



BOYS' AND



GIRLS' PAGE.

MIKEY MONK AND HIS CHUMS IN GLEE, BATTLE THE TURKS IN TRIPOLI



By David M. Cory

The Monkeys thought that their brigade Should offer Italy its aid...

Now, first they had to get a ship And with provisions her equip...

For many days they sailed before The lookout saw a man-of-war...

"Hurrah!" cried Mikey from the deck, "Let's make their fleet a total wreck..."

Like thunder was the cannons' crash, Like lightning was the powder's flash...

But what cared they, they did not shrink, Though screaming shells from hostile Turk...



And high up 'midst the battle's storm They watched their hero captain's form...

And Georgie, who was very strong, Kept passing the big shot along...

The starboard gun was Brownie's care, Who kept her pointed true and fair...

The big stern gun was Bobbie's pride And not a shot from her went wide...

"Now, once again for Uncle Sam: Now, all together, one big slam!"...

And when the smoke had cleared away, The hostile boats, Oh, where were they?

The Monkeys gave a rousing yell, And wonderful it is to tell...



"And now," said Mikey, "let us see What we can do at Tripoli..."

While all the Monkeys were asleep, Their ship went ploughing through the deep...

The forts began to fire then, And yells went up from all the men...

Each Monkey gunner was well taught, He trained his gun upon the fort...

The Turks at last gave up the fight, The Monkeys landed there that night...

He called his council, and, said he, An Admiral should Mikey be...

The Monkeys then set sail again, Upon the Mediterranean...

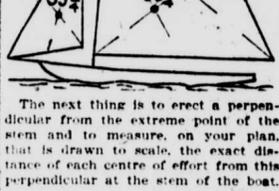
ART OF BALANCING TWO SAILS

After you have mastered the art of finding the centre of effort for a single sail, you should be ready to try your skill on the more complicated process of finding the centre of effort for two sails...

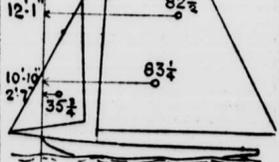
each triangle, so as to find the areas by multiplication. The upper triangle of the mainsail is 22 feet by 7 1/2, and the lower is 18 1/2 by 9.

By multiplying and then taking half you get the area of each in square feet. Now find the centre of effort of each triangle by the method explained last time...

The next thing is to erect a perpendicular from the extreme point of the stem and to measure, on your plan, that is drawn to scale, the exact distance of each centre of effort from this perpendicular at the stem of the boat.



In order to illustrate the method of finding the centre of effort in a jib and mainsail boat suppose we take the sail plan of an actual boat which a boy who lives on the sound designed for himself.



At each end of these three lines you now have two figures, one an area and the other a distance. Multiply each of these two separately, and set down the result on a slip of paper. The products that you get are called "moments" and you must add them all together. This will give you a sum like this:

82 6x12 = 984 equals 984 - 10

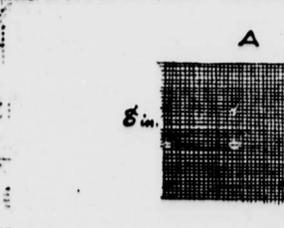
83 3x10 = 810 equals 810 - 11

35 8x2 = 70 equals 70 - 4

Total..... 1991 - 1

FLY TRAP A BOY CAN MAKE.

The completed trap is shown in B. To make it use a piece of wire screen 13 inches by 8 inches. Fold it into the cylindrical shape shown in B, and sew it at the joining with coarse linen thread...

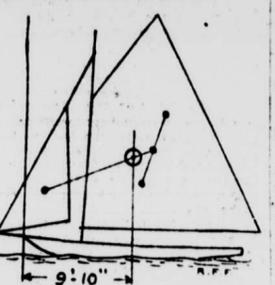


cone is completed, cut a small hole about one-quarter of an inch in diameter in the top of it, and then place it in the bottom of cylinder, as shown in B. The edges of the cone should be bent up around the cylinder so as to make it impossible for a fly to get out.

Cut four small tin pieces, like D, and perforate them, so they can be sewed to the bottom of the cylinder for legs. They should keep the cylinder just off the ground.

Place a small dish of syrup under the finished trap. The flies are killed by drowning and are easily removed from the trap by taking off the tin cover.

This sum must now be divided by the sum of the area of the sails, which you get by adding together the three figures you have written over the three centres of effort. This gives you 201 1/2, which divided into 1991 - 1 leaves a quotient of about 9 feet 10 inches.



Measure this distance back from your vertical line and erect a perpendicular that will cut the line which joins the centre of effort of the whole mainsail and the centre of effort in the jib and you have the centre of effort of the two sails when working together as one.

SOME OLD CONUNDRUMS.

The answer to the charade beginning: "Age ago, when Greece was young, And Homer, blind and wandering, sung"

LEG-HORN This is the English name given to the town of Livorno, a town in Italy, from which we used to get the famous Leghorn hats, which have lately been supplanted by the Panama.

