

BOYS AND GIRLS

A PREDICAMENT.



My name's Ulysses John McCann. I'm pretty near a grown up man. An' I'm so 'frail' that folks will hear when mamma calls me "baby, dear."

If she'd just whisper it to me, why, then I'd like it, don't you see; 'Cause she's so used (an' so am I) to "baby dear" an' "baby bye."

EARN HIS SPENDING MONEY

How an industrious and independent youth made his expenses while in school.

It is the nature of boys to be industrious. They like to feel a bit independent of their parents when it comes to money. Almost every boy one meets is desirous of earning a little "spending money" and will welcome any suggestion by which he may be enabled to do so. And these boys want the money for good purposes, too, sometimes helping to defray their own educational expenses.

A boy once known to the writer was a real money-maker. He attended high school regularly, and never missed a day, nor did he miss his exams. And yet this same boy earned about \$25 each winter—during the school term. He was more than clever at carving on wood, and his evenings and Saturdays (after his lessons for the morning had been learned) he spent in carving photograph frames from pine wood. Sometimes these frames were unique in shape—being oval or heart-shaped. But he usually stuck to the more conventional square. On these bits of plain wood he would carve the most exquisite designs, flowers, quaint Dutch designs, and fairy boats bearing cupids. Again he would carve conventional designs, but they were always original. After the carving was finished and the frame put together, it would be treated to a coating of gilt, bronze or ebony. The latter effect was obtained by using a highly refined black paint and soft varnish.

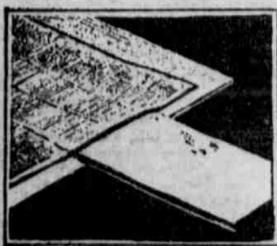
Just before the holidays the boy would put his hand-carved frames on sale at some store and his friends would gladly avail themselves of possessing them. The highest-priced frame would bring but a dollar and a half, while some of the less pretentious would sell for 75 cents. The cost of the frames—not counting workmanship, of course—averaged about 20 cents apiece, or thereabouts.

When the summer vacation rolled around the boy woodcarver had a neat sum to spend on a trip to the seashore, to the mountains, or to defray a camping expedition on the river near his home.

NOVEL AND AMUSING TRICK

Wooden Ruler Covered with Ordinary Newspaper Cannot Be Dislodged by Violent Blow.

Place a strip of thin board, or a long, wide, flat ruler, on the edge of a table, so that it just balances itself, and spread over it an ordinary newspaper, as is shown in the illustration. You may now hit it hard with your doubled fist, or with a stick, and the newspaper will hold it down, and remain as firmly in its place as if it were glued to the table over it. You are more likely to break the stick



Hit It Hard.

with which you strike than to displace the strip of wood or the paper. Try the experiment.

HOW UNFAIR!

The stars are out when I'm in bed. It's not the least bit fair To let such little things stay out All night, alone up there.

Wicked People.

Who are the most wicked people in the world?—Pen makers. Because they make people steel pens and tell them they do write (right).

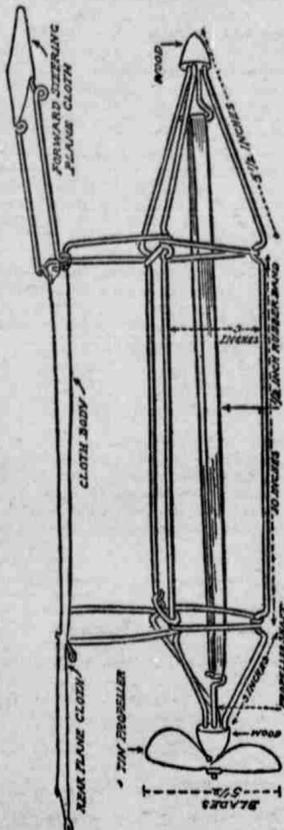
HOW TO MAKE AN AEROPLANE

One Can Be Constructed for Small Sum of Fifty Cents if Directions Given Are Followed.

The up-to-date boy, if there is any Yankee in him, is not likely to remain inactive in the present rush toward aviation. He can make a top for less than fifty cents that will give him lots of fun.

