

# For the LITTLE ONES

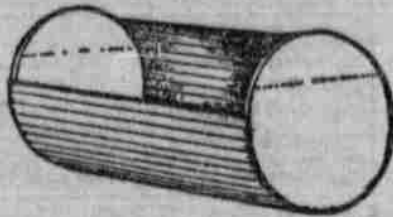
## LITTLE BOYS' UNIQUE TRUNK

Quaint "Hold-All" Is Handy Place for Youth to Store Away His Many Treasures—How Made.

Every boy likes to have a place where he can store away his treasures. Here is just the place, and, in the making of such a unique little trunk, the boy who likes work with tools will have a treat.

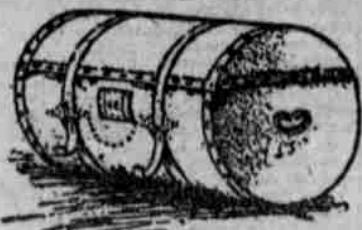
This quaint "hold-all" is a copy of grandfather's trunk that is in a museum at Salem, Mass., and by following the instructions given below it can be quite easily made. When it is completed the possessor will have not only an artistic and convenient receptacle for his treasures, but will also have a reminder of the days of long ago when just such trunks were taken by great-grandfather and great-grandmother on their travels.

Cut two circles from an inch board, having the diameter just 12 inches.



Arranging Circles.

Use a pair of dividers to make exact circles; or, if these are not at hand, use a string and pencil attached to the end. Set the two circles just 25 inches apart, and cover the entire outside with laths nailed close together, as suggested in the illustration. When the circles have been entirely covered by laths and firmly nailed at the ends of these, take a small smoothing plane and smooth off all the edges of the laths that may be prominent. In this way a smooth rounded surface can be secured. Now saw off the top by sawing through the end circles at the point shown by the dotted lines, letting the saw pass between the same pair of laths at each end. We shall now have the body of the trunk and its cover, which is to be hinged to the body by a small pair of hinges—one part of each hinge being screwed to the top lath of the body and the other part to the lath next above in the cover. In fact the hinges may



Trunk Complete.

will be screwed in place before the end circles are sawed apart.

Great-grandfather's trunk was covered with leather, tanned with the hair on, making what was called a "hair trunk." If one wishes to imitate the original as far as possible, he could cover this little trunk with cotton flannel, the rough side out. This will give quite the original effect. Circles of cloth are cut for the ends, a trifle larger than the wood circles, and the edges carried over to the sides. The sides have the cloth stretched straight above the outside, the edges covering the ends. Then a dark strip of braid can be put about the edges and secured by round-headed brass tacks, as shown. Two skate or book straps of leather complete the fittings, except for the handles at the ends, which can be had at a hardware store, and the little decoration with round-headed brass tacks shown in front. The trunk can be lined with paper.

### A Hungry Motor Car.

Have you ever noticed how hungry an automobile sometimes looks when it is trying to run you down on the street? It looks as if it would like to eat you and leave nothing except the buttons. That may have been the feeling of the motor car that got in the path of a runaway in Kalamazoo. The runaway was composed of two frightened horses and a loaded pie wagon, which may or may not have been frightened. The driver was thrown off the wagon seat, and the horses dragged the swaying pie wagon through the streets, dripping pies behind. They ran into an automobile, and the wagon suddenly stopped, but the pies went straight on and splattered themselves all over the car. The car was spotted with red cherry and purple raspberry and blue huckleberry and brown apple and yellow lemon pie filling until it looked like a horse on a merry-go-round or in a Noah's ark.

### Putting Your Foot on It.

This familiar saying has an amusing historical origin, which is as follows: When the title to land is disputed in Hindustan, two holes are dug in the ground, and one leg of each of the lawyers of the rival claimants are buried therein. In this awkward position the dusky legal champions fall to arguing and the one who tires first loses his client's case. Thus, in a very humiliating sense, both the losing litigant and the defeated lawyer have "put their foot in it."

## THE CAT SPEAKS.



In fall, when I peer out at night, The stars seem very, very bright. They're surely brighter when it's cold. And, though I never have been told, I know those little stars all try To shine their brightest in the sky, To warm the world and make things bright For cats that sing outdoors at night.

