

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

MASKS OLDER THAN HISTORY

One Shown in Illustration Was Carved by American Indians Years Ago—Practiced in Europe.

If you should eat mince pie, corn-starch pudding, rice, sweet potatoes, candy, horseradish, sour milk and half a dozen other queer dishes all at once and then go to bed and dream as hard as you could all night you would hardly dream of as horrible things as some of the masks that have been made by savage peoples. The one represented in the illustration was carved long ago by American Indians. That was before they had to spend their time dodging white hunters.



American Indian Mask.

Mask making and wearing have been popular the world over for thousands of years. In China and Japan masks were carved of wood and used in the theaters, this custom being in practice even to this day in Java. The Chinese, natives of Ceylon, worship the devil, and the mask of his satanic majesty is highly respected there. Most of the lacquered Chinese and Japanese masks that you may see in this country are made especially for the Americans who like to pay high prices for oriental curios. Maskmaking is also practiced in many European countries. German masks being noted for their grotesqueness.

NEW KIND OF BOARDERS.



"Are there any city people boarding around here?"
"No, sir; but we've got the seventeen-year locusts."

NO TYPEWRITERS IN CHINA

Reason for That Fact Is Found in 50,000 Word Signs in Use—Russian Machine Is Largest.

Typewriters are now made for use in nearly a hundred different languages, and they are sold all over the world; but there is still one great nation which, for a very simple reason, has no typewriters that write its tongue. That nation is China, says the New York Sun.

The English alphabet has twenty-six letters, the Russian thirty-six. The typewriter produced for the Russian market is the largest made; but no typewriter could be made that would begin to be big enough for the Chinese language, which has no alphabet, but is represented by sign characters, of which there are about fifty thousand. Of the great number of words found in the English language only a small proportion are used for the ordinary purposes of speech, and the same is true of the characters used in the Chinese language; but the number of Chinese characters commonly employed is still far greater than could be put on any typewriter. So this nation of 400,000,000 people has no typewriter in its own tongue.

But that doesn't mean that no typewriters are sold in China. More and more Chinese are learning other languages besides their own, and Chinese merchants and resident foreign merchants use typewriters, and they are used in legations and in consular offices and in banks and shipping offices and colleges, and by missionaries, by various people. Altogether there are sold in China a good many typewriters.

Vaseline for Burns.

A child of two, having on several occasions had vaseline applied to some little burns, exclaimed to the cook, who was in dismay over some scorched pastry: "Oh, doe and det the dood vaseline."

One Best Brag.

Little Bess—My brother is going to high school.

Little Eva—That's nothing! My brother's in the sycamore class at college.

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

Oh, the river keeps on flowing, flowing. Till I should think there would be no more. And the little boats are going, going. While I am here on the stock-still shore.

And there's a robin, and there's a swallow. Away they go, as fast as they please; And all the other birds can follow. And even the butterflies and bees.

I'd give my arms, and be glad to do it. For a pair of nice, big, feathery wings. That catbird looks just as if he knew it—It isn't any wonder he sings!

I'd fly straight up, and over the steeples. And I wouldn't be the least bit afraid; What a stupid thing it is to be people! But I can do one thing—I'll go and wade!

MARVELS OF A FLYING BIRD

Vultures Glide for Miles, Without Slightest Deviation of Course, Without Wing Beat.

On the horizon in tropical countries there often appears a small black point visible only to the practical eye. The point increases in size as it approaches. It is the sailing bird par excellence, the vulture, says the Strand, returning to its hollow in the rock a dozen miles away.

A glider, who sails magnificently upon its outstretched wings, without a beat, without the slightest deviation from its perfectly straight track, it thus traverses the space from one horizon to the other, again becomes an imperceptible point and disappears, leaving the spectator marveling at the simplicity with which nature solves a problem of mechanics which appeared impossible to man.

When one observes a sea eagle perched upon a lofty cliff it may be remarked that in order to quit its eyrie it waits until a gust of wind arises, then it lets itself fall forward with extended wings, gives a beat or two as it turns, brings itself to face the wind and thus mounts without a wing beat hundreds of yards high.

A gliding bird so sets its wings that the air currents make an angle with their plane. The wind thus sustains its weight and gives it at the same time a forward movement. If its force is stronger than is necessary to obtain these two effects it produces a third effect—the bird mounts into space without a wing beat. If the air suddenly becomes calm the bird would fall, but the fall would be astonishingly slow.

