

For the LITTLE ONES

HOW TO MAKE A SAIL WAGON

Does Not Take Average Boy Long to Arrange One to Suit Himself—General Description.

In Fig. 1 the sail wagon is shown complete with an end view at "a" showing the steering arrangement. A board about 2 feet, 6 inches in length, by 18 inches across and about one-half or three-quarters inch thick, is cut into a shape something like an

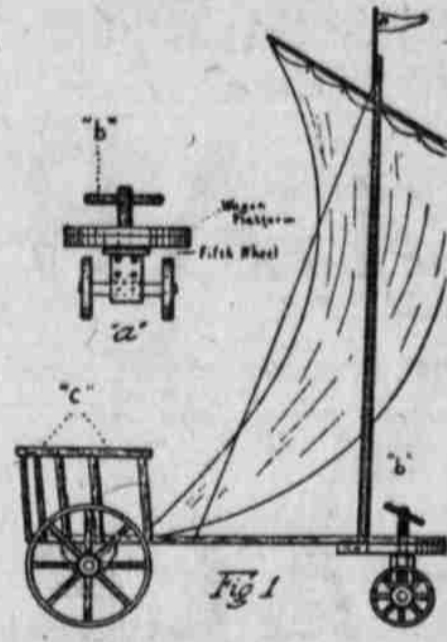


Fig. 1

ironing board, narrower at one end than at the other. A one-inch piece of board is secured to the front end to give strength for the mast and steering gear.

One pair of large wheels and one pair of small ones must be procured or made as described further on. The large wheels and axle can be secured to the bottom board by means of two blocks of wood as shown in Fig. 1 and

Fig. 2, the latter being a view of the under side of the wagon. The two small wheels must be rigged up a little differently. A board about the same thickness as the axle is shaped at one end into a round handle, which should fit loosely into a bored hole in the front end of the wagon. The broad end of this board rests on the axle, and is bolted to two pieces of board the same width, which come down on the front and rear sides of the axle, and are bolted to it, Fig. 2, A, A. The fifth-wheel bearing is made out of tough wood, and placed so that the steering wheel turns easily (Fig. "a"). A round stick is put through the stern of the piece, to press the feet against when steering (Fig. 1 "b").

Some boys make a rail (Fig. 1, "c") around the end, that they sit on. The mast can be made from a round stick about 4 feet, 6 inches long. A broom handle will do for the cross arm, to which the sail is attached. The sail should be so arranged that it can be very quickly lowered should the wind get the best of the wagon.

Should it be found inconvenient readily to procure a set of discarded baby buggy or express wagon wheels, they can easily be made by an in-

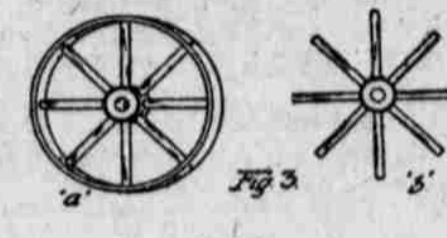


Fig. 3

genious boy as shown in Fig. 3. A hub is made from a round block of wood, as shown at "c," and round sticks, cut from light curtain poles or broom handles, made into spokes as at "b," care being taken to get them all the same length. The rim is made from barrel hoops, although some boys make them of this wood, well soaked in warm water and bent into shape. A nail or screw is put through the rim at each spoke, as shown at "a," the completed wheel.

While this is a general description of a sail wagon, it does not take the average boy long to make one to suit himself out of almost any old thing. It is interesting to notice the many and different designs of wagons and sails when once the craze is started. Smooth roads, an open space and plenty of wind is all that is necessary for a successful sail-wagon race.

The Truth.

Father and son were walking the streets and passed a large park in which were many statues. One of them—the largest of all—was of a woman.

"Father, what is that?" asked the son, pointing to this particular one, which was inscribed "Woman."

"That is not a statue, my son," answered the father. "It is but a figure of speech."—Life.

A GOLDEN WORLD.



I feel like a second Columbus. For I have discovered, you see, A world in the shape of an orange Which grandma has given to me!

'Tis covered with wrinkles and creases Which represent mountains and seas, Deep caverns, large islands and rivers I trace on its surface with ease.

And 'way down below this tough cover Gold juices are rolling around. Like lava beneath the earth's surface—Just see what a treasure I've found.

