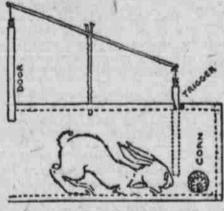


SMALL TRAP BAGS RABBITS Many Boys Use Device Shown in Illus tration to Capture the Festive Little Cottontail.

Boys living in places where rabbits are to be found are having gay times since the snow fell trapping the cunning cottontail. The device used is a small box about three feet long with a drop door suspended and resting in grooves. An ordinary stick connects the door with a trigger held in place by another Y shaped stick. The trigger has a notch cut in it and extended into the trap from a small hole cut in the top of the box. Inside of the trap and back of the trigger is placed an ear of corn. Bunnie noses around to find something to eat, loosens the trig-



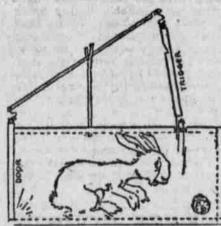
Trap Balted.

is then neatly trapped without being injured and the young trapper can capture the hare alive.

"I've caught six rabbits this winter." says a boy living near the city of Chicago. "I ate one Christmas day, as 1772. but the other five I'm keeping for pets. At first they were badly scared, but a couple of them have grown tame now and I am going to keep them until next ones.

"I have four traps set, one a double one. I can always tell when there is a prisoner in the trap without looking inside. The frost around the trigger hole on top of the trap will be melted with the rabbit's breath. Sometimes the trap is sprung either by the wind or by birds lighting on the crossbar. It's tough to find the door down and nothing inside.

"Two years ago, when I was living in the country near Springfield, Ill., I





(By FLORENCE MAT.) Why don't we hear our baby's voice A-ringing through the hall? Or see him spin his new red top, Or gayly toss his ball?

Well, I'm not sure, but I think That should we slyly peep into his dainty little crib, We'd find our pet asleep.

ger and the door drops. The rabbit HOW TO MANUFACTURE PAPER

Some Interesting Facts as to its Origin and Materials It is Made of-Its Many Uses.

We derive the word paper from the Latin papyrus, the name of an Egyptian plant, from which the ancients made a very desirable material for writing. Almost every species of tough, fibrous vegetable has at one time or another been employed in the manufacture of paper. Even the roots and the bark of trees, stalks of the nettle, the common thistle, the stem of the hollyhock, hay, straw, cabbage stalks, willow, sawdust and wood shavings have all been used.

In the library of the British Museum there is a book, printed in low Dutch, that contains no less than fiftyeight specimens of paper, all made of eight specimens of paper, all made of entirely different materials, the result Then Harold Montmorency got the stern of one man's experiments as far back

Whatever the material used, the paper making process is the same: The rags, bark or fibres must first be made into a smooth pulp, the pulp is summer and then raise some young put into the paper machine, and in a short time is converted into paper.

The so-called rice paper of the Chinese is not made of rice. The name is a misnomer that originated in a mistake. Rice paper is really the pith of a water-plant known to botanists as the aralla papyrifera. The plant grows, usually, to a height of twentyfive feet. By means of a long, thin, very sharp knife, the pith is cut around and around from the outside towards the center. The largest sheets that can be obtained in this way are about fifteen inches in length and about ten inches in width. These sheets of pith have a commercial value in China, for there they are used in the manufacture of many use-

ful and ornamental articles. As soon as the sheets are cut they



ning of the sunset route, but in spite of her gray hairs the spark of romance still burned brightly in her gentle soul. She was not slow, therefore, to deduce from the demeanor of her niece that something had gone wrong between that vivacious young

With a keen appreciation of the adout from the silvery moonlight by a family and his training cried out mass of Virginia creeper, and with against it. He was too faithful to be guilty of such cold-hearted indiffer-ence. Had she not been childishly sympathetic directness proceeded to extract the secret burden of the young selfish? A sense of guilt swept over her with the force of conviction. But

"Now, Margaret, tell your old auntle what's happened between you and Tom," she said, more by way of command than entreaty. "You've quar-You needen't say no. It simply reled. won't do, my dear child, and it must be patched up this very night."

