

NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

AMPLE MEAL FOR A PYTHON

Full-Sized Goat Is Swallowed in Two Efforts, Time Occupying Space of About 15 Minutes.

Probably the finest zoological specimens of Borneo creatures ever brought together in Sandakan are now to be seen at the hotel, says the British North Borneo Herald. They consist of a magnificent specimen of the tiger, four orang-utans, all thoroughly



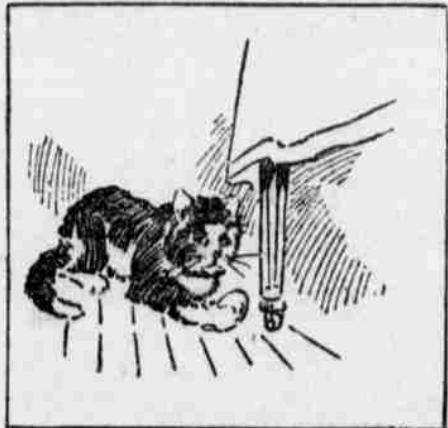
A Bulge in His Middle.

docile and healthy, and last but not least a 28-foot python. This latter had not required food for some months and showed signs of wanting something to eat the other day. In consequence a full-sized goat was introduced. After the goat had tried an ineffectual "butt" the python caught him by the muzzle, and in one moment had enveloped him in his coils, killing him instantly. The python then proceeded to swallow him whole, which occupied, in two efforts, about a quarter of an hour. When we saw the python a few hours after his ory, there was a sort of leery smile on his face and a bulge in his middle which must have measured over four feet round. The animals are the property of Dr. Herze, who is taking them home to Europe.

CAT HAS FONDNESS FOR EGGS

Big, Fat, Lazy Fellow Detected in Act of Tearing Open Bag and Stealing Hen Fruit.

The owner of a clever cat writes to Our Dumb Animals that the pet, "a great, fat, lazy, good natured fellow," has a fondness for eggs. Sir Tom was detected in the kitchen recently on a table watching an unopened bag of eggs. "Stepping back noiselessly," writes the owner, "we saw him cautiously tear the bag with his teeth and claws, stopping every little bit to listen. Finally the opening was large enough for him to get out an egg by gentle little pats. He held the egg in his mouth, jumped to the floor, rolled his prize about gently until he got it into position, and then bumped



This Cat Likes Eggs.

it against the table leg until it broke. Then he enjoyed his feast." The writer wonders where Tom got the taste, as he and "his ancestors for generations back were city bred."

TRADES OF LITTLE ANIMALS

Bees Are Geometricians, While Mole Is Meteorologist and Many Birds Are Musicians.

Bees are geometricians. The cells are constructed so that with the least quantity of material they have the largest spaces and least possible loss of interference.

The mole is a meteorologist. He is a navigator; he raises and lowers his sails—casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and wood cutter; he cuts down trees and erects houses and dams.

The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or a piece of bark for a boat and his tail for a sail he crosses the stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals and many others are hunters. The monkey is a rope dancer. The black bear and the heron are fishermen, and the busy ants are regular day laborers.

Same Old Spot.

Henpeck—"Now, listen to me, young man! If you ask another question I'll whip you where you sit." Willie (brightly)—"That's where you always whip me, isn't it?"

GAME FOR RECESS AT SCHOOL

Twenty or Twenty-Five Boys and Girls May Participate in Pastime While Clasp Hands.

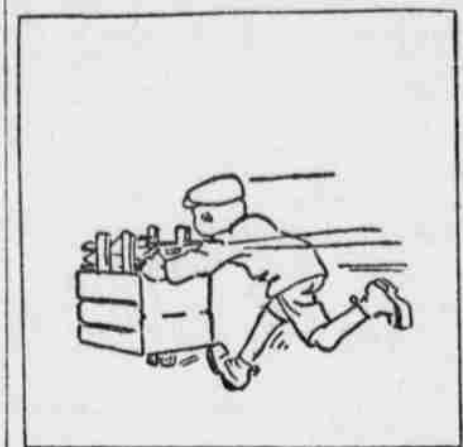
This game may be played at recess with as many as twenty or twenty-five girls and boys taking part in it. All of the players except three clasp hands and form a circle. Inside the ring is the orchard where the fox, one of the players, takes his place. The farmer, another one of the extra players, stands on the outside of the ring and calls to another player, who is outside the ring, saying: "Bruno, a fox is in the orchard." Then the fox runs from the circle beneath the players' uplifted hands. Bruno chases him, first entering the circle and then following just where the fox runs.

