



The Young Folks.



HOW THE SNOW MAN GOT A HEART.

All night the snow had fallen heavily, being swept about by the furious wind. And at last, when morning came, the sun peeped through the frosty air to look upon a strange and shivering world. Many gates were made fast by heaps of drift piled against them, and walks were under two feet of snow that was packed so firmly and frozen so solidly that the workman's spade made slow progress in cutting it away.

Loyd and Dan Cummings looked from their bedroom window with great rejoicing. "Ah, now we'll have a snow fight at school," cried Loyd. "Gee! what a fort we can make on the south side of the schoolhouse, for there the drift always piles higher than anywhere else."

"Say, we haven't built a snowman yet this winter," said Dan. "Suppose we go at it tomorrow—Saturday, eh? A day of sunshine on this fine supply of building material will get it seasoned to the right consistency. Let's make a big fellow—a regular football athlete."

"All right," agreed Loyd. "But how cold it is—I can see my breath here in the room; what do you suppose it is outside?"

"Not too cold for me to enjoy myself out of doors," replied Dan. "I'd like being a Laplander, I would."

Then the boys fell to dressing for breakfast, discussing the unusual snowfall of the previous night. After breakfast they went to school, a mile distant (for Loyd and Dan were country boys, being the sons of a farmer), to meet with a cold reception there. The furnace would not "draw," so the boy who acted as janitor declared, after vainly trying for an hour to get the schoolhouse warm enough to permit

three of its sides were covered thickly with snow, the fourth side, being open, was left unroofed and unbanked, it being placed in such a position that it did not show from the main viewpoint—namely, the front yard. And behind it rose a small drift, which shut the open space from sight should anyone pass round to make an inspection from the rear.

All day Loyd and Dan worked, stopping only at intervals to run into the house in answer to their mother's call that it was time to warm fingers and toes and once to eat their dinner. In the afternoon one of the neighbor boys came to pay them a visit and gladly lent a hand to the building of the snowman. So, when the sun dropped behind the western line of timber, Loyd and Dan saw with pride their work complete. Gaily they called to their parents to come and inspect the work. Their mother, smiling and paying her congratulations, declared the snowman looked for all the world like a "real live human," telling her sons that she feared when they awoke in the morning they would find their statue gone, he having come to life in the night and walked to some more congenial clime.

"We'll take our chances," laughed Loyd. "But isn't he a finely formed fellow? Just see what a chest!"

"You chaps will become sculptors yet," grinned their father. "I've seen many a marble statue with a less human figure than your snowman's. Proportions perfectly natural, I declare! Now, just look at the way that arm falls by his side! Yes, sir, boys, he's a great snowman."

That evening the subject of conversation at the supper table was the many uses of snow, the boys' minds

"masterpiece" closely. They tapped him from his head down to his feet, going around him. Then Loyd stepped to the huge figure's back and gave a little startled exclamation; then he laughed outright. Dan quickly joined him, and, peering, looked inside the box which served as the pedestal on which the snowman stood. "Gee whiz!" was all Dan said. Then he laughed with his brother. "Say," he went on, "don't let him come out till we have some fun out of it. I'll wager mother and father that the snowman has life inside him—a heart, a heart! Won't that be great? Come, let's go to the house at once."

"Stay where you are, fellow," said Loyd shaking his head at someone inside the box. "You'll be taken care of later, as you deserve, you poor half-frozen creature." Then he followed his brother into the house. Their parents were in the big, cozy kitchen, their mother preparing the breakfast and their father mending a piece of harness.

"What'll you wager that the snowman hasn't a heart inside him this morning," broke forth Loyd, speaking to his parents.

"Yes, a real heart with blood in it, a heart that beats and a stomach that eats and feet that walk," declared Dan.

Both parents were amused, the mother saying: "Well, sons, if you can prove to me without a surgical operation that there is a real, living and throbbing heart inside your snowman I'll give you a party next Saturday night to which you may invite all your friends."

"And I'll give you a new cutter," added their father. "But it's got to be a re-a-l heart and no make believe, you know."

