

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

TO MAKE BIGGER DICTIONARY

Single invention for Throwing Moving Pictures Has Added Dozens of Words to Language.

Science is making the dictionary bigger every day. A hundred years ago nearly every common word now connected with electricity was wholly unknown; steam and all the names now applied to railroads, engines, gas, the telegraph, the telephone and a hundred and one other important subjects never had been heard of—and they would make a small dictionary in themselves. And now the single invention for throwing moving pictures on screens, variously known as the vitascope or kinetoscope, has added dozens of new words to the language within the last year or two. Here is a list of the various names for "movement photography":

Phantoscope, critteroscope, vitascope, cinematograph, biograph, kinematograph, wondroscope, animatroscope, vitagraph, panoramograph, cosmoscope, anarithroscope, katoptikum, magniscope, zoeoptrotrope, phantasmagoria, projectoscope, variscope, cinograph, clinomograph, hypnoscope, centograph, xograph, electroscope, cinagraphoscope, kinetoscope, craboscope, vitaliscope, cinematoscope, mutoscope, cinescope, animaloscope, teatograph, rayscope, motorscope, kinotophone, Thromotrope, phenakistoscope, venetrope, vitroscope, zinematograph, vitopticon, stinnetoscope, vivrescope, diaramiscope, lobsterscope, corminograph, kineoptroscope.

CLEVER TRICK WITH VIOLIN

In All Appearance Instrument Placed on Table Will Produce Music by Stamping Foot.

A very pretty trick, that can be worked in your own parlor, will produce as much sensation as a fake "medium." In all appearance, a violin, mandolin or guitar, placed on a table, will begin to produce music simply through stamping the foot and a few passes of the hands, says the Popular



Music Transmitted From Basement.

Mechanics. The music will not sound natural, but weird and distant.

The trick is done by placing the end of a small stick on a music box in the basement of the house and allowing the other end to pass up through the floor and table top so it will project about one-sixteenth of an inch. The stick may be placed by the side of, behind or through the center of a table leg. Be careful not to have any obstruction in the way of the stick. The instrument is placed sideways on the protruding end of the stick. The "fake" work of invoking the "spirits" is performed and ended by stamping the foot, which signals the operator in the basement to start the machine, and the violin seemingly produces music without anyone touching it.

So impressive are the results, that many people really think the spirits of the departed are playing the violin with unseen hands. The music is transmitted through the stick from the music box to the violin.

Not for Willie.

A country woman and her little boy were visiting the city, and while seeing the sights of the place the mother's eyes was attracted by the showy display of stuffed animals in a taxidermist's shop window.

"Let's go in here and see what we can get for you, Willie," said the mother.

"Sure, ma, and—" His eye fell upon a sign over the shop door, which read: "Let us tan your hides."

"Oh, no, no, ma, let's don't go in there; I get 'nuff of that at home," he cried excitedly, and they passed up the taxidermist's shop—Mack's National Monthly.

Dorothy's Importance.

Grandma (impatiently)—Dorothy, I do wish you would be quiet a little while.

Dorothy—Now, grandma, don't scold. If it wasn't for me you wouldn't be a grandma at all.

TOMMY'S JOY.



I like it when the evening Of darkness settles down; For then I know my Daddy Is coming from the town.

I meet him at the gateway (Unless it rains, you know), And hand in hand together Up to the house we go.

There's mamma, always smiling, And daddy, dear, and me, To sit around the open fire And chat till time for tea.

Oh, we're all so happy When the darkness settles down For then we know dear daddy Is coming home from town.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS AND GAMES

With the Coming of Spring Children Can Remain in Open Every Minute That is Theirs.

No pleasure can rival that of outdoor games. And now that the spring has come the children remain in the open every minute that is theirs from school, meals and sleep.

The dear, jolly old games of "Hide and Seek," "Old Witch," "Going to Mill," "I Spy" and "Tag" are among the favorite outdoor games that all children delight to engage in.

