"

whereas it is no swallow at all, being more nearly related to the humming birds than to the swallows.

These birds congregate about my home in small flocks, and in early morning and late afternoon may be seen rapidly sailing over the house-tops, where they build their nests in unobtrusive positions. Their nests are composed of twigs glued together with

than those of a bird, as he darts hither and thither, and it is often perplexing, at dusk, to distinguish the birds. These odd birds cling to the sides of the chimney, and to rough places, assisted by their spin-like tails, and are never seen to alight on the ground, because they would be unable to arise again, on account of their long wings and short feet. Their song consists of a rolling twitter, which is quite pleasant to hear.

The Chimney Swift is about an inch shorter than the English Sparrow, but its long wings make it appear larger. The male and female are marked alike, being of a deep, sooty gray. The tail is even, and has very elastic and sharply pointed quills, beyond which the wings extend an inch and a half. The feet have exceedingly sharp claws.

In country houses, during the summer, I have heard the roar, like distant thunder, of a flock of these birds rising from one of the large chimneys, in the early morning.

The Swift lays from four to six pure white eggs.

Point of View.

The Poet—How gracefully Mrs. Jones sweeps out a parlor.

The Housekeeper—Yes, but she also takes the dirt out of the corner!



The Splashed and Sprawled Eggs of the Purple Grackles.



Boys and girls may be saved for the agricultural districts by teaching them to love the country and to look upon farming as a noble and profitable occupation.

Cat Bird's Nest.

pick in the back of the head, and then our King bird turns like a flash to his resting place.

The King bird is about eight or a half inches in length. His upper

GIVES HELP WHERE NEEDED

Unique New York Institution that Provides Clothing for Actors to Make an "Appearance."

How many actresses, after a long period of illness, when they at last secured an engagement in stock, let us say—have been at their wits' end to know how they were going to provide themselves with the gowns or evening dresses necessary for the

play? And how many actors when, in straitened circumstances, they had an important engagement with a manager, have despaired of securing the same because they could not make a "prosperous" appearance? The number is discouragingly large.

It is not true that when a person is out of work he is most anxious to make a correct impression, and generally at the precise moment is in a position to do so. He is most anxious to get out of work. He is most anxious to get out of work. He is most anxious to get out of work.

feel keenly the disadvantages of a lack of clothes.

But such people no longer despair absolutely. There is in New York City a "Clothing Bureau" that has a professional department devoted entirely to the needs of actresses and actors in exactly this or a similar position. On the first Friday of each month the bureau sets aside wholly for their use, and a sympathetic lady, with an intimate knowledge of the members of the profession—both men and women—and their needs, is in charge of the bureau the day in order to help and advise them. Almost any kind of dress suit, hat or coat can be procured there; but not immediately, at least with a responsibility. The sole object of the bureau is to perform a kindness to those immediately in need of it—Dramatic Mirror.

Fine Product of Copper.

It is now possible to produce cast copper of high electrical conductivity that is mechanically sound.

Many people are kept ill because they do not know how to select food that their own particular bodies will take up and build upon.

What will answer for one will not do for another.

If one is ailing it is safe to change food entirely and go on a plain, simple diet, say:

Some fruit
Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream
Soft-boiled eggs
Crisp Toast
A Cup of Postum

no more.

Man! But a diet like that makes one feel good after a few days' use.

The most perfectly made food for human use is Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Get the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in pkg.

Foley Kidney Pills Succeed

because they are a good honest medicine that cannot help but heal kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities, if they are once taken into the system. Try them now for positive and permanent help.

W. N. U. DETROIT, NO. 28-1923.

As Good As It Looks and Better

Roxa Regz shoes have proved their worth to thousands.

This one is especially worthy of your consideration, if you are looking for a shoe that is made to last.

No. 408 is 12 inches high with full bellows tongue, and full vamp under the toe cap, giving double wear at that point.

The sole consists of three thicknesses of sole leather, the outside being of water-proof stock of extra wearing quality.

Everything about this shoe is solid leather, and it is put together with long service in view.

Ask your dealer for these shoes. If he does not handle them, send for our Free Roxa Regz Book, and we will give you the name of our nearest agent.

HIRTH-KRAUSE COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Quicker Way.

"In the dispute, the defendant strike the complainant forcibly with his argument."

"No, sir; he struck him in the head with a brick."

Mixed by Ragtime.

The band is going to play our national air, remark the host to the distinguished foreign visitor. "Of course you have heard it?"

"I don't remember exactly how the music goes, but the words, I believe, are to the effect that someone or other is waiting for a steamboat."

PIMPLES ON FACE AND ARMS

411 Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.

"About a year ago my face, neck, arms and back were beginning to become afflicted with pimples and blackheads. My pimples would not very often appear to come to a head. If I tried to open them the pain would be terrible, but nothing could be taken from them. They itched very badly; I suffered terribly from itching. After scratching, the pimples would swell and after the swelling was gone my face would become very red and remain so for some time. My clothing caused the itching to be worse. When it was warm it was utterly impossible to sleep."

