

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

"FIVE GEESSE IN A FLOCK"

Particularly Amusing Game to Play When Your Little Friends Come to Pay Short Visit.

When your friends come to see you, play "Five Geese in a Flock." The children sit on the grass, or on a bank or bench, side by side. One stands as Market Woman opposite the row of players.

She walks along the row and touches each child, beginning where



Children Making Merry.

she pleases, and saying the word of the following rhyme to each as she touches her:

"Please—good—farmer—cut—the-corn,
Keep—the—wheat—and—burn—the—thorn.
Shut—your—gate—and—turn—the—lock,
Keep—the—five—geese—in—a—flock."

As soon as she says the word "flock," the one first touched jumps up and runs away. The market woman pursues her. But while she is catching her, the other geese have fled, and she has to catch each player and repeat her in her place before the game can begin again. The one first caught becomes in her turn the market woman.

"Den" is a good out-of-doors game. Each boy takes the name of a wild beast and has a tree to himself, which represents his den. Any player who leaves his den is liable to be tagged by the next one out. The best runner generally starts out first, a second pursues him, and so on until all may be out at once. If a player can tag any one he has a right to capture, he takes him home to his own den, and the latter must help him to take the rest. The pursuer cannot be tagged while bringing home a prisoner.

The children sit in a row with hands folded to play "Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?" One takes a button and, holding it between both hands, pretends to give it to each one of the players, who open their hands as if to receive it.

As she does this the leader says to each one, "Keep all I give you." When she has finished she puts the question to each one in turn, "Button, button, who's got the button?" The answer is "Next door neighbor." When she returns to the head of the line and asks "Who's got the button?" the player mentions the name of the one she thinks has it. The successful guesser takes the leader's place.

Acting Animals.

This is a game called acting animals. One child pretends to be some kind of animal and acts just as that animal would act. Then the other children guess what he is trying to be. The child who guesses correctly may be the next one to represent an animal. It is really very funny, especially if you try to imitate something like a stork standing on one leg or a rhinoceros or a turtle or even a mosquito, for insects are included as well as animals. Sometimes it is well to allow the guessers three questions that may be answered by "yes" or "no."

CAN YOU FOLLOW THIS YARN?

Tom and Vera Have Secret Between Them and Each in Burst of Confidence Tells Friend.

Tom and Vera had a secret between them. In a burst of confidence Tom told it to a mutual friend, Will; but regretting his action, obtained a promise from Will that he would never let Vera know that the secret had been told.

Will, however, told Vera that Tom had let him into the secret, but made her promise not to tell Tom that he (Will) had informed her of having obtained the information from Tom. A little later Tom decided to tell Vera know that he had told the secret to Will, but instructed her not to tell Will that he (Tom) had admitted to giving away the secret to Will.

Vera went to Will and told him that Tom had confessed to having let him into the secret, but she made Will promise not to let Tom know that she had given him this information. She also went to Tom and told him, in strict confidence, that Will had told her about having learned the secret from him.

Will next went to Tom and informed him of Vera having stated that he (Tom) had admitted to giving away the secret. Tom retorted by saying that Vera had told him that he (Will) had advised her of being let into the secret. They both promised not to tell Vera of having given away the confidences which she had lately given.

But this is the question: Were any more confidences necessary? Or had all of the three friends heard enough to be convinced that the others knew everything that could be told?

BETS IT WILL RAIN

Kansas Farmer Stakes \$30,000 on the Weather.

Has Tried It Five Times and He's Out \$175,000—If He Ever Wins He'll Be Rich.

Colby, Kan.—"Jim" Fike is trying to get rich betting against the weather. Last August he staked \$30,000 on the chance that it would rain within three months. If it had rained, as he bet it would, he would have made a quarter of a million and got his \$30,000 back, too. But it didn't rain. The weather is a freakish thing out on this high plateau, and Fike will be mighty thankful if the \$30,000 is returned to him so he can have it to take another flyer against the weather this year. Fike calls his method of fortune hunting "Gambling against the weather." He has been at it now for five years and has never won.

"But," he says, "I'll make the big killing one of these years, just as sure's shootin', and when I'll put on patent leather shoes and go to the seashore."

Fike has staked \$175,000 in five years on the chance that there would be enough rain and reasonable weather to give him a bumper crop of wheat. Each year of the five something went wrong, either it didn't rain enough to start the wheat right, or it didn't freeze enough to give it a good stand, or the high winds blew most of it out of the ground, or the drought hindered it from maturing; but there was enough of a crop in the worst of the five years to return him nearly all he had ventured, and in several of the years he made a profit of a mere \$20,000 or so.

The thing he is after is a crop that will average twenty-five or thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. If ever he gets that he may go to the seashore sure enough, or to any old place. And it is a sure thing that he will get it if he stays with the game, for in 1903



"Jim" Fike in the Field.

thousands of acres of wheat in this county yielded 42 bushels to the acre and many fields cut 35 bushels and better.

