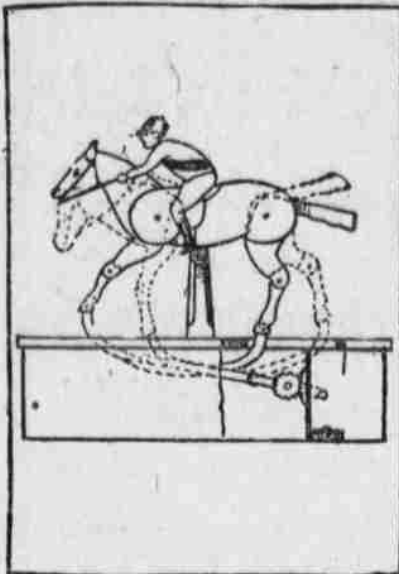


# CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

## TROTS IN LIFELIKE FASHION

Toy in Form of Galloping Horse Invented by Kentucky Man—Operated by Means of Crank.

An amusing toy in the form of a galloping horse has been designed by a Kentucky man. It is particularly appropriate these days when mechanical toys are absorbing the youth of the land. The body of the horse is fixed to a standard, rising from the base, but the forelegs and hindlegs are pivoted to the body and at their middle joints. The tail and neck are also pivoted to the body and the body of the jockey is pivoted at the hips. The horse's feet are fastened to swinging shafts that operate in the base by



Galloping Horse Toy.

means of a rotatable gear. As one shaft is pushed forward the other comes backward, each carrying with it a foreleg and hindleg on the same side of the animal. The gear is operated by means of a crank and the faster the crank is turned the faster the horse trots, hobbling his head and waving his tail, while the jockey seems to urge him.

## NUTS TO CRACK.

- Why is a fishmonger never generous? Because his business makes him self-fish.
- Why are religious communities like bees? Because they are in-sects.
- Why ought an omnibus to be considered secure from lightning? Because it has a conductor.
- If I encounter a man wheeling earth, why am I like a weather glass? Because I am a barometer (barrow meter).
- Which is the smallest bridge in the world? The bridge of the nose.
- Why does the east wind never travel straight? Because it blows so bleak (oblique).
- Why is a bad shot like an amusing fellow? Because he's the boy to keep the game alive.
- Three feet I have, but ne'er attempt to go. And many nails thereon, but not one toe.
- A yard measure.
- Why should we avoid mingling with the multitude? Because if you are hemmed in by a crowd you are likely to get a stitch in your side.
- Which is the longest letter in the alphabet? An l (ell).
- Why does a fat man, when squeezed, compliment the ladies? Because the pressure makes him fatter.
- Why is a woman's beauty like a bank note? Because when once changed it soon goes.
- What quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, and dinner parties? White kids.
- Why does an orator resemble a pawnbroker? Because he lives by spouting.
- Why does a sculptor resemble a tippler? Because he is everlastingly soaking his clay.
- When are balls and routs supplied gratis? On the field of battle.
- What instrument of war does an angry lover resemble? A cross bow (beau).
- Why are cats like unskillful surgeons? Because they mew-till-late, and destroy patients (patience).

## A Sugar Trust.

A sharp boy in Grangetown walked into a grocer's shop. "Please, mister," he said to the proprietor, "mother told me to ask you whether there is such a thing as a sugar trust?" "Of course there is," was the answer. "Well, then, mother wants to be trusted for two pounds."

## How He Stood.

"Tommy," queried his father, "how do you stand in school these days?" "In the corner most of the time," replied Tommy.—Judge.

## SOME QUEER TABLE-MANNERS

In Ancient Times People Were Told Not to Pick Their Teeth With Knife or Fork.

"Until the middle of the seventeenth century," writes Rose M. Bradley in the English Housewife, "forks were a luxury, treated rather as toys, elegant, with jeweled handles, wherewith the ladies might pick daintily at their sweetmeats." Before the carving fork was introduced paper covers were placed over those portions of the meat which had to be grasped with the left hand. The paper frills sometimes seen nowadays on butter bones are said by the author to be a survival of the old custom. After smarting under foreign criticism on their table manners, Englishmen turned to French "Rules of Civility," and others were compiled in English.

Readers were warned "not to wipe knife or fork on bread or the cloth, but on napkins." They were also requested "not to pick their teeth at table with knife or fork." "Lady Rich's Closet of Rareties," published in 1653, begs each gentlewoman to "observe to keep her body straight, and lean not by any means with her elbow, nor by ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite."

