

Boys own paper.

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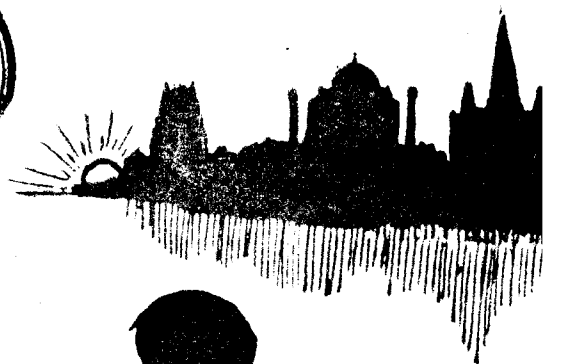
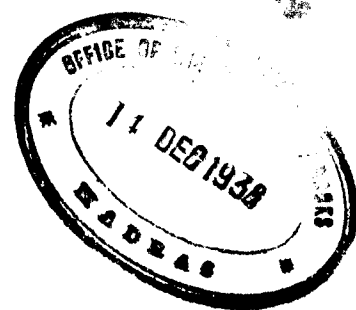
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No. 3

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BIBLE

REV. CANON H. J. EDMONDS, M.A.

THE book called the Bible really consists of a collection of writings made in different languages covering a very long period of time. There are two main parts, the Old Testament or Covenant which was the book of the Jews, and the New Testament or Covenant which is the special Christian book. Christians are much more concerned with the New Testament than with the Old. There never was a time when Jesus Christ did not exist or was not God; but when he came from His heavenly life to life on earth and to be made man He chose for His mother the Blessed Virgin Mary, and she, the holiest woman that ever lived was a Jewess, so that our Saviour though He is the Saviour of the World belongs to a special race. Now that race for nearly 2000 years before Jesus came had been specially trained by Almighty God to teach religion to all mankind, and to provide a home in which the Christian religion should begin.

The birth of Jesus Christ is the central point in the history of the

World, and that is why most civilised nations reckon events as happening either *Anno Domini* (in the year of our Lord) or *B.C.* (Before Christ). It was natural then to begin with the life of our Lord and then to study something of the race from which He sprang.

The Jewish race descends from Abraham who lived nearly 2000 years B.C., but their history as a nation and a Church begins with Moses, who led them out of the land of Egypt towards the Holy Land about 1500 B.C.

The first five books of the Bible—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy—a re commonly called the books of Moses, because he was the great law-giver through whom God gave His law to the children of Israel. Some of God's Laws given long after Moses's time were bound up with the earlier parts given through Moses, and so all these books came to be called Books of the Law of Moses.

The editors who put the books into the present shape used

various old records; where two records of the same event existed sometimes both are preserved and sometimes they are combined.

Other nations besides the Jews have traditions and very early written documents to give an account of their own history, and some of them have very curious speculations about the origin of the human race. All thinking people want to know how the world began, and what the first man was like, and how it happened that sin and pain and death came into the world. Now God inspired the Jewish writers to see these things more clearly than others and their accounts are so much truer and better than any other; but we must not suppose that they could not make mistakes. For instance, it would be very silly to expect to find in the book of Genesis the kind of information which we find in modern scientific text-books obtained by the labours of astronomers, geologists and patient students in natural history, who have found out much that Moses never dreamt of.

The great lessons we learn from the earliest books in the Bible are these:

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. He is eternal but the world is not. The essential thing is that He is the Creator who made out of nothing, and is not like a carpenter who only makes things out of material lying ready to his hand.

He made the world to be the dwelling place of man, and man was made in His own image, that is, with the mind and heart and will capable of knowing, loving and serving Him.

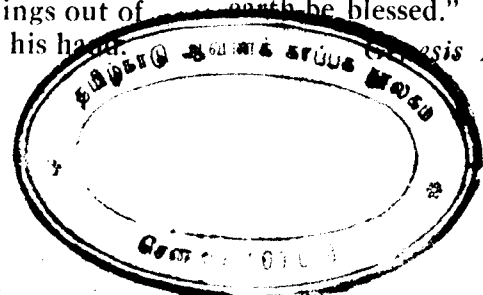
Then we learn that man was tempted and fell and sin came into the world. But God did not cast him off but promised that a Saviour should come.

