

For the LITTLE ONES

PUZZLING TRICK WITH SACK

Man Placed in Bag is Enabled to Free Himself in Few Seconds by Holding Rope.

The magician appears accompanied by his assistant. He has a sack similar to a meal bag only on a large scale. The upper end of this bag is shown in Fig. 1, with the rope laced in the cloth. He then selects several people from the audience as a committee to examine the sack to see that there is absolutely no deception whatever in its makeup, says a writer in the Popular Mechanics. When they are satisfied that the bag or sack is all right, the magician places his assistant inside and drawing the bag around him he allows the committee to tie him up with as many knots as they choose to make, as shown in Fig. 2.

The bag with its occupant is placed in a small cabinet which the committee surround to see that there is no outside help. The magician then takes his watch and shows the audience that in less than 30 seconds his assistant will emerge from the cabinet with the sack in his hand. This he does,



Trick With Sack.

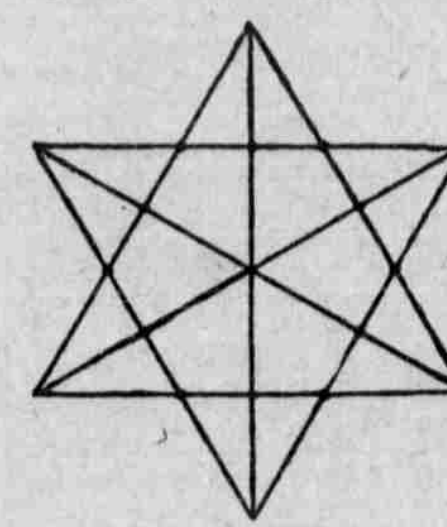
the sack is again examined and found to be the same as when it was first seen.

The solution is when the assistant enters the bag he pulls in about 15 inches of the rope and holds it, as shown in Fig. 3, while the committee is tying him up. As soon as he is in the cabinet he merely lets out the slack thus making enough room for his body to pass through. When he is out of the bag he quickly unties the knots and then steps from his cabinet.

SIMPLE PUZZLE IS AMUSING

By Making Geometrical Star as Illustrated One Can Make Nine Straight Rows of Buttons.

Get some buttons or checkers and place them in such an order that you will have nine straight rows of five buttons each. You will find by making the geometrical design shown in



Geometrical Puzzle.

the cut this feat can be accomplished. Of course, when you tell somebody else to do that you do not want to show them the star or give any hint how it is to be done. You will find it possible to amuse a party or family quite a while with this simple puzzle, which isn't so simple until you know how it is done.

Color Your Own Pictures.

Some of our amateur photographers may be interested in learning an easy way of coloring a photograph nicely without having first taken lessons in drawing or painting. This is the method: After you have printed your photograph, and before you mount it on cardboard, hold it against the window, placing the picture side toward the glass; then sketch clearly on the back of the picture the outlines of the parts to be colored. When this is completed place the picture side of the photograph against a blotter and apply the desired colors to the back of the picture, keeping within the sketched outlines. Then prepare a mixture consisting of ten parts benzine and one part vaseline, and pour this over the photograph, rubbing it thoroughly into the paper with the finger. Do this both on the face and back of the picture. After the picture has become transparent through this process let it stand for an hour or two, then dry it with a cloth and mount it on cardboard.



My Mother bought me a nice new coat—Yellow—, instead of red— It's merely a matter of taste— my dear— To me my Mother said— Yet when I bit it— I was spanked And sent right off To Bed!

MONEY MADE IN BUTTERFLIES

Queer Occupation by Which Men Make Living in Wild Jungles of India and Africa.

One of the queerest of occupations by which men make their living is butterfly hunting, and as it is now conducted in the jungles of India and Africa it is also full of adventure and narrow escapes as tiger hunting or gold mining. The butterflies of our fields and woods are, of course, too common to have any value, but there are very rare varieties that will bring as high as \$1,000 a specimen, and it is to catch these that men undertake all manner of risks. Before a man can attempt butterfly hunting he must have a thorough scientific education, and then he can go to Africa, and by collecting lizards and orchids and rare plants along with the butterflies he can often make very large sums of money. In capturing butterflies in the jungle the collector often has to climb trees where there are poisonous insects and snakes and sit very quietly with his net in hand and wait for the appearance of some beautiful butterfly. Then he must carefully scoop it in, get it down safely, and pack it for shipment to London. If he is fortunate enough to find an entirely new and rare variety he can sometimes make a whole year's salary out of it. Many wealthy people in Europe have magnificent private collections of insects, and there are also good public collections owned by the governments.