Loyd and Dan danced for joy. "Make preparations for the party, mother, Loyd cried, merrily. And Dan said to his father, "Order the cutter right away, for we want it before this fine snow is melted. But, come and see if our snowman has not a heart beating within him."

The parents, laughing indulgently at their boys, followed them to the spot where stood the snowman. "About as lifeless a chap as I ever saw to have a heart," said the father.

"Oh, you may judge for yourself," said Loyd in an offhand manner. "Look Madam and Sir!" And he led them to the back of the snowman, pointing within the box, which formed in truth a part of the figure. There, curled up to withstand the cold, lay a fine big dog, a friendly fellow to judge by the expression in his pleading eyes.

"Well, well," said the father. "A heart and stomach and feet—just as you both declared. And what a fine fellow, too. But—come, let's have him in the kitchen for his breakfast. Poor fellow he looks both hungry and cold. He's a blooded animal, sure as I'm born." And the good farmer coaxed the stray dog from the box, leading him to shelter and food.

"You shall have the party, sons," laughed the mother. "There was a heart in the snowman—but hardly in the right place."

"It couldn't have been far wrong," declared Loyd, "for a heart that dictates taking care of the outcast on a stormy night usually lies in the right place."

And they all gathered in the great, warm kitchen to watch the "snowman's heart" enjoy a good breakfast. And long after the snowman was melted to the ground the old dog remained at the Cummings farm, becoming one of the family and much beloved.

Edward Douglass White, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born in the parish of La Fourche, La., in November, 1845. His father was wealthy and served a term as governor of Louisiana. Justice White was educated at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. He served a short time in the Confederate army and was admitted to the bar in 1868. In 1874 he was elected a state senator. In 1878 he was appointed a member of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. He entered the United States Senate in 1891. On February 19, 1894, He was appointed by President Cleveland to a seat on the United States Supreme Bench, succeeding Justice Blatchford.

I have just seen a mother worship at the shrine of child-life, and God seemed very near at the time.

Nonsense Rhymes.



There was a small fish gave a wail;
At the same time a switch of his tail;
As he swam in the water
Just as he orter,
But the water was some in a pail!



There was a young boy rode a mule
Each morning as he went to school;
But he kicked the mule's side;
Mule kicked back and cried:
"With me, young kid, you can't fool!"



There was a bad boy who did fight
The small boys with all of his might;
But a big boy one day
For the fighter did lay,
And he left him in pitiful plight.



Little Miss Prue.
Well, what is the matter with little
Miss Prue?
I'm sure I can't tell what it is, can
you?
Ah, what was that, my dear, you just
said?
Little Miss Prue has got the big head!

A Poem by the Czar.
A poem by the czar was sent by him
to a friend, with a photograph of the
imperial family recently. The poem
sums up the atmosphere of melan-
choly and fatality of the czar. Two
stanzas seem to reflect his present
state of mind. They follow:
My happiness was born at night
And suckled in the gloom;
My pleasures have dissolved in flight
Heart stricken at my doom.

By doubts which mock at the belief
Of finding peace below.
My soul strives blindly for relief,
Chilled as by drifting snow,
Faith in a man is what few girls
under 18 have.

A FEW LIMERICKS.

Wanted—A Sparque.
There was an old maid on a barque
Said: "I think 'twould be quite a larque
To crawl into a cannon
And be shot at some mannon
The shore. Oh, a man for a marque!"
—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Still Anxious.
A maiden who called herself Mayme,
Was anxious to change her last nayme,
But the man she'd in view
Rudely exclaimed "Skidoo!"
Therefore she lost out at the gayme.
—Chicago News.

A Lass and A Lack!
Said Sue: "Sure the man has a lack
Of funds to put clothes on my back
There is nothing to do
But simply to sue."
So Sue sued in Sioux Falls in South
Dak.
—Harry P. Taber.

Where Ladies St. Taul.
A globe trotting man from St. Paul
Made a trip to Japan in the fall.
One thing he found out,
As he rambled about;
Was that Japanese ladies St. Taul.
—Frederick G. Christgau.