## POPULAR GAMES IN LONDON

Dabbit, Castello, Holo and Three Tricks Have Possibilities—Description of Pastimes.

### "Dabbit."

This sounds like a swear word from a man who is suffering from a severe "code id dose," but it isn't. Dabbit is only the title of a new game, which some people say has a good chance of becoming more popular than ping-pong was, says the London Sketch.

The idea is ridiculously simple. You are provided with a sort of oblong tray, the bottom of which is formed by the table on which you play. Placed across the middle of the court thus provided is a piece of wood containing arches.

The ordinary rules of tennis are followed, but instead of going over the net you serve the ball under the center arch. In returning, the players send the ball back under any of the arches and the fun is exciting. It is a series of pushes, and one is surprised at the amount of skill which can be obtained.

Dabbit is only one of several. Perhaps the best is Castello, a game on an entirely new principle, which is becoming very popular in London, for it can be played either on a lawn or the table, specially shaped mallets are used, while ordinary croquet balls, four players having a castle and two balls. Much skill is required in the capturing of flags and castles, each game lasting about 20 minutes, and providing all sorts of excitement when the players are skillful.

More modest, but equally interesting, is Holo, the players trying to drive a ball through their opponents' well-guarded goals. Holo appeals quite as much to children as to grown-ups, and what seems fairly simple at first is in the end very difficult.

Stepping-stones is a game in which the players have to stop from one block to another while balancing a ball on a platter. The results are ludicrous.

Finally, there is three tricks. A little table is revolved and suddenly stopped, whereupon the players try to spike loose tablets which are numbered. The fact that one player spikes more than another does not mean that he wins, for he may have taken several for which he has to concede points.

## WHEELED SADDLE FOR GOATS

Contrivance So Arranged That Little Animals May Be Used to Carry Small Person About.

Goats, unlike horses and little ponies, are not heavily enough built to allow of riding upon their backs, but goats-back riding is made possible by means of the wheeled saddle shown in the illustration. The arrangement



Saddle for Goats.

has two wheels in front and one rear wheel. The goat is hitched under the frame bearing the saddle, so that the entire weight of the rider is carried on the wheels instead of on the goat. The front wheels are attached to a bow-shaped fork, within which the goat runs. A handle-bar is provided for turning the front wheels in steering.

### Could Change the Wind.

King Ericus of Sweden publicly confessed that he was a sorcerer and magician. He was the owner of an enchanted cap, which he pretended enabled him to control the spirits and change the direction of the winds at pleasure. So firmly did his subjects believe in the supernatural powers of their ruler, says the London Mail, that when a storm arose they would exclaim: "Ah, the king is again wearing his magic cap!"

### Another Reason.

Then, again, perhaps the reason why women's feet are becoming larger suggests the Philadelphia Inquirer, is because they put them down often and harder than formerly.

# DOULTRY

## SUNFLOWER SEEDS AS FEED

Value Is Not Fully Appreciated by All Poultrymen—With Grain Make Excellent Ration.

The fact that sunflower seeds make good poultry feed is not fully appreciated by all. With any grain they make a well balanced ration. These flowers grow well upon all irrigated tracts. The growth is very rapid and the large broad leaves afford excellent shade for the young chicks. It is always a wise policy to plant the seeds so that they can be conveniently used. The falling seeds are thus saved and the shade afforded is very valuable.

Sunflowers grow and produce the largest heads when planted in rows and cared for like corn. It is always advisable to allow the heads to become thoroughly ripe before harvesting. Cut as little of the stalk off with the heads as possible. The heads are conveniently fed whole, especially during the winter months. When fed in this way it will be found that the seeds are relished by the fowls.

When the poultry is molting there is no better feed known. Wheat and millet are sometimes fed with the sunflower feed. This makes a ration very valuable, not only because of its affording a variety, but because of the valuable feed constituents that these grains contain. This ration, with an occasional feed of fresh meat, will make the hens lay. Corn should never be fed more than once a week for egg production, but it is very valuable as a fat producer.

## EXCELLENT BREEDS FOR EGGS

Leghorns, Minorcas, Andalusians, Houdans and Hamburgs Will Prove Profitable on Any Farm.