Then comes the sad history of the growth of sin and wickedness, and of the way in which He punishes the guilty even in this world.

Later we come to the story of Abraham, the father of the Jewish race, and the rest of the Old Testament is chiefly concerned with the history of his family. It was not that God did not care for the other nations, but it was for the final good of the whole world that God chose a special family and nation to receive His Law, and learn His ways, and prepare for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. So the special promise made to Abraham was this:—

"I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and be thou a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse: and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

Genesis 12-2 & 3.



SEARCH FOR TRUTH

DO YOUR BEST

VICEROY'S ADVICE TO SCHOOL CHILDREN.



I would like, if I can, to say just a word or two to you that some of you may care to remember and which may be of some help to you.

Advice can never take the place of experience. That which advice can sometimes do is to make experience more fruitful of good, help us to better understand the lessons of life and, when those lessons are sharp and unwelcome, to bear them with an even and unruffled mind.

I want to talk to you about the truth you have been taught; for as long as you can, remember to

tell the truth and not to speak lies.

You know that no person who is untruthful can be good or can have self-respect or peace of mind. You will find that Truth is the only fountain of honour and the surest source of man's influence within his fellowmen.

When you come across someone of whom those who know him say "So and so told me such and such a thing and so it must be true" you are dealing, believe me, with a man to be reckoned with.

But there are other aspects of truth not quite so obvious as those with which I have been dealing. We have been thinking about truth as between ourselves and others. There are also, and just as important, matters of truth within ourselves.

There is no more damaging weakness than self-deception and the habit of refusing to look the facts in their face. Nor is any one of those weaknesses to which we are all prone more difficult to put away.

Then there is an old friend to which we give the description "eye-wash" but which is really no more than a form of untruth. For, an eye-wash means that we are concerned deliberately to deceive someone into thinking that we have done what we have not bothered to do. The credit so gained is not worth having.

Quite a number of people who have plenty of natural intelligence fail to make the best of themselves because they never acquire the habit of taking pains to find out where it is that truth really is.

No one can possess what we call "good judgment," which is about the same thing as instinct for recognising reasonable probabilities, whose mind is not trained to follow the truth. And, in many of the most important things of life, reasonable probabilities are our only guides.

No one can be a good artist or appreciate good art or criticise it unless they seek steadfastly after the truth. So also with letters.

For, truth is the discipline that makes our imagination our faithful servant rather than our cruel master.

One word more. Don't suppose that truth is an easy thing to come by; for it is indeed a most difficult one. Nor in this life can any of us ever attain complete truth. We can but do our best.

Above all, don't put off beginning your search for truth on the ground of any feeling that the thing will be easier of achievement. For, believe me, as the life moves on, these things become harder and less easy.

Don't be deterred by failure. It is quite certain that the effort will make a heavy call upon your courage. But hold on bravely, for the prize is worth the labour.

You will draw strength for your efforts after truth from many sources, from religion, from those whom you love, from the lives of those heroes whom you admire and if you choose them wisely from the books you read. Here are some words written in 1625 by the great Englishman, Francis Bacon. Their meaning carries most of what is best knowing. He wrote, "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth."

Our Serial Story.

THE AVERTED CORONATION OR THE INSTALLATION OF THE SANDALS

T. S. VEERARAGHAVACHARIAR, M.A., L.T.,
Headmaster, Rajah's High School, Ramnad.

CHAPTER III *Mantara and Kaikeyi.*



Kaikeyi, the youngest and most beautiful of Dasaratha's queens, was the king's favourites. She had a confidential maid named Mantara. Mantara was a hump-backed wretch who had formerly served in the household of Kaikeyi's maternal uncle. Kaikeyi had brought her to Ayodhya. Mantara had great influence over Kaikeyi, for the royal lady was always guided by her counsel.