"Quarreled? Why, auntie," Marthe blunder? The thought came to 'you know-you-you-'

possibility of retrieving her error took on something of the rosy hue of hope. utes, thrust the letter into an envelope

and marked it "Important! Rush!" Her brother was a newspaper correspondent, and she remembered having seen such symbols of the right of way stamped in big letters on the long envelopes. will read it first. All will be well then, for I have asked him not to open the post office he's always poking fun at other letter." can hardly have been swallowed up in the earth. It was his own proud slipped out quietly to the barn. There boast that there never was to be a a new difficulty arose. Her pony, she lover like him, but now that he thinks reflected, could never make the 12 he's got me, I suppose the ardor of miles in the bare hour she had left to the pursuit is fast turning into cold reach the station. There was only one indifference. I'll teach him a lesson." horse in the country that could make Her thrust was tipped with sharp it over the rough roads. That was Billy, Tom's spirited sorrel. frony.

"But you are judging him too quickly," Miss Judith protested, rallying bidden the girl ever to attempt to ride Billy. It would be too much like warmly to the young engineer's de-"There's certainly some good courting death, Tom explained gravefense. reason. Wait. Don't be foolish, child." ly. And that very prohibition had al-"No, it's my deliberate judgment," ways made her the more anxious to Margaret retorted through her tears. taste of the forbidden pleasure. "I tried to think that-tried to be charitable-but this morning's paper bears injunctions. This was not a case of out my suspicions, justifies me and choice or discretion. It was Billy orconvicts him. Read this dispatch fail. She chose Billy. which says that the party is progressing well with the survey of the railas she cantered out into the sandy road, that the members are in good lane leading into the main road. She health and enjoying themselves. Enknew just how little urging was rejoying themselves, indeed! That's the quired to keep the sensitive animal at



SOME POINTS ON INCUBATOR

Beginner Will Be Greatly Alded In Management of Machine by Observing Rules Given Herewith.

The following points in the management of an incubator may be helpful to the beginner:

Set the machine perfectly level to insure perfect ventilation and efficient. working of all the heating apparatus. Do not place the working machine

in a north or west room, if possible. A south or east room is preferred.

The incubator should be in a room where there is fire at no time or fire at all times.

In a cold room the eggs must be aired when the temperature is above 60 degrees or chilling will result.

Fresh air and some moisture are necessary for successful incubation, and these are supplied by the ventilated device of every incubator.

Incubator doors should be made of double glass and fit neatly to avoid loss of heat.

A machine of from 50 to 120 egg capacity is about right for the beginner. It is large enough for practical purposes and not so large as to cause confusion.

Avoid excess of temperature and absence of moisture in the room in which the incubator is located.

Fill and trim the lamp daily and use a wick of sufficient width so that a low blaze will produce the necessary heat.

Let one person only attend to the incubator and give it attention at, least twice each day.

Keep the lamp burner and bowl free from oil and other foreign matter.

Eggs are overheated at 110 degrees, but it will take ten to twenty-four hours to kill them, according to how near the hatching point they are.

Eggs can be considered chilled when the heat falls to 50 degrees or below. They will still hatch, however, if not kept cold too long-say not over twenty-four hours-but it always hurts them more or less, and it is best never to let them cool below 70 degrees under any circumstances. Investigation shows that the sitting

hen imparts a temperature to the eggs varying from 110 degrees at the outside of the nest to 105 degrees in the center, the average temperature being 103 degrees, hence 103 degrees is the temperature at which an incubator should be run.

Many of our choicest market fowls, as well as show prize winners, were unkindest cut of all. It's the injustice, his best. Billy settled down into a incubator hatched, which disproves the neglect that hurts. If Tom can steady, even gallop, covering the miles the notion that artificial incubation produces weak chicks.



baleful scan.

brave men do

brave men do And won the lovely helress ere his speech was half way through: The stern old father clasped his hand, said: "Take her; she is yours, For you have the affection that through-

ut all time endures.