"I used a cream and the more I used the worse they got. Shortly after, I read the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and determined to use them. The itching stopped almost immediately. This was about three months ago and I am entirely cured now." (Signed) Miss Margarette E. Jacobs, Jan. 13, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 12-2 Skin Book. Address post-free "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

New Argument.

Mrs. Hatterton (an ardent suffragette)—Well, I see by the paper this morning that the new banking and currency bill will add about \$200,000,000 to our currency.

Hatterton (pleasantly)—Yes. With my money in for some of it, don't you?

Mrs. Hatterton (savagely)—That's just the point. We would if women had the vote.—Life.

For DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epistaxis, Shingles, Fever, Catarrhs, etc.

SPONH MEDICAL CO., Chicago and GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

The Up-to-Date Lighting System for Country Homes

The Improved Jemco Pitt Country Generator

Installed in the ground and covered over like a steam. Far removed from the building. Foot-Proof, Frost-Proof, Safe and Convenient. Permitted by The National Board of Fire Underwriters. Guaranteed absolutely. The best lighting system on earth for the least money. Hundreds of farmers have already installed our generator in their homes. Write for particulars to the first purchaser in each locality. Protected by patents. Infringers liable to prosecution. For particulars for the selling.

The Jemco Acetylene Gas Machine Co., Meridian Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

VALUABLE QUALITY TO HAVE

Man Who Can See the True Possibilities of Other Men is the One That Succeeds.

"Seeing" men is an art. It amounts almost to second sight. Often, in a business "line," some man makes his way mysteriously and rapidly to the top, or near to it. He does not seem to have greater trading ability than many others, nor has he been favored by a larger capital or a more magnetic personality. But he does it. The faculty of "seeing" men has been the magical force.

It is no trick at all to discover the man who has triumphantly made a record, who is already a personality in his trade or that. Unfortunately, such a man is unaliquely costly. What he has done, moreover, is a positive guarantee as to his future exploits. Men of great reputation as financiers many times prove great disappointments when they shift. The chief who "sees" picks a man whose reputation is yet to be made, and thereby gets the profit himself.—Harper's Weekly.

The Winner.

"Didn't you confess all your former life to your wife after the wedding?"

"No; we weren't married long enough for that."—Judge (Munich).

On the Quiet.

Owl—Would your mother mind if I took you out for an auto ride?

Chicken—Mind? She wouldn't hear of it!

Busy Trip.

"I had a tough time delivering the mail yesterday," declared the postman.

"How was that?"

"It's a building of a chunk of liver in the same delivery."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Girl at Trest.

Rescuer—Hurry! Quick! Throw her a life preserver.

Drowning Girl—Haven't you—a—haven't you? That—dirty—grab—doesn't—match—my—blue—suit.—Puck.

Scant Compliment.

"Our guide tells me that in Morocco men buy their wives."

"I've seen him. I'll bet he got her at a rummage sale."

Diminutive Convenience.

"The Smiths have a kitchenette."

Rockier—And Jones has indignationette.

The Way of It.

"I hear that recently speculator was a copper corner."

"Yes; he ran into a cordon of police."

The Idea.

"Why are you trying to keep all this scandalous gossip about?"

"Because I want to be in the swim!"

Consolation.

"I really feel I am losing my mind."

"Well, don't worry about it. No one is apt to notice it."

The Food Route To Steady Health

SUPPORTED HIM
Food That Saved When Everything Else Failed.

The food route is a safe and very sure road back to health.

"For six years I was a serious sufferer from indigestion and general stomach trouble, from the improperly cooked food in boarding houses and restaurants of which I was a victim.

"During those of the six years I was so bad of nervous prostration set in and I sought relief in a specialist without success. I had gotten so that I could eat almost nothing and was steadily losing flesh.

"Many different foods and preparations were recommended for a trial, without success, and I had become indifferent to all food.

"Some months after seeing your ad in the daily paper about the scientifically prepared food, Grape-Nuts, and its good qualities, and being driven almost to despair over my plight, I hesitatingly resolved to give Grape-Nuts a trial as a last resort. And I thank God that I did!

"From my first meal of Grape-Nuts I felt a great change for the better; the knot that arose in the chest after meals disappeared; stomachic acid disappeared and gradually the nervousness disappeared.

"For about a year I ate Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and have gained 44 pounds of lost weight and which 6 pounds more than I ever did and now do not find any trouble in using my old-time clothes with my Grape-Nuts.

"I expect to be married soon and I do not expect Grape-Nuts to be eliminated from my bill of fare as long as I live. If my sister would help me to get more, please my name conspicuously where it can be read."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Grape-Nuts contain all the constituents of a complete food and in a highly assimilable state," says the "London Lancet."