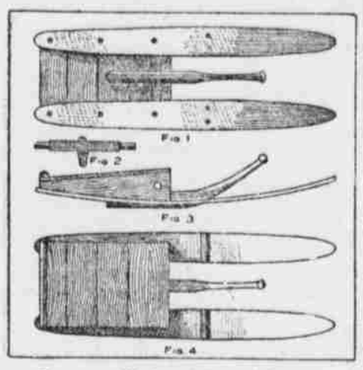
NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

HOME-MADE YANKEE BOBSLED

Excellent Coasting Sled May Be Put Together by Handy Youngster —Easy to Guide.

A good coasting sled, which I call a Yankee bob, can be made from two hardwood barrel staves, two pieces of 2 by 6-inch pine, a piece of hardwood for the rudder and a few pieces of boards, writes William Algie, Jr., of Little Falls, N. Y., in Popular Mechanics. The 2 by 6-inch pieces should be a little longer than one-third the length of the staves, and each piece cut tapering from the widest part, 6 inches, down to 2 inches, and then fastened to the staves with large wood screws as shown in Fig. 1. Boards 1 inch thick are nailed on top of the pieces for a seat to hold the runners together. The boards should be of such a length as to make the runners about eighteen inches apart.

A 2-inch shaft of wood, Fig. 2, is turned down to 1 inch on the ends and put through holes that must be bored in the front ends of the 2 by 6-inch pieces. A small pin is put through each end of the shaft to keep it in place. The rudder is a 1½-inch hardwood piece which should be tapered to one-half inch at the bottom and



Runners Made of Barrel Staves.

shod with a thin piece of iron. A half-inch hole is bored through the center of the shaft and a lag screw put through and turned in the rudder piece, making it so the rudder will turn right and left and, also, up and down. Two cleats are nailed to the upper sides of the runners and in the middle lengthways for the person's heels to rest against.

Any child can guide this bob, as all he has to do is to guide the rudder right and left to go in the direction named. If he wants to stop, he pulls up on the handle and the heel of the rudder will dig into the snow, causing too much friction for the sled to go any further.

NEW DOLL IS QUITE USEFUL

Little Girls Can Use It as Muff to Keep Their Hands Warm—Invented by New Yorker.

A doll that is also a muff, or a muff that is a doll, whichever way you like, has been invented by a New York man. The doll has the outward

Use Doll for Muff.

semblance of others of its kind, but inside the skirt is a soft body with hand-openings on each side. This dollie, of course, is a winter child and wears a long coat like her owner, the coat having wide side pockets, so that the little girl carrying it can slip her hands through into the soft muff inside. To enhance the effect the doll also carries a muff. But it is not only children who may be looked for to carry this doll muff. In these faddish days when young women carry teddy bears, stuffed dogs and even dolls on the street, there is no reason why they should not carry one of these child's toys as a hand-warmer and achieve the double success of attracting attention at the same time.

An Unexpected Find.

You are always likely to find things when you least expect. For instance, there is the story now going the rounds of the newspapers about the woman in Connecticut who was preparing a leg of lamb for dinner when out dropped a diamond worth $300. The woman had not the least expectation of finding a diamond in the roast. On the other hand, if you have roast lamb every day for dinner for a year and examine each roast with a microscope and an X-ray machine it is 17,000,000 to one that you will not even find a $200 diamond.

NEW LANGUAGE IN A LESSON

Little Girl Is Taught to Converse in Boston Latin in Remarkably Short Time.

"How long, Pop," Ethel asked, "does it take to learn a strange language?"

"Tut hash a tut dud e pup e nun dud sus," pop replied.

"Stop your joking and tell me" Ethel pleaded.

"Dud o yuv tut hash I nun kuk I mum juj o kuk i nun gug?" pop asked.

"Why will you make fun of me," asked Ethel, pouting. "I'll go and ask mama."

"Wait a minute, daughter," said pop. "Did you understand what I was saying to you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, I can teach you in an hour to understand everything I say to you in that tongue and to answer me in the same language."

"Now you're joking again."

"No, I'm not. I was only speaking 'Boston Latin,' which every youngster boy or girl, within 50 miles of the Hub spoke fluently along in the early '70s.

"Now, pay attention: Every word, barring a few abbreviations, is spelled out in English in a disguised alphabet. That makes it rather slow speaking, but it is blind enough to everybody who doesn't know the trick.