The model pictured herewith affords a hint of how the thing can be done. It was made by W. E. Smith, an East Boston man, who found that under favorable conditions he could get a flight of 15 feet out of it. The little machine was made merely as a toy. It has its limitations, but in principle it is correct.

The frame of the machine is aluminum wire, costing about 25 cents. Common iron wire could be used as well, as extreme lightness is not essential. In fact, Mr. Smith found that he had to ballast the machine with a large nail tied to the lowest part of

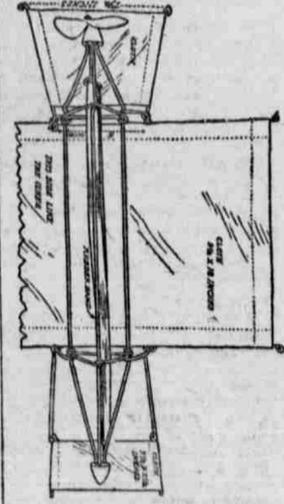


Looking Down on Aeroplanes.

the frame at the forward end, to get the best results.

The planes are covered with cloth. This should be drawn tightly, as rigidity is essential in an aeroplane.

If the machine does not fly evenly, and tips up at either end, the planes



Side View of Aeroplanes.

at the ends may be varied in size to give balance, and ballast may also be tied in different positions for the same purpose.

The motive power of the machine is a strong rubber band, one-half inch wide. At either end of the frame is a wooden knob, into which the three wires forming the body of the frame are firmly fixed. These knobs are sharpened at the end. They may be made from spoons.

A piece of wire bent at right angles is fixed in the forward knob. Over this the rubber band is hitched. It is then stretched to a similar piece of wire passing through the rear knob. This is the propeller shaft. The propeller is of tin, and is fastened to the shaft by means of two small nuts, the end of the shaft being wormed to receive them.

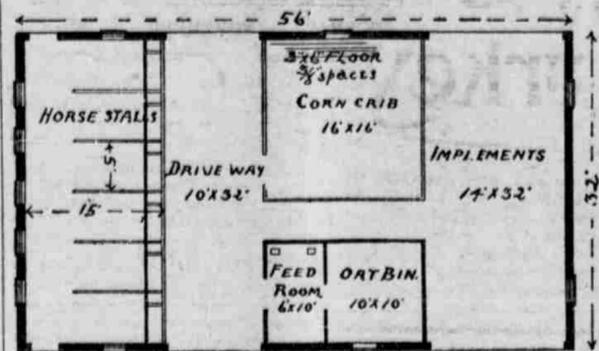
The propeller can be given a proper angle, after it is cut out of a flat piece of tin, by twisting with the hands.

The machine is made to fly by winding up the propeller until the rubber band is completely twisted. Then, holding the machine about the height of the chest, throw it forward in the air. The released propeller whizzes around very rapidly and the machine continues its flight until the rubber is unwound.

Dimensions of the machine will be found on the drawing.

PRACTICAL PLAN OF CONVENIENT HORSE BARN

Illustration Showing Arrangement of Building Well Adapted for Storing Feed and Implements—By J. E. Bridgman.



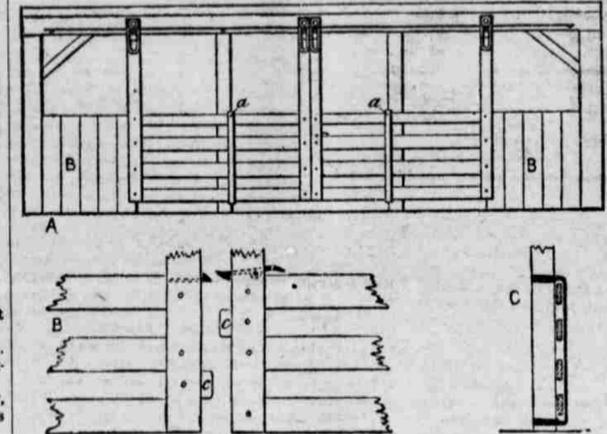
Convenient Horse Barn.

Many farmers find it convenient, or necessary, to house the horses in a separate building. The usual small horse barn is rather small and provides no space for storing hay and other rough feeds. The arrangement shown in the floor plan herewith illustrated, seems well adapted to the purpose and not only provides storage room for the hay, etc., but also has a large corn crib, a good-sized oats bin, and a large implement room.