Professor Drzewiecki has calculated that a gliding bird, at a height of 1,200 yards, at the moment when it commences to descend with motionless wings, can by setting them at the most favorable angle touch the ground at a horizontal distance of about 15 miles. If the wind fall, large birds can always, with a few wing beats, attain an altitude where they will find a wind which will permit them to continue their journey "on the glide."

The gusts and eddies of the wind are of course great disturbers of flight, and few birds attempt to struggle with a tempest. Even the strongest fliers have not from this point of view so much boldness as they generally get credit for. Thus the stormy petrel is so named, not because it braves the storm, but because as soon as a storm threatens it will often seek for refuge on a ship's rigging, and thus foretell the tempest. And if the albatross loves the stormy waves it is only because it frequently alights upon the water, where it often sleeps securely to the rocking of the billows.

COMICAL FAN FOR CHILDREN

Face Thrusts Tongue In and Out as It Is Waved About—Easily Made by Clever Boy or Girl.

A Pennsylvania man has taken out a patent on an amusing fan which will probably find favor. The comical feature of this device is a face which thrusts out its tongue and draws it in again as the fan is used. The fan is made with two covers and a hollow handle. In the center of one of the covers, near the top, a grotesque face appears. The mouth of this face is an open slit. Running up through the handle is a stick with a flexible



A Comical Fan.

tongue on one end that passes through the mouth of the face. A projection on the lower end of the stick passes through a slot in the handle and by moving this projection up and down the tongue can be made to run in and out of the mouth and wag back and forth, thus producing the appearance of a person "making faces." A clever boy or girl could easily make one of these fans for himself or herself.

Penelope Ponders

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

Bob had taken his dismissal; his eyes were black with increasing gloom. Julia, the proud little recipient of his affections, smiled; but there was tenderness in her smile.

"Things might be entirely different," she continued. "If I didn't think there was something in that head of yours that is worth getting out, I feel sure that you could make your presence known in the world if you only would—instead, you drift about spending money with every breath."

"It is honestly acquired money—and my own," Bob glowered at her.

"I am perfectly sane," she said. "but if you hadn't been lucky with stocks you might have continued to develop your talents and try to do something worth while."

Her words were true. Bob Stanley was not of an analytical mind or he would have realized that the days spent in trying his pen in the literary field had been strangely happy ones. He failed to remember that the occasional shafts of light, in the way of successes, had brightened the days as nothing had brightened them since.

"Anyway," Julia went on in a hard little voice, "I will not marry a man who is wasting his life as you are, if you make your name ring, even a little—perhaps I will reconsider my answer."

With a swift, unexpected movement, Bob caught her in his arms. He bent his head over hers intending to kiss her, but she released her as suddenly, and without another word turned and left her.

Well, that was the end—the end of all things. Bob Stanley ambled on and on until he found that he had dropped onto one of the benches in the park. A grim smile twisted his lips. It was amusing to find how naturally he had fallen into the way of all loafers and failures. They all sought out a bench in the park and there, with variable imaginations, pictured their last miserable hours.

Stanley felt that any way out of existence would suit him, whether it be long and torturing, or swift and sure. He found gloomy enjoyment when he first pictured his name in big headlines and that of Julia Stearns figuring in the tragic affair. His imagination carried him on to one line that would stand out in big letters: "Just what was to be expected of a man of Robert Stanley's kind."

The man on the bench straightened his shoulders and his eyes narrowed with momentary freedom from gloom.

"I have walked past exactly five times," said a voice at his elbow. "Which route have you decided upon?" she inquired laughingly, seating herself beside him. "I am sure it will be a pistol—your eyes are so desperately eager to get there."

Bob laughed sheepishly and covered the hand she had put on his arm to belie the frivolity of her words.

"She refused me, Penelope," he said, and all his past misery returned.

"I more than half expected it, Bob," Penelope told him. "You see Julia is ambitious, not only for herself, but for others. She wants to be married to a man about whom people will say, 'Oh, there's no-and-so!'"

"They say that in one tone about me now," Bob gloomed.

Penelope looked tenderly at the artistically handsome head so appealing in its misery and pondered long and seriously. What would be the best and quickest way to awaken the slumbering genius in him? It was there in every little quick turn of temperament, in the big loves of his nature, but he was a soul struggling in the dark.