Good Trap After All.

A Connecticut man being annoyed by a huge rat which persisted in making away with chicken feed and pretty much everything else that it found in the barn loft, set a trap for the marauder. The trap was a new-fangled affair, baited with a nice piece of toasted cheese, but the rat was too cunning, so an old-fashioned, steel-pronged trap was buried under the chaff in the well-worn path from under the hay, and the new trap pushed aside. The old rat was caught the first night and killed, and no one thought of the other trap for three weeks. When the farmer's boy went to look for it, a mass of stuff in the center attracted his attention, and, on examination, it was found that a couple of half-grown rats had found their way into it, and had settled down to make the best of the situation. They had drawn in through the spaces at least two quarts of chaff and bits of hay and had gone to housekeeping. They looked surprised at being disturbed, and the farmer is now exhibiting them as specimens of contentment under difficulties.

DIFFERENT LIES.



Tommy—What's the difference between black lies and white lies?
Lucy—White lies are what I tell, and black ones are what you're always telling!

To Prevent Starvation.
When you haven't a scrap of bread in the house
And the children begin to cry,
Don't scold and compel them to starve outright.
Just give them a little pie.

Tinderbox Still Used.
Matches have not yet displaced the tinderbox in certain rural district of Spain and Italy.

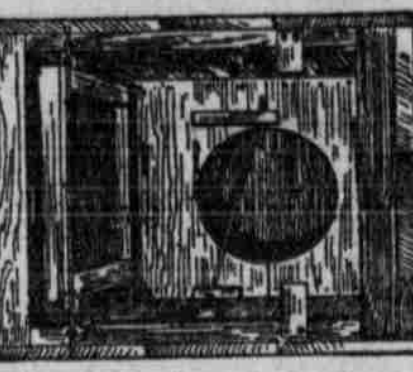
POULTRY

TRAP NEST IS EASILY MADE

One Shown in Illustration Has Been Used at Several Stations With Much Success.

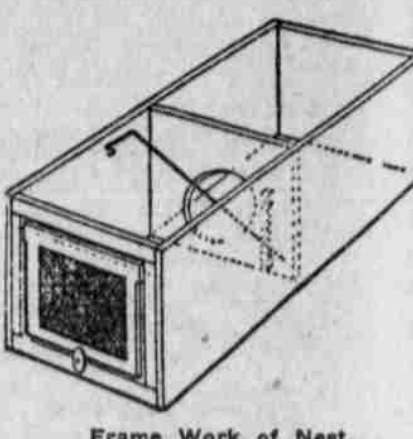
The trap nest shown in the illustration herewith has been used with satisfaction at a number of poultry stations. It is very simple, inexpensive, easy to attend and certain in its action.

It is a box-like structure, 28 inches long, 13 inches wide, and 16 inches deep, inside measurements. A division board with a circular opening 7½ inches in diameter is placed across the box, 12 inches from the rear and



Nest Set Ready for Use.

15 inches from the front. The rear section is the nest proper. Instead of a tight door at the entrance, a light frame of 1x1½-inch stuff is covered with wire netting of a one-inch mesh. The door is ten inches square and does not fill the entire entrance, a space of two inches being left at the bottom and one inch at the top, with a good margin at each side to avoid friction. It is hinged at the top and swings into the box. The hinges are placed on the front of the top of the door rather than at the center or rear. It is better to secure complete closing action. The trap consists of one piece of stiff wire about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and 22 inches long. This piece of wire is shaped so that a section of it 11 inches long rests directly across the circular opening in the division board and is held in place by two clamps, one on either side of the circular opening. The clamps fit loosely and the slots are long enough to allow the wire to work up and down about six inches, without much friction. The next section of wire is eight inches long, and is bent so that it is at right angles with the 11-inch section, and passes along the side of the box 11 inches above the floor toward the entrance door, and is fastened strongly to the wall by staples, but yet loosely enough that the wire can roll easily. The remaining section of the wire, which is three inches long, is bent toward the center of the box, with an upward inclination, so that it supports the door when the latter is open. The end of the wire is turned over smoothly, forming a notch into which the door may be slipped when opened. As the hen passes under the open door and then through the circular opening to the nest, she raises herself so that her keel may pass over the lower part of the division board. In doing so, her back presses against the horizontal wire and lifts it enough that the end supporting the door slides from under it. The door swings down and passes a wire spring (near the bottom of the box at the entrance), which locks it and prevents the hen from escaping and the others from entering. A strong button can be attached to the center of the box at the bottom of the outside to hold the door



Frame Work of Nest.

in position when closed. By turning the button, the door can then be swung outward to release the bird.