On the evening preceding the day appointed for Rama's installation Mantara happened to ascend to the top of her mistress's palace. She turned her eye in a listless mood on the prospect below and saw the city superbly decorated. When she heard the sounds of music and the merry shouts of the citizens, Mantara was seized with profound surprise. She asked a servant who was passing by, "what is happening in the city? What means this overflow of gaiety among the citizens?" The servant replied, "what, Mantara, is it possible that you do not know what everybody is talking about? Still you are the favourite of favourites. "Speak, hussy" said Mantara, "stop your comments and answer my question." "Know then" replied the maid "that the king will install Rama to-morrow as his associate-king!" Flushed with anger, Mantara speedily descended from the palace and proceeded to Kaikeyi's boudoir.

Mantara:—Awake my mistress. How can you sleep when a great danger threatens you?

Kaikeyi:—How can any danger approach me when I have four heroic sons of whom Rama is the eldest? Prate not, fool! I am Rama's mother. Nothing untoward will ever happen to me.

Mantara:—Alas, your happiness has been destroyed. Your prosperity is gone. The welfare of your dependants is bound up with your prosperity. When evil befalls you, we are undone!

Kaikeyi:—Speak Mantara. Do not keep me in suspense. Is anything wrong with Rama? Or has the king been suddenly taken ill?

Mantara:—O foolish queen, Kausalya has triumphed by reason of her cleverness!

Kaikeyi:—Say rather by reason of her having Dasaratha for her husband, and Bharatha for her son!

Mantara:—Alas, you simple one, you love the king more than he loves you. He has basely betrayed you. For all his soft words he has a crooked heart. He deceives you with honeyed words, bare of substance, while he sets himself to promote the welfare of Kausalya.

Kaikeyi:—The proof! The

proof! Speak, you hunch-backed wretch. You are bent on mischief. But beware, if you lie to me, I will tear your eyes out.

Mantara:—Yes, I deserve this rebuke, and even more! Like a fool I think only of your welfare, your interests. I come to do you a service, and you shower reproaches upon me. Well then, let me go. What care I if Kausalya's son is more fortunate than your own?

Kaikeyi:—What are you muttering, Mantara? Do not take offence at my words. You know I love. But your ways are as crooked as your back. Why don't you tell me straightaway what you have in your mind?

Mantara:—Listen, you guileless queen. To-morrow Rama will be crowned king of Ayodhya. This is the secret of Kausalya's triumph!

Kaikeyi:—Mantara, why did you keep this welcome news so long from me? You know it not, but have filled my heart with delight. Trust the king to do what is right. Rama is as dear to me as Bharata, and I really find no difference between the two.

Accept this peerless necklace of snow-white pearls for excellent news!

Mantara:—You foolish queen, your joy is ill-tuned. You rejoice when you should weep. What sensible woman would rejoice at the advancement of her co-wife's son? Both Rama and Bharata have an equal claim to the throne. I admire the deep cunning of the king. With clever foresight he sent Bharata to his grandfather's kingdom long ago, so that he might not stand in the way of Rama's coronation. Poor Bharata! Both your father and mother are your enemies!

Kaikeyi:—Mantara, I thought you were wise and intelligent. I am afraid you have lost your wits. Rama is the eldest son of the king, and his right to the throne none can dispute. How is it you are ignorant of this well-established rule among kings?

Mantara:—What if Rama is the first born son? Bharata is the son of the favourite queen. His claim is as good as that of Rama. But you, his mother, want him serve Rama like a slave. It would be better for Bharata to retire to the forest when Rama becomes king. Bharata had better die than live an inglorious life. Alas, the great virtues of Bharata are of no avail. O queen, born of a king, brought up by a king, and married to a king, you are

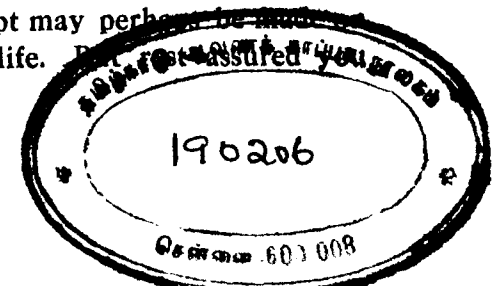
doomed to suffering. You are incapable of guarding your interests, nor will you be guided by others! I for my part refuse to submit to the authority of Kausalya's servants!

