WORKINGS OF CHILD'S MIND

Society Organized in England to Solve Mysterious Influences Governing Little Folks.

There is in London, England, an organization known as the Child Study society, members of which devote their time to studying the mysterious workings of children's minds. During the last two years, for instance, the association has been conducting an inquiry to ascertain what games and what toys English children like best and why.

Nine thousand forms have been distributed to school children between three and thirteen years of age, and the results are now announced. Both with girls and boys "Ring of Roses" was an easy first favorite among games between the ages of three and six. A common reason for this preference was "Because I like to fall down."

After that skipping, for girls, came next, but the boys were strong for cricket and football and horses, In spite of rumors to the contrary the doil remains the favorite toy with English girls. Next in popularity came a doll's carriage, and third a doll's house. Boys, it seems, are much more liberal in their tastes and go in for engines, horses, bells and magic lanterns. Books are hardly ever mentioned.

The reasons given by children were often quaint. One child volunteered the statement that "games take one's mind off unpleasant thoughts and "keeps children from worrying their parents," or, "keeps me in at night." Up to the age of ten love of power was the prevailing sentiment, and reasons for preferring one toy over another took the form of an answer such as "I like to make it obey me."

Telling Time. . "What time is it, Grace?" asked three-year-old Eva from her little bed. "A quarter to eight," Grace replied.

BOY MAKES NOTABLE RECORD ground about ten inches deep. Near

to be the rockiest acre of ground in stirring the ground about four

made to clear the ground of rocks many times it rained during the last

He was assisted in his work by his ground of stone unless they are so

faithful and competent as any other | cart and haul them off. I do not know

The Boy, His Goat, His Implements and Corn He Raised.

goat. The goat hauled the rock from large that the double shovel or culti-

"Yes, dear, It is." "Well, I'll look when I get up in the morning."

Earl Hopping, 15-Year-Old Arkansas

Lad, Raises Fifty Bushels of

Corn on Rocky Soil.

living three and a half miles from

Rogers, Ark., to raise fifty bushels of

corn on an acre of ground conceded

The ground is literally covered with

flint rock, says the Kansas City Star.

Earl Hopping says that no attempt is

The boy cultivated his acre accord-

ing to instructions from the United

States farm demonstration depart-

the ground in the homemade wagon

and hauled the manure to the ground.

smaller in size than a man's head.

Benton county.

ment.

It remained for Earl Hopping, a 15-

year-old boy, son of O. P. Hopping, crosses.

"No; I don't think it is."

WINTER NIGHTS.



When the winter mornings come, And the snow is everywhere. White and crisp; and ice is felt In each biting breath of air.

Children love to lie abed, For the room is cold and dim; And the wash-water in the bowl Is always frozen to the brim.

Uh, how cold are shoes and clothes! Oh, the shivers up one's back! When one steps upon the floor All the boards and rafters crack.

Then it is that summer days In one's memory seem more bright: Though winter days are not so bad; It is the dreadful winter night!

TRADING KNIVES IS HIS FAD

Superintendent of Philadelphia Sunday School Develops Queer Passion in Short Time.

Boys are not alone in their love of swapping things. A Sunday school superintendent in Philadelphia told his class recently that he had contracted the disease a few weeks previously and that he had it bad.

"I never play cards or any other game of chance," he said, "but I simply can't resist trading knives. A friend of mine held his knife in his closed hand and offered to trade it for the one I had in my pocket. As my knife had all the blades broken I blade. Since then I have traded knives nine times and I have finally secured through various stages a real-Others gave reasons such as if I come across a man who wants to poses. It is difficult to succeed with though now I would be pretty sure to stuck with my original, old, bladeless knife."

His Promotion.