Selecting Eggs for Setting.

A selected lot of one dozen hens will lay as many eggs as the average farmer will care to have hatched, and if the hens are re-mated to a pure-bred cock he will be the sire of all the chickens hatched on the farm, thus securing uniformity in color and general characteristics, instead of having chicks of all shapes, sizes and colors and not of a characteristic merit. The hens not in company will lay just as many eggs as if with them, and the eggs will possess better keeping qualities than those that are fertile.

Care of Chicks.

As soon as the young chicks are hatched it is a good plan to remove them to the garden or out under the trees, if the weather is favorable where they can get plenty of insects to eat and catch all they like.

TWO POETS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Miss Dora Harben was out of sorts with the world. When a girl feels that way she sheds a few tears; she feels herself neglected; she thinks of drowning; she snaps back at the family cook; she would poison the family parrot—if the family had one. There is but one thing to console her, and that is to make for a dell in the woods and write some sad poetry.

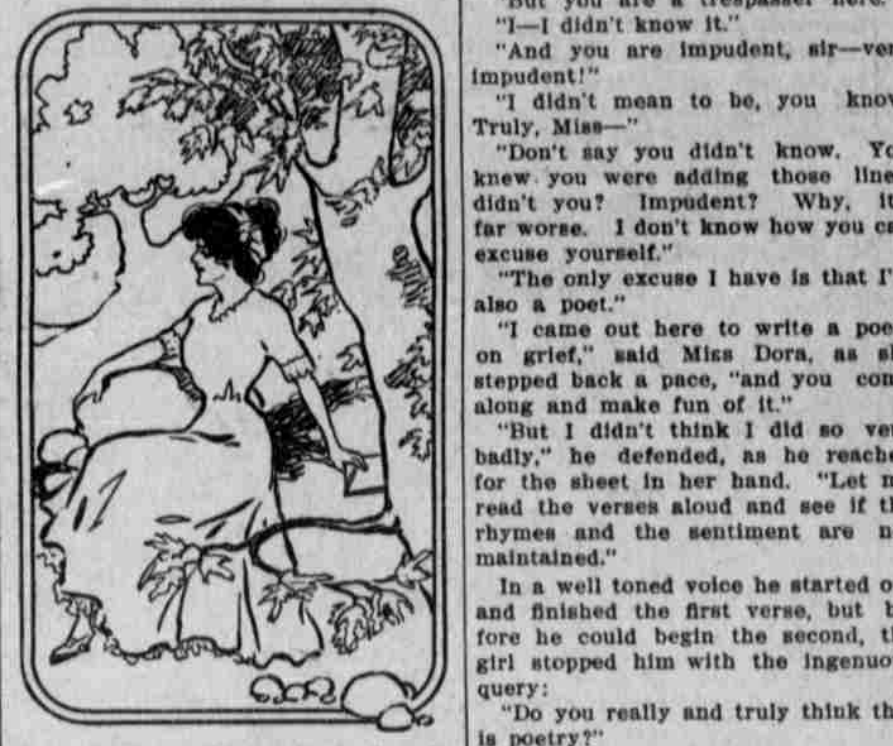
Fortunately for Miss Dora, there was a bit of woods back of the manor house. There was a dell. The afternoon was fine, and she took pencil and paper along—enough to write a dozen sad poems.

Miss Dora was not in love, and a stern father and an ambitious mother had not been filling objections. None of her girl friends had been crowing over her. She hadn't discovered a freckle on her face or a mole on her elbow. She was sad because she was sad. There are times when even men and women 80 years old get sad streaks on and turn to poetry as the panacea. Poetry is an escape valve. There are hundreds of persons in prison who wouldn't have been there had they been provided with a dell and pencil and paper.

Miss Dora sank down beside a rock in the dell with a sigh of relief. She could shed the silent tear now without the parlor maid respectfully and sympathetically asking her if she had got pepper in her eyes. There are parlor maids and others who will not understand when souls are a-weary.

A rabbit ran across the dell, but was scarcely observed. A squirrel chattered, and was voted a nuisance. A quail sounded his "Bob White," and a stick was thrown at him.

There was a program to go through with to write a sad poem. Pencil and paper must be made ready, and then all the sad things of life must be called to mind. One may even include the various eruptions of



Sank Down Beside a Rock in the Dell.

Vesuvius in the thought. Then the pen or pencil must be chewed for long minutes. By this time, one feels that if one of the trees were to fall and crush the life out of the body, everybody would be glad. It is well to remember the puppies and parrots and Kittens that have been drowned, and the sad fate meted out to them sooner or later. In about half an hour it is high time to begin to write the poem.