Kaikeyi:—Evil-minded wretch, in the Solar race sovereignty goes to the eldest son. You limb of Satan, you are no friend of mine, nor do you wish for Bharata's welfare. Why, you are no friend to yourself. Prompted by your own evil genius, you talk wickedly. What you say is against the age-long custom of the Ikshwakus. It is unlawful and unjust. Begone! Don't stand before me.

You deserve to have your tongue cut off! But I forgive you, seeing that you have been my maid from my childhood.

Mantara:—O Mistress, you are my refuge. I must speak out whatever happens to me. I fall at your feet. Listen to me yet a while. If, in the race of Ikshwakus, sovereignty goes by seniority, why should the old king transfer it to Rama even while he is alive? If that can be done, why not Bharata be chosen as well as Rama? Further, when one attains royal dignity, one's nature is bound to change. No attempt may perhaps be made to change your life.

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will be subjected to indignity and life-long misery.

Kaikeyi:—Mantara, you know not Rama. Rama is well-acquainted with the code of morality, and has all manly virtues. He will love his brothers and maintain them like a father. Rama will certainly bestow the kingdom upon Bharata after some years.

Mantara:—O queen, after Rama, his son will become king, not Bharata. Bharata will be cut off for ever from the throne. All the sons of the king cannot obtain the kingdom. Sovereignty is confined to the descendants of the eldest son.

Kaikeyi:—What does it matter? Rama is even dearer to me than Bharata. He loves me more than he loves Kausalya. If the kingdom be Rama's it will be Bharata's all the same. Rama regards his brothers as his own self.

Mantara:—Then let Bharata be crowned. The kingdom will be Rama's all the same. None are so blind as those that will not see. Mark my words, O queen, When Rama gets the Kingdom he will send Bharata to a distant land or to the better world. He will consider Bharata a dangerous rival and a thorn in his side. It is your duty to save your only son. Rama's love is not genuine.

It is mere pretence. Rama is too deep for you.

Kaikeyi:—Mantara, your fears are unreasonable. You have no idea of the wonderful love that exists between Rama and Bharata. Bharata worships the ground trodden by Rama. Rama would give his life to spare Bharata the slightest pain.

Mantara:—Alas, you are determined to reduce yourself and your son to beggary. When Rama becomes king will you beg of Kausalya for the maintenance of Bharata and yourself? If you wish to dispense charity, would you beg of Kausalya for the means? Or ashamed of having to beg, would take away your precious life? Further more, let me point out another great evil. King Janaka and your father have been life-long enemies. Janaka does not destroy your father because he is afraid of Dasaratha. Rama is Janaka's son-in-law. If Rama becomes king, what will be the fate of your father. Would you destroy your father's race? Remember O Princess, the safety of your father is bound up with Bharata's succession to the throne.

Kaikeyi:—What words are these Mantara? Unto what dangers would you lead me by this insidious advice?

Mantara:—You are bent upon insulting me, O Queen. Though a servant, yet I have a spirit of my own. One word more, and I shall have done. Remember madam, you have time and again slighted Kausalya, through pride and good fortune. You have insulted her often relying upon the great influence over the king. Kausalya's hour of triumph is come. She is not likely to forget her wrongs in a hurry. She will wreak her vengeance upon you ere long. Be content to live as Kausalya's hand maid. What is that to me? Only I refuse to submit to the tyranny of Kausalya's maids. Give me leave, madam. I should return to your uncle's household. Fare you well!

Kaikeyi:—Stay Mantara; will you desert me? Rama loves me and has respect for me. But I am afraid of Kausalya's revenge. Do you really think she will use me ill?

Mantara:—Would you doubt it? Your safety lies in obtaining the throne for Bharata.

Kaikeyi:—Mantara, you have indeed my welfare at heart, you are Bharata's well-wisher too. Tell me, dear Mantara by what means I can secure the throne for Bharata.

Mantara:—You are my own dear, clever mistress after all. If you will be guided by my advice. I can make Bharata lord of the three worlds. Formerly, the king took you with him when he went to fight against the Asura Samban, At a critical moment in the fight you saved the king's life, displaying great presence of mind. The greatful monarch offered you two boons. Do you remember the incident?

