



Ready to Shoot.

The other day seven-year-old Clarence was seen climbing through the skylight with his father's shotgun clutched in his chubby fist.

"Clearance, come here, sir!" shrieked the nurse. "Where are you going with that gun?"

"You leave me alone," said the youngster. "I'm after that stork what brought the baby to Tommy Brown's 'cause we don't want one of them bawling kids around here."—Brooklyn Life.

Obvious.



Mr. Squirtz—Good morning, Mr. Potts. Will 'ee come and 'ave a drink?

Mr. Potts—Well—hic—ash a marrer fac—I've—hic—ed one already.

An Ambition.

"So," remarked the sultan of Morocco, "that bandit wants to run the government!"

"Yes," was the answer. "He says he's tired of being dishonest. Besides, he thinks he can make graft pay better than brigandage."

Would Show No Mercy.

Hogan (calling on next door neighbor)—I suppose ye've heard th' lili-gant, classical music that's bin imy-natin' from me residence for th' pasht wake or so? We got wan av thim mechanical pianny-players on thrille.

Clancy (fiercely)—On thrille, it is? Glory be! I only wisht I wor the judge!—Puck.

Sauce.

"The impudence of that young brother of mine!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagget. "He just told me I was no chicken when I married you."

"Well," replied her unsympathetic husband, "that's true enough. You weren't a chicken, were you?"

"No, I was a goose."

Disgracing Himself.

Mrs. Smartset—"For mercy's sake, don't let me hear you talk about books in society again!"

Cultured Daughter—"Dear me! Why not?"

Mrs. Smartset—"Strangers will think you have been a cash girl in a book store."—New York Weekly.

No Children Permitted.

She was tired and vexed. She had been wandering about all the morning looking for an apartment suite.

"I know why they turned Adam and Eve out of Eden," she said.

"Because they had a rule that barred out children and dogs."

His Hard Fate.



"Yes'm, I wuz drove away from home when a mere child by the heartless cruelty of me stepmother."

"Poor fellow! What did she do?"

"She insisted on givin' me a bath every Saturday night."

Usual Way.

Newpop—"Our baby is awfully fond of me."

Neighbors—"Oh, of course."

Newpop—"Fact. Why, the little beggar sleeps all day while I am downtown and stays awake all night for the sole purpose of enjoying my society."

In a Peck of Trouble.

Paterson Pete—I dreamt last night dat I had a million dollars.

Stacked Oates—Did yer enjoy it?

Paterson Pete—Nt! I wuz sued fer breach uv promise, operated on fer appendicitis an' mentioned fer de vice presidency 'fore I'd even got it counted.—Judge.

BOYS & GIRLS

The Bear and the Monkey.

A bear, with whom a Piedmontese joined company to earn their bread, essayed on half his legs to please the public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claimed applause, He asked the ape, "Sir, what think you?"

The ape was skilled in dancing laws, And answered, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend," Bruin rejoined: "You are not civil! Were these legs given for you to mend?"

The case and grace with which they swivel!"

It chanced a pig was standing by: "Bravo!" astonishing? encore!" Exclaimed the critic of the styt: "Such dancing we shall see no more!"

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence, Began an inward calculation: Then, with a face that spoke repentance, Expressed aloud his meditation:

"When the sly monkey called me dunce, I entertained some slight misgiving; But Pig, thy praise has proved at once That dancing will not earn a living."

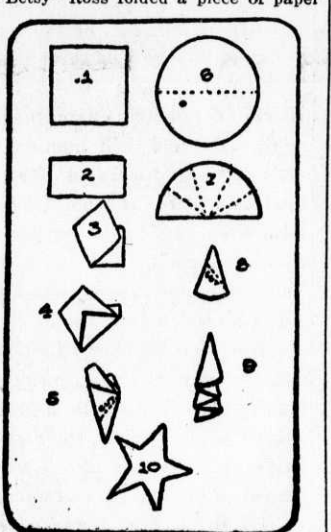
Let every candidate for fame Rely upon this wholesome rule: Your work is bad, if wise men blame; But worse, if lauded by a fool. —Thomas De Yriarte.