"How are you getting along at school, Johnnie?" asked a father of Johnnie. "What makes you think so?" asked the proud father. "Because," answered the precocious youth, "she said today that if I kept on I'd soon be in the criminal class.'

the first of April I harrowed it both

ways, then marked off the corn rows

both ways with a single stock plow,

and dropped and covered the corn by

hand. I then took the goat and his

cart and hauled about three hundred

cart loads of manure and put on the

"When the corn became large

enough to cultivate I took an old

inches deep. I cultivated the corp

five or six times, plowing it first

one way through then turning the oth-

er way. I do not remember how

season, but it was not a very good

corn year. The piece of ground on

which I raised my prize corn was

farmed two seasons previous to last

season. We do not bother to rid the

vator cannot roll them around; any

VARIETIES OF GEESE BEST

oulouse, Embden, African, Brown China and Wild Canadian Are Most Desirable Breeds.

The most desirable varieties of zeese for domestic purposes are the Foulouse, Embden, African, Brown China, and the wild Canadian, for cross-mating with these. Where but a small space is at hand, it is advisthle to limit the number to two varisties. The Toulouse has dark or gray plumage, the Embden pure white; the African gray; the Canadian is alnost black and white. In the case of ducks, the ratio of one male to four or five females will prove successful, while with geese, the ratio should not exceed one male to two or three fenules.

The Canadian variety always mates n pairs. It is used largely to cross-



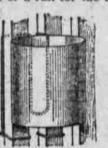
A Profitable Flock.

didn't see how I could get the worst mate with the rest of these for producof it, nor did I, for his had one whole ing table geese. The best mating for this purpose is the Canadian gander with the African goose. These produce the most desirable grade of mongrel ly fine knife with a pearl handle. Yet geese, the most desirable for table purtrade I don't think I could resist, al- the mating of a wild Canadian gander and an African goose, but when once get the worst of the bargain. It this has been accomplished, they will would serve me right if I should be remain constant, and should never be separated as long as they live. One or two pairs of these could be kept on any farm and would raise a sufficient number to supply any family during the winter. If the care necessary to handling these is not willinghis six-year-old hopeful. "Guess teach- ly displayed, it would be better to er's going to promote me," replied keep a few of the Toulouse or the Embden.

HANDY FOUNTAIN FOR WATER

Convenient Way of Watering Fowls is Shown in Illustration-Easily Removed for Cleaning.

A convenient way of watering fowls is suggested by the drawing herewith. A wire is twisted I'll come after it myself!" twice around two pickets or panels in the fence or against two stakes set close together and a loop extended down so as to fit inside a tomato can or other small water vessel, says the Orange Judd Farmer. A onion, or garden, plow and the goat, little notch or a rail for the bottom of



Watering Device.

thing as large as one's head we throw the can to rest upon when filled will It dragged the cultivator and was as in piles, then take the goat and his prevent slipping, and yet not interfere with the removal of the tin when cleaning is necessary.



Sour food causes bowel troubles. It is easier to check disease at the start than to cure it later.

It pays to save the egg shells and rush them up for the hens. Removing the cause of disease is

cheaper than curing the sick fowls. The overcrowding of young chicks

is an evil which many do not consider. Crowded quarters and poor ventilation will make an unthrifty, unproductive flock.

One can never have a flock of record-breaking egg-producers if any of them are unhealthy.

The run of stuff to market these and venerable roosters. There is something in producing

eggs at present prices. Be good to the hens. They need extra attention There is no reason why the poul-

tryman should not grade up his flock as effectively as the dairyman grades up his herd. It is not a good policy to allow the young and old stock to run together,

and the cockrels should be separated from the pullets. Insignificant matters often do not attract attention, yet a little crack in the poultry house, if near where the fowls roost, will cause suffering soon-

er or later. There are various points that are considered important in poultry raising but the egg basket is usually the ultimate standard up to which every hen must measure. Eggs are the

When a Saint Intervened

By SUSANNE GLENN

Brown, peeping out at the trim figure | him were the words: hurrying past.