Kaikeyi:—Yes, Mantara, the king asked me to name the boons but I told him I would ask them later on.

Mantara:—What a blessing that you did not waste the boons on frivolous nothings! As you are in luck's way, my queen. Do not fail to ask the king for the two boons when he comes to see you to-night.

Kaikeyi:—What boons would you have me ask the king?

Mantara:—By the first, Rama should repair to the forest and abide there for four and ten years; by the second, Bharata should be installed on the throne.

Kaikeyi:—But why insist on Rama's exile? What we want Bharata's installation. When Bharata becomes king, what harm is there if Rama remains in Ayodhya?

(To be continued)

A PAIR OF BLUE SPECTACLES

V. K. NARASIMHAN, M.A.

MANY years ago, I read a fairy tale (by Grimm or Anderson, I forget) in which figured a marvellous pair of Blue Spectacles. I had long desired to have a pair like that. It was the most wonderful of all that I had seen or heard or read about. I had read the story of the magic carpet, the adventures of the Argonauts in search of the golden fleece, the tale of the three golden apples, the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor, all the weird tales of the Arabian Nights—but not in one of them had I come across anything half so wonderful as the Blue Spectacles. If only the Blue Spectacles had been real things, instead of being the insubstantial invention of a fertile imagination, most of the world's problems would have been solved by now. (Here I can well imagine an impatient reader protesting and asking what the deuce I meant by thus growing lyrical over a pair of imaginary spectacles without giving a hint as to what exactly they were and wherein lay their power.)

And surely, what was remarkable about them? It was this

whoever wore the Blue Spectacles could (so the story goes) read into the minds of all he saw and divine their inmost thoughts as easily as if he were reading the open pages of a book printed in bold letters. You cannot hide anything from the man with the Blue Spectacles. Were you planning to commit murder, your scheme lay bare before the miraculous barnacles more clearly than you could have described it yourself. Whatever remained deep in the innermost recesses of your brain, however much you tried to keep it unrevealed, it could not escape the man with these strange spectacles. It would be impossible to hide the truth. Do you now see what a great revolution the presence of a pair of blue glasses like that would effect in the affairs of men? How simple would be the task of the Judge if only he had those Blue Spectacles! There could be no perjury, no concoction of evidence and no false pleas of innocence. He would be able to get at the truth in a jiffy. There would be an end of protracted trials and of witnesses who have no regard for

truth. Nor is the change which the Blue Spectacles could work confined to courts. Everywhere the Blue Spectacles would work the really great miracle which man has been needing all the time, viz., to make him understand the true nature, the motives and the thoughts of his fellowmen. If you but think for a moment, you will realise that the root cause of much of the hatred, the ill-will, and the quarrels between men is their incapacity (and sometimes, their unwillingness) to understand each others desires, motives and thoughts. That does not mean that all the misery and conflict in the world are at bottom due to mis- or lack of understanding or that the moment we understand each other fully and truly there shall be an end of all conflict. But true understanding will end most of the conflicts born of ignorance, delusion, hypocrisy and make believe. Above all, it will promote harmony between those whose ultimate purposes are the same but who stand divided because of the walls they have created round their real thoughts and feelings. Each of us has false notions of himself which he sedulously tries to create in others by hiding his real being from others. Therefore, what he says and does is in-

sincere and hypocritical. We are all, to a lesser or greater degree, afraid of exposure. There is some part of our experience, some fragments of our thoughts and feelings which we want to conceal from others; whose discovery, in fact, we think will lead to our losing our respect. We apprehend that if we are completely known to another we will fall in his esteem. (And we do not think whether an esteem based on another's partial understanding of us is worth anything; whether it is not in imminent danger of being pricked like a bubble when that ignorance is dispelled by some circumstance or another). So much so, consciously or unconsciously we are leading a double life or a multiple life; one, the real, which is known only to us; and the other which we exhibit to those with whom we live and move. It is this double life which will be ended if the Blue Spectacles become universal. If we all knew that all our thoughts and feelings and desires could not be concealed from others, we would lead a frank, sincere and straightforward life. We would not steal but simply grab. We will not accuse each other of bad intentions, when the plain fact is we don't know what those intentions are. The Blue Spectacles will

thus demolish the huge edifice of double life, of incomplete and false action that is the most obvious fact about our lives today. The knell of hypocrisy will be sounded. We shall have a world of true men.