The Baby Turtle.

Turtles, you know, lay their eggs in the sand and let the sun hatch them out. They do not lay them all in one place, probably because they think it safe to scatter them. Then, even though one be stolen or broken, the others may escape. The mother turtle covers them all carefully up, one after another, with a thin sprinkling of sand, and then apparently never gives them another thought, considering her maternal duty done. Certain it is that she has never been discovered going near these egg babies again, and when they hatch at last the tiny, soft-backed creatures at once begin crawling about in search of flies and other food as independently as if there were no such thing as a mother in the world. A little girl who found one of these odd, oblong eggs on a sandy river bank in Louisiana took it home and put it in a teacup on the table for safekeeping. A few hours later a slight noise was noticed in that direction, and on looking in the cup she found a baby turtle, "full fledged," but tiny, scrambling about among the bits of its broken eggshell cradle.

Can You Do This?

Do you remember the story of how "Betsy" Ross folded a piece of paper



and with one clip of the shears convinced the committee from the continental congress that a star should be five-pointed instead of six-pointed? There are two methods of arriving at the same result as did "Betsy," as the accompanying illustrations explain.

One Millionaire.

"He's a millionaire, that boy is," The boy I was walking with looked across the way at the lad of whom my words were spoken. There was certainly nothing about the latter to suggest his wealth.

"You don't say so! It can't really be so, he looks almost shabby."

"No matter for that, I live in the same block, and I know. But I did not say that was worth a million of money."

"Oh!"

The boy who was listening looked rather disappointed. Still, he was anxious to know what the other one might have, anyhow, so he asked, "What, then?"

"He is what is called a 'millionaire of cheerfulness.' He is merry and bright the whole day long, not alone when all is sweetness and light, but when it isn't. He has such pluck and spirit, and such unfailing good nature, that he must have a million to draw upon, though he pays no taxes upon his capital. You never see him scowling or hear him whining. So he scatters his fortune all about and is a blessing to the neighborhood. I wish there were more millionaires of cheerfulness. There might be, if everybody gathered up all the sunshine to be had and gave it out as royally as Rob, who goes whistling yonder."

Then I went on, leaving Dick to wonder whether he were as rich as Rob, and if not, why not.

A Bee's Eye.

Did you ever look at a bee's eye through a very strong magnifying glass.

It is made up of lots of little eyes

massed together. And yet the eye as a whole is so small that it seems incredible that it has these thousands of little parts, each one complete in itself! This sort of eye is very useful, for as the little eyes face in every direction the bee can see above and below and behind as well as in front and sideways as people do.—Detroit Free Press.

Tree That Commits Murder.

The Cupey is one of the most curious trees in the West Indian islands. The seeds are borne on the wings of the wind, and deposited on the branches of other trees, when they burst into roots, which are dropped towards the ground all around the "nurse" tree. In time these roots reach the ground and strike into the soil. From this moment the roots grow stronger and stronger, until



Cupey Tree.

they resemble a lot of rope ladders thrown over the tree. Next, the parasite sends down a great cord, which twines round the trunk of the supporting tree, at first as though in loving embrace, but it grows tighter and tighter, eventually strangling its benefactor out of existence. The "nurse" tree, thus killed, rots to decay, and from the immense fibrous roots of the destroyer now springs a great trunk, which rises high into the air. The cord-like roots rise often to fifty or sixty feet in height.—Pearson's Weekly.

Conundrums.

When may a chair be said to dislike you? When it cannot bear you. What never asks questions, but requires frequent answers? A door bell.

How would securely hitching a horse affect his speed? It would make him fast.

What is that which is full of holes, but yet holds? A sponge.

What small animal is turned into a large one by taking away part of its name? A fox.

The Sparrow Hawk.

