

THE CHILDREN



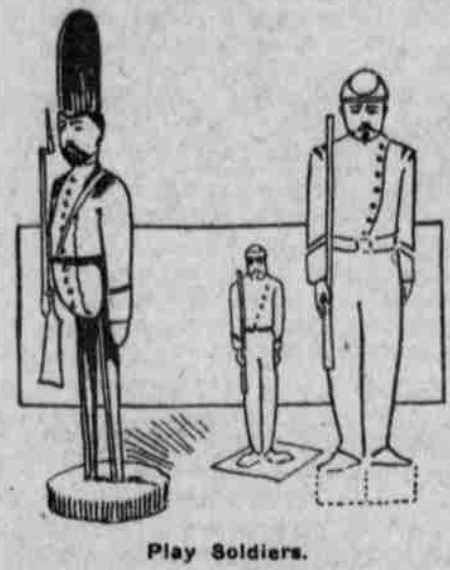
AMUSING GAME OF SOLDIERS

Few Peanuts, Some Toothpicks, Bit of Cork, Spoon and Piece of Rubber Are Needed.

Two peanuts, some wooden toothpicks or sharpened matches and a bit of cork will make a fine soldier. Stick one peanut on the other by inserting a piece of toothpick in them both. The upper one is placed with the smaller end down, the end that has a little curving point on one side. This is made into a chin by drawing whiskers over it with a pen. Above the whiskers put a mustached mouth, a nose and eyes, and blacken the rest with ink or paint for a tall hat.

Put ink buttons down the lower peanut, also a belt, then fasten arms on the sides, one holding a gun whitened from a piece of match.

Legs of wood are stuck in this body, holes being made first with a pen-knife point, and the ends, well sharpened, are run into a slice of cork cut from a cork about an inch or more in diameter. The soldier must be balanced, so he will stand up, though being very light he will fall down easily and add to the fun of the game. Another kind of soldier can be cut out of business cards, which any boy or girl can get for the asking. Cut out like shown in the illustration, fold the flaps of the feet in opposite directions, and



Play Soldiers.

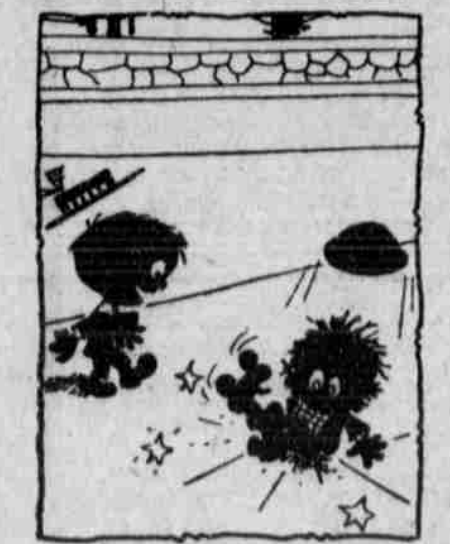
glue to a small piece of the card, as shown, after marking the cap, face and uniform with ink or pencil.

When you have made a whole regiment of either kind, get your cannons ready. The cannons are made of spoons, whose flaring ends have been cut off, or of pieces of bamboo, which will give a chance for larger muzzles. Fasten a piece of elastic on the spoon, laying each end of the elastic one side of the spoon, and winding it securely with sewing silk.

Lay the spoon on the block that has been slightly hollowed out for it, and wind it with stout slender cord. Make a plunger to fit the hole in the spoon, the round part being just the same length. Leave a square block at the end to stop the plunger when shooting. Fit the elastic around this square end and the cannon is ready. Use dried peas for ammunition.

Now all is ready for the game, which is played by two. Divide the soldiers, and have a cannon for each side. Stand the soldiers up, and let each side take turns shooting. After a certain number of rounds have been shot off, the one having most men standing is victorious.

PAYS TO BE GENEROUS.



Millie—It certainly pays to be generous. If I hadn't lent Eddie my roller skates, I'd a-missed this!

An Old-Timer.

