

THE OLIVE LEAF

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Ah! If!

If men would cease to worry
 And women cease to sigh,
 And all be glad to bury
 Whatever has to die;

If neighbour spoke to neighbour,
 As love demands of all,
 The rust would eat the sabre,
 The spear stay on the wall;

Then every day would glisten,
 And every eve would shine,
 And God would pause to listen,
 And life would be divine.

Author unknown.



"Kitchener."

It was about the time when the name of Lord Kitchener was much on the public lip in connection with some of his courageous deeds that a workman in one of the large towns in Scotland was cycling to his work early one cold winter morning, when his attention was attracted by a group of poor-looking but animated children gathered around the entrance to a "close." Being interested in the welfare of children, he was curious to know what could be the occasion of this gathering at so early an hour on a frosty morning, and dismounted to make inquiries. In answer to his question he was informed that this was "breid mornin'," and on further inquiry as to what that signified, he learned that the owner

of a bakery near by disposed of his stale bread one morning each week at a very cheap rate to poor children—one little girl, taking her pinafore by the corners to exhibit its capacity, assured her interrogator that she got "the fill o' that for twopence." Our friend's attention was specially attracted to a boy performing some acrobatic feats a little further up the "close" than the others, and on inquiring regarding him was told that was "Kitchener." Being somewhat tickled by the reply, he asked if Kitchener was his real name. "No," was the reply, "but we juist aye ca' him Kitchener." "And why do you call him Kitchener?" was the next question. "Because," said a little girl, "he maks a' the big laddies stand back till the wee lassies get their 'breid.'" Thinking he would like to make the acquaintance of "Kitchener," our friend approached and addressed him: "Well, Kitchener, how are you getting on this morning?" "Fine," was the laconic reply, and the next instant Kitchener performed the cart-wheel trick up the close. Observing that he was not only without boots, but also without a jacket, his friend asked him if he was not cold, and if he had not a jacket. His answer was the briefest, cheerful, half-indifferent negative, followed by another turn of the cartwheel. But a little girl, overhearing his reply to the last question, chimed in: "He's tellin' a lee, sir; he *has* juist a jaiket, and this is it that I am standin' on." "Kitchener" not only made the big laddies stand back till the wee lassies got their "breid," but on this cold morning had divested himself of his jacket to wrap round the feet of the little girl to keep them off the frosty pavement, while he kept himself warm by his acrobatic performances.

J. STODDART, Falkirk.



A Girl's Picture of War.

THE files of the Board of Foreign Missions at New York tell more bloody and heart-breaking stories of the Mexican War than are found even in

the constantly distressing telegrams in the public press. Two letters have been forwarded to New York, written by two girls belonging to the Colegio Morelos in Aguascalientes. One of these young women was the horrified spectator of a battle in which the constitutionalists vainly tried to take the City of Tampico. With a blood-curdling simplicity she writes :

“The battle was terrible. It began on the outskirts of the city. While in progress it was noticed that some one was picking out the officers and firing upon them from some point of vantage. Several were killed before they discovered who was so skilfully shooting them. It was a Carrancista hidden behind some oil tanks. The Federals caught him, saturated him with oil and tortured him in every way, and then set fire to him and burned him to death. His cries were awful. This is only one instance of many such barbarous acts of the Federal soldiers.”

Another young woman, writing from a different part of the country, tells a similar story of dastardly excesses on the part of the Mexican troops. And perhaps even more lamentable is the callous indifference of the people to the suffering that goes on around them. She says :

“The rebels are very near here. Each moment the dead and wounded are arriving from the stations near by. Also every day thousands are being taken by force and put into the army. Many have been taken to the river and shot during the last few days. Only yesterday four were shot because they did not wish to serve longer without pay. People went out to it, as if it were a great feast day, with coaches, autos and bicycles. Poor men! And, worse still, their poor families!”

This latter student gives a graphic impression of the uncertainty in which many Mexican families are now living, when she writes simply : “I can't hear anything from Inga, my sister. For months and months now there is no word from anyone in Torreon. I imagine she must be dead, or else she would get us word some way.” And the unhappy

girl sums up present Mexican history with the vivid conclusion : “Many things are happening.”

Continued.



Swinging.

SWING high, swing low, away we go,
The birds above us singing,
A nicer way to spend the day

Could not be found than
swinging.