The sparrow hawk family lives both in North and South America, but it is subdivided in five sub-families or species. It preys upon mice and snakes, and also on small birds. It will perch for hours on some tall tree, perfectly motionless, waiting for prey. It always builds its nest in a hollow tree, and its five or seven dark, cream-colored eggs are nearly round. It is a very useful bird, because it rids farmers of grasshoppers and other small insects that are harmful to trees and crops.

Game of Turtle.

Here's a game for boys and girls who have good, strong muscles. It is called "Turtle."

Any number may play, and no one player is "it," for all are "it" together. The game begins by each choosing the kind of turtle he intends to be. One perhaps is a land tortoise, another a snapper, another a mud turtle, and so on. Then they all sit in a row resting their chins on their

knees, and each holding his left ankle with his right hand, and his right ankle with his left hand. This is a very difficult position to keep. At a given signal the turtles start for a goal a short distance away.

It is the object of the game for the turtles to waddle to the goal and back to the starting point without removing their hands from their feet. Many let go before the proper moment, the others shout "dead turtle," and keep on, leaving their unfortunate companion in the background. The rules of the game demand that he wait there until the first successful racer reaches him on his way back, and touches him with his elbow, by which he is supposed to instill new life into the poor dead turtle. The latter immediately starts out again, and finishes in the best style he can. As there are always several dead turtles, he is never lonely in his effort to succeed. The winner is, of course, the one who returns to the starting place first.

Hidden Telegrams.

In this game you are to imagine you have a distant friend with whom you have an understanding about an expected message. It might be that there are two or three contestants for a certain prize of honor. The name of one might be Jenkins, that of another Harrison, and that of the third Sheldon. Suppose Jenkins is the successful contestant, and that you wish to telegraph to your friend simply the name of Jenkins. However, you wish to conceal the message as much as possible, so that the understanding is that the first letters of the words you telegraph will spell the name.

With this explanation each player sets to work to write a clever sentence in which the first letters will spell Jenkins. The various players may get sentences like these:

Judge Engles never knew I noticed Sally.

Julia's elbow next knocked Irish Norah silly.

Jack expects no kiss in Nova Scotia.

Jam eating nearly killed Ikey Nathan Saturday.

It is impossible that there will be any two alike, and the game is to see who can write the cleverest.

The telegrams are read aloud, and the players vote to see whose is best.

Flowering Ice Cream.

Line a clean flowerpot having a two and one-half inch diameter at top



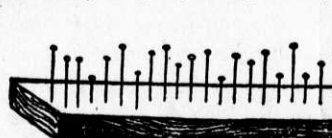
with paraffine paper, fill with ice cream and sprinkle with grated vanilla chocolate to represent earth. Wash well the stems of a few daisies and insert them in the center of the cream. Lay one or two daisies in the saucer.

PIANO MADE WITH PINS.

Have you ever thought that you would like to have a piano all your own? Well, you can make one, but it will be a pin piano. Get a piece of soft wood, pine is best, nine or ten inches long, and half an inch thick. It may be of any width over two inches.

Now get a lot of ordinary pins of different lengths, if possible. Draw a line down the center of the piece of wood from one end to the other and drive the pins in the wood along this line, being careful to have them about a quarter of an inch apart.

Drive some of the smaller pins deep into the wood, but drive the larger ones only deep enough to have them fixed firmly in place, having all at



The Pin Piano.

different heights. When you have finished the pins will look like those in the picture, stuck in the board in a haphazard manner, some of them standing a long way out of the board and some buried almost to their heads.

Now your pin piano is complete and ready to be played on. Take a large, strong pin and with it pick one of the pins in the board. It will give out a musical note. Draw your pick-pin along the whole row in the

board, and you will find that each one will give out a different note; that is, if you have been careful to have them all of different heights above the board. It is a very simple matter to pick out a tune by touching in order the pins which form the notes of the tune, and as you grow used to the notes the pins give when touched, you may easily learn to play a number of tunes.

