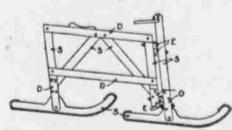


NEW TYPE OF COASTER SLED

One Built on Bicycle Principle and Is Easy to Make-Constructed of Good Quality of Pine.

The accompanying drawing and sketch illustrate a new type of coasting sled built on the bicycle principle. This coaster is simple and easy to make, says Scientific American. It is constructed of a good quality of pine. FINDING WATER IN FOREST The pieces marked S are single, and should be about one by one and onehalf inches; the pieces marked D



Has the Lines of a Bicycle.

are double or in duplicate, and should be one-half by one and one-half inches. The runners are shod with iron, and are pivoted to the uprights as shown, double pieces being secured to the uprights to make a fork. The seat is a board, to the under side of which is a block, which drops down between the two top slats and is secured with a pin. A foot rest is provided consisting of a short cross-piece secured to



Coasting.

the front of the frame and resting on the two lower slats. The frame and front fork are hinged togetchr with four short eyebolts E, with a short bolt through each pair as shown.

#### FEAST FOR JAPANESE BOYS

Annual Day is Made Occasion of Much Merrymaking-Kite Flying is Principal Pastime.

In Japan there is an annual feast day for boys, when each house that is the proud possessor of male children hangs out strings of paper carp. which, inflated by the breeze, become most life-like monster fish. It was on this feast day that we left Yokohama for Kamakura, once the eastern capital of Japan, now merely a quiet little seaside village. As this was such an important occasion, the whole world made holiday; some families sauntered along the village street in festive attire, "mere man" strutting conceitedly in front, while his dear little womenkind shuffled along bebind, chattering merrily and half-hidden under immense umbrellas; others, again, hurried to the sea shore to fly the home, and our artist has shown their enormous humming kites, from what can be done in this direction. which the parents appeared to derive quite as much enjoyment as the chil- drawn by the amateur artist. Two tightly across from shoulder to shoulder. This taut bamboo filament, not ure 8, while a competition might also only acts as a Acolian harp, but be held for those who use the greatest bends the whole kite so that its surface is concave instead of being, as in our kites, a plane. The noise, when some three-score or so of these monsters are in the air at the same time, is deafening. The Jananese kite has no tail, but is furnished with numerous long streamers. Great competitions are held by the owners of the kites, and occasionally a mimic battle will be fought in the air, the rival factions endeavoring, by means of powdered glass which has been previously worked into a definite length of the kite strings, to saw through a rival's string, and so bring the vanquished kite tumbling ignominiously to the ground.-Mrs. Ellen Beadnell in Wide World.

One on Uncle Tom.

Uncie Tom-Have you named your dog yet, Harry?

Harry-Sure thing. I named him

after you. Uncle Tom-That's not very compli-

mentary, is it? Harry-Oh, well, he hasn't got sense

enough to know the difference.

Nettle's Explanation.

"Why, Nettie," said the mother of a four-year-old miss, "how did you tear your apron?"

"It got sticked on a nail and jes' tored itself," explained Nettle.

Mouth Stretchers.

One evening small Bobby yadned at the supper table. "Mamma," he queried, "what makes people have mouthstretchers?"

JUST BARKING.

Bark! Bark! Bark! Old Rover and little Pat. Bark! Bark! Bark! What are they barking at%

Up in the morning early, They bark the livelong day;



They bark when they are fighting: They bark when they're at play.

You think a tramp is coming: You listen and say "Hark!" But little Pat and Rover Just merely love to bark.

Experienced Huntsman in South Can Always Secure Cool, Refreshing Drink From Trees.

In many sections of the forest lands in the south during the dry season a man may walk for miles without finding a stream of water or a spring by which to quench his thirst. If, however, he is an experienced hunter and woodsman he will not have to drink water from the stagnant pools in order to keep life in his body.

Queer as it may seem, an experienced man can hunt for days through such dry tracts and yet experience no inconvenience on account of the lack of water. Nature has provided a means which is only known to the initiated. Every old huntsman carries with him when going on a long hunt a small auger, by which he can secure a refreshing drink and water to cook with at any moment.