"In this alphabet all the vowels are pronounced and written naturally. Most of the consonants are sounded and written with the initial letter, a 'u' and the initial letter repeated. Thus a is 'a,' be is 'bub' and so on.

"But there are some consonants that do not work well that way. For example, c is 'cause.' Another such letter is h. 'Huh' would not be euphonious, so we call h 'hash.' The other letters of similar difficulty are q, w, x, y. They are made 'quuv,' 'wuv,' 'xuv' (pronounced zuv) and 'yuv.'

"Now, do you understand my cause hash I lul dud?" Pop asked.

"Surely; 'my child,'" Ethel replied. Ethel had her lesson in mind all day and maybe she lay awake until late in the evening studying it over. In the morning she surprised her mother by saying to her father at the breakfast table:

"Pup o pup, a lul I tut tut lul e mum o rur e hash a sus hash pup lul e a sus e."

And Pop replied as he gave her second helping:

"Yux e sus, mum yuv dud e a rur."

SUNDAY MANNERS OF CROWS

Sets That Day Apart for General Pillage and Marauding and Gloats Over Helpless Victims.

Did you ever hear how the Scotch crow observes the Sabbath? It is no uncommon thing to hear elderly people born in Scotland say "he is as wise as a Scotch crow." To the uninitiated this would not imply a very great degree of wisdom, for the crow is not generally given credit for being a Solomon in his day and generation. That is, an American crow is not, but his Scotch brother may have a superior intellect. At any rate, old Scotch people think so, for to them this observance of Sunday is an evidence of great sagacity. Unfortunately, however, a crow's idea of the sanctity of the day does not agree with that of his human foe. He remorselessly sets that day apart as a season for pillage and general marauding, and boldly gloats over his helpless victims. During the week he discreetly keeps within the shelter of the woods, but on Sunday morning when he hears the church bells ringing and observes the deserted condition of the fields, he knows that his time has come and he unceremoniously pre-empts these fields for himself, and wantonly feasts and forages in the few hours that are his, for he well understands that another week of fasting is at hand. Such being the Scotch crow's reputation he is hardly a safe model, notwithstanding his wisdom.

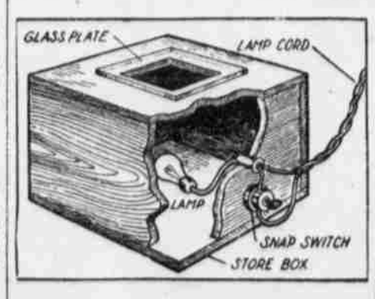
BOX FOR PRINTING PICTURES

Handy Device for Amateur or Professional Photographer Who Wants Home Made Apparatus.

A very handy device for the amateur or professional photographer who wants a home-made and simple apparatus for printing pictures can be made in a few minutes' time.

The drawing shows the scheme, which consists of a small store box about 12 inches square and an electric light of any candlepower desired attached to a drop cord running through the end of the box, says the Popular Electricity.

The hole should be made in the top of the box a little larger than the plate or film which is to be used.



Box for Printing Photographs.

This hole should be covered with a piece of glass. The negative can then be laid on the glass face upward, and the printing carried on in the usual way. A flat weight should be placed on the print and plate to hold them securely in place while printing.

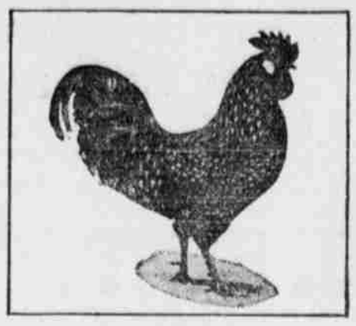
POULTRY

NOTED BREED OF CHICKENS

Fowl Imported From Europe Few Years Ago, Has Gained Much Prestige Among American Fanciers.

After studying all the good breeds I finally decided on the Anconas as coming nearer to Sheppard's standard of perfection than any other.

This noted breed of chickens, imported from Europe but a few years ago, has gained great prestige among fanciers in America, and yet more has it found a place in the estima-



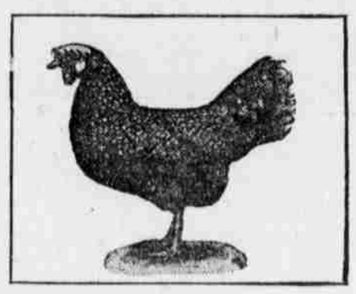
Ancona Cockerel.

tion of those who look upon the utilitarian side alone of this beautiful, active and ever alert bird, says a writer in an exchange. Its attractcive color, beautiful form and graceful carriage at once give it a place among the prime favorites of the coop, in the competitive show, as well as on the table of the preacher, and the crates of the egg producer.