(But that was in a book-a big, bestselling book! When Harold Montmorency in real life

once undertook

To beard the damsel's father and to plead

old father's boot!) When Harold Montmorency was con-

fronted by his foes He met them all and singly and delivered telling blows-

A right fist to the jaw and then a left one to the eye

And here and there about the floor the baffled victims lie!

Then Harold Montmorency dusted off his sleeve and cuff And smiled a smile of pleasure as they

moaned they had enough

(But that was in a book-a big, best-sell ing book! When Harold Montmorency in real life

once undertook To whip a hated rival, it is very sad to tell.

But Harold Montmorency was a long time getting well.)

The Brute Again,

"I was reading an interesting war reminiscence today," said the young wife while her husband is making a determined effort to cut the pumpkin ple-the first custard ple, by the way, her fair, lily white hands ever de-

stairs tolled the hours at intervals of seeming ages. She hated the darkness. It accentuated her troubles, She longed for daylight and peace. When the first faint streaks of dawn began to dispel the shadows in the woman and Tom. room a strong and sudden reaction of vantages of the psychological moment feeling set in. What if there should she summoned the girl to the far end be some mistake? It was not like of the long south veranda, well shut | Tom to act thus. The traditions of his

woman's heart.

garet began, assuming the defensive,

volved the matter rapidly in mind the The girl hesitated, stammered helplessly and was lost. For a moment there was silence. Then she broke down and confessed the whole story

of disappointment and wounded pride. "Yes, something has happened," she continued half defiantly. "Tom-Mr. Ingram-hasn't written me a line in ten days. Think of it! And we're to be married in the early fall. I know that the surveying party is not so far sway from civilization that he can't reach the mails and send me some sort of message. That quaint little

Trap Sprung.

had a funny time one morning while making the rounds of my traps. In one I found the door down and thought 1 had a rabbit. I raised the door cautiously and was just going to stick my hand inside when I saw it wasn't a rabbit, but some other big and woolly animal. I was scared and rushed back for my father. It didn't take him long to discover that I had trapped an opossum. After that I was more careful about sticking my bare head into the trap. It is a lot easier to catch rabbits after a snowfall. I always watch for their paths along a fence or ravine and then put the trap right in the runway. Any boy can make a trap with a few boards, some nails and a hammer."

BOY BEATS SYSTEM OF BANK

Cleveland Lad Evolves Unique Scheme to Get Around Rigid Rules and Deposit Half Dollar.

This is the story of the boy, the bank and the system.

The boy came into the bank and iaid a half-dollar with his bank book on the receiving teller's window.

"We don't receive deposits of less than a dollar," said the teller.

The boy yielded reluctantly to the system and drew back. But he did not leave the bank. He crossed the corridor and seated himself on a settee.

The teller moticed him sitting there, and also notized the reflective look on his face.

The boy waited for some time, thinking it over. Finally he arose and went to the paying teller's window. A moment later he confronted the receiving teller.

"I want to deposit this dollar and a half," he said.

The teller grinned.

The boy had just drawn a dollar from his little balance and was using it as an entering wedge for the relected half-dollar.

And so the system was beaten by the boy and a considerable accession of bookkeeping labor was the price of Sefeat.

are spread out, all little holes in them are carefuly mended with bits of mica, and they are then made flat by pressure. The small, inferior sheets are brilliantly dyed, and then sold to

flower manufacturers. On the large sheets native artists paint quaint, bright-hued pictures of insects, birds and flowers, and find a ready market for them, both at home and abroad. It would be next to impossible to tell of all the ways in which it is pos-

sible to use paper. We are told that it takes but twenty-nine hours to convert linen fibre into a paper carwheel. The wheel is composed entirely of paper rings, which, when piled loosely, stack as high as the shoulders of a man of average height. These rings. under treatment, sink to the thickness desired, and are then securely fastened by means of bolts, and a steel tire is put on them. In Russia and Germany paper car-rails have already been used to some extent, and have given satisfaction. Enthusiastic paper manufacturers tell us that paper houses, paper furniture of every description and paper clothing of every kind will be in use in the near future.