A cottonwood tree or a willow is the well which the wily huntsman taps. He examines each tree until found that very few dirty eggs are he finds one that has what a woodsman calls a "vein." It is simply an attenuated protuberance. By boring into this "vein" a stream of clear water will flow out. It is not sap, but clear, pure water. The huntsmen say that the water is better than the average to be had from ordinary wells. There is no sweetish taste about it, but it has a strong flavor of sulphur and is slightly carbonated.

The reason for this phenomenon cannot easily be explained, but that a supply of water can be contained in a tree is not so surprising. The fact of its flowing is the wonderful feature, showing that it must be under pressure, or, in other words, that there is more at the source of the supply. When it is considered that the trees furnish water in the dry season and that the ground is literally baked, it is the more remarkable, especially when the roots of the trees do not extend to any great depth into the ground.

### AMUSING GAME FOR WINTER

Interesting Pastime for Young Folks May Be Given.

Can you make a picture composed solely of the figure 8? It is an amusing as well as an interesting game for



Many amusing pictures can be thus dren. The loud hum emitted by the competitions might be held, one prize soaring kite is caused by a piece of going to the person who draws the thin bamboo, which is stretched most amusing or interesting picture, using the smallest number of the fignumber of figures in one picture.

> Can You Tell? Twenty tiny sardines Packed in a tin! We can get them out, But how did they get in?

#### SPEEDY WORK AT TAILORING

From Shearing of Wool From Sheep's Back to Finished Garment Accomplished in One Day.

A man walked into a tailoring shop, the other day and asked to have a coat made.

"When do you want the garment?" asked the tailor.

"This evening. I want to wear it to a dinner." "Impossible!" cried the tailor. "Make

coat in a day-unheard of!" Yet it has been done-yes, from the

shearing of the wool from the sheep's back to the finished garment. This feat was accomplished as far back as 1811 by John Coveter, near Newbury, in England.

At five o'clock in the morning Mr Coveter was presented two Scuthdown Wedner sheep. At first the sheep were do the best work, shorn, the wool spun, the yarn spooled, warped, loomed and wove. After that the cloth was burred, milled, rowed, dyed, pressed, and late in the after-

noon put in the hands of the tailors. By half-past six the coat was finished, and Mr. Coveter presented it to one of the gentlemen of the town amid the thundering applause of 5,000 spectators.



DIRTY EGGS DECREASE VALUE

Agricultural Department Estimates Loss to Farmers at \$5,000,000 Every Year.

While there are a few egg producers who take the best of care of their product, the average farmer considers the eggs produced on the farm a byproduct and makes very little provision for their care, aside from gathering them. A large loss is caused by dirty eggs, the number being enormous, and according to the estimate of Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture this money loss to the farmers in the United States amounting to about \$5,000,000 annual-

This loss is very largely brought about by not gathering the eggs often enough. In wet weather more dirty eggs are found than at any other time, This is caused by the fact that the hen's feet are often covered with mud or other filth, and in going on the nest to lay she soils the eggs already in the nest.

An insufficient number of nests is often the cause of many of the dirty eggs found. Eggs are laid on the ground and around the hay and straw stacks, and becoming stained, are classed as "dirties." Again, when too many eggs are allowed to remain in a nest some are broken and many of the others become smeared with broken volks. This condition is often brought about by allowing the broody bens to use the same nests with the layers. On a farm where one nest to every four hens is provided and the nests are kept clean and well bedded, it is produced.

After gathering the eggs, care should be taken not to put them where they will become heated, or near oil, onions, or other vegetables, as they readily absorb odors.

Although dirty eggs may be perfectly fresh, they invariably sell as "seconds," and when but a few dirty eggs are mixed with an otherwise fresh, clean lot, they materially decrease the price of the clean eggs.