You can figure it for yourself. He has 17,000 acres in wheat this year and it was planted with less cost than any other wheat in the state. His traction plows tore up the earth, harrowed it and seeded it, all in one operation, at the rate of one hundred acres a day. It cost him \$30,000 when the 17,000 acres were in. If he should happen to get an average of 25 bushels to the acre—he won't, because the weather won the bet this year—but if he had won and the average yield was 25 bushels to the acre, that would be 425,000 bushels.

Now, take your pencil again: 425,000 bushels of wheat at, we'll say, \$1 a bushel; that's \$425,000; enough profit there for some carloads of patent leather shoes and trips to the seashore and around the world.

Fike sat acrooched down in his office chair in this town the other day, an old slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, his muddy boots up on his desk, and he looked through the window at the drizzling rain.

"Pity that rain didn't come last fall Jim," said one of his neighbors.

"Y-a-a," Fike drawled. "But it didn't. It's a gamble," he said. "We've struck five poor years. In a bad year we get six or seven bushels to the acre and barely pull out. In a good year it's easy to cut 25 to 30 bushels here. In that kind of a year with the rains coming right, raising wheat in this country is like shooting fish in a barrel. That's the kind of a year I've been figurin' on getting. If I once get it I'll tell old Rockefeller to go chase himself. But it's been a scrap. I've been increasin' my acreage faster than I've been gettin' wheat. A fair year with, say, fifteen thousand acres in, would make me better than \$200,000 clear profit, and a ringer, that's what I am waitin' for a ringer, I'll clean up a good quarter of a million in one crop, and if several good crops follow one after another, as they have done in times past, and as they surely will again, you can put my name with the other millionaires in the Who's Who in America book that book with the red covers and gold letters on the back. 'James N. Fike, millionaire wheat king of Kansas,' how'll that look, hey?"

THE LIMELIGHT

VICTIM OF AIRSHIP WRECK



He is a lawyer and was for many years an advocate in the court of appeal at Bordenax. He was minister of justice from 1899 to 1902, has been vice-president of the senate, where he sits as senator of the Gironde, and was a former deputy. He has been decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of the White Eagle of Russia.

The deplorable accident, which caused the 47th death from that source within three years, will not interfere with the progress of aviation in France, where already hundreds of aeroplanes are in use or ordered for the use of the French army. Rather, it will cause stringent regulations in the management of crowds at aviation meets.

That was a terrible accident which happened in France, when a runaway aeroplane plunged into a crowd of spectators gathered to witness the start of the Paris to Madrid race for heavier than air machines, killing Minister of War Bertheaux, severely injuring Premier Monis, and quite badly wounding several others.

Premier Monis, whose portrait is shown here, was buried beneath the wreckage of the monoplane. He was taken out as quickly as possible, and examined by military surgeons, who found that he had suffered compound fractures of two bones in the right leg, that his nose was broken, his face badly contused, and that there were bruises on the breast and abdomen.

Antoine Ernest Emmanuel Monis, premier and minister of the interior of France, who came into power on the fall of the Briand regime on March 1 this year, was born at Chateaufeur-Charente (Charente).

Den Mistah Phlox on young Miss Rose. Dey rouse up all de tuddehs.

En shout: "Come on! Let's git new clo'es, Fo' slatshs in po' brudders!"

Miss Lily she as for new styles, En Mo'nin' Glory, whinin'.

Say: "Bet I've done a million miles Dem climbin' up en twinin'."

Den ol' Mis' Apple Tree say: "Hush! You mo'ghty foolah chillun, Don't go at dis in each a rush— You all o' yo' too willin'."

But, huh! Dey don't heah huh at all, Dey mek dey leaves all freedled, Miss Daisy clomb up on de wall, En sit dah, red en speckled!

Out come de ladies—den, oompooh! I tell yo' dey is fusin'.

Dey scoll dem flowehs thoo en thoo, Almos' lak menfolks cussin'.

Dey say Miss Rose is plum gone dar, En Mistah Phlox is silly, En all o' dem deas jaff en laff, When dey look at Miss Lily.

De 'clusion yo' mus' draw fum dis Is dat de bee' to do is, To do yo' bee' en neveh miss De chance to be whut true is.

In co'se de flowehs made folks smile, When dey all changed dey trimmin'— Dey didn't know dat changin' style Wuz on'y meant for wimmen!

GATES TELLS TRUST SECRETS

John W. Gates furnished the opening sensation in the investigation when he revealed the history of the United States Steel corporation. Present at the birth of the greatest steel manufacturing concern in the world, he described how it was the natural outcome of what he described as the refusal of Andrew Carnegie to be bound by the "gentlemen's agreements" that marked the early day of open competition in the steel business.



He told of millions lost and created almost in a breath; how the Carnegie mills, appraised at \$160,000,000, were recognized as worth \$320,000,000; the grim clash in the formative days, when John D. Rockefeller was dissuaded from joining in the creation of the corporation, and the manner in which others were prevented from engaging in the steel trade.

Relating how Carnegie had been forced to abandon plans for extending his steel business, Gates frankly admitted the gigantic industrial combination was formed to throttle competition, and he surprised the committee with the further information that when John D. Rockefeller had sought to enter the steel business a deal had been put through by which the Standard Oil magnate was forced to sell out for 40 cents on the dollar.