"Flossie Brown will be making fun because I went to the postoffice to it cannot be done. Gilt hearts and day," murmured Miss Janet to herself, seeing the saucy, peering face, "but I think of you. I don't care! I just had to go! Now if I can get home without seeing

But behind her sharp steps crushed the snow and rang clearly on the crisp air, and a moment later James Wybrant hurried past her with averted face. Had he, too, been looking for a valentine?

Poor Miss Janet shrank away from him in the dull February twilight like a guilty thing. Yet she had not the faintest idea what had changed the man's loverlike attentions to an enmity of ten weary years duration. And it happened on Saint Valentine's day.

"I was quite young and pretty, then," she murmured a little pathetically, "and now I'm just 'Aunt Janet, an undesirable but rather convenient member of some one else's family."

Tears sprang to her eyes, and her lips quivered. "I don't care if I do cry. I should

think I might have that privilege once in a while, and there is never time at home." Miss Janet found no privacy in her brother's family. All day there were

never-ending duties for her willing hands, and at night there was always the oldest neice, whom she had pityingly taken in when the second baby came, and who now began to look upon Aunt Janet as an unnecessary adjunct to their room.

Ten years, and it seemed like yesterday, so close had she held the memory. Her heart hurried a little and her thin cheeks flushed as she saw again the happy girl in her pink, frilly frock who waited in the little parlor for the man who had even now passed her with such slighting cold-

How carefully he once had wrapped her in the warm robes. How he had cared for her with the tender attentime, after all I have made you suftions dear to woman's heart before | fer?" ell the young people gathered at the rustic party. How his voice had thrilled as he bade her good night under the blinking stars.

"Tommorw is Saint Valentine's day," he had reminded her. "You needn't send me a valentine, dear;

"And he never came! came!" Miss Janet now sobbed outright.

"I will not think of it," she cried with sudden vehemence, "and I'll of affairs. never be such a poor, weak goose as to go for the mail on Valentine day again! I'll just hurry home and go to work. No one seems to want me. But I will not be a silly, self-pitying creature another day of my life!"

James Wybrant threw his mail upon the living room table with a defiant fling. The daily paper, a farm journal and an advertisement for stationary gasoline engines.

"Well, what did you expect?" he demanded harshly. Drawing a chair before the fire, he

sat down moodily to await his housekeeper's call to supper.

"You have been insufferably rude," urged the gentle spirit of the man insistently, "and she looks thin and worn and tired."

"But she prefers this life to me." whispered Prids. "She did her own choosing."

"Still, she was only a girl-she

may have changed her mind." 'She shall live by her own decision," flared Pride, "and so shall I!"

"But will not live happily-there always will be the regret, and her unhappiness before you!"

aloud, "I'll go where I can live in but it is doubtful if it will be very peace!" All through his silent meal his

mind was at work. He would go to his brother, who

was always begging him to come south. A neighboring farmer would king is at Buckingham Palace on Sungladly rent his land, and the old housekeeper could live on in the service is selected by his majesty, the house as long as she desired.

"I'll see Fred Hall tomorrow mornmore back in the lonely living room. "I'll get away as soon as I can-it will be better for both of us!" He opened the big old-fashioned

secretary. Every compartment was crowded with the accumulation of years. From an upper and seldomused pigeonhole he drew a bundle of letters and spread them out before him on the lid.

His heart gave a quick throb as writing; he reached for it eagerly, and then dropped it into the waste basket with a shrug at his own weak. ness. There were also letters from which had been carelessly thrust out these a letter fell from among the sheets, face downward on the table. It was sealed and he turned it over wonderingly.

On the face, in his own strong letters, stood the name of Janet Bates! Gazing at it, his eyes grew dark with apprehension and a hot wave seemed

"Miss Janet has been down to get | trembled as he tore open the envelher valentines," giggled Flossie ope and unfolded the sheet. Facing "My darling girl-I've tried to find a valentine good enough for you, but

> cupids seem but poor things when "Will you let me tell you what I really want to give you, dear? I want to tell you all by ourselves, and I want to tell you today-Saint Valentine's day!