All through the game the dog, Bruno, must imitate everything that the fox does just as players in "follow their leader" imitate their leader. If the fox jumps up to touch the branch of a tree Bruno must imitate. Sometimes the fox does many stunts which amuse the ring players very much and which make it hard for the dog. If the dog does not follow he cannot go on with his part of the game, but must join the ring. Then the fox becomes dog and a new fox is chosen. When the dog captures the fox he becomes the fox for the new game and the fox goes into the ring. Then a new dog is chosen. When the ring is very large there may be two foxes within the circle and two dogs to chase them.

UNUSUAL RESOURCE OF BOY

Lad With One Roller Skate Attaches It to Box and Secures Bigger Load of Wood Than Others.

Small boys were collecting firewood, where it had been thrown out for them, at the side door of a large grocery establishment on upper Broadway. There was something of a rush



Rolled It Away.

to see who would get the most, and the proud possessor of one roller skate came out ahead in the scramble, says the New York Sun.

Seizing an orange crate, he strapped his skate to one of the bottom slats and, filling the crate with wood, rolled it away on the four wheels of the skate, while others were left to drag or carry their smaller loads.

SECRET OF COLORED FLOWER

Green Carnations and Pink Lilies Made So by Immersing Stems in Aniline Solutions.

At a recent flower show spectators were astonished at the sight of odd-colored flowers—green carnations, pink lilies of the valley, deep scarlet narcissi and other flowers just as remarkable. The coloring was beautifully delicate and soft, and for a time every one supposed that some clever gardener would make his fortune from the discovery of these new and marvelous varieties of flowers. As a matter of fact, the coloring of the flowers was so simply done that nearly any clever boy or girl could do it with success. The whole secret lies in immersing the stems of the fresh cut flowers in various kinds of aniline solutions.

Aniline scarlet dissolved in water to about the transparency of claret has a very rapid action on flowers, coloring them pink and scarlet. Indigo carmine produces beautiful blue tints. The two combined give various shades of purple, with curious mottled effects, some parts of the flowers becoming pink and other parts blue and purple. Greens are produced by using the blue dye with yellow. Lily of the valley flowers became beautifully tinged with pink or blue in six hours; narcissi are changed from pure white to deep scarlet in 12 hours, and delicate shades of pink are imparted to them in a very short time. Yellow daffodils are beautifully striped with dark scarlet in 12 hours.

Moreover it is extremely interesting to watch the color creep into the pure white of the flower petals one by one, until they become a rich blue or pink or scarlet.

Jar or Jug.

Frances, aged four, accompanied her mother to church and hearing the hymn, "Drops of Mercy, Can It Be the Gates Were Left Ajar for Me," tried to sing it after returning home. She sang: "Drops of Mercy, Tan It Be Ze Dates Was Left—" then she stopped. "Well, why don't you go on?" asked her mother. "Tause," was the reply. "I fordet wevver it was a jar or a jug."

Just Hollered.

"Ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncing baby?" "Why do you think it funny, William?" returned his mother. "Because when I dropped him off the porch this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He just hollered."

Diane's Cavalier

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

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"Of course, Roy and I know it isn't quite fair to trouble you with it, Uncle Otis, but you're just a darling old diplomat, and really, the situation is very delicate."

"Old lady got a hair-trigger disposition?"

"Oh, she's not an old lady," protested Evelyn mysteriously. "She's in the early forties, but very youthful in appearance. Roy says she is like some lovely French marquise with her young face, and gray hair. He is very much attached to her because she was his father's only sister."

"Married?" queried the judge.

"Dear me, no. She's very wealthy, and interested in social reforms, and taxes on bachelors, and so on."

"How about taxes on old maids?" laughed the judge.

"You'd better not start in asking her such questions. Roy says she is awfully correct. He spent all his vacations with her after his parents died, and traveled abroad after he left college. She wanted to settle an income on him, and let him go in for what she called the betterment of mankind, but Roy struck out for himself, and put up his own fight. I think it was splendidly independent, don't you, Uncle Otis?"

"The kid's got a good grip on himself," assented the judge. "Likes to make good on his own hook. When is this social adjuster arriving?"

