

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

GOOD RULES FOR CHILDREN

Think Three Times Before You Speak and Pronounce All Words Clearly and Distinctly.

These rules, handed down by somebody's grandmother, are good ones for our boys and girls to remember:

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mumble or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

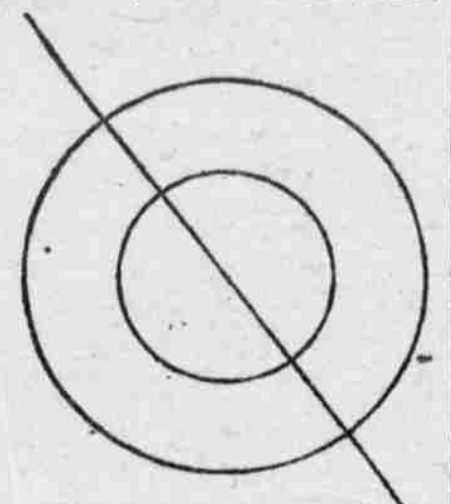
A fourth is—and oh, children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen to wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do first the things you don't like to do, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

PUZZLE WITHOUT ANY TRICK

Figure Shown in Illustration May Be Drawn Without Taking Pencil Away From Paper.

Here's a puzzle which is solvable without any trick. You can actually



draw this figure without taking your pencil from the paper, crossing a line or going back over a line already drawn.

ENIGMATICAL CATS.

- The cat that rests on the dressing table is the cat-a-comb.
- The cat that one finds in the woods is the cat-a-log.
- The cat that makes your mother run is the cat-a-ma-ran.
- The cat that rides horseback is the cat-a-mount.
- The cat that suffers great pain is the cat-a-raid.
- The cat that wins a prize is the cat-a-trophe.
- The cat that can fly is the cat-bird.
- The cat that has been in a fight is the cat-a-gory.
- The cat that is under the porch is the cat-er-pillar.
- The cat that is better than a fence is the cat-er-waul.
- The cat that is related to everybody is the cat-kin.
- The cat that is good to eat is the cat-fish.
- The cat that is never behind is the cat-chup.
- The cat that ladies like to carry is the cat-s-eye.
- The cat with a bad cold is a cat-arrh.
- The cat with horns is cat-tle.

AMUSING TRICK FOR PARLOR

Common Hen's Egg Made to Come to Life and Revolve Around Like Boy's Top.

Here is a trick which requires some skill and practice, but which causes more than enough wonder to pay for the trouble. You take a hard-boiled egg, place it on a plate or platter, give the plate a horizontal revolving movement, increasing the motion gradually, and soon the egg will come to life, raise itself till it stands on end, and then go revolving like a top and moving all round the plate.



Life into Egg.

Naturally you have to make a few attempts before you can succeed in getting the egg to obey instructions, but keep at it and you will succeed, and the effect is impressive. It is best in boiling the egg to hold it in an upright position with a spoon so that the air inside will all collect round the central axis of the egg and keep it from being unbalanced.

My Goodness!



"Ma said Papa was all cut up." Cried Alice. "hence this tear. For really that's the saddest news - I've heard for many a year!"

MOTHER'S SHARE OF SALARY

Youth Illustrates Absolute Necessity for Her Services, But No Money Value on Work.

A man chanced to meet a certain boy who was unduly proud of the fact that he was earning regular wages and supporting himself. He entered into a conversation with the boy, which ran something like this: "Yes," said the boy, "I make \$3 a week; Mary is in the store and she earns \$5; I don't know how much father earns; and Ted and Jim, they don't earn anything—they just go to school."

"And do you board at home?" asked the man.

"Oh, yes; we eat breakfast and supper there, and mother puts up our dinners for us."

"Yes, I see; who gets the breakfast and does the cooking?"

"Mother."

"Who washes for you?"

"She does."

"Do you keep a girl?"

"No, we don't need one. Besides, we couldn't afford one, anyhow."

"Does your mother do all the work for the whole family?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Does she sew and mend for all of you, too?"

"Why, I should say she did. We never hire help for anything."

"You say you get \$3 every week and Mary \$5. What does your mother get?"