What is the use, it may be asked, of contemplating on the miracles of a pair of incredible Blue Spectacles when they don't exist. That is true, most tragically. The simple way of revolutionising the lives of men by furnishing each of them with a Divine pair of Blue Glasses from a factory is not open to us. But is there no hope for us, no other way? Certainly not, there is a way a much harder, perhaps, but the only way available to us in the absence of those wonder-working spectacles or some other equally marvellous means of knowing each other. It is simple: we have to strive consciously and constantly to demolish those

barriers with which we have surrounded our personality which prevent free communication between each other—a full and free exchange of ideas and feelings. We must ceaselessly strive to make our lives honest so that we may in fact be what we wish to appear to others. When we are not afraid to say or do what we think or feel, we shall be able to live honest lives—honest in the root sense of the term. It is because we are afraid (of exposure, of losing our sense of respect, our possessions or something else) we erect barriers against others; we fortify ourselves and in that process create conflict, misunderstanding and hatred. Our first aim, therefore, should be to get rid of fear; to develop the capacity to live as we feel and think. When we have destroyed the artificial and absurd mental and emotional barriers that divide us we shall be able to create a brave new world.

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Science Page.

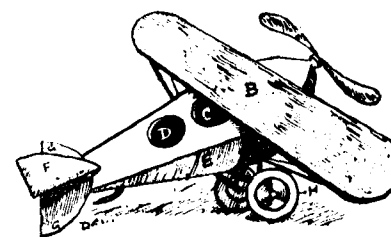
HAVE YOU EVER FLOWN?

L. K. CHETTY, M.A.

I think many of you at least in the city and its suburbs might have gone to the Meenambakkam Aerodrome where joy rides are given to the public. You might have had a couple of joy rides too! Have you ever thought and tried to enquire how an aeroplane flies? It is very simple if you know the secret. Anything is a mystery if it is not known. In the aerodrome there are many types of planes, viz., the monoplane, the biplane, etc. The types are the results of the convenience of flight and the intuition of the designers. Let us study the monoplane which has got only one wing on the top. The idea of a 'plane started from the flight of an eagle which you see flying at high altitudes with perfect ease and indifference to the beings on earth.

models of planes available in bazaars for a couple of annas and if you have one you can study a good lot of aeronautics. If you don't have one, it doesn't matter. Just study the figure of a monoplane. It consists of A—the propeller, B—the wing span, C and D—the “cockpits” for the pilot and the passenger, E—the main body or the fuselage, F—the rudder, G—the elevators and lastly H—the pair of air wheels on which the fuselage is mounted. The engines to revolve the propeller are encased in the front portion of the fuselage called the “nose.”

Let us study how the 'plane begins to fly, You just get inside the cockpit C with a friend for passenger in cockpit D. In your cockpit there is the control board where you can observe the speed of 'plane, the altitude, etc., you have the “joy-stick” just like the gear lever we have in cars and the rudder-bar which can be operated by the legs of the pilot. The joy-stick is to control the elevators and the rudder-bar for the adjustment of the rudder at the tail end of the 'plane,



You now have a good lot of toy

You switch on and start the engine thus rotating the propeller. The propeller in its rotation sets up a screw motion in the air which causes the 'plane to move forward along the ground. As the speed of revolution of the propeller is gradually increased the 'plane gains speed on the ground. It is then said to "taxi." When it reaches on an average about 50-60 miles an hour the rushing wind strikes the wing of the 'plane which is slightly inclined to the ground, exerts an upward pressure and you now feel the "lift." The 'plane rises from the ground, you draw the joy-stick towards you, raising the elevators and the 'plane gains height. After a sufficient altitude is reached, the joy-stick may be thrown back to level and the 'plane travels high up in the air at a level. If you would like to turn the 'plane you will have to simply turn the rudder-bar to left or right according as you would wish the 'plane to turn in the respective directions.