'Tis a valuable world I am certain, All golden without as within, And people who live on my orange Can never commit any sin!

I wish that the world of Columbus—America, home of the free—Were as good as the gold of my orange, Perhaps it depends upon me!

For looking for good I can find it, And trying to love every one I'll find them more gentle and loving Than ever before I have done!

AIR CUSHIONS AID SWIMMER

Apparatus Designed by German Master Enables Person to Move About in Water Freely.

The swimming apparatus designed by a German swimming master is both for trained swimmers and those ignorant of the art. When out of use, this apparatus is readily carried in the pocket, says the Popular Mechanic. It consists of two oblong air cushions, each subdivided into five compartments which are connected together by transversal straps. Before putting on the apparatus, which consists of thin caoutchouc lined with a dense fabric, it is inflated through a valve, within a few seconds, by a few strong breaths.

Being arranged on both sides of the body, the apparatus leaves the head and neck perfectly free, thus doing away with any pendulating motions characteristic of most salvage ap-



New Swimming Apparatus.

paratus. The person equipped with the apparatus moves about in the water with remarkable safety and stability. A special advantage of the apparatus is its allowing the swimmer at will to take up a vertical or horizontal position, thus enabling him to remain in the water for hours without fatigue.

BEE IS GREATEST ENGINEER

Little Honey Gatherer Has Solved Problem of Room, of Lightest Material and Strength.

Probably King Solomon has been most criticised in his judgment for sending the "sluggard" to the ant, there to "consider her ways and be wise." We can't say, but it may have been that in Solomon's time they didn't have the present day Italian honey bee turning out comb honey in the commercial square, pound frames. But we are assured just now that taking up a pound of honey in an ordinary frame, the average engineer ought to feel immensely incompetent and unwise as to ordinary ways and means to engineering results.

In the construction of the hexagon honey cell of material from her own body, the working bee at once has solved the problem of economy of room, of the lightest possible material of greatest strength, while the dividing wall in each honey case allows the greatest number of workers to continue "on the job." A. H. Godard, writing of the engineering capacity of the honey bee says: "I have seen strips of comb a foot wide and four feet long sustaining a weight of 30 or 40 pounds of honey, while the comb itself would probably not weigh more than five or six ounces. We need not hesitate to say that such a structure compares favorably with some of the best achievements of the modern engineering skill of man."

The Home Team.

"Can I get off this afternoon to go to a funeral?" asked the office boy.

"Whose funeral?" asked the man with a cynical smile.

"I guess it's goin' to be the home team's."—Yonkers Statesman.

While the Auto Waits

BY O. HENRY

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Promptly at the beginning of twilight, came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park of the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half hour in which she could be accomplished.

To repeat: Her dress was gray, and plain enough to mask its ineptness of style and fit. A large-meshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm and unconscious beauty. She had come there at the same hour on the day previous, and on the day before that; and there was one who knew it. The young man who knew it hovered near, relying upon burnt sacrifices to the great goddess, Luck. His piety was rewarded, for, in turning a page, her book slipped from her fingers and bounded from the bench a full yard away.

The young man pounced upon it with instant avidity, returning it to its owner with that air that seems to flourish in parks and public places—a compound of gallantry and hope, tempered with respect for the policeman on the beat. In a pleasant voice, he risked an inconsequent remark upon the weather—that introductory topic responsible for so much of the world's unhappiness—and stood poised for a moment, awaiting his fate.

The girl looked over him leisurely; at his ordinary, neat dress and his features distinguished by nothing particular in the way of expression.

"You may sit down, if you like," she said, in a full, deliberate contralto. "Really, I would like to have you do so. The light is too bad for reading. I would prefer to talk."

The vassal of Luck slid upon the seat by her side with complaisance. "Do you know," he said, speaking the formula with which park chairmen open their meetings, "that you are quite the stunningest girl I have seen in a long time. I had my eye on you yesterday. Didn't know somebody was bowled over by those pretty lamps of yours, did you, honeysuckle?"

"Whoever you are," said the girl, in icy tones, "you must remember that I am a lady. I will excuse the remark you have just made because the mistake was, doubtless, not an unnatural one—in your circle. I asked you to 'sit down'; if the invitation must constitute me your honeysuckle, consider it withdrawn."