Nor must she talk with her mouth full of meat nor "smack like a pig," not eat spoon meat so hot that the tears stand in her eyes. "It is very uncomely," the author adds, "to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to recover yourself. Throwing down your liquor as into a funnel is an action fitter for a juggler than a gentlewoman."

## FUNNY MAN AT PICNIC PARTY

Wooden Horse Can Jump as High as Eiffel Tower, He Says in Spinning Latest Yarn.

Being a funny man, he was at it again. Seated on the grass in the midst of the picnic party, he was spinning the latest yarns.

"I say," he remarked to those assembled, "I bet you can't answer this riddle."

"Well, what is it?" asked a chorus of voices. "Can you name an animal that has eyes and cannot see, legs and cannot walk, but can jump as high as the Eiffel tower?"

All racked their brains and there was a deep silence for a moment.

"I don't know," remarked some one. "I give it up."

The rest of the party also signified inability to solve the riddle.

"The answer," said the funny man, "is a wooden horse. It has eyes and cannot see and legs and cannot walk."

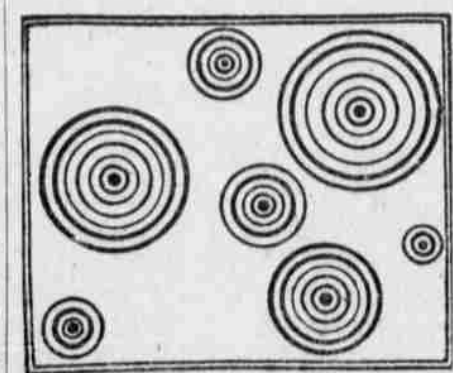
"Yes, but how does it jump as high as the Eiffel tower?" came the triumphant shout.

"The Eiffel tower," said the funny man as he made preparations for hurried departure, "can't jump at all!"—Tit-Bits.

## PUZZLE OF SPINNING WHEELS

Object is to Find Smallest Number of Straight Lines in Which Each Wheel May Be Enclosed.

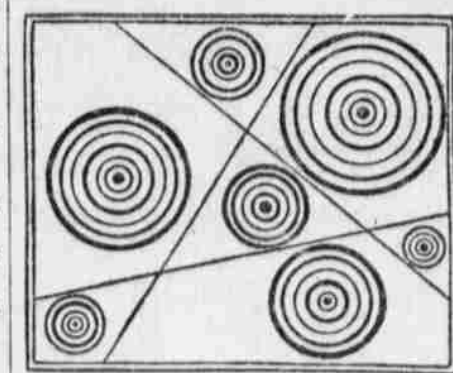
What is the smallest number of straight lines which can be drawn



Spinning Wheel Puzzle.

within this square so as to inclose each of the wheels within separate boundaries?

This diagram shows that the seven wheels, which spin so merrily when the paper is rotated in the hand, can



Solution of Puzzle.

be divided off into separate inclosures by only three straight lines.

While solving this, rotate the paper in your hand and see the wheels spin

## Knew What to Expect.

A small boy who attends one of the grade schools was vaccinated recently, and after the arm had been dressed the attending physician suggested that he place a ribbon with the word "Vaccinated" around it.

"At this the youngster spoke up 'Put it around the other arm,'" he said.

"But that won't do any good," protested the doctor. "It wants to be placed around the sore arm so the boys at school won't be hurting it."

The lad looked at him in disgust and replied: "You put it around the other arm. You don't know the kids at our school."—Kansas City Star.

## SAPPHIRE PENDANT

A Lesson in Self-Denial and the Folly of Wealth and Display

BY JUNE GOHAN.

"It isn't so much the value of the thing, but I love it better than anything that was ever given to me, that's all."

Antoinette flung out both hands with a tragic gesture that impressed even Teddy Conyers. He leaned forward in the deep lounging chair, and stared at the driftwood blaze in the huge fireplace. The dancing, sparkling flames reminded him of Antoinette's eyes, somehow.

"When did you first miss it, Tony?" asked Phyllis.

"This morning, only this morning. I always keep it on my dresser, just sticking in the cushion, don't you know. It was detachable from the bar pin, and could be worn as a pendant. And, Ted, it was the loveliest old thing. Surely you must have seen it. I always wear it with yellow."