Turtles are one of a few kinds of animals that live longer than men do. They look their age, too. A turtle that had a date mark on him, though not the date of his arrival in the world, was found a few days ago in New York, not far from Poughkeepsie, where the boat races are held on the Hudson river in the early summer. The turtle, which was a land tortoise, was found by David B. Sleight, who lives on the farm where his father lived for many years. On the turtle's back, cut in the hard shell, Mr. Sleight found his father's initials, A. W. S., and the date, 1854, cut deeply and still plainly visible. He added his own initials and the date and turned the little creature loose to live, perhaps, until another generation of Sleights come along.

DOLLIE'S DOSE.



Come, my darling, drink it up. Oh, you mustn't make dreadful faces, though, my love. I know 'tis hard to take. But little dollies must be good And take their med'cin' as they should.

For, when you get a bigger doil, My precious little pet, The med'cin' they get worse And sometimes worse yet. But great big dollies must be good And take their med'cin' as they should.

DIPLOMA GIVEN BLIND BOY

Young Man of Baltimore Finishes Musical Course and is Graduated With Honors.

An unusual feature of the advanced students' concert at the Peabody Conservatory was the conferring of a teacher's certificate upon Elmer Vogts, a pupil of the Maryland Institute for the Blind, who was one of the most successful applicants for this honor, having completed his musical course in three years.

Mr. Vogts, a Baltimorean, who is 21 years old, lost his sight when he was ten years old by a breakdown of the optic nerve. He entered the Maryland School for the Blind in 1902, and has passed through both the primary and grammar school departments, taking, in addition, a stiff course in manual training, physical culture and music. Three years ago he was graduated from the eighth grade, and has been studying in the Peabody Institute ever since. Early in life he developed a taste for music, and before he lost the use of his eyes was an accomplished performer on the violin.

DANCING TOY VERY AMUSING

Figure Will Dance Around in Life-Like Fashion as Springboard is Agitated.

An amusing toy which a boy can make himself is shown here. Take two substantially rectangular boards and fasten a block about two-thirds of the way along one, which will serve for a base. Mount the second board loosely on the block and attach it to the base by rubber bands



Amusing Dancing Toy.

at equal distances from the block. This forms sort of a springboard and will vibrate strenuously when drummed on with the fingers. Erect a post at one end of the device and by means of a curved wire, as shown in the illustration, suspend a jointed figure (any little jointed doll will do) over the board so that its feet just touch. Then, when the springboard is agitated, the figure will dance about in lifelike fashion. If the boy prefers to make the entire affair himself he can make a jointed figure of wood or cardboard and paint and dress it to suit his wish.

Convincing Argument.

Chicken pox was going the rounds of the neighborhood and Quentin had been told that he would probably contract the disease. Accordingly he watched daily for some sign of the mysterious malady to appear on his own small person.

"Oh, mamma," he called from his bed one morning, "I've got it!"

"Got what, dear?" the mother asked.

"Why the chicken pox, mamma, 'cause just see, here's a feather in my bed!"

According to Rule.

"How is your mother this morning?" asked Mrs. Grey of the small boy who came with the milk.

"She's better," he answered.

"Can she sit up?" went on Mrs. Grey.

"No," answered the literal youngster. "She sits down, but she stands up."

In for It.

First Small Boy—We'd better be good.

Second Small Boy—Why?

First Small Boy—I heard doctor tell mother to take plenty of exercise—Woman's Home Companion.

ANNIE'S ELOPEMENT

By EFFIE STEVENS

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Anne Blair alighted at the Blithedale terminal, and waited impatiently until the trolley car, on which she had come, had gone clanking back towards the city.

Then she looked uncertainly up and down the lonely stretch of bush-bordered country road, which ran at right angles to the car track, following the winding course of the Podunk river.

"Now, which direction did Walter tell me to take, I wonder?" she asked herself, puckering her brows in a frown of perplexity. "I shall just have to look at his letter again. It was lucky that I thought to bring it with me."

Anne seated herself upon a large log which was lying conveniently by the roadside, and, drawing a bulky epistle from her leather hand-bag, ran hurriedly through its pages.

"Oh, here it is on the sixth page!" she exclaimed at last.

Then her frown deepened.