Because of the marked discrepancies in the accounts of the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company by the United States Steel corporation in the panicky days of 1907, as given by John W. Gates and Elbert H. Gary, the Stanley "Steel Trust" committee of the house decided that further light on that deal should be obtained, and that every person who had anything to do with it should be examined.

HEAD OF A BIG EXPOSITION



Charles G. Moore of San Francisco has been unanimously chosen by the board of directors of the Panama-Pacific international exposition company as the active as well as the formal head of the 1915 exposition. The question of executive leadership has been settled finally. There will be no director general of the Panama-Pacific exposition. Moore, as president, will combine the functions which have been divided in all previous world's expositions between a president and a director general.

The board of directors of the exposition has adopted a complete plan of organization, differing in its essential features from that of any exposition that ever has been held. The 1915 fair is to be conducted as a business proposition, organized upon the lines of a great business corporation. Moore, as executive head of the exposition, will be the one man upon whom will rest the burden of responsibility for carrying out every detail of exposition management. The appointment of all exposition officials and department heads will devolve upon him and to him every department chief will be responsible.

Without a smile he writes a prescription for something that will taste like the gum on the back of a stamp.

MEXICO'S NEW AMBASSADOR

Senor De la Barra's successor in Washington is Senor Zamacona, whose father was minister to the United States from 1878 to 1882. During the father's tenure of office the son lived with him in Washington, so that our government and the ways of things at our capital are familiar to the new minister. Zamacona is about forty-five years of age and for the past two years has been Mexico's financial representative in London. Previous to this he served as director of the international revenue of Mexico and also represented the Mexican government's interests in the Mexican Central railroad. He is a man of brains; if he has discretion in equal quantity he will prove an acceptable successor to De la Barra.



Senor de la Barra proved himself a gifted and altogether welcome representative of Mexico in Washington, doing much to strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two countries. He is an advanced thinker, thoroughly in sympathy with the advancement of civilization and the growth of popular government.

His worth was recognized when President Diaz, forced by the gathering strength of the rebellion, called him from Washington to become one of his new and modern cabinet, and especially so when both the Federalists and Insurrectos, the latter led by General Madero, chose him to serve as temporary president to succeed Diaz until an election can be held some half a year hence.

THE ONLOOKER

by WILBUR D. NESBIT



Miss Rose she up en shuk huh said, En "low she tishsh'd o' wealsh".

Dese same old bloomz until she's said, En' Mistah Phlox come toshin'.

En' Mistah Phlox on young Miss Rose, Dey rouse up all de tuddehs.

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The New Disease.

"What are his symptoms?" asked the doctor to whom the mother of the young person has come for advice.

"He seems to have an insane desire to buy post cards. Why, it's worse than the cigarette habit with him. He buys two or three dozen of them every day and sends them off by mail. He dreams about post cards, and unless he is given the opportunity to buy and mail as many of them as he likes he almost goes into collapse. I am afraid his heart is affected, he gets so nervous and excited when he is crossed in his wishes in that respect."

"Yes," says the physician, thoughtfully rubbing his eyeglasses. "The symptoms you mention indicate cardiac disturbances. We might call them postcardiac."

Without a smile he writes a prescription for something that will taste like the gum on the back of a stamp.

Knew the Sex.

"Sir," said the eminent woman's rights agitress to the celebrated geographer. "I have called to protest against your unfair discrimination."

"In what way, madam?" asks the geographer, looking up from the map on which he is marking the new boundaries of Manchuria.

"You do not give proper recognition to my sex in the names you give to countries and places. For instance, you have the Isle of Man, and there is no Isle of Woman."

"Your complaint is perfectly just, madam," courteously says the geographer, "and the difficulty you speak of shall be remedied in the next geographies. We shall have an 'I'll of Man' and an 'I'll Not of Woman.'"

Usually the Case.

"It is awful," moralized the professor, "to see how some coquetish woman will lead a man on."

"Lead him on!" exclaimed the damsel. "I've noticed that after a man has followed a woman until she eludes him he sets up the plea that he was led."

Innocent.

"Spiggles," says the host, "You are a judge of tobacco, aren't you. I'd like you to try one of my imported Havana cigars."

The host is lifting the lid of his cigar jar when Spiggles enters a stay of proceedings.

"I've tried 'em. They're not guilty."

Her Curiosity.

"They say Flossie announced her engagement to Mr. Gateasp before he had proposed to her."

"Yes," she said she wasn't going to accept him until she knew how her friends would regard her engagement."

Preference.

We dislike people who are cold— The trait is only human, We'd rather have our shoes half soled By some good, whole souled shoeman.

Wilbur Nesbit.

THE COB-LINDEN TREE.

AND HERE IS THE COB-LINDEN TREE, A STARTLING CURIOSITY. IT BEARS A FRUIT BUT NOT A FLOWER, AND SOME ARE SWEET AND SOME ARE SOUR.

THE SOUR ONES, YOU WILL OBSERVE, HAVE FEATURES WITH A DOWNWARD CURVE. SHOULD YOU BE CHOOSING ONE TO EAT BE SURE IT SMILES— THE SMILES ARE SWEET.