But better than games is the pleasure of going a-flower hunting in the early spring.

In the morning, when the sun is only half an hour high the children love to run to the outskirts of the town, where the meadows and open lots are a-bloom with blossoms, where spear and leaf are covered with glistening dewdrops that are rarer than the most precious jewels. Here the little ones gather nosegays for mamma and teacher, as well as for their own well-kept desks in the school-room.

And how delightfully cordial is the genial sun in the early spring morning! He seems to say to each little boy and girl: "Hello, my little man and maid!" And then he kisses their cheeks as the breezes tease them by pulling at their curls.

Who would be in bed and asleep in a bright spring morning when all the earth is awake and smiling? Just jump out from between your covers as soon as the sun peeps one eye over the horizon and let him see that his good example of early rising has been joyfully followed. By doing this you will have two full hours before school to enjoy your outdoor sports and games.

And try to have half of this recreation time before breakfast, for this will give added relish for your meal as well as clear your brain for the day's lessons at school.

CARPENTER BENCH FOR BOYS

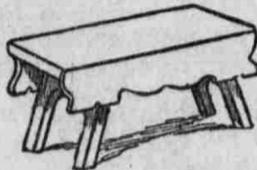
Most Delightful Present for Mother Can Easily Be Made Out of Straight-Grained Wood.

This attractive little bench may be satisfactorily made from any straight-grained soft wood, and for some of the smaller pieces the boards from a nicely finished box could be used.

The boy carpenter would do well in copying this design to make a doll's size bench first as an experiment, then, when he is intimately acquainted with the details, a large bench, made in exactly the same way, will make a most delightful present for his mother, who will find many uses for it.

The experimental bench made for a doll will be much appreciated by a little sister or friend, to help to furnish her doll's house.

The five pieces composing this bench can be worked out with a pen-knife in a very short time, for the small size. After sand-papering smooth, nail the top to the two ends and side pieces, which in turn are to be nailed to the ends.



An Easily-Made Bench.

A bench can be worked out with a pen-knife in a very short time, for the small size. After sand-papering smooth, nail the top to the two ends and side pieces, which in turn are to be nailed to the ends.

Hustling the Pupils.

Most all nations condemn the American system of education. In Germany, France and England, boys and girls are allowed at least two years longer than here to learn the same things, and thus what they learn is not so easily forgotten.

The hard study required of American school children gives them weak eyes, keeps them indoors too much and affects the general health. The sole aim of the teachers seems to be to hustle them through the grades and get rid of them. We are being so badly criticized for this that it seems as if some change should be made.

POULTRY

WHITE LEGHORN IS POPULAR

In Markets Requiring White Eggs This Breed Has the Call and is Used Exclusively.

Of the egg breeds the White Leghorn is the most popular, and in those markets which require white eggs this breed has the call and is used almost exclusively and on the large intensive plants, for the reason that although the Leghorn is an active bird it stands crowding and confinement in large numbers better than any other variety. Some Leghorn strains are good winter layers, but as a rule the general purpose fowls are considered better for winter eggs, the most popular breeds among the general purpose fowls being the Plymouth Rock, with the Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons and Wyandottes in close order.

Leghorns have many varieties, but the white and brown are the best established and most popular. Between these two, it is impossible to say which is the better hen. Another variation within the Leghorn family is the distinction of single and rose combs. The benefit claimed for rose combs is freedom from frost bite, but the single comb varieties are better established and more popular. Exceptions will of course be found, but so far as breed is concerned the Leghorns are without doubt the best layers known.

Leghorns are the most highly organized nervously of any breed. For this reason they fail quickly to produce good results when subject to unfavorable conditions. If compelled to



Single-Combed White Leghorns.

roost in cold houses and pick a living they will not lay. But when warmly housed and properly fed they are among the best of winter layers.