Miss Dora began. Once she was ready she struck boldly out with: "Oh, the world, it is drear, and the world, it is sad.

"Tis a world of nothing but sorrow— And there she stuck. That's most always the way with a sad poem. If it begins on the jump, it comes to a sudden stop somewhere, and the poor poet grits his teeth in vain.

After half an hour spent in trying to finish verse number one of a tentative poem, the paper and pencil were laid aside, and Miss Dora strolled about. She was feeling better. There were wintergreen berries growing in the dell. She gathered and ate some.

Then she went down to the creek to watch the little fish, and finally went back to the house feeling a great deal better. Not until evening did she remember the two lines of poetry left on a flat stone in the dell. She would recover them next day. Perhaps she would build on—perhaps not.

Something took place up in that dell within an hour after Miss Dora left it, and she was in ignorance of it until the next afternoon. She strolled that way again, humming to herself instead of sighing, and when she picked up her two lines of poetry—behold! In a neat but masculine hand some one had added the two lines:

"And it fills me with grief and makes me so mad
That I'll lie me for home on the morrow."

Was it a masculine hand? Had she finished the verse without realizing it? Had she written that she was mad when she was only sad? Here was a mystery. The girl looked all

The ONLOOKER

by WILBUR D. REEBIT



The fashion page attracts the eyes of all the ladies fair.

Who knows what luring fancies rise At what is pictured there?
The lady who is skin and bone,
Each thinks about herself alone
And smiles: "I'll look like that!"

The sylphlike waist, the lissome shape Appeals to her who's plump;
The gangly one thinks they can graze Her till she's less a frump.
Long, lean; short, stout—all think the same
And in their mental chat
Each lets her fancy flash to flame
With: "I will look like that!"

Ah, well, good brother, you and I Look at the fashions, too—
You may be more than six feet high
And slender to the view.
I may be short and round, but we Observe the tailor's plot
And say: "That style will do for me.
'Twill make me look like that."

I sometimes wonder if on earth There is a living one
Of such a perfect shape and girth—
But when all's said and done
It simmers down to this same thing
Of shoes and clothes and hat:
Each of us gives his fancy wing
With: "I will look like that!"

Kindness Thwarted Again.

The man with the tremulous side whiskers and the stately silk hat stopped at the edge of the excavation and said to the husky laborer who was about to push the wheelbarrow: "Ah, my friend! It is splendid to contemplate the influence that your bone and sinew will have in the constructive perfection of the structure that will arise here, and—"

"One side!" grunted the laborer, going ahead with the wheelbarrow. The man turned to another laborer who was about to descend into the excavation and who had a pick on his shoulder.

"The personification of energy!" he smiled, tugging at his right side whisker. "Energy! In the days to come our children's children will gaze upon the mighty edifice that shall stand here, and they will see the concrete result of the inspiration of labor, which—"

"Gangway!" shouted another man with a wheelbarrow, and the man with the pick, having lighted his pipe, started down the ladder, turning so that his pick knocked off the silk hat of the enthusiastic man. As the latter stooped to pick up his hat he was bumped by a wheelbarrow, and when he finally assembled himself he was being supported by the crossing policeman, who held the wreck of the hat in his free hand.

"Ha-a-a-a!" shouted the kindly man. "Coarse, unfeeling, unthinking! I attempt to show them the higher side of life, to awaken in them the—"

"Run on, now," said the officer. "It's early in th' day for you to get stewed this way, sir."

So the man went to his office and dictated a complaint against the officer, whose number he had forgotten to take.

A Tense Tragedy.

He clasped her waist. With a sigh the beautiful girl looked into his eyes.

"Please!" she whispered. "No!" he muttered. She bent forward until her soft hair brushed his face.

Still he grasped her waist. She pleaded with him to loosen his clasp, but he was obdurate. Suddenly her eyes flashed with the fire of wrath.

She glared at him with the berserk rage that slumbers in the soul of all women. Daunted to some extent he retreated slightly, but tenaciously kept his hold on her waist.

"I command you!" she cried. "Command nothing!" he answered. "I got my orders that I ain't to let you have this waist till you pay the \$10 C. O. D., and I guess I know my business."

Then with a soft shudder, she dug up the money and got her waist.

A Business Question.

First Stock Promoter—Yes, I skinned this lion myself.

Second Stock Promoter—How many shares did you sell him?

The jury thought not.—Saline County (Mo.) News.

Wilbur D. Reebit.