"Why, he doesn't say," she gasped. "Isn't that just like his thoughtlessness? He only says to follow the road until I come to a path leading to the river; he will be there with a boat, or, if he cannot come himself, he will send a friend in his place. Now, the question is, did he mean me to go up the road or down the road? Well, as the choice seems to be left to me, I'll try going down the road. I don't dare remain here much longer, for if father should have found out, there's no telling at what moment he may come whizzing along in that new, high speed car of his. It's a pity the roads between here and town are so good."

Thereupon, Anne jumped to her feet and proceeded to walk briskly down the dusty road, her eyes searching eagerly for the path, which would lead



"I'm Almost Sure I've Taken the Wrong Direction."

her to the riverside, where she imagined Walter must be impatiently awaiting her, and her ears keenly alert for the dreaded whir of an approaching motor car.

On and on she went for a distance that seemed interminable to her overwrought nerves; but nothing occurred to break the peaceful monotony of her surroundings.

"I'm almost sure I've taken the wrong direction after all," Anne complained to the solitude. "Why couldn't Walter have been more explicit? If I don't come to that path soon, I shall have to turn about and go back, and like as not walk straight into the arms of father—that is if he doesn't run over me before he recognizes me."

A few steps farther on, however, Anne came to a path leading towards the river, which she unhesitatingly took, though it proved decidedly unpleasant walking.

"I think Walter might have chosen a nicer place for me to meet him," she thought ruefully, as she stumbled over a treacherous stump, and barely saved herself from a fall.

A moment later Anne came out upon the river bank, but no Walter was in sight.

Immediately, Anne's anxiety increased tenfold. She could not help imagining all sorts of unpleasant possibilities as to why Walter was not there. What if her father had had him arrested for contemplated kidnapping? She didn't even know if one could have a person arrested for proposing to do anything—her ignorance of law was profound—but the uncertainty intensified her fears.

Anne was on the point of sobbing aloud, when she caught sight of a small motor boat approaching from across the river, and the world grew bright again, for, though the boat was so far away she could not actually tell, she never doubted but that its occupant was Walter.

It took her but a short time to discover that the boat was headed for a point much farther up stream than her present position.

"I came the wrong way after all," she wailed, as she waved her pocket handkerchief frantically in the almost hopeless effort to attract the attention of the occupant of the boat. "Though how was I to know there was more than one path?"

Anne was seen, nevertheless, and

the little boat soon changed its course, and came directly towards her.

At the same instant, to complicate matters, Anne heard the unmistakable, though distant sound of a motor car approaching along the road.

Ordinarily Anne would have realized that a large number of people are the possessors of motor cars at the present time, but now she immediately jumped to the conclusion that it must be her father.

A dreadful fear assailed her lest Walter and her father should meet, in this lonely spot. Her father was a vigorous, hot tempered man. He had never liked Walter. What might he not do now in his anger? Walter would certainly stand no chance against his possible onslaught.

Anne suddenly wished that Walter was not quite so, oh, well, lady-like and namby-pamby—there were no other terms for it—though these were the qualities which had especially attracted her to him in the first place. If he were only more like Herbert Sargeant. He could have fought his own battles and hers, too. And then the hot color flooded her cheeks as she remembered that it was Herbert Sargeant whom her father had desired her to marry, and that it was on his account that Walter and herself had been forced into hasty action.

Oh, if she had only let the boat go on its course unhindered.

But that wish was vain, for while Anne had been giving way to her fears, the motor boat, all unheeded by her, had come close to the shore, and a cheerful, familiar voice now called out, "I wasn't expecting to find you away down here, Anne."

Anne started.

With dismay, she saw that the occupant of the boat was not Walter James, but, of all persons in the world, Herbert Sargeant.

"Were—were you looking for me?" she managed to stammer out incredulously.

"Who else?" Herbert laughed. "A feeling of intense relief swept over Anne. She had not known before that Walter and Herbert were friends—she did not quite understand yet how they could be—still, since Herbert was here, everything must be all right. She had known Herbert all her life, and she could trust him implicitly. She knew he would take care of her."

The automobile passed on along the country road unheeded and forgotten.

"Let me help you into the boat," Herbert commanded kindly, almost tenderly, springing lightly to her side, and Anne obeyed him without question.

Taking his place at the wheel, he sent the boat speeding across the river.

Anne watched him silently. Now that she had time to review the situation calmly she began to have serious regrets as to the step she had taken. It was too late, however, to back out. She must go on to the end.