The Minorcas are much larger than the Leghorns and lay larger eggs. They have white skins and black shanks, which are objections to many. Black is the established color but the white variety is also bred. Minorcas are similar to the Leghorns in productivity and temperament, but have no points of superiority over Leghorns except size.

POULTRY NOTES

It requires very little more time to care for two incubators than one.

Eggs for successful incubation should not be over two weeks old at the most.

Pure-bred poultry costs more than the other kind, but brings better prices when sold.

If you cannot trap-nest all your fock this spring, try trap-nesting the breeding pen at least.

When the chicks can get away from it at will, plenty of heat under the hover is a good thing.

The trouble with most farmers is that they wait too long before marketing their ducks and geese.

One of the most potent reasons for chicks dying in the shell lies back of the egg in the parent stock.

Just one setting of thoroughbred eggs may be the means of working a revolution in your poultry business.

In starting in the squab business one should not let color and fancy fads precede size and breeding qualities.

An up-to-date poultry breeder of utility strains will think of getting along without trap nests of some form.

Eggs that are imperfectly turned or that do not get enough airing and stirring will be weak at hatching time.

It is said that Boston consumes more turkey in proportion to population than any community in the Union.

The fowls that scratch and work are usually the ones that lay. The others are the drones and the drones don't pay.

Be sure that the new hen house is located where the drainage is good, and not in a place where water will stand for any length of time.

Plan to raise a fine flock of general purpose standard bred birds this season. They will yield much more satisfaction and profit than a mixed flock.

The chick that has been exercised well during incubation as the hen exercises them while within the shell will prove strong enough to break out of his shell at hatching time.

Rosamond's Freshman

By JANE OSBORN

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"Isn't that a perfect Turkish corner, now?" exclaimed Rosamond Goodwin, looking with pride and amusement at the work she had completed. "An 1840 horsehair sofa, covered with an imitation Bagdad rug, a Japanese lantern, an Indian arrow, and a French saber. Did you ever hear of such a combination in your life, Miriam?"

"Why, it doesn't look badly at all, and it certainly livens up the room," replied the sister, who was arranging a row of worn books in a small bookcase. "Besides, he will never know the difference—boys never do. And, Rosamond, don't you think it will be nice to have these old books of ours in here—'Arabian Nights' and 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Pilgrim's Progress' and those? I'll just put them here as if we had accidentally left them, and it will make it seem like home to him."

"Oh, Miriam, what a funny idea!" exclaimed Rosamond, as she threw her arms about her sister's neck. "Isn't it just the jolliest thing that ever happened? And I know he's going to be such a nice boy. I can just imagine how he is going to like your gingerbread and coffee cake, and custard pie. Boys always like sweet things."

"Yes," went on her sister with the excitement of anticipation, "and sometimes we will leave things for him to eat in his sitting room here, so that when he comes in late at night he won't have to go to bed hungry. I suppose he will be going to lots of the college things at night. I have had an extra night key made for him, you know."

Rosamond had sunk to the floor at her sister's side and the two sat laughing together.

"Of course," said the elder, suddenly grave, "we mustn't let him know that he isn't working his way. He can sweep the walks and mow the lawn and tend to the fire and the ashes—" "Yes," agreed Rosamond, slowly, "but if he ever forgets, and of course he will, we mustn't say anything about it. Of course, he will have to study hard and take in all the college sports. I know he will be interested in everything."

This was the afternoon of Freshman Cook's arrival, and the last finishing touches of the preparation, that had been going on for months, for their expected guest, were in process.

Rosamond, nearly thirty, and Miriam somewhat older, had decided the previous spring that they would like to help a poor student. They lived in a college town where their father had, before his death, been a professor, and in the college were focused their interests. Even Rosamond had long since given up college games and dances, but student life was still an ever vital source of interest to the two women. They had little money, but they had a large house where they might easily accommodate an extra person. They had asked the kind-hearted president of the college about it and he had seemed pleased with the idea.