"Oh, she's already here. That's the trouble. Roy just phoned that she had descended on him yesterday. He thinks she heard that he—that is, well, that he was interested in me."

"Good excuse, isn't it?"

"But he has this chance that seems to have fairly dropped out of the skies



"Oh! She's Already Here."

to take charge down at Perez on the canal, and it means so much for him, and he won't go unless I go too."

The judge pursed his lips and frowned.

"But now she's come on for a visit with Roy, and expects him to rush her, you know, as the boys say; take her all around and show her the sights, and go to the opera and do the right thing."

"Well?" The judge's tone grew ominous.

"Well, don't you see what we've planned for you to do, you dear? We want you to meet her and take Roy's place, make yourself so awfully nice that she won't want Roy at all, or miss him. Then maybe when she found I had such an uncle she'd appreciate joining the family."

"Am I a sacrifice or an accessory before the fact?"

"You're an accomplice," laughed Evelyn. "And you can't get out of it. I only asked you out of remorse in a way, because, honestly, Roy and I have settled the whole thing, and we're to meet her at dinner tonight over at his hotel."

"Mind, I will not make love to her," protested the judge.

It was his final word in the matter. That evening he met Miss Diane Le Moyne. Now the judge confessed to fifty-two, and was mighty proud of his modest belt line, his handsome carriage and way with the fair sex, as he still called his undeniable chivalry. He surveyed Miss Diane in frank admiration. It seemed altogether impossible that this tall, slender figure could be Roy's old maid aunt. Clad in gray velvet she was. So much the judge guessed, but his masculine mind failed to grasp the full intent and charm of the cut steel and lace overdress, the dull silver hand set with rubies in the beautiful gray waves of hair, and all the other points of interest, as Evelyn would have called them. He only saw an interesting face, full of sympathetic response, and the loveliness that comes only from the inner grace of a well-poised character.

"Do you like her, Uncle Otis?" asked Evelyn when it was over.

"Like her, my dear child?" exclaimed the judge. "Do we talk of liking the moon or the evening star? A most exceptional woman, Evelyn. By gad, finest type I've ever met.

There's a woman with all the charm of her sex and not a spark of nonsense. There's a woman that can give a man sympathetic friendship and not sue him for breach of promise the next season."

"I'm so glad you get on well together," Evelyn replied, softly. "Roy's pleased, too. He has accepted the canal appointment, and we want to be married by the end of the month so as to sail on the 5th."

"Leave it entirely to me, child," urged the judge, kindly. "I will prepare her for the shock, and fix things so there shall not be the slightest unpleasantness. She looks like a woman you can reason with, a woman of sense, by gad."

So the two went quietly ahead with the wedding preparations, and the judge kept to his part of the bargain. He showed Miss Le Moyne the city assiduously. He took her to the theaters and to concerts. He motored with her to all points of interest.

"What a delightful old cavalier he is," Diane told Roy. "It is fortunate his being able to take me around, or I know I should have been lonely, with you so very busy, Roy, dear."

Roy's conscience gave an annoying twinge. He had spent every spare moment with Evelyn.

"Aunt Diane, do you believe in love?" he asked awkwardly, leaning over her chair, and stroking the beautiful gray hair.

"Why, boy dear, you may as well ask if I believe in life or truth."

"But you've never loved, have you, I mean so everything else just slipped back into perspective and left only yourself and one other?"

"Not exactly," said Miss Le Moyne, gently.

"So the whole world would look dark if you knew you'd never see them again?" persisted Roy.

"Is it that way with you?" She turned her head up to him, her clear eyes searching his own. Roy bent his head and kissed her cheek.

"You've been awfully good to me, Aunt Diane."

"Have I, boy? Maybe I have been selfish, too."

That was all she said, and Roy let it drop. The wedding was only a week off now. That evening the judge was to be host. They motored out along the shore to a beach hotel. The balcony where dinner was served seemed to overhang the rocks and beating waves. A youthful moon gleamed in the south, silver bright against a green-gold sky. Roy and Evelyn leaned over the balcony railing after dinner, so as to give the judge his chance for a confidential tete-a-tete. It was to be surely settled tonight, he had promised them. Once or twice they looked cautiously back at the couple. Diane was listening in silence, her fingers trifling with the rose petals on the tablecloth before her. The judge seemed to be talking very earnestly, very forcibly. Once he even reached over and covered the trifling fingertips with his own hands and she did not withdraw them.