After flying for a couple of hours, if you wish to land on the ground for a drink, you slow down the propeller and if sufficiently competent you can even

shut off the engines. The 'plane now glides down losing height gradually when you throw the joy-stick forward. When it is at a little height from the ground, the joy-stick is kept at level and the 'plane descends to the ground and alights on its wheels. It will then "taxi" on the ground and you can get down the 'plane and do whatever you like! Landing seems to be an easy affair, but really it is an item causing the greatest anxiety and inviting skill even from an experienced pilot.

So you are now a pilot capable of handling a 'plane! Do you think it rather "nervy"? I should say that given the modern dual control by which engine failure is reduced to a minimum and helped by the development of modern science you can have a flight as safe as a journey by train or voyage in a liner. Only thing is you should become "air-minded" when you would like to have some feats in aerobatics. Space forbids me to give a couple of tips on the subject but you may expect shortly a "Surprise packet"! Cheerio boys! Hope you would soon become Scotts and Mollisons!



ROMAN BRICK-KILN

A farmer's complaints that he was continually spoiling the blade of his plough against bricks in his field led to the discovery of an ancient Roman brick-kiln in a meadow near Cranleigh School near Guildford, Surrey. Excavations which were undertaken by the boys of the school archaeological society where recently completed, and the whole process of brick-making in Roman days lies revealed. The kiln is in an excellent state of preservation. The floor, over 9 ft. square, was supported by walls which were arched over the furnace.

SNAKE'S EXPENSIVE MEAL

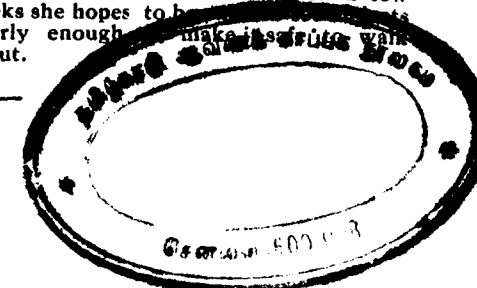
The London Zoo's giant hamadryad, or king cobra, has at last broken his fast. This reptile, which measures 18 feet in length, and is therefore exceptionally large for a venomous snake, arrived at the Zoo at the beginning of May, and from his general appearance it was obvious that he had not had a meal for some time. As these snakes prey on other snakes in their natural state and usually insist on having the same food in captivity, the new-comer was at once offered a tempting selection of grass snakes and rat snakes. But he went on hunger-strike, and although he was also offered water snakes and lizards he refused to touch them. At length the Zoo became worried, for the huge hamadryad showed signs of wasting, and in the hope of stimulating his appetite a 6 foot Malayan black-and-gold snake valued at £5 was placed in his den. And although there were other untouched live snakes in his home, the moment the black-and-gold snake appeared on the scene the hamadryad became active and seized him.

WOOL FROM MILK!