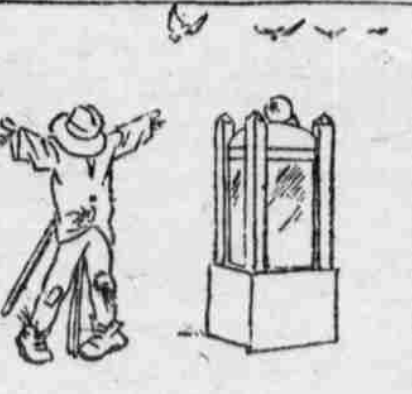
"Mother! Why she don't work; she just stays at home; she don't get anything."

The mother's services were evidently necessary, but no money value was placed upon her work. It was taken as a matter of course that she should be a cook, nurse, sewer and a regular Jack of all trades and good at all. The woman has a great, God-given responsibility, when the health of a family is placed in her hands.

KEEP BIRDS FROM RECORDER

Instrument Used on Isle of Wight to Measure Duration of Sun Obscured by Flocks of Crows.

The United Kingdom enjoys so comparatively few sunny days that every hour of sunshine during the year is cherished. A sunshine recorder is maintained on the Isle of Wight.



which is one of the sunniest places in the British Isles, but it appears that the crows have been interfering with it, says the Pathfinder. They gather about it in such flocks and use it for a perch so much that they shade the sensitive instruments and thus make them register cloudy weather when it is really sunny. So a scarecrow has been erected to keep them away, and it is reported to be a success.

Too Many Places.
"What's the matter?" asked the policeman, "haven't you any place to go?" "Any place to go?" repeated Tired Timothy, with supreme contempt. "You chump, I've got the whole United States and a big part of Canada before me. I've got so many places to go that it's worryin' me dizzy to make up my mind which way to start. Lemme alone a couple weeks till I kin git a line on what it's best to do."

Caught at School.
Neighbor—I heard your sister Edith is ill. What seems to be the trouble? Little Heloise—She's flitted with the diploma. I guess. I heard mamma say she got it at school.

HOW THEY PROPOSE

What Men Do and What They Say.

By HERBERT DROGER.

"Mama, how do men propose?" Rosie asked. She glanced shyly at her mother.

Mrs. Farnam looked up, a merry twinkle dancing beneath her hazel brows, which soon disappeared, to be succeeded by a more steady, questioning gaze. At thirty-five, she appeared scarcely older than her daughter. In fact, the two had been mistaken for sisters on more occasions than one. The widow was round faced and plump.

The two had paused at their task of dusting and rearranging the furniture. In the dining-room, where they had dropped into seats, was the confusion that one might expect where an only daughter had celebrated her seventeenth anniversary with a birthday party the evening before.

"Mama, did you hear me?" repeated the girl.

"Yes, daughter," replied the mother. "I was merely wondering why you asked."

"Because I want to know how men propose—and what they do—and what they say—and whether they—"

But Rosie got no further. The mother, leaning back in her chair, broke out in a laugh so clear and hearty that the daughter, too, in spite of her puckered lips and look of hurt surprise, finally caught the infection and smiled.

"Ma, please do be sensible," at last the girl broke in, persuasively.

"Well, daughter, I am. But, really, you will soon be able to answer that with more authority than I. It only happened to me once," hesitating reflectively, "and that seems such a long, long time ago."

As the widow ceased speaking, a tear glistened in her eye. After a brief interval of silence the girl crept up to her mother's side and folded her arms gently about the latter's neck.

"There, mama, don't feel bad," soothed the daughter, filled with recollections of the loneliness and the struggles that her mother endured.



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"I Want to Know How Men Propose."

Following the death of a father whom the girl could not remember, "It was foolish of me to ask such a silly question. I might have known it would lead to something like—"

"No, dear, not silly at all. And I'll not be a baby again. There," as a smile rekindled her face, "I really mean it, you will have a proposal before your next birthday comes."

"Oh, mama, mama, do you really think so? And why?"

"Can't you see? It's plain to everyone. When he wasn't hanging at your elbows last night, he was tripping around after me. And why else should he be so considerate to me, if I were not the mother of the girl he likes?"

"Who? Who, mama? Do you mean—"

"Yes, Henry, of course. I am sure he—"

"Oh, I hope so—I hope so." The mother regarded her child thoughtfully, then asked: "Do you really love him so much?"

"Now, mama, why do you put it that way?" returned the girl, while a shadow seemed to gather over her brows. "No, come to think of it, I don't believe I love him at all, I—"

"Why, daughter, you amaze me," cried the mother in astonishment. "Then why were you so delighted? I can't understand."

"Because—because," plainly abashed, "I just wanted him—anyone—to propose. I wanted to see how he would act, and what he would do, and what he would say, and all that."

