

THE CHILDREN



VENTRiloquism Among Birds

Many Songsters Have Notes That Are Difficult to Place—Grasshopper Is Big Offender.

Ventriloquism is not confined solely to the human race, London Answers asserts. There are many birds whose notes it is almost impossible "to place."

Take the corncrake, with its harsh "crake, crake!" One moment the sound is in your feet; the next, fifty yards away. The grasshopper is another offender in this respect. Its sibilant note is hard to locate.

The sedge warbler goes one better. Not only is it an accomplished ventriloquist, but it will mimic or parody the song of other birds. In a lesser degree the redbreast and the crow possess these powers, and foreign doves come under the same category.

In Brazil the bell bird is exceptionally skillful with its voice, while the American chickadee invariably deceives the listener. Canada boasts of a partridge which is known to deceive sportsmen as to its whereabouts for hours on end.

MOST AMUSING LITTLE TOY

Figures of Two Boxers Swing Back and Forth Under Impact of Blows—Heads Are Separated.

A most amusing toy that can be made by any ingenious boy has been patented by an Illinois man. It consists of a piece of cardboard or thin wood upon which the figures of two boxers swing back and forth under



An Amusing Toy.

the impact of their blows. These blows, by the way, are delivered by the operator's fingers, which are thrust through openings in the shoulders of the figures and have miniature boxing gloves fastened on the tips, converting them into lifelike looking arms. The lower portion of the fighters—from the waist down—is drawn on the card, but their torsos and heads are in separate pieces, pivoted at the waist, so that they swing freely. There is a stop, however, so that if one of the men gets an unusually vigorous punch in the jaw he will only bend back to a certain point and will spring forward again to the fray.

RIDDLES.

What is the longest sentence known to history? Sentence for life.

What is it that you give away all of it and can still keep all of it? Your promise.

Why is Cupid a poor marksman? He is always making Mrs. (misses).

What does Washington, D. C., stand for? Washington, Daddy of His Country.

What is the last thing you take off before going to bed? Your feet from off the floor.

When is a woman not a woman? When she is a little cross.

POODLE DOG LOSES ONE LEG

Victim of Street Car Accident Is Furnished With Artificial Limb by Sympathetic Boy.

A very intelligent white poodle dog which had one of its forelegs cut off in a street car accident wandered out into the country and was adopted by a farm boy. He took the dog to a doctor, who dressed the leg, and when it healed the boy fitted an artificial leg over the stump with a laced glove top and a little rubber pad for the foot. With this leg the dog travels almost as well as ever, but occasion-



Runs With Artificial Leg.

all, loses his artificial aid to locomotion when looking for woodchucks.

Point In Her Favor.

"A female fly lays 130,000 eggs a season."

"Well, she doesn't cackle, anyhow."

EXPLAINED



A RISKY EXPERIMENT?

A Man With a Home Should Use It.

BY LOUISE OLNEY.

The Boss stepped out for an hour, and once conversation flourished. Both business and the force were languid by reason of summer and impending vacations. Adkins, thirty-five and single, was wise on matters matrimonial, and "started something" by maliciously attacking the bliss of Simpson, twenty-two and just engaged. Miss Gertrude tried to listen and type letters at the same time. Adkins looked up from his bookkeeping.

"It's a dangerous experiment, my boy," he persisted. "Look at Peters, once jovial and free, now a slave. He talks about babies and the cost of living and blacks his own shoes. His wife was almost as pretty as Miss Gertrude, with a string of beads instead of a string of babies. She's thin and old-looking. I bet she wishes she was on her old job, and that she's begun to ask Simpson if he will really love her when she's old. A mortgage hangs over them, too. It's a risky experiment, getting married, Simpson."

Adkins added up a column of figures very accurately, while Gertrude clicked away and Simpson got out the order list unperturbed. Simpson straightened his young shoulders and answered tranquilly:

"You're an old grouch—soured on life because you haven't got a girl. Wait till you visit Amy and me and you'll curl up with envy. Things don't always go right for single folks and two people can live as cheaply as one."