He turned toward her unexpectedly and met the pain in her eyes.

"I've hurt the very best friend I have in the world!" he cried contritely. "I will do anything you say if you can help me to be worthy of Julia—and you."

Penelope laughed quickly. "If you won't buy the pistol, you may come to see me tonight, and we'll see what is to be done."

A dull color swept up to the burn at his temples. Penelope regretted her words.

"That was only for a second," Bob said looking into her eyes; "the strength of the weak is not mine."

"The weakness of strength," corrected Penelope. "Come early tonight and let us get a good start toward making you famous."

"I hope it won't be inauspicious," muttered Bob.

His gloom had lightened. He could more easily picture Julia in his big mansion on the hill because he felt that Penelope would help him. Bob Stanley was of a type of man that requires the help of a woman, and in getting it, gets all.

That night when Penelope greeted him on the veranda of her home he drew her hand close within his own.

"You are looking unusually beautiful," he said; "you should always wear those Burne-Jones things—they make you look like a symbol of purity."

Penelope blushed. "I don't return from Paris—always." She made him comfortable in the wide swing "I want you to hear one or two of my new songs—I never know whether or not they will take until you have told me," she said prettily.

While Penelope sang in her deep soothing contralto, Bob felt thankful that Julia, too, sang. He wouldn't love a woman who couldn't sing to him when he was tired or when he wanted only music.

When she came out and sank into a low chair at his side it was not unnatural that they should fall into discussing the latest novels. From that the conversation turned to Penelope's latest trip and the plot she had thought of while in Paris. It was a splendid story to work out and as she narrated the incidents she had the pleasure of watching Bob Stanley awaken to, first polite, and finally animated interest in the story.

"I wish I could write it," Penelope said and fixed wistful eyes, in which the wisdom was concealed, upon Bob.

"If I could write that story—I would win Julia!" Bob remarked.

"Pam and Julia!" laughed Penelope. "I am sure you are welcome to the plot," she said, "but I don't see how you can concentrate on anything here—you will be mooning and glooming about Julia."

Bob looked into her wise eyes and laughed. "One summer," he said pointedly, "your mother asked me to join your camp in the Adirondacks."

"We leave next Saturday," Penelope kept the triumph well under control. "It would be a splendid opportunity to work," she said, "and I will be there always—give you the atmosphere of Normandy for the story."

"Would I bother you?" Bob asked with tardy modesty.

"You are like one of the family," Penelope laughed frankly. "If you can stand my practicing—"

"I began to think I can stand anything from you, Penny."

"That is your writer's imagination," Penelope suggested.

Six weeks later Penelope and Bob strolled through the trail and up to the hotel for mail. The first check had arrived.

"I suppose it will take at least fifty successes—before Julia will listen to me again?" Bob asked half seriously.

"One good novel would get you there quicker than many short stories," Penelope thought. "We will put up a lunch and row over to the island this afternoon and talk—no-vel."

Bob laughed. "You are a little schemer—holding out bait to me."

"You and Julia will both thank me—later on," she made answer.

Penelope knew in her heart that Bob Stanley would never again lose his interest in writing. He had been awakened now to the full joy of real inspirational work.

"I rejoice every day, Bob," Penelope said later on when they had reached the little deserted island, "that Julia refused to marry a nonentity. She has really been the means of giving the world another great writer. I know you will be that some day."

They drafted out the lines of a novel during the day and toward dusk sat down for their tea.

"Bob," Penelope spoke seriously, "I want you to do me a favor."

Stanley only looked at her and waited.

"Julia refused you when you were a nonentity—I want her to accept you before you are famous. She doesn't love you if she waits—for more."

"For more?"

"I mean," Penelope said quickly and a little flush colored each cheek, "that I have been with you all summer—and have learned that you are—well, not such a bad specimen—without fame. If Julia expects any more—she doesn't deserve you and I shall write and tell her so!" declared Penelope. "Will you please—for my benefit—leave tonight and propose again to Julia?"

Bob laughed. "Why certainly, Penn."

"Wish me success little helper," Bob said as he turned toward the station.

"All the joy in the world!" Penelope cried from the depths of her heart.

When he had gone she sank into a heap because the light of the world had gone and she was blinded to all save darkness.

She stood up and listened with bated breath. He was returning.