BUGLE CALLS IN MEGAPHONE

Sound Carries Two or Three Times as Far as in Ordinary Way-Passed From Point to Point.

The megapi.o.. as an adjunct to the bugle, is becoming increasingly important in army life. Bugle-calls blown



Bugle-Calls Through Megaphones.

through a megaphone carry two or three times the distance of such a call blown in the ordinary way. At the western army posts, where the sending of bugle calls to distant points is often desired, megaphones and bugles are situated at points about a mile apart, and the calls are passed from point to point.

Her Idea of Christening.

A little girl whose father was an M. D. was told that she was going to be christened the following Sunday. Soon after she asked her mother if she must be chloroformed first.

"War experience?" asks the cruel husband, sawing away desperately.

'What war?" "The Civil war, dear. It said that one time-it was at Thanksgiving time-the two armies were encamped near each other, and the men on one side filled a shell with turkey and other dainties, instead of powder, and shot it into the lines of the enemy with their compliments. Was not that beautiful?"

"It was. Just think of what awful carnage might have resulted if they had had one of your pies to fire into the enemy."

Too Much Like Business.

"No," said the lady with the frizzled hair, when the currants were passed to her at the summer boarding house, "I don't care for them."

"They're nice as if they were fresh," said the landlady. "I canned them myself."

"I know they're all right, but I've just finished an eighteen-week tour as the electrical wonder from Georgia, and I don't want to think of my professional experience at all during my vacation."

Circumstantial Corroboration.

"Do you belong to the alleged milk trust?" asks the patron of the dairyman.

"Me? Belong to the alleged milk trust?" exclaims the milk dealer angrily. "Why, whatever put such a notion into your head?"

"O, nothing much. Only you have been selling me so much alleged milk that I thought----

But the dairyman is clattering on down the street, swearing furiously at his horse.

Generous.

"The guy," explains the bartender, after the ambulance has driven away, 'had the nerve to come in here and ask me to give him three fingers of whiskey. You ought to see him now." "What did you do?" asks the busy reporter.

"I gave him a fist."

Famillar,

"This reminds me of the days when Lefty Hinnegan was the star batsman of the league," said the ex-baseball player to his friend, while the exhorter was reading the words of the hymn.

"It does? In what way?" asked his friend.

"He's lining out the bawl."

meturo nestit

looks as if he might at least send me a miserable p-post card. Love is everything to woman. I demand all or nothing. I have thought it all over. My mind is made up irrevocably. I have written the young gentleman-breaking-off-the-engagement."

This emphatic pronouncement threw Miss Judith into a state of utter panic. "What have you done, child?" she cried in dismay. "Ah, the marriage of my dear foster children has been the one great dream of my life, and now by a thoughtless act you have shattered it, ruined my happiness. Youdid you say that you have written?" girl with a tone of finality. "The let-

ter went out in the morning mail. It is now beyond recall." "It shall be recalled! It shall not

be delivered!" protested Miss Judith with all the vehemence of an Uncle Toby.

Miss Judith's mental energy was expended during the succeeding moments in tracing the route the letter would have to take to reach the young man, and in formulating some plan to intercept it on the way.

Some 50 miles down the road it had already left the train at Oakland, she figured, and was waiting until early morning, to begin its 20-mile journey across the river, through wild swamps and then into the heart of the extensive pine forests, then on to a point within ten miles of where the surveyors were at work. The letter's destination was an insignificant little backwoods post office presided over by a lank cracker and a couple of lean hounds. Three times a week it boasted communication with the outer

world. But the trouble-bearing letter could not be stopped. Miss Judith was forced to that conclusion by the logic of the situation. She had no phone; the telegraph office was closed for the

the country; and it was night, and there was no one to bear a message. Tom Ingram was a protege of Miss

Judith. When his parents died she adopted the boy, trained him up tenderly and educated him at the State university. He was to her a real son, loyal and devoted, endowed with all the gifts of mind and heart and character that glorify manhood.

Margaret was a frequent visitor at first promise of fulfillment of her cherished dream.