If eggs alone are wanted, it will be best to keep only non-sitting breeds, of which Leghorns, Minorcas, Andalusians, Houdans, or Hamburgs will do well on the farm. If necessary, the eggs may be hatched in incubators, which, in careful hands, now do good work; or a few may also be kept of some sitting breed. Pure bred fowls, useless for showing, can usually be obtained at a low price; and after all is said against "fancy" birds, as a rule they will pay better, selected with intelligence, than average farm mongrels. But any decently fine farm stock can be greatly improved by



White Leghorn Hen.

purchasing every year merely one or two young cocks of the breed selected. Thus, if the cocks are Minorcas, the farm stock will gradually be converted into hardy black fowls which seldom or never sit, near the Minorca type; while if Dorkings be used, there will soon be a fine race of table fowls. Often, when there is any one on the farm who cares about it, it will be best to make up every year a special breeding lot of fine birds. No farmer would expect to make his other live stock pay unless he saw to such things; and he cannot expect fowls to pay either, unless he will give the same ordinary thought and care to them.

# DOULTRY NOTES

They seem like pretty thin diet, but it is really better than nothing in the line of milk.

The harder the hens dig, the less you will have to dig.

A weak chick never makes a profitable hen.

When your birds get big enough for the market, let them go. That ends the worry about hawks, crows and diseases.

Share the fresh lettuce with your birds. Good plan to sow some just for the poultry.

The hen that does the best with the least labor on your part, is the one you are after.

Some folks have their houses so that they can open them up all around the foundation walls when it is hot and let the air circulate everywhere.

Provide clean quarters, pure water and wholesome food for the chicks, and disease among them will be a thing unknown.

It is not wise to change breeds every spring. All the standard breeds are good. Make the one you already have do its best.

It is a mistake to wash eggs or to make them clean. It is better to have the nests clean so that the eggs need not get dirty.

Cull out the poor layers and give the prolific hen more room to work. Ducks should have a plentiful supply of sharp grit.

# The Onlooker

## "Dixie"



'Twas in a gilded restaurant Where people came to eat, A Southerner, all grim and gaunt, Stopped in on eager feet. He sat him down and ordered food And suddenly and soon The orchestra in joyful mood Struck up that "Dixie" tune.

There came a tumult of applause: The Southerner was glad He felt this honor to his cause, And could no more be sad. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" the diners cried And straightway dropped their feet; It seemed as though with valiant pride They'd showed their battle scars.

The Southerner then asked of one Who almost broke his dish Applauding: "Whah-ah-vo' from, son?" He said: "South Haven, Mich." Another came from old South Bend, And one who cheered with glee From Southport, Maine, had come his friend Was raised out in R. D.

A man from South Chicago yelled The wildest of wild cheers Until the folk about him held Their hands upon their ears: Another man whose voice was loud, Whose hands gave blow on blow In the applause that led the crowd Was from South Charleston, O.

The Southerner looked all around And pursed his grin old mouth, And said: "I'm glad that I have found So many from the South." He seeks another place to eat But everywhere he goes When "Dixie's" played they stamp their feet And cheer it through the nose.

## SELECTION BY ELIMINATION.



"Have you a lot of books that are what you would recommend for a young lady's reading?"

"Yes, miss. We keep them on the three front tables."

"Thank you. I didn't want to waste any time. I'll look through the ones on the other tables, please."

## Honor to Whom Honor Is Due.

"What is the occasion of yonder enthusiastic gathering?" asks the stranger in our midst.

"That," we explain, "is an assemblage of popular song writers erecting a monument to their greatest benefactor."

"And who was he? Some man who purchased largely of their product?"

"Oh, no. He was the man who discovered that 'lady' rhymed with 'baby.'"

## Humph.

"He said I was the most natural woman in the club," says the member who has attended the lecture and discussion of health and beauty by the eminent physical culturist.

"Indeed?" remarks the second member. "I have read somewhere that nature knows no waist."

With a telling glance at the belt line of the first member, she moves on.

## Candid Maiden.

"Here's pansies—they're for thoughts," said the youth, bending low as he handed the flowers to the fair young thing. "And I wonder what would serve as a substitute for brains?"

"Have you heard that money is just as good?" she queried, with a smile akin to that of a receiving teller when a big account is opened.

## Expert Touch.

"Blithers says he never has to pay for a game of billiards. Is he such a good player?"