"What is it, Bob? What has happened?" she cried quickly.

"Nothing, Penelope, except that the whole earth grew dark—without you beside me." He drew a deep breath when she was safe in his arms.

Preserve Rare Eggs.

Voyagers to far-away islands often discover rare birds whose species they desire to propagate in their own country, but which they are unable to transport without incurring the danger of losing the captive by death of the voyage. In order to introduce the birds into other lands the eggs are taken home and hatched there. But this method is also fraught with more or less risk, as the eggs are quite apt to spoil during the voyage. To prevent this the following course is often pursued: Obtain an animal intestine large enough to receive the egg to be carried. Remove all fat from the intestine, then cleanse thoroughly with powdered chalk. Pass the egg into the intestine, which must then be tied close to the shell at each end, and placed in a dry, cool place. When perfectly dry the incensed eggs are placed in a box of grain or seeds. Care must be taken that the box be turned bottom upward occasionally.

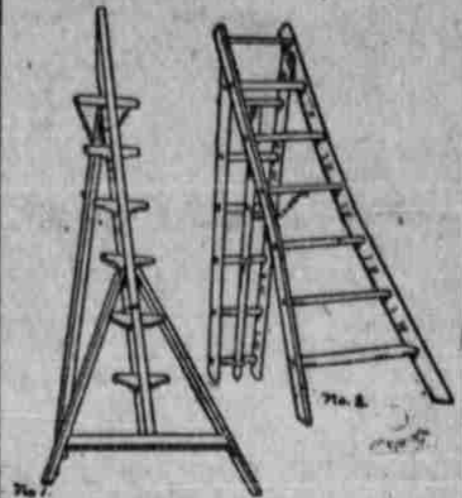
A young moon had lighted the dusk when they returned to the camp. She scarcely knew his voice when he spoke.

FEW VERY EXCELLENT HINTS ON HOW TO PICK APPLES

No Set Rule Can Be Given as to Time, as That Will Vary According to Variety, Season, and Distance to be Shipped—Every Precaution Must Be Used Not to Bruise or Cut the Skin.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)

No set rule can be given for the time to pick apples, as that will vary according to variety, season and distance to be shipped. As a rule we gauge the time to pick red apples by their color and yellow apples by the darkening of their seeds. Some varieties, for instance, Northern Spy, are generally left quite late in the season before picking. On the other



No. 1, Light Ladder. No. 2, Extension Ladder.

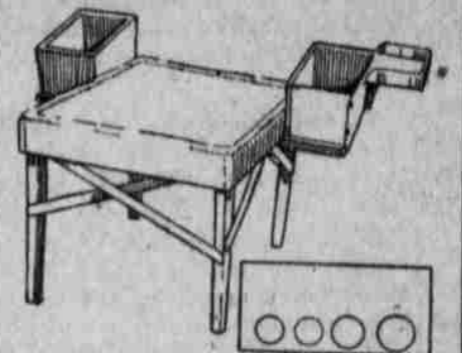
hand, great care must be taken with Jonathans to pick them before they are overripe, or there is danger from core-rot. Red Astrachans, if left on the tree, tend to crack, and so on.

Early apples, as a rule, especially those to be sent any distance, are harvested before they are thoroughly ripe. Spitzenburg, and apples like them, should be picked as soon as they have the proper color. This means, in ordinary cases, several pickings to a tree, but only in this way can you get the best results.

Every day the fruit is left on the tree, after it has assumed its color it approaches just so much nearer its final maturity and deteriorates to a marked degree in its shipping and keeping qualities, then again, when the tree is relieved of part of its load, it gives the remaining fruit a better chance to become large and well colored.

The apple does not go into abrupt stages of its life history from the green apple to the natural broken-down specimens. The change is a gradual one. The most vital point in the whole life history, is the picking time.

To get the best returns in the manner of keeping, we must handle the apples as though they were eggs, and use every precaution not to bruise, and more especially, not to cut the skin of the apple so as to expose it to



Fruit Packing Table and Grading Board.

the germs of the decays that will surely enter through any abrasion in the skin.

The apple should be picked by a twist of the wrist, giving either a slight upward or downward motion each time. If picked in this way, no stems will be pulled out. In fact if the apple does not come readily when it is tried, it is a pretty good indication that the fruit is not ready to be picked.