"There are always young men," he told them, "who are waiting for such assistance. If you will put it on the basis of self-support I think I can get you a freshman worthy of your kindness. Let him do all the work about the house, attend to the furnace, shovel the snow, run errands, and anything that a boy or man could do. This will not repay you in full for your expense and pains, but it will put the matter on a more acceptable basis. There are always desirable boys waiting for a chance to work for their education, but few like to accept it as charity."

Later a note came from the president telling of a Daniel Cook, an applicant for the freshman class, who was greatly in need of assistance. His college course would be impossible but for this timely assistance.

On this brief note and a knowledge of Stanton college freshmen in general, Miriam and Rosamond Goodwin made preparations for their guest. Now everything was in readiness. The supper table had been set with the extra place, and the silver candlesticks, fitted with fresh pink candles, stood waiting to be lighted.

Her work done, Rosamond sat on the old, vine-covered veranda, trying to fix her mind on the book open before her, but in reality planning a dozen plans for Daniel Cook, whom she had already come to regard with fond indulgence.

A man carrying a suitcase was walking up the driveway—a stoop-shouldered man of thirty or more.

"A book agent," muttered Rosamond, impatiently.

As she stood before her she caught the look of eagerness and expectation. In a flash she realized that it was Daniel Cook.

At first Rosamond covered her disappointment and Mr. Cook concealed a smile as he saw the carefully furnished rooms that had been set aside for him. He explained simply and impersonally how his education had been cut short in his boyhood, and how after his thirtieth birthday he was ready to begin his college work—to fit himself for the future he knew lay brilliant before him. He had at times almost despaired, he told them, of going on with his plans, until the president told him of the present chance of earning his board.

At the end of the second day, Mr. Cook met Rosamond on the veranda. There was a look of disappointment on her face that did not escape him. In the man before her there was nothing of the youthfulness, or spirit, of the poor student for whom she and her sister had planned and saved all through the summer.

"I would like to speak to you a moment," he began rather nervously. "I think I came here under complete misunderstanding. I thought there would be enough work to do to pay for the privileges I received. I hardly understand what the arrangement is to be."

"You can mow the lawn," suggested Rosamond helplessly, almost tearfully.

Mr. Cook laughed. "See here, Miss Goodwin," he said, "you know you don't want me to stay. You weren't planning for an old bookworm like me. I know that the moment I saw you. I'll get along somehow."

"But how can you?" asked Rosamond. "You can't afford to live at the dormitory, can you? Do you want to go?"

For a minute Mr. Cook studied the ground in meditation. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he explained. "I can't accept your kindness unpaid, and I really can't make good now. If you and your sister will let me stay, and do all I can for you, I'll beg to be your debtor till I get enough money to pay back. If you agree, you'll be helping one of the most grateful men living. Meantime, let me do all I can."

After a consultation between the two disappointed sisters it was settled as Mr. Cook desired. The fault lay with the president of the college, and, of course, no one thought of blaming him.

By mid year Daniel Cook had successfully passed examinations in two years' work. He had been over the work before by himself and all he needed now was a chance to prove that he was fitted for his degree. Toward June Daniel Cook knew that his degree was won, that within a few weeks he would have gained what he had waited, and struggled, so long to get. A second unexpected honor came to him. A position as assistant instructor in the college was opened to him, so that he might continue his post-graduate studies the next year and at the same time earn a fair salary.

Before Daniel Cook accepted this honor he came to Rosamond and laid it all before her.

She was sitting on the old vine-covered veranda where she had first seen his disappointing figure eight months before.

"I'll accept on one condition," he said, and as he looked into her face he saw the color mount high into her cheeks. "I already owe you everything, my degree, my happiness, my future—but I am not satisfied. Rosamond, I want to owe you more. I want you. I want you to love me and to let me spend my whole life proving my gratitude and devotion."

Rosamond clasped for the first time the hand stretched out to her in both of hers. "You know," she said, "I am too happy to tell you."