The whole force groaned at the platitude, and Gertrude, her blue eyes alive, turned on them.

"You'll get what's coming to you, anyway," she contributed. "Mr. Adkins changes boarding houses and varieties of dyspepsia every few weeks. I live at a cousin's. It's not a home, but it's not so bad as a boarding house. The children impose on me, but I feel less like a stray cat than when I'm with utter strangers. But I will say that I'd rather be Mr. Simpson than you, Mr. Adkins. He and his girl are good sports, they aren't afraid to take a risk and swallow some bitter stuff for the sake of the sweet! I'd rather be Mrs. Peters all with her troubles than Miss Stillwell upstairs here. She's got a little bank account, but she seek only herself. She will end her days in an old lady's home somewhere. Mrs. Peters may have to 'live round' with her children, but she can scold her sons-in-law and spoil her grandchildren—she'll have something to live for!" The girl carefully licked on the stamp and gave the letters to the office boy.

"Get 'em right off—the Boss told me to sign them." She turned back to her work with an air of finality, and Adkins gave an embarrassed little whistle. The girl had been there three months, but had been barely friendly to the force. She attended to business almost fiercely. The bookkeeper turned on his high stool to look at her straight, flat, little back, and neatly arranged heavy fair hair. He was not used to being attacked by girls. He was good-looking, older, rather superior, with an air of indifference to women. He had a little home, but rented it to advantage, and lived drifting about, his violin his only real solace and companion. As Simpson grinned exultingly at him, he turned back to his work.

The Boss came in again, so nothing more was said that day, nor on the next. The routine work went on for a week or two, and not once did the stenographer give the bookkeeper an unnecessary word or look. Poor Adkins felt a bit aggrieved. It was as if a fluffy kitten he was petting should suddenly scratch him viciously and then refuse to see him. But Miss Gertrude Turner had certainly created within him a respect for her. She knew her mind and spoke it. He even hoped that since she wished to marry, as evidently she did, she would find the right man. She was, he decided, a sweet, sensible girl, who knew how to mind her business, month after month, without any fooling.

After that little bout with the girl about marriage, Adkins kept respectfully out of her way. The spell of his self-satisfied smugness was broken for him. He regarded Simpson furtively with wonder as to whether he and his "girl" were not, after all, what Gertrude had called them, "good sports," willing to take life's bitter with its sweet. Then he began to wonder if she despised him. She ignored him, but she ignored the others save as to business. He wished that she liked him.

Now it happened that Adkins and Gertrude had their vacations at the same time, and that by a strange chance neither went out of town. She slept half her time, and spent the other half playing with her cousin's children, sewing a little, and going to parks with a book, and she would wander off for walks in the country-like suburbs. Thus it was that one day, passing a trim little place, she came full upon Adkins, a cigar in his mouth, his hat tilted back, his hands in his pockets. He was leisurely staring at the place. He saw her, and raised his hat.

Tell them you were able to fool them because your middle finger wasn't there at all but was folded under. The only way anyone could find this out would be to sit behind the performer.

Large Paris Library.

The Imperial Library of Paris contains two million volumes.

She stopped, leaning her white arms on the fence, and considering, while

"Well," he said, stopping her, "what are you out here for? I am thinking of fixing my place up a bit—these folks are going in September, and the new tenants will want things done. What do you think of the house?"

he counted freckles on her straight little nose, and hoped she did not despise him too much. He was beginning to be wistful about her opinion of him. The fair sex had usually regarded him with favor as a rather eligible fellow in his class, and interesting because indifferent.

"Well," she replied slowly, "I think it's pretty and comfortable looking, but you ought to keep it in shape. You ought to live in it yourself instead of shirking the task of keeping up a home for yourself. It's sheer laziness." He looked at her reproachfully and caught a gleam of saving humor in her eye. "My cousin, for instance," she resumed, "would be wild with joy at home of her own! You have one and don't use it. What's it for?" She turned away, but he followed her, walked with her into the country and finally took her home. He enjoyed that walk. She gave no sign as to whether she was glad to be rid of him at the gate or sorry. He was pleased, but life seemed highly worth the living.