The best days for gathering fruit are the cool, dry days. Picking during excessive heat, or exposing the fruit to heavy rains, are not conducive to good handling. Where the fruit is picked on a cool, dry day it is better to get it under cover at once; but when occasion demands that we pick the fruit in warm weather, it will be better to leave it out-of-doors overnight, allowing it to become cool be-

fore taking it under cover, using every precaution to prevent heavy sweating of the fruit.

The days of piling the fruit in the orchard in great heaps, or even leaving it in boxes or barrels for several days are gone forever and cannot be resorted to by those who care to handle choice fruit. It pays to wipe the fruit before packing, if the market demands it and is willing to pay for it.

It costs money to step on a ladder, as the orchard-owner soon finds, and all that can be reasonably done by pruning to start the head of a tree low, and keep it low, is a paying investment.

Any ladder which must be set against a tree is a constant menace. Perhaps the best type of tall, step-ladder is the extension ladder. It is strong, light and easily handled by one man. The lightest of all the tall ladders is the single rail ladder, but it is also the least safe and comfortable for the user.

In the matter of picking receptacles, buckets and bags each have their advocates and some people even provide their pickers with coal scuttles. These should never be used, because the fruit is almost certain to be bruised by them.

Perhaps the best bag now in use is that made in the shape of an apron with the lower end turned up in the form of a bag, and which is suspended by the strap around the neck. This allows the bag to hang down in front, leaving both hands free. It should be



An Open Picking-Bag.

made so shallow that the first apples can be conveniently laid in it without dropping, and yet hold all the picker can carry.

Give the picker the suggestion as a hypnotist would do, that he is not handling apples, but eggs, and this bag will help him live up to the suggestion.

For hauling to the packing-house, the fruit should be emptied into field boxes, each having a slot for the hand cut in each end, with the ends higher than the sides to permit packing without bruising the fruit. These boxes should be hauled to the packing-house on a low spring orchard wagon.

The packing table is a most important item. The best table is made to accommodate two packers. To make such a table take four standards about three feet high. The top made of strong burial about three or four feet is allowed to hang rather loosely, therefore, saw off the tops of the legs on a bevel so as not to have the sharp corners push into the burial making points that will bruise or cut the fruit.

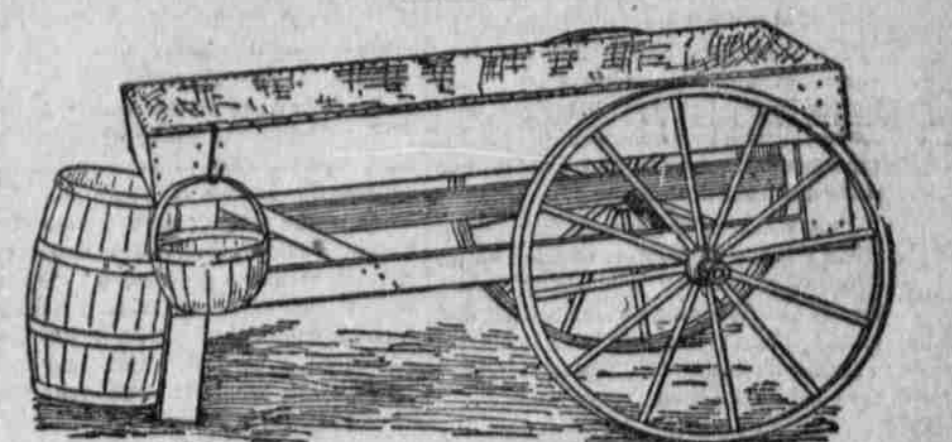


A Good Orchard Wagon.

Old hose-pipe is generally nailed around the top of the table to protect the fruit. The legs should be well braced, as they must support a heavy load.

The surface of the table should not be greater than three by four feet, as anything larger would not allow two packers to reach all points of it without unnecessary stretching.

TABLE FOR SORTING APPLES



Here is a light, easily-moved table for sorting fruit, says the Orange Judd Farmer. It is used in a Pennsylvania apple orchard, but will serve as well for peaches and pears. On old pair of buggy wheels on a light axle supports the frame, the lower lengths of which are four inches wide and six feet long. The uprights are six inches wide and two feet long. The top frame is eight inches deep, six feet long and four feet wide. It is covered with stout canvas, which sags toward the center. The leg straddles the table. Baskets are hung at any point by hooks.