I have known pullets to lay an average amount of 259 eggs each per year for the entire flock, and this in the cold climate of the northern states.

They are active and hardy and without doubt flourish best in close confinement of any known breed. Their eggs hatch the largest per cent. of all breeds, because of their superior hardiness. The chicks run forth from incubator or brooding hens as alert as matured songbirds.

Young cockerels often crow at the early age of six weeks. Pullets will frequently lay when 4½ months old



Ancona Hen.

when properly cared for. It is my firm belief that on account of their phenomenal growth they will produce more meat by the end of ten weeks after hatching than any other breed of this class, and even some of the larger breeds.

WINTER CARE OF THE DUCKS

Feed Any Green Stuff That Happens to Be Handy—Not Much of Any One Plant Given at Time.

During winter I feed my ducks any green stuff that I happen to have handy. Turnip, parsnip and carrot tops, cabbage leaves, beet leaves, onion tops, purslane, pigweed, tender crab grass, lettuce, radish, mustard, cut fine, all make good bulky feed. These are dried in the shade during the summer and stored like hay. When I want to feed them a quantity is boiled for 12 hours and mixed with finely cut roots, such as potato, turnip, parsnip, carrot, onion and beets. Apples are also used, says a writer in the Orange Judd Farmer. These are all cooked. Not much of one kind of plant is given at a time. Four measures of any one with four of corn chop, to each of wheat bran, red wheat shorts and boiled fresh meat are fed as a mash—all the ducks will eat up clean in few minutes. If any of the mash is left, it is at once removed to avoid its getting sour. This feed is given twice daily during the winter and three times in spring. It has always proved satisfactory.

GREEN FEEDS YEAR AROUND

Nothing Better Than Well Cured Clover Rowen or Second Growth Clover Hay—Bran Is Substitute.

(By J. F. SCHUREMAN, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

There is nothing better than well cured clover rowen or second growth clover hay. This should be cut up fine and steamed. Clover is not only highly nitrogenous, but rich in lime, a substance required by the hens for providing shells for the eggs. Aside from alfalfa there is no other food that can take the place of clover. By allowing a ration of scalded clover to hens they will keep in better laying condition and the production of eggs will be increased. Where clover hay cannot be secured, bran is a very good substitute, though not so rich in mineral matter.

Vegetable food should be supplied the year around, such as cabbage, potatoes, beets and turnips.

The Onlooker

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

The Death of the Tree

So they labored, stroke on stroke;
Stroke on stroke the axes rang
Until through the mighty oak
Swept a tremor, as a pang;
Swept a tremor, though it still
Held its kingly head full high,
Dominating yet the hill
Where it seemed to touch the sky.

And the wind came sighing on,
Touching one by one its leaves,
Touched them all and then was gone
As a gentle friend that grieves;
And the birds came flying in,
Silently, on frightened wings,
And sped out, as they had been
Warned from out the heart of things.

And the oak tree seemed to sigh
As a patient old man does
When his time is come to die—
Sighing for each day that was.
Then the oak tree seemed to say
Words that quivered through the wood,
And the great trees far away
Answered that they understood:

"Brothers of the centuries,
Listen; listen to my call.
I that dared the gale to seize
Me in hate—I am to fall.
I that shook the wind in wrath
When it battled with my form,
I that gave no inch of path
To the army of the storm—

"I must die—not as of old
Trees met death, when centuries
Into misty ages rolled
And took tribute of the trees—
I that woke with leaves of green
For well-nigh a thousand springs;
I that flamed with wondrous sheen
In the colors autumn flings—

"I must die, as kings must die
Stricken by a traitor's hand;
Brothers of the sod and sky,
Tell me that you understand!"
Then the great trees far away
Murmured in a swift reply
That swept through the heart of day
To the great oak that should die.

And the men who slew the oak
Laughed the while; they laughed and sang—
So they labored, stroke on stroke;
Stroke on stroke the axes rang—
And the oak tree groaned, and fell.

* * * * * * *

Shall the trees return the blows?
Who can say, and who can tell?
He that made them all—He knows.

A Reform Fable.

Behold, a Certain man was a Reformer.

He was always Telling people how Nice it would be for Them if they Were like him.

And he told a Young man who was Smoking a large and Vigorous pipe:

"If it were not for your Habit of smoking you could have Owned that large building Across the street."

