

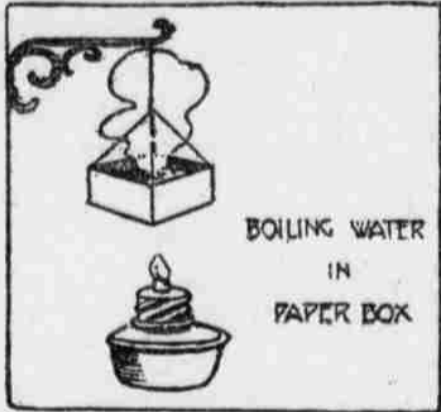
For the LITTLE ONES



WHY DOES NOT PAPER BURN?

Very Simple and Safe Experiment Will Afford Much Amusement and Set One to Thinking.

Take a piece of paper—ordinary writing paper will do—and fold it so as to make a box, and as you bring the corners round, fasten a piece of string in each corner securely. This will help to keep the corners in place and will serve to hang it with over the flame or the fire. When it is made, put some water in—the quality need only be governed by the strength of the box—hang it over a fire, and it will not be long before it will be boiling. An alcohol lamp is best because you can set it on the table and hold



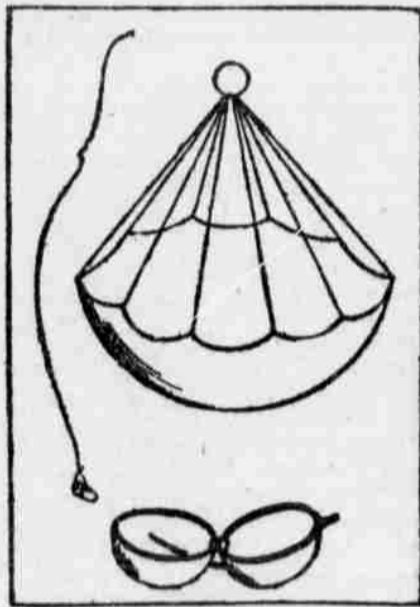
Paper Will Not Burn.

the box above it, and all present may watch the proceeding. This is a very simple and safe experiment, and it will afford much amusement and set you thinking, too, how wonderful it is. What is the reason why the paper does not burn? The reason is that the heat of the flame is absorbed by the water so fast that it keeps the temperature of the paper below the point where it can take fire. Virtually the same principle is used in the biggest steam boilers. So long as there is plenty of water in the boiler the fire will not hurt it, but let the water get too low and the heat will be absorbed by the boiler and there will be an explosion.

PARACHUTE TOY IS AMUSING

Indiana Man Invents New Plaything Consisting of Globular Casing, Held Closed by Catch.

An amusing toy has been devised by two Indiana men. It consists of a globular casing, hinged at one point and held closed by a catch. Inside this casing is packed a parachute, with a small ball for a weight. The catch of the receptacle is held shut by a pin, which is unwound and allowed to lie loose on the ground so it will pay out freely and the ball thrown as high into the air as it will go. When it comes to the end of the cord the pin will be jerked out and the shell will fly open. This will release the para-



New Parachute Toy.

chute and the weight of the latter will at once straighten the little float out, whereupon all will descend gently to the earth, the shell preceding it, to be ready for another throw.

A Real Handy Tree.

Did you ever hear of a thread and needle tree? It is rather a handy tree to have growing in the back yard, don't you think? Especially when there are boys in the house with buttons coming off about every other minute.

This strange tree grows in nearly all tropical countries and in some places nearer home where the climate is warm. It gets its name by which we know it from the curious formation of its leaves. At the tip of the leaf there is a sharp thorn, which is the needle. If you grasp it firmly and pull it out, there you are with a needle already threaded for your sewing. This fiber thread is very strong and the Mexicans use it for weaving a coarse kind of cloth as well as for sewing.

As Per Custom.

Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed," James," replied the minister, indignantly. "And what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

TOP SPINNING BY JAPANESE

Toys Are of Great Variety, Both in Size and Construction and Are Cleverly Handled.

Those deft and clever people, the Japanese, do almost everything they attempt well, and some things they do better than any other people in the world. Of the latter sort top spinning is one. The tops are of great variety, both in size and construction. The largest is more than a foot in diameter and proportionately heavy. Some are solid; others contain a flock of little ones that fly out when the top is lifted, and spin away by themselves. Others pull in a spiral or ladder of successive tops. One draws up into a lantern, and spins cheerily in that form.