"He's such an old brick to do all this for us," whispered Roy, slipping one arm tenderly around Evelyn. "We'll never forget it, will we, sweetheart?"

"I think they'll be good friends, too, even after she finds out that it was a sort of put up affair. She's so sensible, and broadminded."

"It's over, hush," warned Roy, as the two rose slowly, and strolled towards them. "Brace yourself for the inevitable, girlie."

They waited. The judge looked very well satisfied with himself. Miss Diane was smiling slightly, her face raised towards that young silver of a moon.

"Children," began the judge, happily. "It is with the deepest feelings of happiness and pride that I am able to announce to you Miss Diane's consent."

"Oh, you darling," exclaimed Evelyn, the tears springing to her blue eyes. "And you won't mind Roy's marrying me a bit, even if he is so young?"

"Roy's marrying!" exclaimed Diane, a sudden light leaping to her eyes. She turned and looked up at the judge.

"God bless my heart," he gasped. "I forgot all about you, Roy! I asked for myself. Diane and I are to be married as soon as my fair lady says."

"Can't you come down to Perez for the honeymoon, Uncle Otis," suggested Evelyn mischievously. "We'd love to have you, Roy and I."

Forbidden Books. Having books forbidden makes them irresistibly alluring, adds the excitement of hazard to the reading of them. Did you never sneak away to read it, prudently sliding up the other books on the shelf so that no betraying gap might show? Did you never, for instance, read Romola under the bed in the spare bedroom, dividing your righteous condemnation of Tito with your own conscientious scruples, and your fear for Romola's safety with shivers lest you yourself be caught? Did you never make your way through Vanity Fair by cautious half-hour snatches, fearful every moment lest some one in authority should interrupt?—Margaret Lynn in the Atlantic.

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

The SAME THING OVER AGAIN



"I'm tired," he growled, "of the endless round

Of things I'm doing each day. Each morn, by jinks! at my desk I'm found.

To work in the same old way. I get nowhere when the day is through; I'm not like luckier men— Tomorrow I'll be compelled to do The same thing over again."

That night he dreamed that he heard the trees Complain of the tasks they had; Their words moaned by on a sighing breeze

In tones that were dull and sad. "Each year," they wailed, "we must leave anew— The springtime telling us when— And year by year it is ours to do The same thing over again."

The clock ticked loud from the bedroom wall And said in a voice all sour: "There's nothing new I may do at all But journey by hour and hour. I strike for twelve and for one and two I shudder at nine and ten. For day by day I must always do The same thing over again."

The earth itself all at once complained: "I'm heartily tired, I say; I've rolled along, though it snowed or rained. And whirled for each changing day— Through centuries, and through aeons, too, I've gone the same course,—but then Each year I sigh that I have to do The same thing over again."

GARDENING NEWS AND HINTS.

Self-popping corn is an interesting new variety, the seed of which is offered this spring. It is the result of a cross between ordinary popcorn and red peppers, generating enough heat within the ear to pop the kernels in the fall.

People living in a six-story apartment will find it impracticable to grow pumpkin vines in their window boxes. While the foliage and large blossoms are very effective from the street, the result of a full grown pumpkin dropping on a passerby is disconcerting.

The Plymouth Rock egg plant is perhaps more showy, but the buff cochin variety is larger and richer in color. We can only repeat our former injunction that the egg plant is ready to pluck as soon as it cackles.

Attempts to evolve a horseless horse radish by grafting the stem of the plant to an automobile tire have only produced a hollow radish with a strong gasoline taste.

Pull your cantaloupes before they are through the green stage. Otherwise, if you allow them to ripen, they will be good to eat. Cantaloupes are never sent to market unless they are hard and green, or spoiled.

Dehorned Them.

"I understand there has been quite an agitation against the practice of dehorning in your vicinity," said the editor of the country paper to Mr. Meddergrass.

"Well, not exactly," replied that gentleman. "You see, the trouble was started by a feller that come down there an' sued the village band for the price of their instruments. The boys wouldn't pay the judgment, an' by ginger, he dehorned 'em, an' de-drummed 'em, too, an' now the town ain't got no melody to speak of."

Why He Liked It.

Tigg—I like the fourth act of your play best.

Writem—But the play has but three acts.

Tigg—I don't care. The fourth act pleases me most.