"Ha! Ha!" said the young man with the Pipe.

Then he said it Again.

Then he pointed to the Large sign on the Building, which read:

SMOKING TOBACCO FACTORY.

"I inherited that Factory last week My father Owned it until he Died."

That was All the young man said.

Moral—Reform is a Good Thing, in Spots. But always Pick the Right Spot.

A Popular Drive.

"Ah, me, I have been driven to drink,"
Men say, but, sakes alive!
They generally act as if
They had enjoyed the drive.

Determined to Sleep.

"For two nights," said Miss Anteek, "I have dreamed that a man was about to propose to me. But just as he began to pop the question I woke up."

"They say that when you dream that same thing twice you are sure to dream it the third time," observed Miss Gabby.

Ten minutes later Miss Anteek was explaining to a drug clerk that she suffered from insomnia, and wanted just enough chloroform to prevent her waking before morning.

Appalling Thought.

"I believe," says the occasional philosopher, "that in heaven we shall not lead existences of beatific idleness, but that each shall be permitted to carry on in a greater degree the work for which he is best fitted."

"My goodness!" exclaims the listener. "You don't suppose there'll be anybody there trying to sell sets of Dickens and Shakespeare on the installment plan, do you?"

Wilbur D. Nesbit

An Expensive Lady

* * *

By JOANNA SINGLE

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

The Folwells' French car purred expensively at the door, and the French chauffeur, Gustave, aristocratically bored, looked immovably ahead and awaited his young mistress, reflecting that he would have to break the speed limit if she made her train. Her trunks had gone to the station the day before. The dachshund on the back seat of the tonneau yawned in the face of the beautiful morning in early September.

Finally Miss Katherine Folwell appeared, perfect in black broadcloth. She was palpably not intended for life's grim realities. She would have been out of place in any setting less than luxurious. She knew this. Just a year ago she had told David Robertson so, and as he had never been sure he even wanted to be rich, he dropped out of her life so effectually that it hurt. She had not thought he would take her at her word. So life bored her, which was why she had promised to go abroad with the Cheneys—she hadn't seen May since their college days, though they lived far out in some suburb and had only lately inherited enough money to justify trips—and leaving their two children.

Gustave straightened and gasped—politely—as his mistress took her seat and gave her order.

"To the country—anywhere! I've given up my trip," she said.

He touched his cap, and they were off.

"I couldn't have endured it," she said half aloud"—the old round of getting away from yourself in dirty foreign places. I've got to live with myself anywhere I go, and I like it here as well as any place. The country is at least peaceful."

The car slipped up the avenue, past the clangor of downtown, through the residence district, from woodsy suburbs toward the river road. The sun was hot, but the fresh wind cooled her cheek. Finally they were gliding slowly past pretty little cottages, wide apart, flower-surrounded, almost real country.

Then, without warning, the car stopped with a jar, and Gustave, all apology, was out trying the machinery. He ended by crawling beneath the motor, and after much tinkering, came out hot and explanatory. She was deaf to explanations. She didn't care.

"Pardon, but the sun is hot. It may take an hour to mend. Will Ma'amselle seek a cool spot? That garden, perhaps?" He waved with Gallic grace at a cottage they had passed where children played in a garden.

She soothed Gustave's excitement with a smile and wandered up to the place. This was the sort of thing David Robertson had dreamed she might share with him, a bungalow guarded by a private hedge and a sentinel row of flaming hollyhocks. She, too, had been among dream possessions — then she saw the children, blonde, rosy little people, and brought herself up with a start. She would not let herself include children in her reverie of David. His income could never have brought the dream of his love into reality. Katharine spoke to the little ones hanging over the gate.

"Good mornin'," answered the six-year-old immovably.

"'Lo," placidly returned the four-year-old boy. "Doss you love hollyhocks?"

Katharine said that she adored them. Then she explained about the broken-down motor and asked if she could come in their garden a while. Would their mother care? They were suddenly solemn.

"Mother's gone to the end of the world," she said quaintly, "and Mrs. Scott is dreffal sick and Auntie Bess is to her house and we're to stay right here so's she can see us till nurse comes home." It came in a breathless sentence, as the child clung to her little brother.

"I'm sorry 'bout the car, an' you can come in an' play with us if you'll be good."

She sank down on the green grass, removed her hat and tried to woo the shy boy to give her a kiss. He would not, but broke a handful of hollyhocks without stems and put them gravely in her lap. The girl, Janey, was hanging over a bed of mignonette like a white butterfly.