"I earnestly beg your pardon," pleaded the young man. His expression of satisfaction had changed to one of penitence and humility. "It was my fault. You know—I mean, there are girls in parks, you know—that is, of course, you don't know, but—"

"Abandon the subject, if you please. Of course I know. Now, tell me about these people passing and crowding, each way, along these paths. Where are they going? Why do they hurry so? Are they happy?"

The young man had promptly abandoned his air of coquetry. His cue was now for a waiting part; he could not guess the role he would be expected to play.

"It is interesting to watch them," he replied, postulating her mood. "It is the wonderful drama of life. Some are going to supper and some to—other places. One wonders what their histories are."

"I do not," said the girl; "I am not so inquisitive. I come here to sit because here, only, can I be near the great, common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where its beats are never felt. Can you surmise why I spoke to you, Mr. —?"

"Parkenstacker," supplied the young man. Then he looked eager and hopeful.

"No," said the girl, holding up a slender finger, and smiling slightly. "You would recognize it immediately. It is impossible to keep one's name out of print. Or even one's portrait. This veil and this hat of my maid furnishes me with an incog. You should have seen the chauffeur stare at it when he thought I did not see. Candidly, there are five or six names that belong in the holy of holies, and mine, by the accident of birth, is one of them. I spoke to you, Mr. Stackenpot."

"Parkenstacker," corrected the young man, modestly.

"Mr. Parkenstacker, because I wanted to talk, for once, with a natural man—one unspotted by the despicable gloss of wealth and supposed social superiority. Oh! you do not know how weary I am of it—money, money, money! And of the men who surround me, dancing like little marionettes all cut by the same pattern. I am sick of pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of luxuries of all kinds."

"I always had an idea," ventured the young man, hesitatingly, "that money must be a pretty good thing."

"A competence is to be desired. But when you have so many millions that—!" She concluded the sentence with a gesture of despair. "It is the monotony of it," she continued, "that kills. Drives, dinners, theaters, balls, suppers, with the gilding of superfluous wealth over it all. Sometimes the very tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me mad."

pose I am a bit of a snob. But I like to have my information accurate."

The girl gave a musical laugh of genuine amusement.

"I see," admitted the young man, humbly. "These special diversions of the inner circle do not become familiar to the common public."

"Sometimes," continued the girl, acknowledging his confession of error by a slight bow, "I have thought that if I ever should love a man it would be one of lowly station. One who is a worker and not a drone. But, doubtless, the claims of caste and wealth will prove stronger than my inclination. Just now I am besieged by two. One is a grand duke of a German principality. I think he has, or has had, a wife, somewhere, driven mad by his intemperance and cruelty. The other is an English marquis, so cold and mercenary that I even prefer the diabolism of the duke. What is it that impels me to tell you these things, Mr. Parkenstacker?"

"Parkenstacker," breathed the young man. "Indeed, you cannot know how much I appreciate your confidences."

The girl contemplated him with the calm, impersonal regard that befitting the difference in their stations.

"What is your line of business, Mr. Parkenstacker?" she asked.

"A very humble one. But I hope to rise in the world. Were you really in earnest when you said that you could love a man of lowly position?"

"Indeed I was. But I said 'might.' There is the grand duke and the marquis, you know. Yes; no calling could be too humble were the man what I would wish him to be."

"I work," declared Mr. Parkenstacker, "in a restaurant."

The girl shrank slightly.

"Not as a waiter?" she said, a little imploringly. "Labor is noble, but—personal attendance, you know—valets and—"

"I am not a waiter. I am cashier in—on the street they faced that bounded the opposite side of the park was the brilliant electric sign "Restaurant"—"I am cashier in that restaurant you see there."

The girl consulted a tiny watch set in a bracelet of rich design upon her left wrist, and rose, hurriedly.

"Why are you not at work?" she asked.

"I am on the night turn," said the young man; "it is yet an hour before my period begins. May I not hope to see you again?"

"I do not know. Perhaps—but the whim may not seize me again. I must go quickly now. There is a dinner, and a box at the play—and, oh! the same old round. Perhaps you noticed an automobile at the upper corner of the park as you came. One with a white body."

"And red running gear?" asked the young man, knitting his brows reflectively.

"Yes. I always come in that. Pierre waits for me there. He supposes me to be shopping in the department store across the square. Conceive of the bondage of the life wherein we must deceive even our chauffeurs. Good-night."