He thought about her all day or two later drove up with a light buggy and asked her to drive. She went cheerfully enough, but he felt at arm's length somehow, and resented it. He discovered how sweet he had always considered her smile, how admirable she was in every way, how up-standing, and brave. He drew out of her that, but for the cousin, she was alone in the world, that the loved gardeening and children, disliked city streets, and enjoyed sewing. She did her office work well from pride, rather than liking. These trifles seemed important to him.

The country was sweet and green, and they got buttermilk at a farmhouse. A sweet-faced old lady took back the glasses with this remark: "Wouldn't your wife like some more? She don't look overly strong."

Without a word they both drank more buttermilk, but when they drove on there seemed to be little to say, and she avoided his glance. The horse slowed down to a walk under an avenue of green trees, and the man, still silent, came suddenly upon his real self. He knew what he wanted—he had found the key to the closed door of his life.

"Gertrude—I wish it was so;—you don't know how I wish—"

"Wish what was so?" she asked, though she must have divined.

"What that woman said—" he put his hand over hers which was not withdrawn. "It seems as if I had wanted you from the first and did not know it! Why don't you answer? Do you despise me so? Do you think I am afraid of the game? I'll take care of you and love you and be glad all our lives if you will let me!" He spoke rapidly, and she brushed a hand over her eyes, and then looked full at him. Tears stood on her lashes.

"Oh!" she spoke breathlessly. "At least I have kept you from seeing that I cared for you! I thought I could never stand it another minute, and still I couldn't keep away from you—!" she winked the tears away.

"Dear!" he said. "Dearest, shall we drive past our home?"

(Copyright, 1912, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

DIPLOMAT OF THE FUTURE

Little Willie Obeyed His Mother and at the Same Time Got Satisfaction for Himself.

"Now," said the fond mother, after using the slipper upon little Willie, "I want you to apologize to little Freddie the first time you see him for making his nose bleed. Little boys should never fight. Now, promise me you will apologize the very first time you meet him."

"All right, mother, I will," readily promised Willie.

The very next day Willie met Freddie.

"I want to apologize for making your nose bleed," said Willie.

Little Freddie made no reply, but started down the street with his nose in the air.

Willie grew angry at his little friend, but suddenly thought of an idea. Running around the block as fast as his legs would carry him, he met Freddie coming slowly down the street.

"Hey, Freddie," he called.

"Whatcher want?"

"Isn't this the second time I met you?"

"Yes."

"Well, take this, then," said Willie, with a well-directed punch on Freddie's nose, which knocked the lad into the mud.

"O-o-o," wailed the unfortunate Freddie, struggling to his feet, "what did you do that for?"

"My mother told me to apologize to you the first time I met you," replied Little Willie, "but she didn't say anything about the second time I saw you."

Now it happened that Adkins and Gertrude had their vacations at the same time, and that by a strange chance neither went out of town. She slept half her time, and spent the other half playing with her cousin's children, sewing a little, and going to parks with a book, and she would wander off for walks in the country-like suburbs. Thus it was that one day, passing a trim little place, she came full upon Adkins, a cigar in his mouth, his hat tilted back, his hands in his pockets. He was leisurely staring at the place. He saw her, and raised his hat.

Tell them you were able to fool them because your middle finger wasn't there at all but was folded under. The only way anyone could find this out would be to sit behind the performer.

Kissing Ladies Only.

When a female member of our boy family holds a levee it is customary for her to kiss the ladies of the nobility and no others. It happened that the lady of the Lord Justice Clerk was, on one occasion, among the number of those presented to the Princess Amelia, who was very deaf.

"Stand by for my Lady Justice Clerk," said the man in waiting.