A 10x32 foot drive way separates the horse stalls from the crib and feed room and will be handy for protecting a load of hay or grain at night, or during stormy weather it may also be used for storing vehicles. The upper floor may be arranged to suit your fancy, or requirements, but hopper-shaped bins should be provided above the feed room for storing chop feeds which are drawn down through small

sprouts or chutes. The corn crib has pears instead of a solid foundation and the floor is laid over 2x10-inch joists with 2x6-inch timbers, a space of about three-eighths-inch being left between the same for the air to circulate up through the corn. This permits the solid side walls and keeps out the rain and snow, also the wind, but will admit plenty of air to circulate through the corn. Any grain that may fall through the cracks is eaten by the poultry or hogs, so none is wasted, writes J. E. Bridgman in *Farmers' Review*. There is no doubt that much corn is wasted by storing same in the old-style open-slat cribs. It is not necessary to say this building should have a good foundation and the exposed wood work receive at least two coats of paint, as this should be the rule with any building that is built on the farm.

GATE PLANS FOR STOCK PENS



My barn is 30 feet wide, and across one end it is divided into three pens, each ten feet square, writes G. A. Clark, in *American Agriculturist*. The gates are ten feet long, and are hung on common barn-door rollers, and track, as will be seen by sketch. There is a stationary fence extending from the wall half across each outside pen, B, E, Fig. 1. By shoving the gates to the right the left-hand pen is opened, and by pushing them to the left opens the right-hand pen,

while by parting the gates in the center opens the middle pen. Fig. 2 shows the form of catch I use for the center of the gates. If one has a forge it can be made very easily at home. C, C in Fig. 2 are short projections of wood beveled at the ends to pass between the bars of the opposite gates and hold them rigid when closed. Fig. 3 shows the form of loop that may be made of old wagon tire. It is secured to the posts that divide the pens, as shown at a, a, Fig. 1, and keeps the gates from swinging.

MAKING MONEY ON THREE ACRES

Farmer Devotes All of His Time to Small Tract and Finds It Profitable—By Thomas M. Ciel.

I know a man who is making money on three acres of land.

This was his share of the old home place. When the land was turned over to him he had only the one small field with no buildings.

The first year he planted most of the ground to garden truck. One half acre was planted in small fruits and strawberries. From this first year's crop money was secured to make the first improvements.

He built a storehouse for keeping his products in winter and used all spare time and money in enriching the soil.

Manure was bought at the stables in near-by towns and in three years the entire three acres had been covered with plenty of stable manure with but a small outlay of money.

Now he is growing fine crops of potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbage and beans, besides other garden crops. He has built a house and other buildings, has a small greenhouse, several stands of bees, a few chickens, fruit and shade trees—in fact a beautiful, well-kept home which is his own.

He gives all of his time to this small farm and is making money and a good living. The same can be done in almost any county or state, but it takes study and industry.

In almost every state land can be had in small lots at low prices. These lands are broken too much for grain farming and usually can be purchased for from \$5 to \$15 per acre, and there is no place more suited to the building of beautiful country homes than these

hill lands, and the man with \$300 or \$400 could soon have a home to be proud of.

As much of this land still has some timber left, true it would be a backwoods life for a few years, but the time is not far distant when the change will come.

Much of this hill land, belongs to people who give it no care. They came there to work in the timber for the railroads; they bought the land for the timber, worked it up and are now glad to part with it at almost any price, as they are not suited to farm life.

A man does not have to own a large farm to make a success of farming. The middle west is fast becoming a truck-growing country and the small form of from three to twenty acres is more often found than large ones, and crops of this kind are bringing higher prices each year.

Sharp Tools for Pruning.