"But it is dark now," said Mr. Parkenstacker, "and the park is full of rude men. May I not walk—"

"If you have the slightest regard for my wishes," said the girl, firmly, "you will remain at this bench for ten minutes after I have left. I do not mean to accuse you, but you are probably aware that autos generally bear the monogram of their owner. Again, good-night."

Swift and stately she moved away through the dusk. The young man watched her graceful form as she reached the pavement at the park's edge, and turned up along it toward the corner where stood the automobile.

Then he treacherously and unhesitatingly began to dodge and skim across the park trees and shrubbery in a course parallel to her route, keeping her well in sight.

When she reached the corner she turned her head to glance at the motor car, and then passed it, continuing on across the street. Sheltered behind a convenient standing cab, the young man followed her movements closely with his eyes. Passing down the sidewalk of the street opposite the park, she entered the restaurant with the blazing sign. The place was one of those frankly glaring establishments, all white paint and glass, where one may dine cheaply and conspicuously. The girl penetrated the restaurant to some retreat at its rear, whence she quickly emerged without her hat and veil.

The cashier's desk was well to the front. A red-headed girl on the stool climbed down, glancing pointedly at the clock as she did so. The girl in gray mounted in her place.

The young man thrust his hands into his pockets and walked slowly back along the sidewalk. At the corner his foot struck a small, paper-covered volume lying there, sending it sliding to the edge of the turf. By its picturesque cover he recognized it as the book the girl had been reading. He picked it up carelessly, and saw that its title was "New Arabian Nights," the author being of the name of Stevenson. He dropped it again upon the grass, and lounged, irresolute, for a minute. Then he stepped into the automobile, reclined upon the cushions, and said two words to the chauffeur: "Club, Henri."

The Onlooker

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

The BATTLE at DUSK



The gnomes of twilight built their castle high. They heaped the clouds in massive pile on pile. With domes and towers topping all the sky; They flung up walls and pillars all the while; Far to the south its utmost limit ran. Far to the north its battlements were flung— A castle like none ever made by man. And high above a crimson banner swung.

Out of the sunset haze the castle rose. As though evoked by some weird necromance; There were no sounds of mighty hammer blows From any part of all the vast expanse. Yet still it grew; and silver bars were laid Across the walls; and tints in fold on fold. In mystic colors came to glow and fade Beneath the flashing cornices of gold.

Then came the hush, and out of nowhere came The clamorous artillery of storm; Battalions took the charge, and sheets of flame Showed where their lines raced up in hurried form. The towers fell, the battlements were hurled Into dim space as by the hand of Mars— The castle vanished, leaving to the world The still, still night, and over all the stars.

Pulpit Personalities.
"I think," asserted the exhorter, in the warmth of his eloquence, "I think that each and all of us will continue in the next world the work we are doing in this one."
Here two men arose and stamped stormily from the building. The speaker affected not to notice the disturbance, but after the meeting he asked one of the committee on reception who the men were.

"Well, I guess they got a little mad at what you said about having the same jobs in the next world," was the answer. "The tall man was Riley Ferguson—he makes fireproof storage houses, and the little fellow was Pete Bales."

"Ah, just so. And what does Mr. Bales do?"

"Sells fire escapes."

The New Weather.
We used to have our hot weather tabulated as "90 in the shade," or "100 at midnight," or some such impressive thing as that. But now the weather reports go into decimals the same as a baseball percentage table. "95.3" and "95.4" are the records hung out for certain hours on certain days. No doubt a few years from now people will be quarrelling over whether one day was one-one-thousandth of a degree warmer than another. As a matter of fact, when a man's hot he's hot, and you can put the decimal point anywhere you like on that.

Diplomatic.
The man runs across a dozen of his friends who have returned from their summer and fall trips.

"Say," asks the friends, "didn't you tell us that if there was one place in the country for a person to go on his vacation it was Sandy Beach?"

"I believe I did."

"But we didn't see you there, and now we learn that you went to Pine Mountain on your trip."

"Yes, to tell you the truth, I wanted to be sure of having a quiet, restful spot."

Diplomatic Secret.
"Confidentially," we say to the tache of the legation, "why did all the foreign ministers leave Belgrade after the assassination?"

"On the quiet," he tells us, "they left so that they could go to some secluded spot and learn how to pronounce the name of King Karageorge vitch without committing lese majesty."

