

WOMEN WIN THEIR PLACES

Conquering All Obstacles

ON THE WAY TO BEING JUDGES

Every month, in some fresh way, women are winning a right to be regarded as equals of men in brain power.

First, they showed in the war that they were as true as men in the love of their country and in their self-sacrificing helpfulness. When they were placed where the call to die reached them, they died as bravely as men.

Then they were given the deep responsibility of voting for their country's welfare.

Now one of them has taken her seat in Parliament. And, as it would be absurd for them to make laws which they could not help to carry out, six of them have been chosen as magistrates.

But if they can make laws as members of Parliament, and decide cases as magistrates, surely they ought to be able also to argue the rights and wrongs of cases as lawyers.

So the last step forward that they have made is to be admitted into training as lawyers—as barristers who argue, and solicitors who give advice and prepare cases—and one of the last of the pretences that women are the "weaker sex" has been dispelled.

They are now starting on the way to be judges—the most grave of all duties.

His Son was Killed in the War A Story in Seven Words

In the paper the other day there was recorded the death of a well-known clergyman, the notice concluding with these words: "He leaves three daughters; his son was killed in the War."

How quickly those last seven words were written; how quickly they were set up by the compositor; how quickly printed and borne away to all parts of the Kingdom; how quickly read!

His son, his only son, was killed in the War.

Was there ever so quick an abbreviation of tragedy?

You can imagine the little rectory household twenty years ago: the good clergyman, his devoted wife, three pretty girls, and one gallant, sturdy boy, the pride of them all, the joy of the home, the hope of their future.

How much would depend on him when the father was taken!

Not only would the family name be in his keeping, but he would have to take care of his sisters and his mother.

You can see how the whole family would toil to form his character and to give him an enthusiasm for work of the right kind. They would save money for his education. They would praise him like anything when he brought home a prize. They would spur him on to win a scholarship for Oxford or Cambridge.

And then came the War.

The boy had reached manhood. He had fulfilled all the dreams of his father and mother, all the hopes of his three sisters. He was a good Englishman. But this War—this horrible, wicked War!

He goes. Months of agony; months of prayer; and then . . . the telegram is brought to the rectory.

And the old father bows his head and pines away and goes out into the darkness to seek for his son.

You boys who read these words are that soldier's younger brothers. Do what he would have done in the world if he had not been "killed in the War."

LIFE IN THE OLD LEAD MINES

Opening Up Ancient Trades

One of the oldest industries in England is the lead-mining of Derbyshire.

Abandoned lead mines are to be found over a large part of North-west Derbyshire. They have been abandoned because the low price of lead would not pay the cost of following the track of the lead through the hillsides.

But lead ore, which could be bought for £14 a ton before the war, is now selling for £44 a ton, and at that price the old mines could be cleared of water and worked again at a profit. So the miners are about to re-open some of the old workings.

The manner of working a lead mine is quite different from all other forms of mining. It is carried on by rules made centuries ago. The miners work on a share system, receiving a fixed proportion of the value of the lead they recover.

A government official, called "the barmaster," sees fair-play.

A CHILD'S ESCAPE

"Knocking the Train Down"

A correspondent sends us a story of a wonderful escape from death of a little girl about two years old, which happened recently in Norfolk.

A passenger train was approaching a level crossing with a gate-house beside it when the driver noticed a small child on the side of the line most distant from the house; and it struck him that the child might try to run back across the line to the house, and be killed. So he put on his brakes to stop, if possible, before reaching the house.

It was not possible; and the little mite did try to run back. The train was pulled up, but the engine and half the carriages had passed over the child.

The little, unconscious form was lifted tenderly from under the train and found to be but slightly hurt; and now the little soul is as well as ever, and happily has not been much frightened, for she has language enough to tell people, gravely, that she "knocked the train down."

FLOWERS SHAKESPEARE LOVED

A New Old Garden in Stratford

Very wisely, the people who honour Shakespeare in his birthplace and death-place, Stratford-on-Avon, are making the garden of his house a beautiful place by planting in it the English flowers he loved and described.

As a country-born lad, Shakespeare noticed everything beautiful around him. His plays give many little glimpses of the flowers he knew—daffodils, and violets dim, rosemary for remembrance, the wild thyme, and many more.

Is it not a good thought to bring them all together in the fine old garden close by the church where he lies?

THE GREAT HUMAN HEART Many People are Very Kind

Great numbers of people have very kind hearts. In nothing has that been shown more clearly than in the splendid support given voluntarily to the noble Red Cross service during the war.

The accounts have now been added up, and they show that the sums given to the wounded through the Red Cross amounted to the enormous sum of £16,121,939. Besides this there were Government receipts, interest, and so on, which brought up the total to nearly £19,000,000.

This was human kindness put into the form of cash, but even more splendid was the vast total of personal work given gladly by women and men, year after year, without a murmur.

Who can say, after this overflow of gifts, that the human heart is not brimming with kindness for those who suffer?

COMPANIONS OF THE SUN

The Little Dog of the Sky

TRAVELLING A MILLION MILES A DAY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The dark moonless nights of next week will afford an opportunity of finding Procyon, the chief star of the constellation of the Little Dog, or Canis Minor.