The Crime Would be Condoned.
A bachelor maid in Cologne
Grew tired of living alone.
"If a man 'neath the bed
Should hide," she once said,
'T'd steal him and call him my ogne."
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In the Twister.
There was a young fellow called
Pfister
In Kansas who met with a ptwister,
And up in a whirl
He met a sweet girl.
And then Pfister Pfister just pkister.
—Chicago Chronicle.

The Lady of Gloucester.
A prim maiden lady of Gloucester
Met a bull which ran after and toucester:
Though she landed all right,
She was near dead with fright
And the shock to her feelings it
coucester.
—Philadelphia Press.

Outward Bound.
A lady who went on the oshen
Said, "My, what a horrible moshen!"
She turned deadly pale
As she leaned on the rail
And said, "O, good land o' Goshen!"
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Wacht They Gasht.
A gay party out in a yacht
By a sudden windstorm was "upsacht"
'Then the sharks that abound
In those waters soon found
They enjoyed the yacht party a lacht.
—Thomas A. Daly.

Hits and Mrs.
There once was an ardent young Mr.
Who loved his employer's fair sr.
One night after tea
There was no one to see
So he up in a hurry and kr.

She cried: "Will you tell me what
thrs?"
He said: "Don't you know what a krs."
It took long to tell,
But she liked it so well
That her letters are now addressed
Mrs.
—New York Sun.

"Sandy."
There once was a Scotchman, Mac-
Dougal.
Who, like all his people, was frugal;
Whene'er he felt fine
'Stead of ordering wine,
He'd go blow himself on a bugle.
—Columbia Jester.

The Newspaper Output.
If any citizen of the United States is
lacking in that kind of wisdom which
is to be gathered from the perusal of
daily newspapers, he cannot possibly
excuse himself under the plea of a lack
of supply.

A recent bulletin published by the
Census Bureau at Washington states
that there are 19,624,757 copies of daily
newspapers, or one for every four per-
sons, turned out each week-day in this
country. On Sundays the number
printed is 11,539,521. The total
amount charged for advertising in
1905 was \$45,531,811. The capital in-
vested in printing and publishing is
\$384,021,359.

The thing we call a kiss is never
twice alike, except when you are mar-
ried.



Followed them to the spot where stood the snow man

of the children removing their wraps. And the teachers had lent their assistance in vain. The fire smoldered and smoked, but would not send heat into the pipes. Then the teachers held a council and agreed it was useless—even dangerous to the health—to remain in the cold rooms all day. To the joy of every pupil present school was dismissed and a messenger sent to town for a man to come out to overhaul the furnace, which would not be in working order that day. Thus the pupils would have two holidays that glorious weather, when it was such a delight to be out in the snow.

Loyd and Dan started for home full of anticipation. The snowman should be commenced that very day. And so he was, too, within half an hour after the boys arrived at their own farm.

"Now, to save time," suggested Loyd, as preparations were going forward for the great work contemplated, "suppose we take that old feed box from the stable—the one that is no longer in use—and stand it on end for a foundation and prop to build on and around. It will be a big help. We'll heap the snow over it and make a sort of pedestal for our snowman."

The suggestion met with Dan's approval, so the old feed box was brought from the stable and placed as a foundation for their work. Soon

constantly reverting to their "great masterpiece," as their mother was wont to call the huge, white silent figure in the yard.

And, of course, Loyd and Dan dreamed that night about their snowman. The former dreamed that it had really come to life and the latter dreamed it had in some way become a great general, mounted on a snow-white horse. On waking the boys told each other of the strange fancies that had taken possession of their sleeping minds, and anxiously they leaped out of bed and hurriedly dressed that they might pay their morning respects to their snowman before any other member of the family had done so. Somehow, they both felt that some great change had taken place in their image of snow during the night, and they must be the first to behold it—whatever it might be.

But there he stood, the cold, solitary occupant of the front yard, just as they had left him the evening before. After all, nothing but a pile of snow in the shape of a living—

But what was that! A strange sound came from the snowman's inside! It did not sound like a human voice—but—but—undoubtedly it was made by something alive. Loyd looked at Dan and Dan looked at Loyd. Then they began to examine their