The methods of spinning are almost beyond description. Even a very large top is sometimes thrown as the Australian casts the boomerang, so that while it appears to be going straight toward the head of the spectator it returns to the thrower and is caught on his palm. When it arrives thus the performer takes it by the spindle, apparently stops it, sets it down and it recommences. Turn it upside down and it proceeds just as merrily on its iron-spiked head. The spinners balance it on any kind of surface, round or flat, on the edge of a fan, the sharpest Japanese sword, along a thin cord, and after some moments of unconcerned spinning there it is tossed on the table, with apparent carelessness, when it goes on working, unexhausted and inexhaustible.

One of the most delicate performances consists in spinning a top in the left hand, up the left arm, round the edge of the lobe at the back of the neck and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand. Another is to toss it spinning into the air and catch it on the hem of the sleeve, whence it runs down into the hand. A third is to fling it up and catch it on the bowl of a pipe, pass it behind the back, toss it to the front and there catch it again.

A large, heavy top is sometimes set in motion by rolling the peg in the bight of a cord, one end being held in each hand, then flung ten or twenty feet in air and caught with the same cord, spinning always. This can be done ten times in succession. But the most wonderful display consists in sending a top spinning up a rope to the head of a mast, and then recalling it.

HAND CANNOT BE HELD STILL

Amusing Little Experiment Will Entertain Company When Other Things Begin to Lag.

Next time you are called upon to amuse the company try this little experiment. Borrow a quarter from some one, if they will trust you with



Cannot Hold Hand Still.

it—or use one of your own if necessary. Then take a piece of thread about 18 inches long and fasten one end of it to the coin with a little sealing wax or a piece of somebody's gum. Then get a friend to rest her arm on a foot rule or other stick about that long with the other end on the table. Have her hold the thread as shown, so that the coin will just reach into a glass on the table—and then see if she can keep the coin from hitting the glass. She will be unable to do it, for the coin will soon begin to sway back and forth like a pendulum and tinkle on the glass.

HOW TO LIFT SMALL PLATE

Clever Little Trick May Be Performed by the Use of a Heavy Piece of Blotting Paper.

Fill a glass full to overflowing of water. Place over it a piece of heavy blotting paper, and then a small plate or a saucer about the size of the paper. Carefully invert the whole, holding plate and glass firmly together, so no air is admitted. In a few moments,



Lifting a Plate.

when the blotting paper has become damp, you can lift the glass and the plate will hang tightly to it.

Try This One.

Take one of the largest corks you can find, the kind used in the long-necked green bottles, and in one end dig out a hole. Into this put a leaden bullet, or several large shot, and stop up the hole with putty. Round off the edges of the cork at this end and your dancer is ready to dance.

Around the top of the other end of the cork paste on a little blue hood of tissue paper; make a dress of the same and tie on a sash of ribbon. On the cork make with ink the prettiest face you can, and then set the young lady a-dancing.



Where is He Risen?

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"And go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead."—Matthew xxviii, 7.

I like to think that bud and bloom
And grass and leaf
Are symbols of the empty tomb,
Of ended grief.
I like to think of Him that He
Is risen here,
And that His presence we may see
Each waking year.

For Heaven is so very far,
We cannot reach
The nearest little guarding star
By sight or speech—
But when the day is gladdened by
This clearer blue,
Then Heaven is not far and high
From me and you.

I fain would think He breathes above
The grass and trees,
His heart that throbs with human love
Awakens these;
And lilies pure as acolytes
Their censers swing,
While all the meadows and heights
Are worshipping.

So in this thought of mine I find
In stone and clod
And hedge and lattice blossom-twined,
The breath of God.
And yonder in the growing wheat
And fallow lands
I see the path that knew His feet—
Work of His hands.

And so from every bird that sings
I hear the voice
That one supernal message brings,
"Arise! Rejoice!"
I like to think of Him that He
Is risen here,
And that His presence we may see
Each waking year.



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The Delinquent Rabbit

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

THEY said last year when Easter was, an' me an' brother John got lots o' eggs with names an' lots o' little pictures on. That rabbits laid the Easter eggs, an' pa he showed me where. Th' paper had a picture of th' rabbit nest, an' there



Was colored eggs all roundabout, an' rabbits hoppin' round

An' so I got a bunny now; I had it for a week. An' it ain't cackled none at all, although I go an' peck inside its little house an' look if I can find some eggs—



"I've Showed It Pictures Like I Want Put on My Easter Eggs.