"He's pretty lucky."

"But he says he has a perfect touch."

"He has. If he loses he touches his opponent for the price of the game."

Edward Nesbit.

# In a Dead Town

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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"What's doing?" Clay asked, as he stepped from the dining room out on the hotel piazza.

Lights were winking up and down the town's hilly street as glow worms were winking in the gardens round about. A little wind, blowing southerly, brought the freshness of the river, and the scent of ploughed earth from the cornfields in the bottoms beyond. Clay had fed well, therefore his mood was complacent. Not so Mason, who stood in wait for him. Discontent lined his face even more than common.

"Nothing's doing. You can bet on that here always, and anyhow," Mason answered sourly. "Deadest town this side the planets—that's the size of Ashmore—"

"Yet—you stick to it!" Clay interrupted.

Mason laughed a hard laugh. "I have to stand what amounts to death in life, because another man persists in living after he is dead," he said very low. "Haven't they told you about Grandad? Just a breathing lump he is. Ninety-five if he's a day—he won't let us see the record. Almost blind, deaf as a post, bedfast now for seven years—yet with the appetite of a coal heaver! Keeps him alive, the doctors say—that and his grip—on life and his money—"

"O! I begin to understand!" Clay interjected.

Mason ran on eagerly: "I shouldn't grudge him life—to a hundred and far beyond it—if he had any sort of consideration for anybody but himself. Keeps me tied to his chairarm virtually. This is the first time I've been out except to go to the post-office and the bank in a month. And I had to lie to get out now. Told him there was a chance of getting big interest of gilt-edged short-time loan—it was the first thing I could think of, after I got your note."

"I shouldn't have written—not if I'd known. This is my first time here," Clay muttered confusedly.

Mason stopped him with an eager gesture. "Do you grudge water to a man dying of thirst?" he asked. "Another lie will square me—I've only to say, the collateral was fishy, and Grandad will pat me on the back. Meantime, let's be moving. I want to show you—say! you'll help in a good deed?"

"Unless there's a girl in it," Clay answered chuckling. "A petticoat always scares me stiff."

"We know you're lying, Jack," Mason flung back.

They were going with long strides up the main street. At the third corner Mason turned sharply about, saying, "Wait, I mustn't startle Elsie."

Next breath Clay heard him whistle softly in a thick shrubbery just inside a ragged garden.

There was no answering sound, but in half a minute, Mason was back, with a slim black-clad shape beside him.

"Get your car—I know it is in the garage—never mind now—and meet us a block from here," Mason said breathlessly. "You're going to run away with us across the state line—and be best man at our wedding. It's the only chance for us—you're safe and discreet—if anybody else knew it would ruin us."

"Tell me how? I go into nothing blindfold," Clay said almost stubbornly, in Mason's hushed key.

Mason flung up his hand crying fretfully: "Man don't potter! Every minute counts. We must be married, and back in place long before midnight—and there's a run of twenty miles each way."

"What's the use of running?" Clay persisted doggedly.

Mason clutched him feverishly. "To save the fortune I'm slaving in prison for," he said. "Grandad means to leave it in his will that I am to marry the girl he has chosen for me. Obviously, if I turn out to be already married to somebody else, that provision is void, without hurting the will otherwise."

"I see! Meet you in two minutes," Clay said, running away. But as he turned the next corner he slackened to a slow walk, asking himself if he were not doing wrong.

At four or so later, he had no such doubt. Elsie's radiant eyes, her smiling mouth, reassured him. She was worth a lot of risk, Clay decided. He felt a chivalrous pity for her, and was ready to go all lengths to help her.

Mason had told him briefly their love story—it was a rustic Montague and Capulet affair—her people the Enslays, had been at odds with the Masons time out of mind. Then Grandad had all a miser's instinctive hatred of unsuccess for them. Their fortunes had fallen until Elsie went out sewing—by an irony of Fate she was even then making fine white lace things, of the very newest shapes and patterns, for Flora McLeod, the girl Grandad approved.

No doubt he would have insisted upon the marriage, except for his determination to keep his grandson beside him. Flora came dutifully once a week to call on him—though he could neither see nor hear her, he knew the feel of her hand, and ate with enormous relish the good things she fetched him.