#### RECORD NEST IS PRACTICAL

Device Works Automatically and Accurately, Identifying Each Egg as It is Laid by Hen,

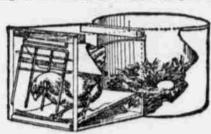
The wide-awake poultrymen who are trying to increase their profits by systematic breeding and selection will certainly welcome the new reading nests which are now placed upon the market for the first time. These nests



Hen Going on Nest. work automatically, accurately identi-

fying each egg with the hen that laid it. They were invented by two practical poultrymen who realize the great value of individual records, but, like | graphed him from three different postother busy poultrymen, have no time to watch trap nests.

The nest designed by the inventors, for one purpose-to make the keeping of individual records a simple and



Hen Leaving Nest.

easy task. This effort was a complete and unique success. They are in no sense a trap nest, and the hen is at liberty to leave at will.



Eggs now are at their highest, The best breed is one that suits one's purpose best,

A little salt and pepper mixed with the mash is good for the hens. Hens must be fed, and fed a long time, before the eggs will come.

Breeding turkeys can be profitably kept up to the fifth and sixth year. The cost of feed for geese is small, compared with that for other market fowls.

When at all indisposed, a turkey should be separated from the rest of the flock. Ducks and gese require deep drinking vessels, especially if reared and

kept on land. A hen, like a human being, needs to be made comfortable in order to

As soon as the breeding season is over the male birds should be separated from the hens. The business of our domestic hen

is to produce plenty of eggs, and we must feed her for them. Begin to select your breeders for next year and cull out and sell those that you have not room for this win-

## A Pair of Kodakers 72 P. NESBIT

By MADELINE LEWIS

Commodore Binbridge, retired on | pearing View of a Mad Young Lady." half pay and the owner of a villa on the Sound, had the gout. He also had an enlarged liver. Further, the carnest about those beartraps, though government had retired him 35 min- the signs about spring guns had been utes before he reached the retiring intended solely for moral effect. He age, and he felt that he had been had set half a dozen traps, and as she hustled out of the service to which he had progressed toward the dell Clara had given a lifetime. As if this were had sprung one of them. Her escape not enough, wire fence and windmill from the cruel jaws was marvelous. men were constantly calling at the They missed her ankles but gathered lodge and disturbing him, and kodak in her skirts of stout cloth, and she enthusiasts and landscape painters presently found that she was as much were trespassing on his grounds.

The commodore swore and growled caught by a foot, and grumbled, as an old sailor has a not take warning. He hung out signs commodore might come ning afoul of them must take the consequences

The commodore did not know his them. He wanted to be alone with rest. his aged wife and his gout and his If he had known the one on the left Wall street broker and had a son two years older than the other's daughter.

The retired commodore might have known, but didn't, that Harry Bingham, son of the broker, was home on his last college vacation. He might have also known, but didn't, that the widow's daughter, Clara, was home just then because the art schools had closed for two months. If anyone had cursed his gout and the teller, too, and wanted to know what such puerile incidents had to do with the decay of the American navy.

What could not have been known to the commodore was the fact that both the broker's son and the widow's daughter were what is termed kodak flends. They stood ready to snapshot anything from a mosquito to a lop-sided barn. They photographed calves lying down and bulls on the rampage. They would snapshot the tender dandelion and the gnarled oak. They shot the shimmering waters of the sound and the shady dell in the woods. They pointed their deadly instruments at the clam on the shore and the squirrel in the tree. They were flends without knowing each oth- didn't you call?" er, but the law of attraction, aided gether.

At 10 o'clock of a certain morning, from the north and another from the south. For some time each was ignorant of the other's presence. The girl found a stranded lobster, and photo tions and jotted it down in her memorandum book that the photos were to be entitled "The Lobster's Lament." The young man found a starfish with one arm gone and old age creeping over him, and snapped him as "Never Again." Then the two met. The young man removed his cap and bowed, but the girl started in a haughty manner. Kodaking is a profession, and those who follow it are always jealous of each other. Both were on the colonel's land, and both were trespassers, but they did not take that into consideration. Each felt that the field belonged to him. It was their tiay of taking marine views, and each was determined to hold that beach against the other.