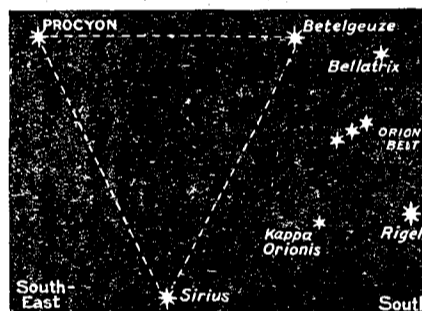
Sirius, the beautiful star of the Great Dog—Canis Major—and Betelgeuze, the bright red star of Orion, will enable us to pick out the brilliant Procyon from the number of other bright stars in the eastern sky. He is almost due east of Betelgeuze, and with Sirius he forms a great triangle of bright stars, as shown in our diagram. We must not, however, mistake the lustrous Jupiter for Procyon, for he is as far to the east of Procyon as Procyon is from Betelgeuze.

Sirius and Procyon, which have many features in common, are almost companion suns to a third, which is our own Sun. They are much nearer to each other than to any other sun but ours.

Distant Sun's Fiery Planet

To realise this let us add to the imaginary model we constructed last week, in which Sirius was a two-inch ball placed 760 miles from us in the South of France, while our Sun was but a one-inch ball only 9 feet 2 inches away from the Earth.

Now, Procyon would be represented by a ball about an inch and a half across in proportion, so, to place him in his proper position in relation to our Sun ball and Sirius ball, and supposing the



Where to Look for Procyon

Sirius ball were placed somewhere near Marseilles, we should have to take our model Procyon ball on to about as far as Rome, when, at a little over 900 miles away, our 1½ inch ball will represent the great sun Procyon. So we calculate that for every inch our great Sun is away from us, Procyon is a hundred miles.

We should have to go three times as far as Rome to place a model of the next nearest star in that side of the heavens, and that would be Aldebaran. All the others would be far beyond.

It will be remembered that Sirius has a fiery world revolving round him, and so has Procyon—a world about half the size of our Sun. It is believed to revolve round Procyon once in 40 years, and it is known to be a giant planet only visible in most powerful telescopes.

Three Miles Nearer Every Second

Though fiery, it has cooled down so much that its total light, including the light it reflects from Procyon, is only a twenty-thousandth part of the light our Sun emits, though Procyon himself is three times as bright as our Sun; in fact, in point of age, he is about midway between the bright and youthful Sirius and our somewhat advanced orb of day.

Procyon is approaching us, as Sirius is, but so obliquely that he is only three miles nearer every second compared with the nine miles of Sirius. They are both travelling across the sky in a south-westerly direction, Procyon at 12 miles a second and Sirius at 10; but, though Procyon travels over a million miles in a day, it will take him 60,000 years to get where Kappa Orionis, at the south-east corner of Orion, appears to be now. G. F. M.

THE GOLD TRAIN

Shunting in Siberia

One of the strangest things heard of through the Great War is that in these days, when the world is in desperate need of gold, a train-load of gold is being drawn backward and forward on the great Siberian railway.

It is the gold of the Russian Treasury, and Admiral Koltchak is said to be trying to keep it safe.

The nations with large armies used to store much gold in preparation for war. Germany and Russia did so.

When Russia began to fail, in the war, the gold was sent away eastward for safety, and Koltchak, as commander of the most eastward army, took charge of it. Now he is being driven farther and farther eastward, and his army would perhaps be broken up if the Japanese did not help him. But all this gold, £65,000,000 it is thought, is being shunted hither and thither with his retreating army, while Russia owes Great Britain about ten times as much.

DOCTOR OF GREAT RENOWN

Man of Fifteen Universities

All doctors are grieving because of the death of one of the greatest men in their profession, Sir William Osler.

He was a man of whom all should know, for he was a teacher of doctors.

Best of all, he was the kind of man who inspires others, giving them lofty ideas of the good they can do.

He was born in Canada, where, after being educated in all the chief countries, he became a university professor of medicine. Later, he passed on to an American University, and then came to Oxford. He wrote a great book on the principles of medicine which all wise doctors read. He was made a doctor by fifteen universities.

And he more than deserved all these honours, because, besides his learning, he was a noble-hearted man, whose influence over other men was very great.

ARMY STEALS 26,000 DOGS

France's Little Bill for Germany

A part of the bill which the French are sending to the Germans for things stolen during the war is for 26,000 dogs.

North-eastern France is noted for valuable dogs; and as the Germans advanced they seized all they could.

The valuable dogs of good pedigree were given to superior German officers. The Crown Prince, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, and General von Kluck, all had some, so that no one can say the thefts were not known in high quarters. Dogs that could be trained for war service were distributed to the German army, and these fine dogs of France were turned against the land which bred them.

Many of the French dog-owners know who had their dogs, and have a good idea of what they were worth, so the bill for them is being forwarded to the German nation, and by the terms of the Treaty of Peace it must be paid.

SAVED FROM AN AVALANCHE

The popular Swiss health resort of Davos, inhabited largely by invalids taking the open-air cure, has been swept, as we saw last week, by an avalanche, and the people are now discussing their marvellous escapes.

Here are two instances showing how strangely the rolling masses of snow just missed young and old.

The door of a room in one house was wrenched off its hinges and flung into a corner of the room in front of a child who was crouching there. The whole room was filled with the snow except the corner where the door sheltered the child.

In another house, where a patient was in bed, the snow flung open the bedroom door, and passed through the room to the window, leaving the bed untouched.