But it just sits up when I come, an' begs an' begs an' begs For lettuce leaf an' cabbage leaf, an' shivers with its nose— I wonder if a rabbit flaps its wings some when it crows!

I'm tryin' to encouridge it; I've give it lots o' straw—

But it don't build a nest at all, it wants to sit an' gnaw Th' cabbage leaves, an' hop around an' scare at dogs an' cats. An' turn an' jump a foot or two when I look through th' slats. An' when it's night th' rabbit won't get up there on th' roost. An' doesn't like it when I try to help it with a boost.

I've showed it pictures like I want put on my Easter eggs— I guess it understands me, 'cause it took them with its legs



"Just Sits—an' Begs an' Begs."

In front, an' held them up, an' tried to eat them, too; Then let them drop an' looked at me as if to say it knew Just what I meant—but still it's mighty queer; It hasn't laid an egg at all, an' Easter's nearly here.

It just sets 'round an' spends its time a wriggle-in' its ears An' jumpin' sideways, 'fradlike, at each little sound it hears. I got some corn an' stuff like chickens eat, an' throwed it in. An' told my rabbit that it's time egg-layin' should begin; I got a nice big nest egg an' I've put it in th' nest An' told my rabbit to sail in an' do its level best.

Make Your Own Easter Bonnet.

How few women realize the possibilities of things that are ready to hand for making an Easter bonnet that shall be beautiful, unique and individual! The ordinary clothes line lends itself readily to a most artistic creation. Take one that is about worn out and coil it into a brim. Soak this overnight in glue to fix it flatly. Then for the body of the hat shred about ten feet of the rope and arrange this upon graceful loops of the remainder, dyeing it all in different tints to suit your complexion or your taste.

Fasten it on with clothes pins.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

Life is like an Easter egg. We shatter many a lively dream, And when we've reached the useful part, We've spoiled the decorative scheme.

POULTRY

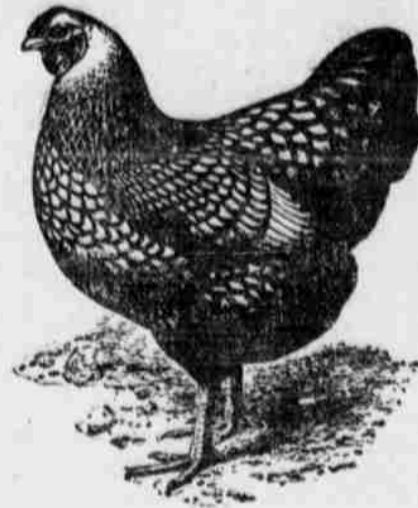
INTEREST BOYS IN POULTRY

No Part of Farming That Is More Fascinating to Average Youth Than Care of Chickens.

(By KATHERINE A. GRIMES.)

There is no part of farming more fascinating to the average boy than the care of poultry. At the same time there is no branch that offers him a better chance of success.

The equipment need not cost much, and, in fact, most of the needed coops and fixtures can be built by almost



Silver Wyandotte Hen.

any ambitious boy with very little expenditure outside of his own work. Then a small outlay for eggs or a trifle larger one for stock, and he is ready for business.

The most important consideration in the breed to be kept. It all depends upon the market which will pay the best. The layers are seldom as good for raising, frying and broiling as some of the larger breeds, as they usually weigh less at the same age, though maturing even more quickly in the matter of egg-producing.

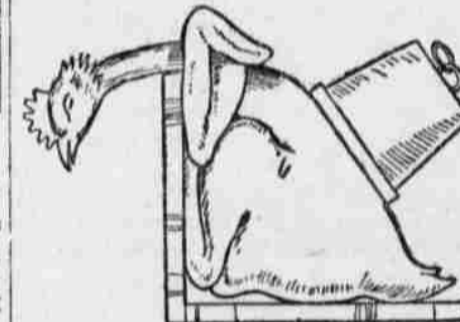
So, if you wish to keep Wyandottes, Leghorns, or Orpingtons or Rhode Island Reds, you will be perfectly safe in doing so, no matter what some one else may say in favor of other breeds.

PACK CHICKENS FOR MARKET

Fowls Should Not Carry Too Much Fat, but Just Enough to Make Flesh Tender When Cooked.

