

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

THE SHORTER COURSE.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can. Hurry him, worry him, make him a man; off with his baby clothes, get him in pants, feed him on brain foods and make him advance.

Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk, into a grammar school; cram him with talk.

Fill his poor head full of figures and facts. Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.

Once boys grew up at a rational rate; now we develop a man while you wait. Rush him through college, compel him to grab

Of every known subject a dip and a dab.

Get him in business and after the cash. All by the time he can grow a mustache. Let him forget he was ever a boy. Make gold his god and its jingle his joy. Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath.

Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

TWO SMALL BOYS IN GARDEN

John and Frank Brown of Clyde, Kan., Make Money in Raising and Selling Vegetables.

Here is the garden story of two little boys at Clyde, Kan., their picture and a wagon load of their prize winning produce, grown on a plot of ground 100 by 140 feet.

John and Frank Brown are eight and ten years old. Their father is a traveling salesman. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the boys became interested in summer before last in garden stories. The boys attended the meetings of the farmers' institute arranged by the Kansas State Agricultural college through its agricultural extension department, and they listened to every suggestion.

Mrs. Brown encouraged the boys in every way when they announced one day their intention of cultivating the lot upon which their house stood and the one adjoining it. She hired a man to plow and harrow the ground and she bought two dollars worth of seed.

At this point the boys showed much concern. They knew that land needed enriching, some one had said so, and they couldn't afford to have it done—it would cost too much. The boys hauled manure for days, after school hours, until the whole 100 feet had a fairly satisfactory covering.

Then in the spring they planted the seed and through the long vacation, in the hottest weather, they toiled like men, weeding and cultivating and peddling their surplus vegetables from the tin wagon.

When the farmers' institute of Clyde met, John and Frank loaded the wagon with choice samples from their garden and went to the meeting. The farmers were surprised. No provision had been arranged for such an exhibit, but the officers of the institution gave the boys a silver dollar and their approbation, and told them how proud they



Boys and Vegetables.

were to have two little boys in Clyde that weren't afraid of work.

The boys put \$12 in the bank, the result of their peddling, and they supplied the family table all summer and far into the fall. Besides, the Brown family cellar contained for winter use: one and one-half bushels of popcorn, one bushel of beets, three-fourths bushel of carrots, two bushels of potatoes, twelve or fifteen pumpkins, and a lot of cabbages. There were enough canned tomatoes to keep the family supplied for months.

Dolls' Factory Comedy.

While a fire was raging at a factory at Vincennes, the rumor spread that a large number of children were being burned to death. Crowds collected, and it was seen that what looked like bodies were being thrown from the windows. But it was soon discovered that the place was a doll factory, and the "bodies" were those of large dolls, of which over 2,000 were destroyed.

What Auntie Could Carry.

"Well, Tommy," said his Aunt Mary, "shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?"

"No, aunt, t'anks," replied the little fellow. "Me tarry bat an' tumps. 'Ou tan tarry me!"

SONG OF THE KITE.



Mary must sit
On the grass for a bit,
And Tommy must run with the string,
Yes, that's all right;
Now I'll toss the kite
Up, up, on the breeze's wing.

It wriggles its tail
O'er the meadow rail,
And wheels about in the air;
Then up to the sky—
It will soon pass by
The lark that is caroling there.

Up, up it flies
To the clear blue skies,
Let's sit on the grass in a row,
And watch the flight
Of our fine new kite
As far as its string will go.

SUPPORT FOR WEAK ANKLES

Steel plate Fastened to Skate and Running Up Along Heel of Shoe Will Benefit Many.