We'll sit so tight and not take
fright

When to the ropes we're
clinging,

Up in the sky away we'll fly,
Like birds when we are
swinging.

Above the trees we'll meet
the breeze

That sets the branches
dinging,

Then back to earth return
with mirth,

So joyously while swinging.

Swing low, swing high, the
hours pass by,

The evening bells are
ringing,

And we shall soon fly to the
moon

If we continue swinging.

G. D. LYNCH.



Just Being Happy.

JUST being happy

Is a fine thing to do ;

Looking on the bright side,

Rather than the blue ;

Sad or sunny musing

Is largely in the choosing,

And just being happy

Is brave work, and true.

Just being happy

Helps other souls along ;

Their burdens may be heavy,

And they not strong ;

And your own sky will lighten

If other skies you brighten

By just being happy

With a heart full of song !

Selected.



How the Prince was Welcomed.

ONCE upon a time, said Uncle Herbert, there was an Eastern prince who had been bidden to a great feast by a nobleman of his dominions. Thinking that because he was a prince he could do as he liked he decided to go badly dressed, and at the appointed time he sallied forth alone and clad in a mean garment. To his disgust, as he passed into the banqueting hall, he was challenged by the nobleman's servants and jeered at by his guests.

"Out upon you," said they, "for a badly dressed fellow! Away! Why come you thus?"

Much perturbed he explained that he was the Prince, but no one would believe him. And at last with many vile words the nobleman's servants cast him out into the night. Troubled of soul he went his way to the palace. There he changed his raiment for the finest clothes in his wardrobe, and putting on his silver slippers he called for servants to attend him with torches. Then, preceded by trumpeters, he went his illuminated way to the nobleman's house and was received with rapture and universal obeisance.

* * *

Amid bowing guests he passed to the chief place in the banqueting hall, and the nobleman bowed low and said: "Welcome, my lord; welcome, oh! welcome, my lord."

Instead of replying, the prince amazed everybody by taking off one slipper, placing it on a chair, bowing to it and saying aloud: "Welcome, my lord Slipper!"

All looked surprised, and a guest near the back of the room tapped his own forehead significantly. It seemed as if he were right, for the next act of the prince was to take off his fine upper garment,

place it also on the chair, bow to it and say: "Welcome, my lord Fine Coat!"

At this, the nobleman's little boy spoke up and asked: "Are you sure this is the first feast you have been to to-night?"

The prince was amused at his question, and putting his hand on the little one's head, he said: "I will explain. Let everybody listen."

* * *

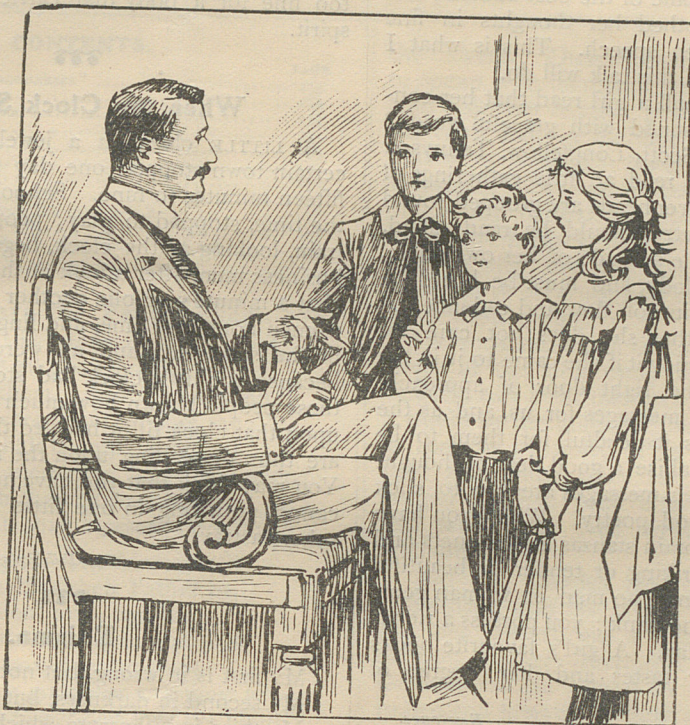
Everybody did listen, and then the prince spoke: "Some time since I came here in poor clothes and I was cast out. Now I come in fine raiment and

I am made much of. Yet I am the same as before, therefore your welcome is really to my silver slippers and fine clothes."