An over-fat fowl is almost as objectionable as a lean one. To fatten chickens properly they should be so fed as to have just enough fat to make them fleshy and to cook well. The fat should be well intermixed with lean meat.

Most buyers of chickens prefer crate-fed birds, as they believe them to be superior to those fed in loose



Chicken Weighed by Shaping Board.

pens. It does not make much difference how chickens are fed, so long as the fat is laid on in proper quantities and with right distribution.

The bird should be killed by a knife blade piercing the brain, as this promotes free bleeding. It should be hung up by the feet, head down, and plucked before it becomes cold. Poultry buyers prefer chickens that have about two inches of feathers adjoining the head.

After being plucked, the bird should be placed on a shaping board, the weight on top, to give it a compact appearance. Never allow chickens to remain hanging by the legs after being plucked, as it gives them a thin and leggy appearance.

POULTRY NOTES

Success with poultry is a matter of details.

A clean hen house is necessary both summer and winter.

Fertile eggs cannot be shipped safely unless they have strong shells.

Slacked lime is a good disinfectant to scatter around the poultry yards.

Mate about five ducks to one drake, and thirty can easily be housed in each pen.

For quick fattening try a mash of corn meal and skim milk. Feed it warm three times a day.

Success in commercial poultry farming depends upon success in the hatching and rearing of the chicks.

No one need hesitate to buy incubators or brooders because they have not before used them or saw them used.

The person who raises good stock need have no fear about prices. First class fowls always bring good prices, no matter how great the surplus of ordinary stock is.

It is a noticeable fact that few improvements have been made in recent years on the old standard breeds. Conservative raisers and dealers still prefer the old standbys.

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

SIGN of the OLD TIME READER



I'm weary of "ripping good stories." I'm sated with "honest, red blood." I'm worn with their muscular glories, With heroes who pound through the mud;

I'm tired of the heroines husky Who never know powder nor paint—I want one whose ringlets are dusky, Who sometimes sinks back in a faint.

I'm weary of clash and of clamor, Of heroes who hustle for cash, Of bludgeoning blows of the hammer, Of motors that go all to smash; I want to shed tears o'er a chapter Which tells how the hero proposed Then waited a year ere he wrapped her In arms that were never quite closed.

I'm weary of young men of action, Of dandies of quarter-back build Who run a political faction Or swing deals with intellect skilled— O, give me the heroine shrinking Who talks of the stars and the moon, Who spends half a chapter in thinking And ends every one with a swoon.

I'm weary of bulldog-jawed heroes Who brush every hindrance away And rule things like latterday Neroes With cold and impetuous sway— O, give me the hero old-fashioned Who sighs like a Bryon or Keats, Who bursts into raptures impassioned Each time that the lady he meets.

O, write me an old-fashioned novel Whose hero with grieving grows pale; I want to read how he will grovel When all other methods may fail. To read his: "By you sky above you I bid you tell me I may hope." Instead of: "Say, kiddo, I love you. How is it? Is that the right dope?"

WHY IT RECONCILED THEM.



Kind Lady (visiting prison)—Poor men, I suppose it is quite a relief to you, however, that your wives are permitted to see you once a week. Spokesman—Yes, indeed, lady; it's sort o' reconciles us to jail life. Kind Lady—Ah, how touching! Spokesman—Yes; you see, de warden won't let dem come in but de once a week.

The Rejected Models.

"I am Labor," remarked the first figure. "And I am Capital," asserted the second. "But," protested the cartoonist, "where is Labor's square paper cap and where is Capital's silk hat?"

So saying, he hurled them downstairs, for well he knew that he might as well leave the labels off his other characters as to depict Labor and Capital bareheaded.

"Moral Sulsion."

Witherby—Blitherby had a great plan for punishing his son. He got a heavy whip, and every time the boy was bad he was going to hold out his hand and have the lad strike him, instead of punishing the youngster in the usual way.

Siltherby—How did it work? Witherby—Blitherby's hand is so sore that he can't spank the boy for whacking him so hard.

The Age Limit.

"Is that an old joke?" we asked an Authority on Humor.

"Well," was the hesitating reply, "it is old enough to be printed in an Almanac, but scarcely aged enough for a congressman to tell as his own."

Leading Up to it.

Robbs—There is something intoxicating about money-making.

Dobbs—I suppose you want me to ask you why, and then you'll say something about the mint julep.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.