"Why could Walter not come himself?" she asked faintly.

Herbert looked at her pityingly.

Then he burst out: "Anne, how could you care for that contemptible little cur?"

Anne stared at him indignantly.

"Oh, I suppose you'll hate me for telling you," Herbert continued bitterly, "but I couldn't bear to have anyone else know. Jim Grierson told me Walter James had been asking all manner of questions about how much money you had. I hunted the fellow up, double quick, and after I'd told you he hadn't a cent but what your father felt like giving you, and he wasn't likely to give you anything if you married him, he showed that he considered he'd put his foot in it, all right, and he was so anxious to get out, he blabbed this whole elopement plan. That's all, except that I couldn't leave you to bear the shock of his not meeting you alone, so I simply had to come."

"You didn't hurt him?" Anne whispered, with white lips.

"No," Herbert said grimly.

"Oh, I'm so glad," Anne breathed. "I wouldn't like to think you had demeaned yourself by touching anything so vile."

Then Anne blushed violently, as she realized the full import of her impulsive words.

A veil seemed suddenly lifted from before her amazed eyes, and she realized that it was Herbert, and not Walter, whom she cared for all along. She had merely allowed a lifetime's friendship for Herbert to blind her as to the real state of her feelings.

"Anne," Herbert cried, eagerly, "do you really mean it? You know I have always cared for you. My mistake lay in telling your father before I told you. Suppose we go on with this elopement? We can go straight to the minister's."

"We haven't any marriage license," Anne objected demurely, as they stepped from the boat onto dry land. "We'd have to have one in this state, I know, because I looked it up."

"I did too," confessed Herbert, as he sheepishly drew a paper from his pocket and held it out to her.

"Won't father be surprised when we tell him," was Anne's only reply.

There is a sort of hatred which never is extinguished; it is the hatred that superiority inspires in mediocrity.—Paul Bouquet.

Onlooker

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

AT HAMMOCK-BY-THE-TREE



Some go to Hillcrest-by-the-Pool, Some go to Glenview-by-the-Lake In search of somewhere that is cool And there they stew and fret and bake I have a quiet summer place That's not like Bantling-by-the-Sea— Across the lawn my path I trace And stop at Hammock-by-the-Tree.

At this resort one is surprised To find that all the prospects please. There is no rush to be the first. And constantly a cooling breeze. There one may look up at the sky That is as blue as any sea And count the cloudships sailing by— It's fine at Hammock-by-the-Tree.

No pert-mouthed children founce about, No gossip sits in rocking chairs, No bellboys chatter in and out, No say grass widows put on airs. There is no rush to be the first. To reach the tables during meals, No orchestra may do its worst With shrieking flutes and fiddle-squeals. And there nobody rocks the boat, But one may sail the Sea of Dreams And all contentedly may float Adown the babbling fancy streams; There is no land in all the earth That in this spot one may not roam; It may have all the day is worth And safely make the port of home.

My baggage is a pipe and book And there I travel every day; I find the quiet little nook Where laughing breezes come to play. It is the corner of content, A place that has a charm for me— There my vacation will be spent; I'll stop at Hammock-by-the-Tree.

At the Bookstand.

"Is that next month's Hustler magazine?" asks the patron, indicating the periodical in question.

"Yes, sir, but it is a back number now," says the dealer.

"A back number? Why it is only the first of this month, and that magazine is dated for next month."

"I know, but nowadays the magazines for two months from now come out the week before the current month, and a magazine that is only a month ahead of time is really six weeks old."

She Wanted It All.

"I wish I could figure it out," brooded the man.

We bent over his table and saw that he was drawing a sketch of a wagon of peculiar build.

"What is it?" we asked.

"I am trying to invent a vehicle that may be used as a coal wagon, moving van, and ice wagon."

Realizing that we were in the presence of a Napoleon of finance, we hurried away, clutching our pocket-book.

Enjoyable Outing.

We meet our friend who has been spending two weeks at the resort famed for its scenery and outdoor attractions.

"Have a good time?" we ask.

"Great," he replies.

"They say Upp-There-by-the-Lake is a pleasant place for a vacation."

"It certainly is. Why, the night clerk at that hotel is the best partner at bridge I ever found."