For people with weak ankles the support designed by a Canadian has been found a great help in skating. It consists of a steel plate attached to the back of the skate and running up



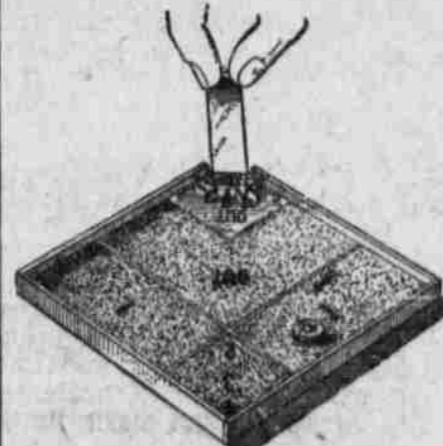
Ankle Support.

along the heel of the shoe. At a point above the heel, or where the foot requires some play, the support has a double hinge, thus permitting free movements of the ankle, while at the same time preventing it from bending far enough to cause a sprain. Many people who are very fond of skating are unable to enjoy the sport because of weak ankles, which persist in turning. It is this turning, too, which makes it so hard for some people to learn to skate, there being difficulty enough in keeping a perpendicular position without having to watch the feet. This ankle support will be found useful for beginners for this reason, as it will give them more confidence. A strong strap at the top of the support buckles around the top of the wearer's shoe.

PLAY NEW GAME OF BASEBALL

Apparatus Arranged So That Several Persons May Take Part—Marble Into Chute.

The apparatus shown in the illustration consists of an inexpensive device which may be played by one or more persons, and which involves the principles of the game of baseball. At one corner of the board is a chute down which a marble may be rolled, says the Scientific American. The marble is required to pass through a barrier, and if it fails to do this the throw counts as a strike. If it stops in the area marked "out," this elim-



Game Apparatus for Baseball.

inates the player temporarily. If it stops in the numbered areas the value of the throw is indicated by the numbers.

Prettier Pictures.

A little girl went visiting one day, and after a time was given the album of family photographs to look at. She turned the leaves over carefully, and pretty soon closed the book.

"Well, dear," asked the hostess, "did you look at the album?"

"Oh, yes," answered the little maid, brightly, "and we've got one 'zactly like it, only the pictures are prettier."

THE ONLOOKER BY WILBUR D. NEPST



(By an imperial decree, all Chinamen will be permitted to have their queues cut off. February 14th has been set as the date.)

Mother's sending work to Charley Loo—Table cloths and napkins every week! They're the most expensive we have, too. But none of us just now dares to speak. Mother's braid is getting worn and thin. And her switch has lost its glossy life. Charley Loo puts on a pleasant grin. When she asks him when he'll use the knife.

Mother says, however, that she thinks it is wickedness to call them "chinks."

Sister Jane is sending laundry-work. Down the street to little Charley Fong. She declares that other laundry's clerk always figured every package wrong. My! She sends her very finest waist. And the lovely sabots that she made. She says that if Fong's not double-faced she can wear a forty-nine inch braid! All this anti-Chinese talk's amiss. Sister Jane declares, shere prejudice.

Sister Prue—she carries hers down town. Says she's found a laundry, after all. Where your work is not all scorched and brown.

And you're met politely when you call. Yesterday when she was getting dressed. She asked Sister Jane: "What would you do? Do you think a coronet is best? Or should I wear puffs—say one or two?"

Sister Prue declares it's all a joke. That they fill your things with opium smoke.

Cousin Sally's flying round in wrath. With a bunch of laundry in her hands. Says if this keeps up she'll take the path Over seas and to the pigtailed lands. Cousin Sally says she's crowded in. And has stood at counters tightly wedged.

Yet, although each greets her with a grin She can't find a Chink with queue unpledged.

Cousin Sally says she wouldn't wear Any heathen, pagan, Chinese hair!

Safest.



"My son," said the patriarch, "there is one piece of advice I wish to give you before you embark upon the sea of life for yourself. Never trade horses with a stranger."

"But, father," asked the son, who had dabbled in the horse trading line already, "how in the world is a man going to come out ahead if he doesn't trade with a total stranger?"

Conscientious.

"So you have fallen heir to five millions?" we asked of our friend, who had been conspicuous among those who have been railing at ill-gotten wealth and declaring that no self-respecting charity, college, or mission should accept it.

"Yes," he replies, joyously. "An uncle of mine who was, quite unknown to me, heavily interested in four or five trusts, died and left me a share of his estate."

"And no doubt, true to your principles, you will soon get rid of it by giving it to some worthy cause?"

"Well, you see, I'd like to do so the best in the world, but the way I figure it every cent of this money is tainted and none of the worthy causes should be tempted to contaminate themselves by accepting it."

Odd Girl.