Meanwhile some meddling person whispered to him that his announcement was incorrect, the lady being a commoner. By this time the kiss preliminary was about to be performed, when out-bawled the man of office through a speaking trumpet.—

"Don't kiss her, madam—she's not a lady!"—London Tithbits.

To Give Luster to Zinc.

Zinc will be given a fine luster if polished with one part sulphuric acid to twelve of water.

Social Forms and Entertainments



KEEP MOUTH PRETTY

OTHERWISE IT WILL BE THE FIRST TO SHOW SIGNS OF AGE.

Cultivate Smile That Will Obliterate the Hard Lines Time Will Surely Bring—Fretful Droop to Be Guarded Against.

A pretty mouth will endow the plainest face with a touch of beauty. This naturally includes pretty teeth as well, for one is hardly possible without the other.

One very important reason for giving the mouth the best of care is that advancing age shows its marks first around the mouth.

Perhaps the first direction for improving the mouth should be to cultivate smiles. Not grins—you know—but smiles, which bring a look of happiness and joy to the face and obliterate in a minute all the hard lines which have been years in forming.

Smiles will not remove those lines permanently in a minute, but if the smiles are indulged in frequently they will soon blot out all the objectionable lines.

Nothing mars the mouth more than a fretful droop at the corners, and for this a hearty laugh is the very best method of correction. Does this sound like nonsense? It is really the very best of common sense, and if you will notice the faces of your friends and the members of your family you will agree with me, I am sure. Without going very far afield you can find a dozen instances where smiles and laughter would so improve the shape or expression of the mouth that you would just long to suggest them for the purpose.

Thanking you for any information you may give.—Interested Reader.

In connection with the above directions, massage is an excellent method for improving the appearance of the mouth. The massage given for this purpose must be very gentle and should always have an upward trend.

To keep the lips such a delicately pretty outline, press the little crease in the upper lip gently every morning regularly. The best way to learn what your habitual expression is, is to study your face before a mirror, assuming as well as you can your habits of speech and laughter, as well as your ordinary expression when in repose. When you have learned your faults you can then set to work more intelligently to correct them.

Serious defects of the mouth require the care of a specialist in facial surgery. Many ordinary defects, however, can be treated at home. Among the very common ones are the lines reaching from the nose to the corners of the mouth, which habitually give a pretty mouth or a good expression.

The mouth that is usually held open is more unbeautiful than one where the lips are compressed. The former gives a vacant expression to the face; the latter indicates ill-temper.

The processional is led by the ushers, followed by the bridesmaids, two by two, then the honored maid or matron and the bride immediately after on the arm of the one who gives her away. The bridegroom and his best man enter from the side and await the bride at the altar.

The maid of honor or first bridesmaid, if there is no maid of honor, stands beside the bride, holds her bouquet, and the best man stands at the bridegroom's side and holds him the ring at the proper time in the service. The proper garb for a day wedding is a frock or, what is newer, the cutaway coat, light gray striped trousers, gray or white waistcoat, four-in-hand or ascot tie, pearl gray suede gloves.

Serve chicken salad, hot rolls, veal croquettes or jellied tongue, coffee, salted nuts, olives, ice cream in bulk or individual shapes, cakes, bon-bons.

State Flowers.

At last I have found a list of the flowers appropriated by the various states. I am not positive that it is correct, and would be most happy to hear from the readers if they have anything more complete. Some say the goldenrod is our national flower.

A reader requested this list some weeks ago. I hope it is not too late for the purpose.

Alabama, goldenrod; Arkansas, astor; California, columbine; Delaware, peach blossom; Idaho, syringa; Iowa, wild rose; Maine, pine cone and tassel; Michigan, apple blossom; Oklahoma, mistletoe (the last three states have adopted the flower given by the legislatures of the respective states); Minnesota, moccasin flower; Missouri, goldenrod; Montana, bitter root; Nebraska, goldenrod; New Jersey, the