"Bunching His Hard Luck." "Philosophers are not all dead yet," said the dentist. "I met one this morning who knocked me out on two hours' work on a day when I have nothing to do anyhow, and will make me work overtime tomorrow, when I shall be crowded with engagements. He was howling with a toothache."

"Better come around and have it attended to," I said.

"Can't today," he said. "I'm too busy."

"But you can't work when you are crazy with the toothache," I argued.

"Oh, yes I can," said he. "There are half a dozen other things I want done to me that hurt pretty bad, and if I have them done when my tooth is on the rampage they won't seem so bad, because one hurt will neutralize the other. I always take advantage of a toothache to dispatch those disagreeable jobs."

"Maybe not many people could stand that kind of philosophy, but apparently that man is going to get away with it."

"Pity the Neighborhood Druggist." "We do not charge stamps or postal cards," announced a sign in a drug store.

"Surely customers don't ask you to," a customer said, struck by the novelty of the sign. The clerk replied: "You'd be surprised at the things we are asked to do. We are asked not only to charge stamps but to deliver them as well."

Just then a maid entered carrying a package to send by express.

"Mrs. Dollars says will you please send this package for her and charge it," the maid said, and walked out.

The druggist, after telephoning for an expressman to come for the parcel, had to pay express charges of nearly \$1.

"Singular Person." "I always thought Nippers was a freak."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He has been abroad six months and hasn't sent me a single souvenir postcard."

ONLOOKER

Red Clover



A field of red clover Where humbees tumble And slip and turn over And mumble and grumble— The blossoms drip sweetness— The dew is distilling— When to all completeness Their petals are filling.

The morning light dances From clover to clover; In shimmering glances The field it runs over. And sweeter and glossier It seems to grow daily, Its leaves flashing greener And nodding all gayly.

The breeze runs above it Andephyrs float after To toss it and love it With mystical laughter. A field of red clover— The reddest and rarest, And all the world over Of pictures the fairest.

And isn't it bent in A marvelous pity That children are sent in The streets of the city? Whose blame is the blunder That no child runs over, The scent-angled wonder, A field of red clover?

The blossoms are sighing For children all sunny To come to them flying And suck out their honey. The city is yonder And here the red clover? And thus do we blunder Things, over and over.

The Man With the Conundrum Again.

"Here's one you can use any time you like," says the man with the glittering whiskers, beaming over the desk of the pale, plodding slave with the recalcitrant fountain pen. "I figured this out last night. What is the difference between an army officer who has been on a furlough for six weeks and has received an order to return to duty and a physical investigator who reads 'The Raven' to the spirit of his departed ancestor?"

"What is the difference between a man in an air ship and a woman making mince-meat? Because they both look for currents," mutters the pale, plodding slave.

"Oh, well, if you don't care for any suggestions I can take them elsewhere," haughtily declares the man with the glittering whiskers. "The answer to mine is that one reads his 'Go to the post' and the other reads his Poe to the ghost, but you can't use it now."

OPPORTUNITY.



"Maybe you had better not ask papa today. Percy Fitzpuff asked him if he might propose to me last night and papa kicked Percy and hurt his foot so badly that he can scarcely move today."

"Ah, darling; I must ask him this very day. I cannot wait longer to know my fate."

Sanitarium Note.

That patient—Sixteen is his No. Imagines he is a cuckoo. Each evening at nine He climbs up on a vine And declares he is ready to sto.

Took No Chances.

"Yes," said the fair young thing. "I learned the camera walk at school."

"The camera walk?"

"Yes. It is the way you have to walk if you do not want some one to get a snapshot of you in an ungraceful pose."

She Went Elsewhere.

"What did that lady give you?" he asked of the poor blind man.

"She gave me nothing, sir. She asked me if I gave trading stamps and when I said I did not she said she would go elsewhere."

Hubert Deebit.