"There's something queer about that blonde girl in the chorus—that new one," says the stage manager.

"You mean the one who is fourth from the end at the right?"

"Yes. She is the only one who hasn't given out an interview stating that her ambition is to sing grand opera or play Juliet. All she appears to care for is to learn her songs, and do her steps properly. I can't understand her at all."

Accessory Before the Fact.

"By jinks! I've struck it rich. Just asked a feller for a dime an' he said he'd give me two dollars if I'd come to his house dis' afternoon an' steal a box o' cigars an' a necktie his wife had given him."

Richard Rabbit

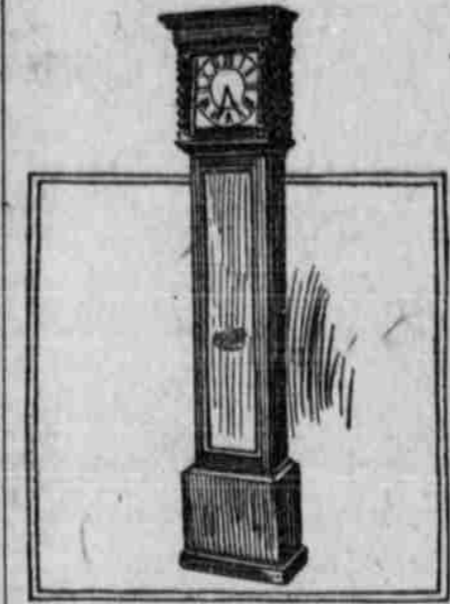
CLOCK CAME FROM LONDON

For at Least 200 Years This Old Timepiece Has Ticked the Hours Away.

Boston.—One of the articles which came from the estate of the late George Parkman of 30 Beacon street, whose munificent bequest to the city of Boston will keep the name of Parkman in remembrance for generations to come, is the old family clock, which has been ticking the hours away for at least 200 years.

Inside the case are the words, "Made by John Eagle, London."

Eagle was a clockmaker in the last part of the 17th and the early part of the 18th century. He was admitted to the "clockmakers' company" of London in 1690, and there are pictures of his clocks of the date of 1700 in some of the standard works upon this particular branch of the mechanic's art. But there is little or no history of this Parkman household relic. Sam-



Parkman Family Clock.

uel Parkman, the grandfather of the late George Parkman, was a Boston merchant, living at 5 Bowdoin street, who died in 1824, and he left houses and lands, stocks and bonds and notes of hand of a sufficient amount to give each one of his eight children what must have been regarded at that time as a fortune.

Among these eight children was Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, who was the grandmother of Col. R. G. Shaw of the 54th Massachusetts regiment, of George William Curtis, the author and orator, and the ancestor of many other descendants who have married and intermarried with some of Boston's most prominent families. There were also Rev. Francis Parkman, who was the father of the historian of the same name, and Dr. George Parkman.

George Parkman, from whose estate comes Boston's \$5,000,000 fund for the benefit of the people, was the son of Dr. George Parkman.

Neither the grandfather, Samuel Parkman, nor the father, Dr. George Parkman, in their respective wills, left any public bequests. The will of Dr. George Parkman, indeed, especially provided against the submission of any inventory to the probate court, and everything, with as little publicity as the requirements of the law permitted, was devised to the widow and the two children. Therefore the amount of the wealth of Dr. Parkman at the time of his death in 1849 was never publicly known. And it is this concealed fortune of 60 years ago which is now unloaded into the lap of the city.

BEDS POP OUT OF THE WALL

Well Ventilated Tunnels Contain the Disappearing Sleeping Furniture in the Daytime.

Kansas City, Mo.—In these days of space economy, beds, equipped with springs, mattresses, pillows, sheets and all, pop out of sideboards, desks, dressers or from under hall seats and roll to any part of the room or house in which their owner may desire to sleep. And then when the sleeping is finished the same beds are rolled



A Disappearing Bed.

back into the place whence they came and the room again becomes a dining room, library, reception hall or whatever it was before bedtime.

They are using such beds in Kansas City now. The bed is kept in a sort of tunnel in the wall under a stairway or cabinet or some raised place in the room adjoining at the rear.