Rosie pulled a ring, set with emeralds and pearls, from her finger and toyed with it in her lap, during the silence that ensued. The mother looked on, then arose and walked to the window where she stood gazing at the whirling eddies of snow driven with the late February storm. When she turned back into the room, she seemed less perplexed, and said in a matter-of-fact way:

"Henry is a splendid chance, my little girl. He has a good heart and a good business. I am not eager for you to marry—and there is lots of time yet—but any mother wants to see her daughter—"

"But, mama, he's so much older than I!"

"Yes, you are very young—too young to marry—not too young to become engaged. How old is Henry?"

"I don't know," replied the maiden, candidly. "I never thought to ask him. But he seems—oh, even older than you."

The mother laughed. "And this from a little girl who should not try to flatter her mama."

During the month or so that followed Henry came regularly, sometimes so often as two and three times a week, to the Farnam residence. Since the morning after her birthday party Rosie had seemed less at ease and, at times, half frightened, when in his company. Especially was this the case when they were not joined by her mother, who usually, because of the cold weather and the necessity of economizing in fuel, sat with the two at such intervals when the widow was absent, Henry, also, was restless and wandering in attention.

But it could not be winter always. Spring breezes came at last over the Ozarks into Missouri. The sun shone, robins fitted between the boughs of maples beginning to rejuvenate with the rise and flow of sap through their trunks, and out in the pasture, just then turning faintly green, young colts frolicked and raced beside their mothers. Life and love were unfolding from a single bud.

Then, on a night, when Henry came, the weather was warm. He called to them through an open window as he passed and, hurrying around to a side door, he entered the dining room, where the mother and daughter sat. Mrs. Farnam remained with the couple only a short time, when, without pretext, she withdrew to the front porch.

She was gazing absently into the east, where the moon was rising, and giving only a half attentive ear to the melody of insect voices just then awakening, when she was startled, not a half hour after she had found her seat, by the sudden appearance of Rosie, who rushed to her side and whispered breathlessly in her ear.

"Oh, mama, mama," the girl exclaimed in subdued tones, "I just know Henry is going to propose! What shall I do?"

"Do! Why, I thought you wanted him to propose."

"No; I don't—I don't—not since you told me," she cried, almost on the verge of tears.

"Well, daughter, what's caused you to think all this? Did he say—"

"He said he wanted to see you. I know he wants to ask if he can propose."

"How silly!" interposed the mother with a laugh not wholly natural.

"Oh, he said he wanted to see you alone—that he must see you—that he couldn't stand it any longer—that—"

"It? Stand what, dear?"

"Oh, mama, do go in—do! And tell him that he must not propose to me, any more, and that I'm going to be an old maid, and that—"

"Don't worry yourself so, little girl—It's nothing!" enjoined the mother, as she arose.

Rosie, left alone, for a time grew more excited. Then, as the minutes passed and her mother did not return, her agitation began to pass away, and gradually she became calm. Suddenly she leaped upright from her chair, at the prompting of a bold thought.

Why shouldn't she hear what was being said between Henry and her mother? It concerned her.

She crept lightly into the hallway and through the parlor toward the folding doors that separated it from the dining room. The doors were a foot or two apart, and over them was hung a curtain. Screened within its folds, she stood in an attitude of listening.

At the first she distinguished no word or sound. Then, there came to her ears a low, suppressed sob, that of a woman's. Could her mother be crying? And why? Then, a voice—Henry's.

"It's you, Mrs. Farnam—Mary, it's you I love—it's you, you I have always loved. There—don't cry. Do look up and tell me—"

But Rosie could restrain herself no longer. Tearing the curtains apart, she burst into the room. Between her cries and tears and half hysterical laughter, she rushed to them, and, in an effort to gather the two within her arms, embraced both, exclaiming:

"Of course, Henry, she loves you of course she does; she always did and always will. And now, mama," with a little shout of delight, "I know how they do, and what they say, and how they act, and—I'm a goose!"

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The Vicious Circle.
Apropos of the rise in meat prices, Representative Redfield said the other day in Brooklyn:

"The way everything keeps going up, it will soon become discouraging. I can imagine an idle savage from the tropics saying scornfully to some industrious clerk or mill operative:

"Why do you work?"

"To live."

"And why do you live?"

"Why do I live?"

"Yes, that is what I said. Why do you live?"