"Lucky, me boy—that's what you are," he mumbled toothlessly as he gulped the dainties. "Beauty fades—but cooking stays by a woman to the end."

Clay came home at almost reckless speed, deposited bride and groom in their several places, and tried to sleep afterward. But the effort was vain. He had a sense of something impending, a feeling that he had incurred a risk, and needlessly.

To rid himself of it he got up about three o'clock, dressed, and went outside, resolved to walk until daylight. He had got about ten blocks away, when a quick light-flash made him turn about. There was not a cloud—the stars burned white in a velvet-purple sky. But against it, to southward, he saw a mounting spiral of smoke, tinged ominously with red underneath. He turned and ran toward it, shouting aloud as he ran. But strange to the place, he came round about to the fire—barely in time to see a haunting sight.

A big old mansion, half ruinous, was spouting flame from half its lower windows—the inside must be a furnace, the stairs impassable. The gratings set in the windows were red hot, and beginning to bend—the heavy doors still resisted, but were blistering outside. And at an upper front window, also barred, though but lightly, Mason stood, trying vainly to wrench away the bars. Clay shouted at him. He nodded, but kept on struggling. With a superhuman effort he pulled away half the gratings, turned and came back again with something helpless, shapeless, limp within his arms.

Help was coming—men and ladders. Before the ladders could be set, the men got up them; flame-tinged smoke wrapped the figures at the window. As Clay reached his arms for Mason's helpless burden there came a blast as of the pit, almost full in his face. He reeled away from it, by a miracle keeping hold, and dragging out the old wreck of a man. Eager hands relieved him—he called to Mason—but there was no answer! Fire had done its work, taken its toll.

Grandad never knew. He died before sunrise. Men said, even in the presence of death, he had sacrificed his grandson to his avarice. It was his fear for his hoarded gold which made him insist upon the gratings. Except for it, both might have been saved.

"I hate to speak ill of the old, specially after they're dead," said Landlord Ware. "But I reckon old George Mason would be right down glad if he knew he had taken his money and his grandson with him."

Clay remained for the reading of the will—that same sense of responsibility clung to him. When he heard the dry-as-dust document he was glad he had not shaken off his hauntings. For with much verbiage, but plain beyond peradventure, the fortune was left to young George Mason, with the hope, not the condition, that he marry Flora McLeod, and the provision that should he die, childless and intestate, his heir should be his lawful wife. Failing a wife, the next of kin came in.

There were a dozen of them, at least, outwardly grief-stricken, yet with eager expectant eyes. Clay smiled grimly as he rose to face them, and say:

"Then send for Mrs. Elsie Enslay Mason. I witnessed the marriage, and have the certificate, entrusted me for safe keeping."

To this day Ashmore has never had such another sensation. Not even when three years afterward John Walter Clay, Esquire, was very quietly married to the young Mrs. Mason. People thought it odd they did not settle down in Ashmore—only a little of the money would make the old Mason place the finest in town. The house had burned to the ground to be sure, but the situation was unrivaled. Mr. and Mrs. Clay did not deny that—yet neither wanted to live there—even though they did not believe in ghosts.

## Newspaper Men Too Hasty.

When the boosters of New Orleans as the proper site for the Panama Canal Exposition were given a "New Orleans night" at the National Press club, they agreed to furnish all the refreshments during the party. Late in the evening a group of newspaper men who were playing pool on the upper floor of the club ordered some of the supper.

A waiter, arrayed in gorgeous apron and a high white cap, served the food and was roundly abused for not putting the plates in their proper places. "This club," remarked Jas. Butler, "one of the party, 'is going to the bad. The waiters are simply atrocious.'"

After a few more such remarks, the waiter, looking crestfallen and sullen, left the room. A little later Robert W. Woolley, a magazine writer, burst excitedly into the room.

"You fellows have insulted a southern gentleman!" he declared hotly. "That waiter was the mayor of Vicksburg!"—The Sunday Magazine.

## Polo Came From Tibet.

It is a curious fact that polo, the most exclusive, aristocratic and fashionable of games, should have been invented and named in the desert wilds of Chinese Tibet. It was at least three centuries ago that the Tibetan nomads, astride of swift wild asses, and armed with clubs like hockey-sticks, first began playing "pulu."