"There is always a confusion at your brother's, and I want you all to myself tonight. Will you let me take you out this evening as we go last? When you are ready, put the lamp in the window and I will come.

"Janet-Janet, I want to give you a real heart instead of gilded one! want to give you-

With a groan the man dropped the letter and covered his face with his hands.

How could be have failed to post this? What could Janet have thought -what could she not have suffered? Before him rose the long line of unkindnesses devised by his wounded pride. His head sank down upon the

open letter. "Ten years," he whispered, "ten years in which to wound and hurt her, and kill her love!"

His hands gripped the old secretary. The determination with which Miss Janet returned home falled wearily while she washed the supper dishes. Upstairs her sister-in-law was putting the children to bed. In the sitting room her brother read his even-

kitchen with her dishes. Answering a tap at the door she beheld-James Wybrant standing in the starlight!

ing paper. Janet was alone in the

"Janet," he said very softly, under cover of the trumming piano, as he stepped into the room, "Janet, I have brought you a valentine." Janet took the letter and read won-

deringly. "I found that tonight, Janet-I thought-but that does not excuse me. Can you care, after all this

Janet's breath caught in a sob, and he took her in his arms.

"If only you will trust me again I'll try so hard to make up to you for all these hard years."

"Oh!" breathed Janet In protest. "Let us have our ride tenight, dear. We will go down and tell Parson Andrews that we shall need him tomor row."

"Tomorrow!" cried Janet, roused to action by this impetuous settling "Oh, Jim, you know I cannot think of marrying you-tomorrow!"

The brightness in the man's face died down.

"Of course, dear," he said humbly, "I do not wonder that you cannot trust me. I will do anything you say;

wait as long as you wish." Watching him, Janet reached up suddenly and drew his face down gently to her own.

"I'll come with you," she whispered. "And, Jim, I do trust you! I know that you will be good and dear to me, nlways."

Length of Court Sermons.

The recognized time for a preacher to occupy the pulpit when preaching before the late king was ten minutes. King George however has never quite approved of these very short sermons, and it has been intimated to the chaplains in ordinary attached to the royal household, from whom the preacher for the morning service at Buckfigham Palace is usually selected, that their sermons may be lengthier than they were customarily in the late reign. An intimation of this sort "Then," cried James Wybrant amounts practically to a command, welcome to some of the chaplains who were in the late king's household, who have during the past years rarely preached a sermon of more than ten minutes' duration. When the day the preacher for the morning selection is usually made on Friday and the chaplain who has been chosen ing about the place,' he thought, once is notified of the fact by the subdean.

Aroused His Curlosity.

Among those who attended the first session of the sale of the household property of Joseph G. Robin, the New York bank wrecker, was a man well known in literary circles, whom no one had ever seen at a gathering of that kind. He was asked by a man who had a slight acquaintance with he noticed a letter in Janet's delicate him if he had come as a possible buyer. "No," said the visitor, "but having read about this man as having directed many business concerns out of which he made a fortune and that his brother and a long envelope, into while doing this he found time to edit a magazine, write novels, compose some printed papers. As he drew Greek poetry and devote much time to playing the violin, I wanted to see what his home looked like."

A Safeguard.

"Gracious! There's a sickening odor in the house!"

"Yes. We are about to witness of problem play. An old-fashioned couto stop his heartbeats. His fingers | ple brought along some asafoetida."