"Er—er—to work!"—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Lack of Tact.
"What made you ask Mrs. De Style such a personal question as did she belong to the progressive movement?"

"Why not? Nothing personal in that."

"Isn't there. She's on her way to Reno to get a divorce from her third husband."

WHO WHO and Why

ESTRADA SAYS NICARAGUA PLUNDERED



"Zelaya's government plundered Nicaragua so shamelessly that in spite of its inexhaustible natural resources our country is bankrupt. Neither the state nor private citizens have at their command the capital necessary to develop Nicaragua. When I overthrow by the force of arms the Zelaya clique I hope that peace would finally reign in my country. General Mena has shattered my hopes. I know now that we should no longer jeopard our future by a silly pride in our anarchistic independence. Some larger nation must help us out, and if the United States cannot do it, who can?"

According to Gen. Juan Estrada, former president of Nicaragua, such is the present situation. The general is now in this country and is living in Brooklyn at the Hotel St. George with his political associate, General Moncada.

The ex-president is a strikingly handsome, powerful and impressive man of forty-five, with large flashing eyes, an olive complexion and blue-black hair. His clear-cut sentences, his rare but forceful gestures, reveal the man of action. General Moncada, shorter in stature, gray-haired, softer in speech, gives an impression of polish, culture and statesmanlike ability.

"Revolution," General Estrada said, "can no longer help us. I personally thought for a long while that petty tyrants could be done away with through popular revolt. I know better now."

WHEN ITALY'S KING AND QUEEN PLAY

During their past summer vacation, the king and queen of Italy were more in the public eye than ever, owing to the war. They are at present at their estate of San Rossore, near Pisa, whence they frequently go to visit hospitals to see wounded soldiers from Africa, to review troops, and take part in other functions on which the heart of the nation is now concentrated.



The royal yacht Yela is in constant demand, and the king and queen generally take their small family of four along, as they are all excellent sailors. Princess Yolanda, who is quite a photographer, has been devoting herself principally to sea views. The privacy with which the king always moves gives rise to many piquant incidents. For a ruler who goes about in his own kingdom as much as Victor Emmanuel III does, he is not known to many officials.

The Yela put in Spezia recently, and was boarded by the harbor master. Princess Yolanda was about to take a snapshot of him, when he exclaimed: "It is against the rules; you cannot take photographs; you had better give me the machine." The princess, too young to stand on her dignity, burst into tears and gave up the camera, when the king appeared on deck. Even then the official did not know with whom he had to do, and was about to speak, when one of the officers came forward and said: "His majesty." The man, who was speechless with embarrassment, was relieved by a laugh from the queen, who proposed that he should give Princess Yolanda back her camera and that he should stand up and have his photograph taken. The princess later sent him a copy which did credit to her skill.

DECLARES WARS SOON BE ABOLISHED



In an address on "The Natural Forces in America Working Toward International Peace" before the International Peace Congress at Geneva, Switzerland, Mrs. Elmer Black, chairman of the propaganda committee of the American Peace and Arbitration League, declared that war as a means of settling differences between nations will soon be abolished. She said that there were certain invincible forces working toward this end, with little noise, but with irresistible power.

Using conditions in America as an example, she said in part: "There are certain great natural forces working in America toward the final consummation of world peace. These natural forces are developing the processes of social and economic evolution through which we are working out our part in the world's destiny."

"First among these I place the remarkable awakening of our people to the general subject of conservation. We are unquestionably alive to the importance of conserving our material and human resources, and this is a condition opposed to war."

RENOUNCES WORLD FOR MISSION WORK

William H. Borden, young Chicago millionaire, was ordained a minister of the gospel the other night at Moody church. He has sacrificed all other ambitions to his desire to become a minister and devote his life to work in the Chinese missionary field.

Mr. Borden is a graduate of Yale university and Princeton theological seminary. Although still a young man, he has devoted many years of his life and a great deal of his wealth to church work. He is a son of the late W. B. Borden and a brother of John Borden.

While Mr. Borden was attending Yale university he founded the Hope mission in New Haven, a rescue home for "down-and-outs," and donated the building and equipment, at a personal cost of more than \$20,000. Since his departure from the university the work in the mission is being carried on by other men in college.

Mr. Borden has long intended to gratify his lifelong desire to serve as a missionary in China. At the solicitation of the Student Missionary Volunteer association he will spend the winter visiting the colleges of the country and making addresses to the students on the subject of Christianity.

His tour of the colleges will begin in New York and will extend from coast to coast.