After this you can make another and better pin piano which will almost play itself. First drive a pin into the board to represent the second note. If that note be higher than the first, drive the pin deeper into the board until, when you touch it, it gives out exactly the right sound. If the second note of the tune be lower

than the first note, do not drive the pin into the board as deeply as the first pin, for the longer the pin above the board, the lower the note it will give.

Go all through the tune in this way, driving a pin just deep enough to reproduce each successive note of the tune. When you have finished, all you have to do is to draw your pick along the row and your pin piano will reel off the tune to the very last note, or the last pin.

FROM THE FORETHOUGHT NOTEBOOKS

By Earl M. Pratt, Oak Park, Illinois.

Does the devil enjoy seeing us make mistakes? Systematic forethought is an enemy of mistakes. Amos R. Wells tells the following in the Young People's Weekly:

There was sold not long ago in New York city what is probably the most expensive land ever sold anywhere; certainly the most expensive ever sold in New York.

It was a tiny strip of land, and, in its widest part, it measured only seven-eighths of an inch. It was forty feet long. It contained, in all, only seventeen and a half square inches. It couldn't be seen on the map except with a microscope.

Yet it was undoubtedly there. It lay alongside an expensive plot of ground that was to be used for a dwelling. By some error in calculation it had not been included in the purchase, and it had to be bought.

"Why must it be bought?" you ask. "No one could do anything with so small a piece of land."

"Indeed, you are wrong. An evil-minded man could do much mischief with it. That seventeen and a half square inches, you must remember, reaches up into the air as high as the sky. He could raise on it an iron plate that would cut off air and light and view from the forty feet on both sides of it, and utterly ruin the finest houses that might be built there. Just such abominable things have been done. So the land had to be bought.

Fifty dollars was the price decided upon as fair, and it was promptly paid. That was at the rate of \$2.86 a square inch. At this rate the average city

lot, 25x100 feet, would cost the tremendous sum of \$1,028,600. Rather costly dirt.

Two years ago a little, triangular bit of land was sold in New York for \$200, which was at the rate of \$500 a square foot, of \$3.47 a square inch. This, however, was not really as expensive land as the piece I have been describing, because it was larger—a man could stand upon it—and it was in a business section, and so was actually more valuable.

My purpose in relating these real-estate transactions is to warn whoever may be reading this against leaving any strip of territory in the city of his soul to be occupied by the Evil One.

"This fault is so very slight. This sin is such a little one. It really is microscopic. It isn't worth bothering about."

Listen!

There isn't in all New York city a business man half as shrewd as your adversary, the devil. Let sin have any territory in the city of your soul, though it be a strip less than an inch wide, and he will build on it a structure that will shut out your pure air and your cheery sunshine and your view of heaven.

Buy him out! Buy him out! It may take all you can raise of resolution and strength and courage and persistence. But remember, you can draw on the bank of heaven. There are endless resources up above.

At any rate—a million for a square inch, if necessary—buy him out! You must own all the land in the city of your soul.

The Hand of Death

Softly she slept in the night—her newborn babe at her breast, With a tiny dimpling hand to the yielding bosom pressed— As I rose from her side to go—though sore was my heart to stay— To the case of the laboring ewes that else would have died ere day.

Banking the peats on the hearth, I reached from the rafter-hook The lantern and kindled the flame, and, taking my plaid and crook, I lifted the latch, and turned once more to see if she slept; And looked on the slumber of peace; then into the night I stepped—

Into the swirling dark of the driving, blinding sleet, And a world that seemed to sway and slip from under my feet. As if rocked by the wind that swept the roaring, starless night, Yet fumed in a fury vain at my lantern's shielded light.

Clean-drenched in the first wild gust, I battled across the garth, And passed through the clashing gate—the light of the glowing hearth And the peace of love in my breast the craven voices to quell— As I set my teeth to the wind and turned to the open fell.

Over the tussocks of bent I strove till I reached the fold, My brow like ice, and my hands so numb that they scarce could hold My staff or loosen the pen; but I heard a lamb's weak cries As the gleam of my lantern lit the night of its new-born eyes.