When Gustave's hour and more had passed, Katharine looked up from her clumsy telling of the story of the "three bears," to hear more excuses. He could not repair the machine. It would have to be towed in. Would ma'amselle take a train, or wait several hours until he came with the other car? He stood waiting, and a sudden whim possessed her.

"I will come on the train. Don't come back for me. I may stop to make a visit. Tell Marie not to expect me." She would not be robbed of this new amusement—she seldom had been with children, and the sweet little experience was bringing her a queer happiness. With much prompting she told some of the familiar child-stories, and then, wondering at herself, made up fairy stories with an ease that brought the little ones snuggling close to her. They told about themselves.

"Father had to take mother to the end of the world," said David, the boy. "And now you're here, we can go to Uncle Dee's and see the ducks."

The children were on their feet in a moment, pulling her up by the hands, drawing her after them through a gap in the hedge into a sunken garden, exquisitely Japanese, with a pool where floated mandarins with clipped wings. Everything was delicately perfect—even the brown bungalow off to the left was a delight.

The children threw themselves upon her, hugging her.

"What's your name?" they asked, and she answered,

"Kittie, because I love soft places," and she threw off her big plumed hat.

David rose and began to stick the pink hollyhocks into her crown of sunny hair, and time passed. Peace came into Katharine's mind. Presently the boy announced, with masculine force, that he was hungry. She saw that the noon hour had passed, and rose. They pulled her back through the hedge toward their own cottage. She would have gone anywhere.

"Uncle Dee has only beer in his ice-box, and he borrows lemons from us," said the girl quaintly. "He don't keep house—and he hasn't a wife at all. It's lonesome for him.

"It's too bad," replied Katharine. "He might get one."

"He was going to, but she was too 'spensive," sighed the girl.

Kit thought of David Robertson, and the humor died out of her eyes. Had she condemned him to a life of loneliness? The boy rambled on explaining.

"'Spensive means what you can't afford to buy, like a wife, or a pony," he sighed ecstatically.

At the door of the cottage they met Aunt Bess. She stared, and then she and Katharine flew into each other's arms.

"Elizabeth Norton! Where did you spring from?"

"May and Tom imported me to guard the kiddies while they go round the globe—thought you were going, too? Haven't seen you in years! Heaven must have sent you today. The nurse was called away, and Mrs. Scott, next door, is ill. I must go back and help. Will you go in and feed yourself and the babies and promise to stay all night with me?" Katharine promised. "Go in and get into one of May's house dresses and keep house—though I'll wager you never lifted a cup! I must go."

Katharine entered her old friend's room, and presently came out radiant in a pale blue wash-dress to play with her friend's children. She remembered wistfully that she might have married their uncle and been their real aunt. Where was David now? She did not even know—probably gone "to the end of the world" also.

Then she lost herself in simple service, a luxury she had never known, the sweetness of feeding little children. Her past society life seemed suddenly futile, empty. And while the babes slept away the late afternoon she came to her real, sweet, true self. She knew where happiness was to be found, and if David Robertson had been in her world she would have swallowed her pride and sent for him.

Presently it was after 6, and she was eating bread and milk with the kiddies when she heard a whistle. The children ran like wild things, and came back dragging in a big, deep-voiced, handsome man with young eyes and dark hair gray at the temples.

"Here's Uncle Dee, Kittie!" they shrieked. "Here he is!" She stood white and overcome before David Robertson. Her eyes burned like blue flame, and then fell before his devouring glance.

"O David," she faltered, "O David! —I am so—sorry——"

In that second she had seen all his hurt and loneliness; and something melted the hardness of her heart. She flung her arm up around her eyes with a childlike movement. Then she began to cry in his arms while he kissed her. The children, overawed, held tightly to one another. It was long before they even remembered the children. Then Uncle Dee stooped and gathered them into his arms.

"Now I'm going to have a wife," he explained grandly, waving a hand at Katherine.

Little David looked her over doubtfully. "Ain't you, too—'spensive?" he queried.

"Not—any more!" she declared joyously. "It costs me too much to live without the only things—I really want."

A Success.

Husband—How was the woman's session?

Wife—Best time I ever had. I was the best dressed woman present.—Life.

The Old Story.

Young Wife (angrily)—And to finish up with, sir, you're a brute.

Young Husband (sorrowfully)—This is nearly as good as the scrapping mother used to make!