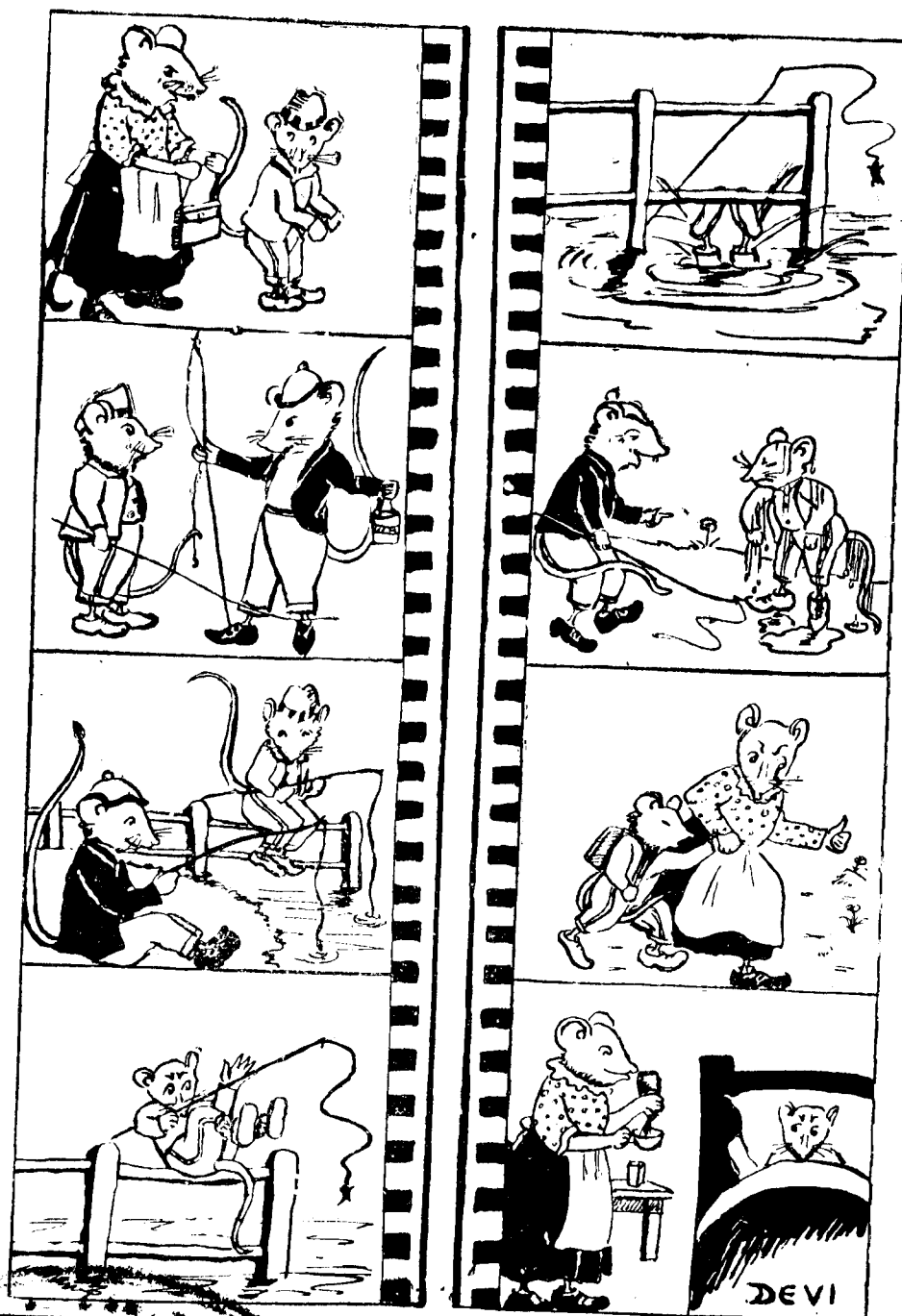
How the chemist and the research worker falsified economic prophecy and minimised the effect of sanctions is proved by an exhibition held recently at the London offices of the Italian State Railways. In one room were examples of almost every kind of substitute for materials and articles which could not be imported into Italy because of the sanctions ban, or which Italy refused to buy from the sanctions-imposing countries. Some two dozen varieties of cellulose were invented or adapted. All kinds of paper, from newsprint to expensive note-paper, were shown, made of rice, wheat, tobacco, broom, or poplar cellulose. "Lanital," the new synthetic wool made from milk, was used, among other things, for officers' uniforms. It is said to be unshrinkable, will dye any colour, and is very difficult to burn.

SIGHT FOR A BLIND GIRL

Almost blind from birth, Miss Alice Margaret Vennall, aged eighteen, of Queen's-road, Walthamstow, England, has always dreamed that she would be able to see one day. Now her belief is coming true, after a delicate operation at the London Royal Eye Hospital. The cornea from the eye of a London postman, whose complaint made it inevitable that he would lose it, was removed and grafted on to hers at the hospital. Nine weeks afterwards, she can read one and a half inch letters, distinguish the colours of many fabrics, and see a person's hand moved in front of her face. In a few weeks she hopes to be able to see clearly enough to make it safe to walk about.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



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