Everybody looked guilty, and the prince went on: "You should understand," he said, "that what matters is not clothes but the man who wears them." The small boy nodded and so the prince spoke to him direct: "You especially, my child," he explained, "should learn that fine clothes do not make a fine boy. Of course, we should always be as nice and clean

and tidy as we can, but good tempers and right behaviour and fair playing mean more than the smartest clothes. It is not fine clothes or poor clothes but the wearer who should count." All who heard seemed to agree, and to make sure they would really understand the prince put on his slipper and said: "I leave my coat on this chair to enjoy the feast for me. To it you gave your welcome and therefore with you it shall stay." And he bade the company good-night and withdrew with a last wave of his hand to the nobleman's little boy.

It is sometimes said that the tailor makes the man. Of course he does not. A diamond is a diamond whether it lies buried in the dust or whether it flashes on the finger of beauty or irradiates a



princely crown, and a man is a man whether arrayed in broadcloth or in homely fustian. Still, people pay great respect to fine clothes, as the Eastern story I have told you proves.



A Girl's Graceful Words.

"WHAT graceful words that young lady uses!" I heard a gentleman say, speaking of a girl who had gone little to school, and had been allowed to read as she chose in a fine old library. She did use words of grace, for insensibly she had adopted as hers the words of some of the best authors, and without effort she clothed her thoughts in fine raiment of well chosen speech. This is what I hope all girls who read this talk will do.

Now, what books shall a girl read that her conversation may be seasoned with graceful words? Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Longfellow, Tennyson and Whittier may be read at little gatherings of girls, where several clever heads are grouped round a central book. Poetry should be read aloud, even if one reads in the solitude of her own room. It is twin sister of melody, and must be heard for its music, its lilt, and its soft flow and cadence. A girl should not say that she does not care for poetry. She would enjoy it if she came to it in the right way and by the right door of approach. The poets have their messages for us, and as the form of verse makes it needful for them to be concrete and to crystallise a good deal of thought into a little space, their messages are apt to stick to us. Memorise good poetry. When you have stored away in your brain stanzas and sonnets and odes that embody striking or tender or beautiful thoughts, you need envy no man or woman gems or gold or stock in the bank; you possess a richer treasure for a rainy day. A girl's favourite books will always tell her tastes and her degree of refinement.

Exchange.



A Kind Heart.

It was a bright morning early in spring. An elderly gentleman descended the brown-stone steps of his mansion and started down the street towards his office. As he walked slowly along he noticed in front of him a very pretty young lady. She was dressed according to the latest fashion, and went tripping along with her head held high in the air in a manner befitting a young queen. As the venerable merchant looked at her fine array, and watched her top-lofty manner, he could not but wonder if she took as much pains with the inward adornment of her heart as she did with the outward decoration of her body.

Presently an old man came up the street, pushing a wheelbarrow. Just before he reached the young lady he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house, but each time he failed; the gate would swing back before he could get through with the wheelbarrow.

"Wait a moment," said our stylish miss. "I'll hold the gate open." And reaching out a hand encased in a pearl-coloured glove she held the gate open until the old man and his wheelbarrow had passed in. Then she nodded and smiled in response to his thanks, while the old gentleman thought that her handsome clothes were not a bit too fine for a body that carried such a beautiful spirit.



When the Clock Stopped.

A LITTLE clock in a jeweller's window in a certain town stopped one day for half-an-hour at fifteen minutes to nine. School children noticing the time, stopped to play; people hurrying to the train, looking at the clock, began to walk slower; business men, after a look at the clock, stopped to chat a minute with one another; working men and women noted the time, and lingered a little longer in the sunshine; and all were half-an-hour late because one little clock had stopped. Never had these people known how much they had depended upon that clock till it had led them astray. Many are thus depending upon the influence of others. You may think that you have no influence, but you cannot go wrong in one little act without leading others astray.

The Children's Missionary Magazine.



Enigma.

My first is in wrong, but not in right.
My second in darkness, but not in light.
My third is in horrors, which some can tell.
My whole was called by a wise man "Hell."

ELIZABETH COIT DOWNING.



The Editor's Letter-Box.

COMMUNICATIONS for THE OLIVE LEAF, or in connection with the BAND OF PEACE, should be sent to the Secretary, 47, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

The Secretary will be glad to receive the names of new members, of whom a register is kept at the Office.