With all his good qualities Tom was proud and high-strung, like all the Ingrams. Therein lay the danger in the present crisis. A breach between two young lovers with so much inherited pride of birth would be hard to heal. All that long night the girl's soul ness."

of one true to his blood and training Through field and forest, up hill and down, along the level stretches of the farm lands, she sped, pausing at last to get her bearings on the crest of the high ridge beyond Six-Mile creek.

sleep. The clock in the hall down-

the letter? Ab, the letter would reach

him, in a few short hours. Soon its

terrible mission would be fulfilled. It

Was it too late? There was a morn-

ing train at seven. It was now half-

past five. Why not attempt to correct

her like an inspiration. As she re-

Feverishly she wrote for a few min-

"If he gets this at the same time, he

Hastily donning her riding habit she

But Tom and Aunt Judith had for-

Necessity knows no law, respects no

There was no one about the place

was too late.

"Twenty-five minutes!" she exclaimed exultantly, looking at her care. watch. "Brave boy, Billy! Now for the home stretch."

Just how the accident happened the girl couldn't never quite explain. She was rounding a wooded curve when an heat is needed then than at the beginautomobile unexpectedly appeared, ning of incubation. and before she realized any possibility of danger Billy shied in sudden fright, "Yes, I have written," replied the throwing her violently from the saddle. Fortunately the yielding limbs of a wild apple tree caught her body and broke the force of the fall.

When consciousness returned she looked up into the care-worn face of Tom, who knelt over her awaiting eagerly some sign of returning life. For a moment she could not comprehend what it all meant; then, as mem-

ory lifted the veil caused by the shock, a smile of peace overspread her countenance.

"Then you did write?" she asked, and the intonation of her voice anticipated the answer.

"Write? Of course I wrote. Better than that I came."

The whole story of her suffering leaped before his mind's eye clear as the morning sun. "I'll explain it all when you feel better; just one word now. Up to three days ago I got your letters. Then they stopped. Every third day we sent our letters by a negro boy to the office. I never dreamed that they were not promptly reaching you through the mails. Then something roused my suspicions. I

investigated. The boy on the last two trips had given the letters to that miserable puppet of a postmaster, Jupiter Shaw, out in the woods where he found him squirrel hunting. This faithful servant of Uncle Sam was on night; her home was 12 miles out in one of his periodical sprees, and he calmly stuck those letters in his breeches pocket and forgot all about them. On the seventh day he locked the office and disappeared in the

swamp. It was by mere chance that I ran across him and discovered my letters in his pocket. Then I knew what you must have suffered. Without even so much as sending a message back to

the party I hurried across the swamp the old-fashioned country house, and and river, and by a lucky chance got it was there that Miss Judith saw the this automobile at Oakland. It's all the fault of Jupiter-curse him! But, come, we must be off. You need attention."

"Oh, I'm all right," Margaret smiled back at him as he assisted her to the waiting automobile. "I'm not hurt. There's nothing the matter with me except a pronounced attack of happi-

communicate with the daily papers, it with the swift certainty and regularity Turn the eggs daily, yet it is not absolutely necessary to turn them all exactly alike.

The attachment which gives a warning signal when the temperature runs beyond the danger limit is a good device and relieves one of much

When the chicks are nearly ready to hatch the inside temperature of the machine will rise and the heating apparatus must be regulated, as less

Give attention to details, learn the workings of your machine, and don't worry. Let the machine do the work, Let the chicks stay in the incubator without food from twenty-four to forty-eight hours after they are hatched.

DIAGRAM OF THE CHICKEN



0 Beak Comb. Face, Wattles Ear-lobe. Hackle. Breast. Back. Saddle. 9 Saddle feathers. 10 Sickles. 11 Lesser sickles. 12 Tail-coverts. 13, Main tail feathers. Wing-bow. 15 Wing coverts, forming wing bar. 16 Secondaries, wing-bay. 17 Primaries, or flight feathers. 18 Flight-coverts. 19 Point of breast bone. 19, 20, 20 Body and fluff. 20, 20, Fluff. 21 Thigh. 22, 22, Knee-joints. 28, 28, Shanks. 24 Spur.

25, 25, Toes, or claws.