"Bir!" Young Mr. Bingham was ready for a squint at a stranded oat when the word reached his ear. He paused to from his camera in some confusion, but when she went ahead and made ready for a shot he called out "Miss!" in a protesting voice.

"Sir, I saw it first," she announced. "I beg your pardon." "But I did."

"We can both get a picture of it. Can I be of any assistance to you in arranging-

Miss Parker turned away and entered the woods-the commodore's woods. Right there on a big elm tree were signs of "Beware of springguns!" and "Look out for bear traps!" But she saw them not. Had she seen them it would have made no difference. Here was a young man-a good looking young man, evidently of birth and breeding-who was rudeiness itself. In the three years she had known that beach not a single boat had come ashore before this one, and he wanted her to share the glory with him! He was no true gentleman. But she knew of a dell not far away, and she would go there and snap the robins and squirrels, and if he dared to follow it would be a sad day in his life. When he saw that she was offended and going away he called to her and offered to yield the boat, but she disappeared with flash ing eyes and red cheeks. Could she have entitled the picture "A Disap Star.

"Click! Snap! Scream!" The old commodore had been in of a prisoner as if she had been

Just that one scream and then she perfect right to do, but the public did | realized the situation. The irascible charging of "Beware of the dog" and "Tres- through the woods at any moment, passers will be prosecuted," but no and at any moment the ungentlemanone was frightened. He finally made by young gentleman might take it it known by numerous signs that he into his head to abandon the old boat had set bear traps and spring guns in and follow on her trail. It did not the bit of woods back of his villa, and take her two minutes to realize that along the beach, and that anyone run- without a knife to cut away her skirts she must remain there a prisoner until some one came to release her. She could not pick up the trap and neighbor on the right nor did the one walk off with it, owing to its weight, on the left. He didn't want to know and neither could she sit down and

For the first ten minutes Clara ponenlarged liver, and pass his few re- dered. For the next she silently wept. maining years in seeing the naval She could hear that young man whisservice go to the dogs because he had the down on the beach. In the other not been kept on. If he had known the direction she could hear the commoneighbor on the right he would have dore cursing his coachman and manknown that she was Widow Parker, of-all-work. She had left the young relict of a lawyer, and that she had a man in a huff about a boat. If he 20-year-ol daughter named Clara, came she must apologize. She believed she had read or heard that rehe would have known that he was a tired commodores first caught their victims in bear traps and then burned them at the stake. There was more silent weeping. A photograph of Clara Parker just then should have been entitled "A Mermald Ashore, Or The Shedder of the Scalding Tear."

Harry Bingham's kodak enthusiasm had led him to be a bit discourteous towards a strange young lady. He regretted it at once. She had no soontold him these things he would have or turned her back on him than he kicked the boat into the surf and then theoretically kicked himself along the beach for a quarter of a mile. Then he entered the woods to give her a chance to seek the beach and walk home. After remaining in hiding for half an hour he took a wander among the trees, and all of a sudden he stood before the young lady whom he believed was homeward bound. She was shedding tears and yet seeking to maintain a certain dignity.

"I-I beg your pardon, but is anything wrong?" he stammered as he came to a halt.

She choked and swallowed in her efforts to look indignant,

"Ah, I see," he continued. "You have been caught in a trap. Why

She wanted to reply that nothing on by a commodore with the gout and a earth could have induced her to ask torpid liver, were to bring them to- his aid after the episode of the boat, but he seemed so different now, that she simply shed more tears and wiped one kodaker appeared on the beach | them away. He found a limb on the ground, and with a "permit me" he used it as a lever to pry the jaws of

the trap open and release her. "Narrow escape for you,' 'he quietly said. "Whoever set such a trap here ought to be sent to prison. I-

The girl stood and looked at him. wondering whether to thank him or walk off without a word, when he continued:

"I'm sorry about that boat and ask your forgiveness.'

"Grant-granted!" she managed to say as she walked off.