The tunnel is lined with galvanized iron and at the back end of it is an air shaft connected by a duct with a ventilator hole in the outside wall of the house. In that way fresh air circulates around the bed all the time it is in hiding.

A Back Number

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

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Stanley Pierce, at his desk in the middle office, bent his head over his bookkeeping, and wished to goodness that when he stayed to work overtime the girls in the outer office would go home and stop their chatter. He was at the head of his department, and was anxious that there should be no errors—he was always coming to the office early and leaving late. His fine shoulders were stooped a little, and his dark hair was thinning on top. He was probably thirty—he looked forty. His face was weary and passive. Then, hearing his name spoken in Queenie Dawson's clear young voice he looked up quickly, showing a pair of dark eyes, alert and keen.

"Why Stanley Pierce?" she asked, and Ruthie Carter replied.

"Let's ask him anyhow. He belongs to the force as much as we—"

"More," snapped Queenie; "he's a thousand years old—"

Ruth interrupted her. "And it's the first free Saturday afternoon of the summer tomorrow, and we need another man for the picnic anyway. He may not go, but let's ask him. He's nice, and he'd enjoy it. He lives 'way out somewhere with an old maid sister. It's no wonder he's drying up!"

"I'm not a missionary!" retorted Queenie. "He'll think it his duty to go and will be a wet blanket on the fun. Imagine him trying to flirt! Do leave him in peace, girls, and ask a real, live man—he's a back number, a mere column of figures!"

"No," declared Ruth, and Cassie seconded her.

"He's saved us from the chief's ire many's the time—always doing somebody else's work."

"Oh, if you're so smitten on him, Ruth, very well! Only you'll have the dullest day of your life, for you'll have to annex him—I won't!"

Then, some one seemed suddenly to be aware that the door was ajar; a frightened little silence followed. Pierce heard a suppressed giggle, and then he remembered it was shameful to listen, and stepped softly through the open door back into the private office, now deserted. He was safely inside when one of the girls looked into the middle room, and marked with relief that probably he had been out of hearing distance.

Five minutes later, seemingly quite unconscious of the others, he came out and prepared to leave. The girls gathered penitently about him—save Queenie, who held her head high and watched him from a corner as she adjusted her hat.

"Come to a park picnic with us tomorrow, Mr. Pierce, do!" begged Ruthie, in her sweet fashion. "Let your garden go to weeds, and have a little fun! We're a man short—and you need a change anyhow."

He considered the girl with amused eyes, then looked up to encounter the gaze of Queenie. Her fair, saucy face flamed, and her clear, blue eyes fell in confusion. It was a disturbing gaze for them both, but the man was cool enough.

"I shall be glad to come," he said conventionally. "I had almost forgotten there were such things as picnics! Do we start from here?"

After discussing details for a moment, they separated. And Stanley Pierce went home to think. Had the girl been right? Was he a wet blanket to innocent fun? Queenie's petulant, young voice, her bright face, haunted his memory.

The next afternoon, at Pierce's suggestion, the little basket-laden party in the interurban car passed the park and he got off at a strip of open woodland. All June blossomed and sung about them, and there was much merry finding of flowers, wandering about the grassy hillside, much story telling and laughter. Clark Miller stayed near Ruth, and each of the other girls had her satellite. But, with determined but unostentatious stealth, Stanley Pierce fastened himself to Queenie Dawson, pretending not to mark the malicious joy of the rest.

Annoyed at first, the girl was soon interested, finally pleased. The "back number" was so entertaining that at length the whole group came under his spell. Why had they not seen before that he was an out-of-doors man? Why had he hidden his knowledge of flowers and plants, of wildwood creatures, his quick, humorous observations on life in general?

Toward evening they began to think of a place to spread the supper, but he said he knew the loveliest spot imaginable, and not so far away, if they would come with him. Immediately the band was on the march. Pierce, still with Queenie beside him, led the way, plucking a flower for her here, helping her under a fence there, once cutting a willow twig and making her a whistle that would have delighted the heart of a small boy. And he lifted her like a child over a little brook. Looking up at him she caught the firm, clean line of his jaw, the width of his shoulder. His soft hat was rakishly on one side. Out here he seemed no longer to stoop; the heavy look left his face—he was ten years younger than in the office.