The answer to the riddle in verse beginning: "Ever eating, never cloying," is FIRE

Here are the answers to the three conundrums: 1. The word that is shorter for having a syllable added to it is "short," to which we add "er" and make it "shorter."

Here is a charade that contains a very popular sentiment: My first does affliction denote, Which my second is fated to feel, My whole is a sure antidote That affliction to soften and heal.

Such of you as are studying French may find this famous riddle interesting. Almost every French child knows the answer: Mes amis, j'ai vécu cent ans et quelques mois. J'aimais à célébrer le jour de ma naissance. Devinez de ce jour la singulière absence - Il n'est pendant cent ans venu que vingt-cinq fois!

The three conundrums that follow are very old, but very few persons now living have heard them. Perhaps you can guess the answers even better than your great-grandfather did.

AUNT MARY'S ANAGRAMS.

The last anagram must have been more difficult than usual, as so few were able to make anything of it, perhaps on account of its length. The letters to be used were contained in the words:

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

By transportation, the following sentence is formed: CAN RUIN A SELECTED VICTIM

That this anagram is appropriate to the original will be readily acknowledged by those familiar with the subject, as it frequently happens that when a certain person is suspected in all manner of circumstances can be recalled which seem to prove that he is guilty.

EAST RIVER BRIDGE

Put these letters apart and see if you can form a sentence of them that is appropriate to the construction of such immense iron spans.

PATSEY'S PUZZLES.

The same idea that presented itself to Mr. Pantoor, to look through the names of all the counties in the State of Tennessee, also suggested itself to Patsey that afternoon, so he went to the public library and got an atlas.

He finally decided that it must be Wayne county, which was near enough to "welshing" to solve the puzzle.

He was so tickled with his own cleverness at having solved a puzzle all by himself that he hoped Mr. Pantoor would not be able to get the answer, but imagine his astonishment when he found that the correct answer was not Wayne at all, but

OVERTON

What Mr. Pantoor had written on the back of the card was, "Whether this is a short ton or a long one, it is 16 lb. over."

He could not help thinking how fortunate it was that he had waited for Mr. Pantoor's solution before saying anything about his own, or the boys would have laughed him for slipping up at last on such an easy one, as they all knew the right answer. Just as soon as he told them he had it, they handed him another one, which they said was so easy he should be able to do it at once, but he insisted he had not time then and put it in his pocket as usual.

Next morning Mr. Pantoor found it on his desk, with one of his mannikins holding it up:



WHAT TOWN IS THIS?

The boys were evidently right in thinking this was an easy one, as he saw the answer to it at once. Can you see it too?

HENRIETTA'S VICTORY OVER ALL BAD HABITS

Once there was a little girl named Henrietta and I am sorry to say she was rather naughty. Not bad, you know, but she was the kind of little girl that keeps on doing things after she is told not to.

One day, when for the third time that week she had been wading in the brook with her nice shoes on, her Aunt Maria said: "Child, you are getting to have very bad habits. If you do not break yourself of them while there is time they will become stronger than you are."

"Henrietta, Henrietta!" What a funny little voice that was calling her. It sounded as if it came from just underneath the window, but when Henrietta ran to look there was no one there.

"Henrietta!" A third time came the call, louder and more teasing than ever. Henrietta could stand it no longer. She never stopped to think that she had promised Aunt Maria not to go out, but down stairs she dashed and out of the house. There in the middle of the road stood the most unpleasant looking little boy she had ever seen. He had a sullen, dirty face, the kind of mean little eyes that never look straight at you, and very long, thin legs.

The boy grinned. "My name is Runaway," said he, "and I'm a Bad-Habit. I live in that old brown house across the road with my brothers and sisters. They're all waiting for you."

Henrietta began to get angry. "Waiting for me?" she said. "Why I wouldn't go to your house for anything! I'm going home."

The boy made a face at her. "No, you're not," said he. "You're never going home any more. You're coming to live with me and all the other Bad-Habits, because you like us, you know."

Henrietta stamped her foot. "But I don't like you," she cried, "and I won't come. I won't!"

"You'll have to," said the little boy, "for we are stronger than you are!" He seized Henrietta by the arm and in spite of her struggles dragged her across the street and into his front yard. The Bad-Habit's house was no better than an old barn. The gate swung broken on its hinges, the fence was half down and the lawn was a waste of mud and tin cans and scattered papers. Grouped about on the front steps a number of the family were waiting for Henrietta. From within the house came the sound of loud angry wails mingled with stormy sobe. Henrietta knew it was just the way she cried herself when she was in a temper.

"That's Cry-Baby-Cry," explained Runaway, "or else Cross-Patch, or more probably both. These," and he pointed to three untidy children who had just appeared around the corner of the house, "are Dirty-Paws, Buttons-Off and Muddy-Boots, three old friends of yours."

"They aren't my friends," Henrietta cried, yet even as she said this she knew it was not quite true, for there was something very familiar about the looks of these Bad-Habits.