One can never tell how such things will turn out, but as the retired commodore hears their voices singing and laughing over the hedge dividing the two villas on the right he growls:

"Humph! Another pair of young fools getting ready to make themselves miserable for Hfe!"

British Tars May Rise. From certain indications which have

been made public in various quarters, the surmise is not hazardous that look up. The girl had a determined some steps are contemplated which look on her face. He steped back may tend to open wider the portals that give admission to the quarterdeck of his majesty's ships of war, says the London Chronicle. There exists a general feeling that the time has arrived for an advance in this direction to be made. Questions in the house of commons have elicited answers which have shown that the admiralty, though properly cautious in a matter so vital as the constitution of the corps of British naval officers, are not unfriendly to the idea. There is some dissatisfaction at the present time on the lower deck, due in part to the existence of what is regarded as a bar to the promotion of deserving men of character and ability. An idea has also been propounded that some means should be discovered of admitting to Osborne and Dartmouth boys coming from a class less richly dowered with the world's goods than the majority of those who are now found in those establishments. Up to the present time, however, no plan, or even definite proposal, has been made for dealing with either part of the problem.

> Lingering Resentment. "Why are you so bitter against ev-

ery person charged with smuggling?" "Because," replied Mr. Growcher, "I once tried to smoke a box of cigars I bought from a peddler who said he have photographed herself she would had smuggled them."-Washington



# Literary Servant Problem



Upton Sinclair has been working as a servant in Newport to get material for a new book.)

cook is in a fidget, she has badly

scorched the roast; soup is pale and hopeless and the rolls would do for toast; The salad is a jumble that nobody can make out;

The coffee may be coffee, but it leaves us all in doubtcook is doing novels, her typewriter's on the range: She says she'll treat us nicely in her book

"The Hours of Change. maid is absent-minded; she is brooding half the time

About a bunch of sonnets, and she wor-ries for a rhyme; She doing Odes on Labor and the Thren ody of Totl-

mixed the maple strup with a pint of salad oil. spilled a dish of gravy on dear papa's dinner coat.
But said she praised his manners in a

poem that she wrote butler wears eyeglasses and has inkstains on his thumb.

He has those Hall Caine whiskers and his countenance is grum. eyes us with suspicion-but most of them do that-

And make us think 'twice better to be living in a flat; all use better grammar than we ever did before, he is taking items from a spot be-

hind the door The chauffeur keeps the tool box filled with greasy manuscript. And talks about the fountains of the gods from whence he sipped:

He's doing auto stories for the Screame Maguzine,
Also a lot of essays on "Does Money
Make Men Mean"— And yesterday he dumped us of a sudden

in a ditch. Then wrote a burning chapter on "The Pleasures of the Rich.'

The coachman had a caller from the firm of Puff & Print-He'll put us in a novel to be called "The Social Squaint: And so we've all turned writers, papa, mamma and the rest Collaborating daily on a tale, "The Work-

ing Guest," which we tell the troubles that beset us day and night When we are served by servants who do

nothing else but write.

#### THIS ONE DOESN'T SNORE.



"At last I understand what the poets mean by the 'silent watches of the night," said Mr. Dense as he gazed upon the sleeping policeman at 1 a. m.

Horseless and Rhymeless. The Poetry Editor having said that he admired poetry which was in every way appropriate to the subject written about, the Horse Editor submitted

the following: "The automobile now is here, To oust the faithful steed,

And now the horseless rig we see, Likewise the rigless horse. The Poetry Editor objected: "But

that doesn't rhyme." "I know," answered the Horse Editor. "That is about the horseless carriage; consequently, it is rhymeless

An Expurgating Typewriter.

Bobbs-I see that a man has invented a typewriter that you just sit down and talk to and it writes out everything you say.

Dobbs-I guess I'll keep mine. She doesn't write everything I say, and I'm glad of it.

#### There's a Difference.

Readem-I read in a medical paper the other day that a man is shorter at night than he is in the morning. Flyboy-That's funny. It's just the

opposite with me.