"I never know what color you wear," Ted put in, dreamily.

"Brute! You saw it, anyway, Phyllis, at dinner. It is pear-shaped, a flawless sapphire surrounded by diamonds and very delicately set in platinum. I wore it to dinner right here at home, then we went to the theater and from there to a chafing dish studio affair up in Bristows' den."

"Telephone to them," suggested Ted. "I did, the first thing this morning, and it has upset them awfully, of course. They have only one servant, a Jap, and he's so perfect you'd as soon accuse a bronze Buddha. And Phyllis declares she saw it on my neck when we got back. I think I left it on the cushion."

"Take another look, Tony," urged Phyllis. She waited until her sister had left the room, then turned her head toward Ted eagerly. "You know why she's so worried?"

"Keepsake?"

"No. When our Aunt Muriel died, Mrs. Crossley Bangs, you know, Ted, she left everything to Tony and me, but with a long string tied to the prize package. We were given certain things every year for five years, and according to the way we treasured them, the final division of property was to be made. That happens in four days, and the pendant belonged to her. I haven't lost anything so far. And we have had such beautiful things, my diamond cross was one, and two strings of pearls, and this pendant for Tony. It's terrible, because if she doesn't find it, she'll surely lose her share."

Ted adjusted his eyeglasses, and looked attentive.

"What a ridiculous old party she must have been," he said meditatively. "Why not have an imitation one made, and pass it off on your trustees or guardians, or whoever you've got?"

"Tony wouldn't do such a thing. She'd lose every dollar first. There's Buddy out there. Isn't he wonderful, Ted?"

Ted grinned appreciatively. Anyone who was personally acquainted with Phyllis' heir apparent, shared her opinion. Out on the broad sloping lawn strutted Buddy, four years old, and nearly as broad as he was tall. Just at the moment he was hauling a furry animal around by the neck.

"It's his Robber Kitten," said Phyllis.

"Stuffed?" inquired Ted.

"Certainly it's stuffed. Jack brought it home for his birthday last week, and Buddy adores it. We're going for a walk, and leave you to console Tony. Be nice, Ted. She feels dreadfully."

Ted stood at the window watching the two pass down towards the beach. Buddy tagged along behind his mother, dangling the Robber Kitten. And Ted sighed. He had been a steady caller at Piney Croft for months. He was not a wooer at first. Jack and he had been chums abroad the first year after Harvard. He envied him the whole thing, the big happy looking home up on the hill, the husbandhood and Buddy and just the privilege of stretching out his heels to warm before his own fireside. Only he wanted Tony for himself. Dear, thoughtless, irresponsible Tony! As if the Crossley Bangs inheritance could make any difference to him. He wanted to marry her, carry her away to Conyers Hall down on the Chesapeake, and see her queen it over the whole lot down there, his father, the old Major, and Dorinda, his nurse, and all the rest. He turned quickly at the sound of her steps behind him. She only came as high as his chin, and just now seemed taller, chin up and indignant.

"Ted, there's not another thing taken. Isn't it strange? As if somebody knew what it meant to me to lose the pendant at this time?"

"What do you care anyway? Money isn't everything."

"It's a whole lot just the same. I don't want to starve here with Phyllis all my life. I'm going to take the money and start something."

"I've got enough for two."

It was said. Antoinette looked up at him in dead silence.

"Think it over, Tony," he said gently. "I'm not such a bad sort, you know. There's a bully old place down home, and dad, and we'd love you to death. Don't bother to say anything now. I don't want you to when you're all worried over the other. I'll come over Monday."

"Not Monday, Ted," she broke in. "That—that's the day, and if I don't find the pendant by then—"

"Maybe you'll marry me," gamely Ted smiled, and left her, and she

watched him until the turn of the road hid him from sight.

When Phyllis returned, it was dark in the great shadowy living room, and only the firelight glowed on the beach sand walls. Over on the window seat was Antoinette, staring still at that stretch of lonely shore road, her chin propped on her hand.

"How much money do you suppose Aunt Muriel left us?" she asked, after a pause.

"Why, I don't know, Tony. Nobody knows. She was very close mouthed. Of course she had the house on Gramercy Park from Uncle Dave, and Chester got that, and most of the fortune. She always said we were flighty and not sensibly brought up because mamma kept us abroad so much."