Use very sharp tools in pruning trees to insure smooth cuts. Where a heavy branch is to be cut off support it with one hand during the cutting process, so that splitting of the stub will not result. The branch should always be cut perfectly smooth and close to the wood from which it grows, so that it will heal quickly and evenly. Cut away all water sprouts, both at the base of the tree and further up. A good way to keep a moderate-sized orchard in shape is to keep a large, sharp pocket knife, and go through the orchard every few weeks of the year, cutting out useless branches and shaping the trees to suit individual taste. If the work is begun in time all orchard pruning can be done with a large, sharp pocket knife. With a good knife of this kind and a little practice one can easily remove branches an inch in diameter, doing the work quickly, easily, and making a smooth cut than can be made with any other tool.

A Work of Art

By ANTON TCHECHOFF

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Alexander Smirnov, holding in his hand some object carefully wrapped in a newspaper, entered the consulting room of Dr. Koshelev.

"Ah, dear youth!" exclaimed the doctor, "how are you? What is the good news?"

Confused and excited the young man replied: "Doctor, my mother is sending her regards. . . I am her only son, you know. . . You saved my life. Your skill. . . We hardly know how to thank you!"

"Say no more, dear boy!" said the doctor, beaming with delight. "I have only done my duty. Anybody else would have done the same."

"I am the only son of my mother. We are poor, and, of course, cannot repay you for your labors as you have deserved—and we feel it deeply. At the same time my mother—I am her only son, doctor—my mother humbly begs you to accept as a token of our gratitude a little statuette she values very highly. It is a piece of antique bronze, and a rare work of art."

"My good fellow—" commenced the physician.

"No, doctor, you must not refuse," continued Alexander unfolding his parcel. "You will deeply offend mother and myself, too. It is a little beauty. A rare antique. We have kept it in memory of father, who was a dealer in antique bronzes. My mother and myself continue the business."

Finally the youth succeeded in freeing his present from its wrappings, and placed it on the table with an air of great solemnity. It was a moderately tall candelabrum of antique bronze and of artistic workmanship. It represented two female figures somewhat scantily attired, and bearing an air of frivolity to describe which I have neither the required darning nor the temperament. The figures smiled coquettishly, and looked as if they were ready to jump on the floor and engage in some wild frolic, were they not restrained by the task of supporting the candle holder.

The doctor regarded his present for a few moments in silence, then scratched his head and coughed irresolutely.

"A beautiful article, to be sure," he finally said. "But you know—what shall I say? Why, it is hardly the thing, you know. Talk of deshabille! This is beyond the bonds of propriety. The devil!"

"W-w-why?"

"Now, how could I put a thing like that on my table? It will corrupt my residence."

"Doctor, you surprise me," answered Alexander, with an offended tone. "What queer views of art! This is a work of art! Look at it! What beauty, what delicacy of workmanship! It fills the soul with joy merely to look at it; it brings tears to one's eyes. Observe the movement, the atmosphere, the expression!"

"I fully appreciate it, my boy," interrupted the physician. "But you know I am a man of family. I have children. A mother-in-law. Ladies call here."

"Of course, if you look at it from the point of view of the common herd, you might regard it in a different light. But I beg you to rise above the mob. Your refusal will hurt the feelings of my mother and myself. I am her only son. You saved my life. We are asking you to accept something we hold very dear. I only deplore the fact that we have no companion piece to it."

"Thank you, dear fellow, and thank your mother. I see that I cannot reason with you. But you should have thought of my children, you know, and the ladies. But I fear you will not listen to arguments."

"No use arguing, doctor," replied the grateful patient, made happy by the implied acceptance. "You put it right here, next to the Japanese vase. What a pity I have not a pair. What a pity!"

When his caller departed the doctor thoughtfully regarded his unwelcome present. He scratched his head and pondered.

"It is an exquisite thing, without doubt. It would be a pity to throw it into the street. It is quite impossible to leave it here, though. What a dilemma to be in. To whom could I give it? How to get rid of it?"

Finally he bethought himself of Ukhoft, a dear friend of his school days, and a rising lawyer, who had just successfully represented him in some trifling case.

"Good," said the doctor. "As a friend he refused to charge me a fee, and it is perfectly proper that I should make him a present. Besides, he is a single man and tremendously sporty."

Losing no time the doctor wrapped up the candlestick and drove to Ukhoft.

"There, old chap," he said to the lawyer, whom he happily found at home; "there I have come to thank you for that little favor. You refused to charge me a fee, but you must accept this present in token of my gratitude. Look—what a beauty!"