And soon, making a sudden turn in a winding path, they came to a quaint veranda-surrounded cottage set in the side of a green hill. An old-fashioned picket fence shut in a garden fairly bursting with old-fashioned bloom.

Green young vines half covered the cottage.

"Oh, what a dream of a place!" said Queenie. "Thank you for showing it to us! Do fairies live here, I wonder? No; I suppose it's only some cross old lady with a dog who would bite us if we so much as smelled a rose."

Pierce laughed and handed the girl a key, as he opened the gate for her and the others.

"Do I look like a cross old lady?" he asked. "Come in. Didn't you know I was a farmer? I'm going to send you men back for the baskets while the girls go in and make coffee on my gas range." Now, the man was captain, indeed. The little artistic gem of a house was a delight, and he explained that his sister had gone east to care for a sick aunt, but he was quite old enough to be chaperon. And they ate on the little green lawn among the flowers, and were very happy and content.

This was the beginning of things. Every few Saturdays, sometimes on a Sunday and with somebody's mother along, the little group, with slight changes in the personnel, but always including Queenie and Ruth, came to make merry in the flower-filled garden. Stanley Pierce changed wonderfully, taking on new life. His shoulders straightened; his eyes brightened. He was prompt at work, but ceased staying overtime, and stopped bearing the office sins of others. He was freer, more independent, and showed a force which the firm noted. They had a fear that they might lose him, that he had awakened to his own value. So they promoted him, with an increase of salary—and responsibility.

But Queenie sobered as summer advanced. Her two weeks' vacation brought her back pale and listless. She seemed quiet, older by years. In that two weeks she had not seen Pierce, and she had dismissed John Harter. The girls thought she might be regretting her latter move, and Pierce overheard them discussing it. Suddenly his understanding opened to the hope that had been all summer lying warm at his heart.

The next Saturday he asked them all to his house, and while the others were eager, Queenie seemed indifferent. But the rest rallied her and she finally went. This time Miss Nancy was at home, and met them in her pleasant, incisive way, explaining that she had just come back for her things—she was needed indefinitely back east. "Stan" was a good housekeeper, she averred, and when he grew tired of his own company he could fool some girl into marrying him—men worse than he did it every day! She was very entertaining and, to Queenie, embarrassing, though the girl could not have said why. She was self-conscious.

After supper, they wandered out in the twilight, first one couple and then another ingeniously losing itself about the grounds. Pierce and Queenie sat for a while on the veranda, then he led her down the winding path to the rustic seat beneath the big oak, and in silence they watched the fireflies blaze out in the dewy grass, and the stars prick out from the background of dark velvet sky. Then the moon rose.

Pierce made some careless remark to the girl, but she did not answer, so he stooped to look closely at her. Tears shone in her eyes, and then she covered her face with both hands. He put his arm about her and drew the little head to his shoulder. She turned her face against his coat and began to cry softly.

"Queenie, Queenie!" he said, "do you—care? Will you marry me? Surely you have long known that I love you, dear!"

She drew nervously away from him and sat up, laughing a little.

"What is the trouble, Queenie? You're not being yourself this long time. Don't you care? Tell me!"

"Well," she faltered, "you will think me an—awful little—goose, but I couldn't help it." She paused.

"Help what?" he said, drawing her back quite willing, to his arms.

"I thought you might not—really care. I thought you heard me call you a—back number, and horrid things, once in the office, and were simply—getting even! I was worried to death!"

It was his time to laugh. "Do you suppose my man's ears are pricked up to hear all the girl chatter in that office? And would it make any difference if a girl did call me a back number, so long as she atoned for it by marrying me?"

Then they heard the others coming and realized that even for lover's the interurban car system has a heartless, fixed, time schedule.

Misinterpreted Question.

"That was an intentional misunderstanding," said Senator Bankhead, in a political argument in Fayette. "It was as intentional as the young Canadian's."

"A young Canadian, you know, came to Washington last month to spend the holidays with a pretty cousin and her family."

"As he was motoring with his pretty cousin one afternoon, she said to him:

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?"

"No, darling," he answered quickly; "at this season it always snows."