The Woman of It.

Mr. Meddergrass—Here's a letter from Sister Sary.

Mrs. Meddergrass—Read the postscript first. I am anxious to hear the news.

Wilbur Nesbit.

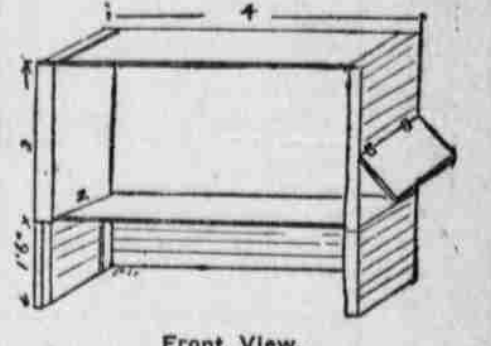
POULTRY

BOX COOP FOR SMALL FLOCK

Inexpensive Poultry House in Which Few Chickens May Be Kept With Minimum of Work.

(By T. H. VAN BENTHUYSEN.) The following plan is recommended to any one who desires to keep a few fowls for the purpose of supplying eggs for his own family:

In making my first house of this description, I secured from a dry goods store and ordinary packing box,

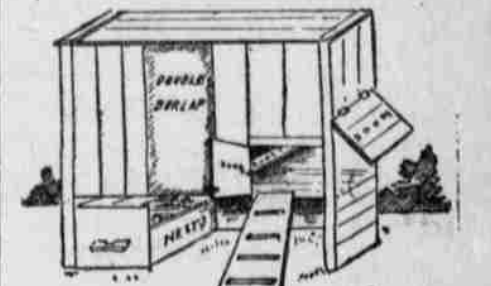


Front View.

about 2x3x4 feet. This cost me 25 cents.

The front, or top, was first taken off the case, and a section of one side extending its full width, was hinged so that easy access to the interior could be secured. Then the case was mounted on legs so that its bottom was about a foot and a half from the ground. Then boards were placed snugly around the rear and sides of the legs, from the bottom of the case to the ground.

The roost was next constructed, and for this small lengths of boards may be used. For the roost and legs I used what is termed "scantling," or



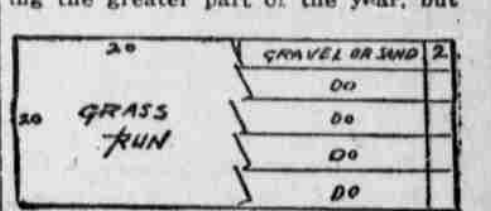
Interior View.

sufficient space to slide it in (or out) through the end hinged door. When placed in the coop, it laid directly on the floor so that the chickens roosted rough strips of one by three inch stuff. The roost I constructed in one solid piece.

It was made so that there would be about three inches from the floor of the elevated coop. This arrangement would not do for the lighter breeds, which prefer higher roosting places.

The next step was to close in the front of the coop, which I did by using the pieces which had been removed from it.

About two-thirds of the front is boarded up, the remainder being covered with a double thickness of common burlap. The door is left off during the greater part of the year, but



Arrangement of Poultry Run.

is necessary during the very cold weather.

Two box-seats and a small board (with strips) from the ground to the upper part of the coop completed the job.

The end of the nest facing the front was boarded up high, to give the hens the necessary seclusion.

When the coop was completed I raised the end door and laid an old newspaper on the floor, covering it very thickly with sand. On this I placed the roost, and the coop was ready for occupancy. To clean, it is simply necessary to take out and throw away the newspaper, and put in a fresh one, with more sand.

In summer, with one of these coops, it would be well to open a side door to afford sufficient ventilation, and it would be well to keep fewer birds in each pen. During the winter, in one of the "bird-cage" arrangements, we keep from five to seven large White Rock hens, with good results.

Bearing in mind that about six hens could ordinarily be kept in each coop, any one may tell, from the number of chickens he intends to keep, how the system can be extended to his needs.

Layers for Next Winter.

One great advantage of having early chicks is that you may have pullets ready to lay in the fall or early winter and thus have eggs when they are high in price. Eggs are dear now, and one could appreciate pullets that were shelling out eggs.

Object of Scrubs.

Scrub poultry may serve a good purpose in the pot, but they should not be permitted to propagate their kind. Scrub hens should be mated to pure-bred males so that the breeding has an upward rather than a downward tendency.