"This beats everything!" he fairly howled. "Hang it all, what inventive genius! Exquisite, immense. Where did you get such a little gem?"

Having expressed his delight, the

lawyer anxiously looked at his friend and said:

"But, you know, you must not leave this thing here. I cannot accept it." "Why?" gasped the doctor.

"You know my mother calls here, clients, I would not dare to look my servants in the face. Take it away."

"Never! You must not refuse," exclaimed the physician, with the energy of despair. "Look at the workmanship! Look at the expression! I will not listen to any refusal. I will feel insulted."

With these words the doctor hurried out of the house.

"A white elephant," the lawyer mumbled, sadly, while the doctor, rubbing his hands with glee, drove home with an expression of relief.

The attorney studied his present at length and wondered what to do with it.

"It is simply delicious, but I cannot keep it. It would be vandalism to throw it away, and the only thing to do is to give it away. But to whom?"

"I have it now," he fairly shouted. "The very thing, and how appropriate. I will take it to Shashkin, the comedian. The rascal is a connoisseur in such things. And this is the night of his jubilee."

In the evening the candelabrum, carefully wrapped, was taken to Shashkin's dressing-room by a messenger boy. The whole evening that dressing room was besieged by a crowd of men who came to view the present. An incessant roar of delight was kept up within, sounding like the joyous neighing of many horses. Whenever an actress approached the door leading to the sanctum, and curiously knocked, Shashkin's hoarse voice was heard in reply:

"No, my dear, you can't come in, I am not fully dressed."

After the performance Shashkin shrugged his shoulders and said: "What on earth shall I do with this disreputable thing? My landlady would not tolerate it in the house. Here actresses call to see me. This is not a photograph, you can't hide it in the drawer."

The hair-dresser listened sympathetically while arranging the comedian's hair.

"Why don't you sell it?" he finally asked the actor. "A neighbor of mine, an old lady, deals in such things, and she will pay you a good price for it. An old woman by the name of Smirnov, the whole town knows her."

Shashkin obeyed.

Two days later Dr. Koshelev sat peacefully in his study enjoying his pipe and thinking of things medical, when suddenly the door of his room flew open, and Alexander Smirnov burst upon his sight. His face beamed with joy, he fairly shone, and his whole body breathed inexpressible content.

In his hands he held an object wrapped in newspaper.

"Doctor," he began, breathlessly, "imagine my joy. What good fortune. Luckily for you my mother has succeeded in obtaining a companion piece to your candelabrum. You now have the pair complete. Mother is so happy. I am her only son, you know. You saved my life."

Trembling with joy and with excess of gratitude young Smirnov placed the candelabrum before the doctor. The physician opened his mouth, attempted to say something, but the power of speech failed—and he said nothing.

Great Cereal-Eating Nation.

Dr. F. S. Penny has won a prize from the British Health Review for the best answers to three questions, one of which is: "Are cereal eating nations ever first-class powers?"

Dr. Penny offers some interesting arguments in the course of his answers: "The latest modern example is the Japanese. Staple diet, rice, vegetables and a little fish sometimes. The Romans in their prime were practically vegetarians. Staple ration, corn. It is recorded that several diseases broke out in the Roman army before Lilybaeum in the first Punic war, owing to their being forced, by the wreck age of their corn ships, to feed on meat. Compare also the complaint of Caesar's legions in Gaul of mutton being substituted for their corn rations. The staple food of the ancient Greek is said to have been grain, vegetables and oil. The Mahometans, under Omar and later, fed chiefly on dates, milk and cereals."

Clocks in Public Places.

The decision of the Ohio Methodists, at the suggestion of Bishop McNeely, to remove clocks from all the Methodist churches in that state because "their presence is an element of disturbance," recalls to an old manufacturer an experience in his business career. "We were manufacturing in a little New England town," he said, "and in one department had only girls. A big clock hung where all the hands could see it. The foreman came to the office one day and said that he could get more work out of his department if the clock were removed, because the girls spent much time looking at it and waiting for the whistle. It seemed a strange proposition, but we humored him without letting the girls know why the timepiece was taken away, and the result proved that our foreman was right."