've been a wicked man," he said, "Tva done a many crimes; I've shot at folks by way of jokes a half-

a-dozen times; I've gone in broad daylight an' stole a widder's fattened shoat

But though I've been a man o' sin, I never sold my vote. Tve set fire to a tenement to see the

engines run,
I've swiped the alms from blind men's
palms an' thought that it was fun;
An' once when it was bitter cold I took a cripple's coat; scuttled ships on pleasure trips-but never sold my vote.

dynamited savings banks an' skipped off with the cash;
Gold bricks of brass I've made to pass
with all a con man's dash;
I've been a counterfeiter too, an' made

a greasy note; I've held up trains out on the plains—

but never sold my vote Tve worked the shells at county fairs, an' pockets, too, I've picked;
I've sold fake stocks in thousand blocks

the come-on I have tricked; Each victim's tears were like three cheers whene'er I'd get his goat; Yet though, old pard, my heart was hard, I never sold my vote.

"I've burgled here and burgled there, an' run a racin' book;
You'll find my name is one o' fame with
almost any crook;
But set this down''—the dying breath was

"Although I've been a man o' sin, I never sold my vote."

'Rah for Reform.

Comes now another reformer who wants to uplift us by eliminating the word "Hello" from our telephone conons. Good! We heartly agree with his deep-drawn suggestion that the first syllable of that word is too suggestive of a certain form of swearing. It had not occurred to us before; very few people are in the habit of standing on windy corners of conversation and watching for embarrassing displays of language. But we extend to the pure-minded reformer our warmest accord. Also we move that a certain well-known rhyme, on which we were trained years ago, be revised to read:

"Early to bed and early to rise Makes a man hearty and wealthy and

Furthermore, let us change the name of the Helicon to the Rubicon, or the Rhymfcon. And let us prohibit the sale of hellebore in drug stores. While we are about it, let us disinfeet things properly. Change the name of damask, for instance, and take Damascus off the map. And pass a law forbidding people to sue for damages, and, with one supreme motive, brethren, let us wipe the infamy of the Gatun dam off the Isthmus of Panama.

Wishes of No Avail.



"This is my husband, Mr. Grump We've just been married. Don't you wish us happiness? "When I look at your husband, mad-

am, I cannot wish-I can only hope."

Imperfect Reproduction.

"It must be very consoling to you," we say to the bereaved lady, "to have that splendid phonograph record of your late husband's voice. It is so absolutely natural, too." "Ah," she sighs, "it is like, and yet

so unlike, poor dear Henry!" "Unlike?"

"Yes, it talks right ahead in his tone, but it never stops when I interrupt it."

Puzzle. "He is my hero," she sighed.

Without finishing this we leave it to the reader to guess whether he was a half back, a college orator, a base ball star, a matinee idol, a novel celebrity, a prize fighter, a novelist, a soda fountain clerk, or just a plain every day and Sunday young man.

michael nestit

"I plowed my corn ground in February with my father's farm team-a plow, while the plow inside the home jack and a jenny-breaking the made cart is a homemade plow.

er was raised in Kansas on a farm. His letter follows:

cessful maangeemnt of any business.

in spelling nor in grammar, and the

more successful, because of its size,

risk in injuring the stalks during the

late cultivations.

worthless ground.

while its dainty, careful feet ran less farming. We get into the field as early as the dew will allow. My fa ther does not believe in culti-Earl Hopping has written his meth- vating any kind of crop while the dew od of procedure for The Star and has is on. I would work all day if it did now. told graphically how he worked to not get too hot for the goat, turning accomplish such results on apparently out in the evening in time to do the chores before dark. The only efforts Incidentally, it may be remarked | we are making in the way of successthat the letter is given exactly as the ful farming is deep plowing, plenty of boy wrote it. There was not an error manure and plenty of cultivation to keep the weeds out and the ground writing was beyond criticism. Which loose. We have not sold our crop. leads to the side remark that intelli- We feed it. Corn here is hardly ever gence is found in the successful farm- worth less than fifty cents per busher as surely as it is found in the suc- el."

The accompanying illustration Earl Hopping writes that he farms shows a stack of the fodder, a box as his father taught him, and his fath- of the corn, and the rough ground. The tools shown were the only ones used in farming this acre. The plow to which the goat is hitched is the onion