Sorely I labored, and watched each young lamb struggle for breath, Fighting till dawn for my flock with the ancient shepherd—Death; And glad was my heart when at last the stackyard again I crossed, And thought of the strife well o'er with never a yearning lost.

But ere I came to the door of my home, drawing wearily nigh, I heard with a boding heart a feeble, querulous cry, Like a motherless yearning's bleat; and I stood in the dawn's gray light, Afraid of I knew not what, sore spent with the toil of the night.

Then, setting a quaking hand to the latch, I opened the door; And, shaking the cold from my heart, I stumbled across the floor Unto the bed where she lay, calm-bosomed, in dreamless rest; And the waiting baby clutched in vain at the lifeless breast.

I looked on the cold, white face; then sank with a cry by the bed, And thought how the hand of Death had stricken my whole joy dead— My flock, my world and my heart—with my love, at a single blow; And I cried: "I, too, will die!" and it seemed that life ebbed low.

And that Death drew very near, when I felt the touch on my cheek Of a little warm hand outstretched, and I heard that wailing weak, And, knowing that not for me yet was rest from love and strife, I caught the babe to my breast and looked in the eyes of life. —Wilfrid Wilson Gibson in London Spectator.

Name of Famous Street

The busy thoroughfare which we know as "Piccadilly" is far removed from anything rural as it is possible to imagine, and it can hardly be realized that there was a time when merely one or two houses stood on what is now one of the finest and richest of the world's streets, says the Liverpool Post. The name "Piccadilly" appears to be derived from the ruffs, pickadills or pickadilloes, worn by the gallants of the time of James I. and Charles I., the stiffening points of which resembled spear heads, or pickadills, a miniature of "pica," from the Spanish and Italian. Blount, in his Glossographia (1656), interprets it as the edge or skirt of a garment, and a stiff collar or band for the neck and shoulders, whence the wooden pickadilloes (the pillory) in Hudders. Thus the finest house built in the road may have been so named "from its being the utmost or

skirt house of the suburbs that way." Others say the name is taken from the fact that "one Higgins who built it (the house) got most of his estate from the sale of pickadillas," but the name occurs many years earlier than the mention of the first house, thus Gerard, in his Herbal (1596), states that "the small wild beeglosses growes upon the dried-ditch bankes about Piccadilla." The road is referred to in Stow's narrative of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion in 1554 as "the highway on the hill over against St. James," and in Aggas' map (1560) it is lettered "The way to Redinge." The upper part of the Haymarket and the fields adjoining to the north and west were the "Pickadilly" of the Restoration. Evelyn quotes the commissioners' orders, July 13, 1662, to pave "the Haymarket about Pigudello," and tradesmen's tokens of that date bear "Pickadilla" and "Pickadilly."

Take Chance of Suicide

R. H. Plant, a Macon (Ga.) banker who wrecked his health and his business by overwork, finally settled matters with his numerous creditors by committing suicide, the insurance on his life aggregating \$1,015,000. A dispatch says that the bitter feeling against him on the part of the public has subsided since his death, but it is safe to say that the insurance companies do not share in this sympathetic forgiveness.

However, insurance companies that take such great risks on a single life necessarily have to consider the possibility of suicide. Life insurance reverses the old injunction of the law. The seller, not the buyer, must beware, and singularly enough the tendency is toward the elimination of all restriction on the conduct of the insured.

The possibility of suicide is carefully considered when the policy is issued, and the companies take no risks, unless there is the strongest of presumptions that the insurance is not desired for the purposes to which Mr. Plant devoted them.

Nevertheless, instances of suicide for insurance money are by no means uncommon. Not long ago another southern business man who found himself financially embarrassed went to St. Louis, bought \$50,000 in twenty-four accident policies, leaped from the train on the way home and was killed. The policies had to be paid.

Suicide is part of the risk of life insurance, and the companies make no mistake in assuming that, in a general way, the desire to live is infinitely stronger than the desire to pay debts or provide for the support of a family.