Fatherly Displeasure.
"Confound it!" exclaimed her father stepping into the hall to conceal his rage, "this is the third leap year party Lizzie has had, and there's old Killjoy trying to get her to sing 'Bedelia' after inducing her to play 'Hiawatha.' It's enough to queer the girl with every man present."

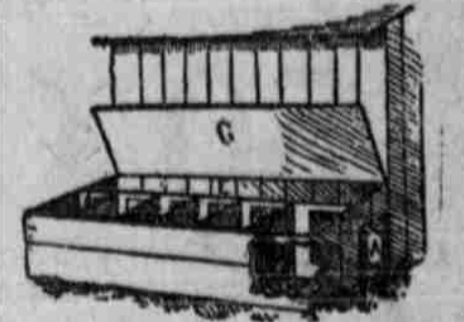
Wilbur D. Nesbit.

POULTRY

NEST BOXES PLACED OUTSIDE

Convenient Arrangement Which Means Considerable More Room in the Poultry House.

The illustration herewith is intended to show the new boxes on the side of the poultry house. The eggs are collected by raising the lid of the box C, and the hens enter the passage way E at the door A. The interior of the box is shown, the nest box being seen at B, which does not, however, contain the litter for the nest, the bare floor being made plain in order to



Nests on the Outside.

convey a better understanding of the construction of the box, while DDD show the entrance to the nests.

As laying hens will always prefer a secluded place for a nest, this arrangement will be found excellent. The lid, when closed, prevents water from reaching the nests, and the eggs are taken out by simply raising the lid and reaching them with the hand. The hens can be shut out at any time by closing the opening to passageway at A, and more room is thus gained in the poultry house. The design was originated by J. C. Baker of Illinois.

ADVANTAGES OF DRY FEEDING

Idea Was Agitated Twenty-Five Years Ago, but Not Favorably Received—Now Being Revived.

Of late years dry feeding is becoming quite popular, although it is not a new idea in the poultry ranks. Fully 25 years ago the matter was agitated and adopted by some poultrymen, but as a general thing it was not favorably received.

The arguments used today in favor of the dry mash and whole grain diet are, first, after becoming used to it fowls will prefer the ground grain dry to that which is either cooked or steamed; second, it is a labor-saving method; third, it keeps fowls in a more healthful condition, and fourth, better fertility to the eggs.

At first the fowls will not take very kindly to the dry feed. As meat scrap is mixed with it, they will pick out all such, then probably the corn meal, or some may prefer the bran, but all of it is seldom consumed until the fowls become accustomed to it. Gradually they will eat more and more of it, finally cleaning the trough.

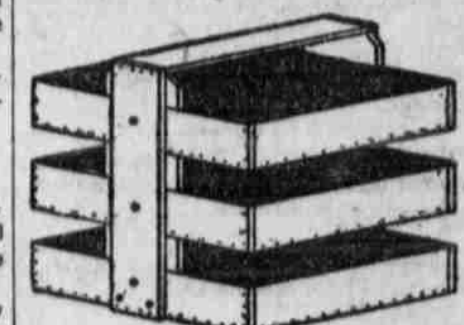
Another benefit is that after eating a few mouthfuls they will repair to the drinking vessel and secure several swallows of water, then back again to the trough, and so on during the entire meal. It is asserted that more water is consumed by dry-fed fowls, and as water enters so largely in the composition of the egg, increased egg production should be the result.

The method is a great labor-saver. It is possible to both feed and water the stock in the same time it takes to prepare the wet mash and feed it.

GRATE FOR SHIPPING CHICKS

One Shown in Illustration Herewith Will Be Found to Be Very Convenient and Cheap.

For shipping day-old chicks, the grate illustrated herewith will be found very convenient. It consists of wooden trays each four inches deep and 18 inches square, inside measurements, says the Orange Judd Farmer. Each tray is divided across the center so as to make four compartments. The top of each tray is covered with



Grate for Day-Old Chicks.

hurlap, after the chicks are placed in the compartments. On the bottom of each compartment is a layer of bran or alfalfa meal, so that should the chicks eat some of it, it will do them no harm. A space of three inches is allowed between each pair of trays, which are kept separate by blocks of wood. On the outside a piece of wood is screwed to the trays and on top a handle is nailed. In trays of this size, 20 chicks can be allowed to each compartment; that is, 240 to the size illustrated herewith.