Consistent.

"The girls in the cooking school have organized a baseball team and they insist that the games must be played on the football grounds."

"That's odd. Why do they want to do that?"

"They claim that the batter can't get out unless he is started on the gridiron."

The Smile.

"I wonder," mused the gentle girl, "why the face of nature is always said to wear a smile?"

"Because it does," explained the un-sentimental man. "Don't mind and rye spread all over the face of nature?"

Businesslike.

"And this, I presume, will be a 'charge,'" asks the visitor to the studio.

"Well, sir," answers the impecunious artist, "I'd like to favor you, but in my present state of finance I am compelled to insist upon cash."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

POULTRY

CALL DUCKS ARE SMALLEST

Bred More for Show Room Than for Profit There is in Them for Market Purposes—Good Decoys.

Call ducks are bantams, and are bred more for the fancy than for the profit there is in them for market. There are two kinds of call ducks, the Gray Call and the White Call, and it is only a choice of plumage as to which is the better of the two. They are both of one character as to size, shape, and habits, and differ only as regards color.

The Gray Call is very similar in color of plumage to the Rouen, and is indeed called by many the Bantam Rouen, and the white is sometimes called the Bantam Pekin. Their uses are only for the show room, or as decoy ducks for wild duck shooting.

For the latter purpose they are sometimes crossed with the common duck or the wild Mallard. This latter cross is considered excellent, the progeny being distinguished for tameness and domesticity.

When breeding call ducks, smallness of size is the first consideration; the smaller they are the better. The arts of skillful breeding for the showroom are being used in keeping down the size of these ducks. Inbreeding has been resorted to, while late hatching, scanty feeding, and nonbone-making food have been the means that have retarded their natural development.

The head of the Call duck is small and slender; bill short and broad; neck



Pair of White Call Ducks.

of medium length, and back comparatively short; the breast is round and full, and body short, round and compact, with medium-sized wings; the thighs are short and stout, and shanks short.

The Gray Call drake is a beautiful little bird, with a rich, lustrous green head, dark hazel or brown eyes, lustrous green neck, with a white ring on the lower part of neck, as in the Rouen. The back is of ashy-gray plumage mixed with green on the upper part, while the lower part and rump are of a rich, lustrous green. The under part of the body on the sides is a beautiful gray, which grows lighter toward the vent, and the ends in solid black under the tail. The wings are grayish brown, mixed with green, and have the broad ribbon-like marks of purple with metallic reflections of green and blue, distinctly edged with white. The primaries are a dark dusky brown. The tail feathers are of a dark, shy brown, the outer web in old birds being edged with white; the tail coverts are black, with very rich purple reflections. The bill is greenish yellow in color, while the shanks, toes, and webs are orange, with brownish tinge.

The duck's head is deep brown, and has two light tan stripes on each side, like the head of the Rouen duck, running from the bill to a point behind the eyes. Her bill is a brownish orange color, and her eyes are dark hazel or brown. The neck is light brown, penciled with darker brown; breast, dark brown, penciled with lighter brown; back, light brown, marked with green, and the under parts and sides of body are light brown, each feather distinctly penciled with rich dark brown. The plumage of wing is light brown, mixed with green, and is crossed by a broad bar of rich purple edged with white; the primaries are brown. The tail feathers are of a light brown color, with distinct, broad, wavy penciling of dark greenish brown; tail coverts are brown, with broad penciling of dark brown or greenish brown; thighs are dark brown; shanks, toes, and webs are orange or orange brown.

The White Call is pure white in plumage throughout, and feathers of any other color will disqualify it. It is in every respect like the Gray Call, except in plumage, in the color of the eyes, which are a blue, the color of the bill, which is a bright color, and the color of the shanks, which are a bright orange. No standard weight is given for call ducks.

Mortality Among Young Ducks. The cause of mortality among young ducks may be traced to overheat, dampness, getting wet, lack of grit, grey head lice, sudden showers, delayed hatches, exposure to sun, lack of fresh water, drinking vessels too shallow, breeding stock out of condition.

Chaff Litter in Henhouse. The litter of chaff, etc., which accumulates in the barn should be put in the henhouse. The hens will scratch it over and obtain seeds and pieces of clover that will do them lots of good.