"Stop your tricks, Slam-the-Door," cried Muddy-Boots, and he ran to open the door and stick his foot in the crack. "Now bring her in," he cried. Henrietta did her best to get away, but with Runaway pulling in front and Answer-Back Ask-Why, Dirty-Paws, Buttons-Off and Suck-Your-Thumb all pushing behind she was soon inside the house. It was quite as Runaway had said - the Bad-Habits were stronger than she was!

Their parlor, Henrietta thought, was the untidiest room she had ever seen. There were curtains at the windows, pictures on the walls and books on the table, but the dust was thick on everything. The way the toys were flung about, the cloth half dragged off the table, the inkstand upset and the ink spilling over on the floor, it all reminded Henrietta very unpleasantly of the condition she had left her own school room in that morning because she had been "too tired" to clear up. In two comfortable chairs before the fire sat two little girls. One was long and sallow and did not trouble to look up from her story book when Henrietta entered; the other was a fat round greasy little girl whose crumpled face was smeared about the lips with chocolate. She had a japing of little cakes which she tried to hide under her apron, but Henrietta saw them. They were just the kind she liked herself!

"That's Greedy-Girl," said Runaway, "and the other's Lazy Bones, and in here," - pointing to a door that led into the dining room - "are Slow-Poke and Sleepy-Head."

Just then a little boy called Sly-Ways had crept up behind Greedy-Girl and snatched one of her cakes. The cries of Greedy-Girl disgraced Sleepy-Head, which flung her plate at Sly-Ways, which hit Cross-Patch, who thought she had been struck by Dirty-Paws, who ran to hide behind Muddy-Boots, who flung his shoes at Cross-Patch, and - well, such a time as there was! Such cries and squeals and pouts and pinches and slaps and snaps and hair pulling! Little Tell-Tale was the worst of all the children, for she ran from one to another with her stories. Henrietta felt ashamed even to see such doings and thought this would be a good time to make her escape. She slipped out the door and ran down the front steps, and might have got off without being noticed if Tell-Tale hadn't spied her and warned her brothers and sisters.

"Come back, come back, Henrietta!" screamed Cross-Patch, Answer-Back, Ask-Why, Slam-the-Door, Greedy-Girl, Buttons-Off, Muddy-Boots, Tonsie-Head, Dirty-Paws, Sly-Ways, and Runaway. "You belong to us!"

"I'll loose the dogs on her," cried Tell-Tale, and she rushed out in the yard and untied Bad-Habit's cross dogs who were

her? They could make her do as they liked for they were stronger. But as they liked Henrietta summoned up all her courage, tore her self loose from Dirty-Paws, snatched her skirts from Greedy-Girl and Snippy-Snaps' snare, and broke through the circles of the Bad Habits. Down they went on their backs - Slam the Door, Greedy-Girl, Buttons-Off, Muddy-Boots, Tonsie-Head, Tell-Tale, Answer-Back, Ask-Why and Runaway - like straws before the strength of Henrietta.

"At the game moment the neat white pointed gate, set at a slant across the street was opened wide and somebody called out: "Come in here, Henrietta!" Henrietta rushed in, the gate shut, and she was safe.

"Now," said the little girl who had called Henrietta, "we will leave Faithful Fido, my dog, to guard this gate so that none of the Bad Habits will be able to get in. Won't you come into the house and meet my brothers and sisters? I'm sure they will be very glad to see you."

"Oh, thank you, but I don't know them or you either," said Henrietta timidly. "My name is Smiley Face," said the little girl. "We're Habits, too, but we belong to quite a different family from those down the street."

Smiley Face led Henrietta up the steps of a pretty vine covered porch and took her into the house, where in a sunny, orderly parlor she found a number of neatly dressed boys and girls who came with outstretched hands to greet her. "This is my brother Buttons-On," said Smiley Face, introducing them, "and this is my sister Smoothy-Locks, and this is Shiny-Shoes, and that little boy in the corner is Come-when-you're-called, and

named Growly-Grunts and Snippy-Snaps. But Henrietta was desperate. "I must get away," she thought as she ran. "I won't let them be stronger any more - I'll break myself of them that's what I'll do!"

"Map-yap," came the horrid barks of Growly-Grunts and Snippy-Snaps. Now they were tearing at Henrietta's skirts; now Dirty-Paws had seized her arm and Muddy-Boots was trying to trip her up. All the other Bad Habits formed a circle about Henrietta, who gave herself up for lost. Would she have to go back to that dreadful house to live with those horrid children and grow more like them every day - till her own mother wouldn't know

the one at the table is Eat-when-you're-Crusted. That quiet one is Spual-when-you're-get away," she thought as she ran. "I spoken to, and the next to him is Stop-and-Think. Our twins are named Helping Mother and Minding Mother, and now I think you know us all, except my brother Shut-the-door-after-you, who has just stepped out in the hall, and my youngest sister, Early-to-Bed, who is fast asleep."

Henrietta laughed. "I know you now," she cried. "You are the Good Habits!" "Don't forget us, Henrietta!" they called after her. "No, indeed," she cried, smiling back at them. "I hope I'll know you better every day!"

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