"Is money everything, Phyllis?" plaintively.

"It's a good deal, honey. It makes the wheels take the up grade very neatly. I'm glad Jack has plenty for Buddy's sake."

"I suppose that is why, but it isn't everything. I've waited five years for this to come true, and fitted myself for it. She said we must settle down, and study, and take up serious pursuits, didn't she? Well, we have. I'm sure I've grown up more the last two or three years under her system than ever before. She said for us to keep out of society and live way out here happily and simply. And you're safely married and settled down. I've always intended to take the money and travel and just have a good time with it, but now, somehow, it doesn't seem to amount to so much."

She looked over to where Buddy was industriously punching the Robber Kitten down into a nook under the hall stairs. It was five days before she remembered the Kitten. Every corner in the house had been searched for the lost pendant. Two detectives had been sent down from the city by Jack, and had even hopelessly alienated the good will of the Jap servant at the Bristows by queries.

The day came finally, and found the girls worried and helpless. About 2 o'clock, a roadster drew up before the house and Jack alighted with Mrs. Crossley Bangs' lawyer, Tennent Owsley. Ted rose from his usual seat near Antoinette.

"Oh, please don't go, Ted," she said, wistfully. "You may as well be in at the finish, you know."

Ted held her hand a minute in his grip that sent the color to her cheeks, but he said nothing. Devoutly he prayed that the new dependence on his sympathy might last. While Owsley faced the rest for the reading of the final instructions in the Bangs' will, he turned and played idly with Buddy and the Robber Kitten.

"I think it right, Mr. Owsley," said Antoinette bravely, "that you should know at the outset I have lost the sapphire pendant. Whatever was coming as my share is forfeited."

Owsley smiled and bowed. His shrewd old eyes looked amused and quizzical.

"The terms of your aunt's will are peculiar, Miss Randall," he began, slowly. "She was most erratic, as you know."

He cleared his throat and read, with emphasis, Mrs. Crossley Bangs' last thrust at the frivolities and extravagance of the age she was glad to leave behind her.

At the expiration of the five years, she trusted her two nieces would have profited so greatly by the lesson in self denial she had taught them that they could face the future with philosophy.

Tony caught Ted's glance, and smiled at this.

She felt confident that they had discovered the vanity and utter folly of wealth and display, and the wonderful possibilities that life offered without them. Therefore she left to them her blessing and fondest love, and the balance of her jewels. In the event of one having broken the terms of the will by negligence, she desired the said jewels to go to the other sister.

"I'll divide them anyway," flashed back Phyllis instantly, as he ceased reading. Ted rose and went over to where Antoinette stood. He slipped something into her hand.

"Ted!" gasped Tony. "The pendant."

"I just found it stuffed in the Robber Kitten," said Ted. "It's nice to have one, anyway, isn't it?"

He bent his head close to her dark curls as the others gathered around the pendant at the table.

"You can wear it for luck at the wedding, sweetheart," he said. And Buddy beamed on them innocently.

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## How Humming-Birds Bathe.

Not being acquainted with the bathing habits of humming-birds, says Katherine E. Dolbear in the Atlantic Monthly, I put out an abalone shell as the most artistic bathing-dish I could find; but never to my knowledge did she pay the least attention to it.

One morning, in the midst of a shower, however, she crouched down on the wet blade of a dogwood leaf, and her rapidly fluttering wings spattered the rain-drops in every direction. She went from leaf to leaf until she had succeeded in getting her feathers very wet; then she perched on a twig, shook off the drops, and carefully preened her feathers.

It is not improbable that, in the absence of rain, humming-birds use the dewdrops in early morning. In closer captivity, the bird bathed in a gladiolus blossom. Hereafter a pitcher-plant is to be used. A humming-bird that was accustomed to drinking sweetened water from a spoon one day found water in the spoon, instead of sweets, whereupon she at once alighted on the edge and took a bath.

# IN THE LIMELIGHT

## WALKS 195,000 MILES FOR UNCLE SAM



"When I first started work in the postoffice," Mr. LeBron said, "there were only forty-five carriers, and all of us were chums."

"When you figure up the number of miles I have traveled in my mail carrying career I believe you will agree with me that I am entitled to a good rest. Deducting Sundays and vacations that I have had in my forty-four years of postal service, I have worked about 18,000 days for Uncle Sam. This, multiplied by 15, which is the average number of miles traveled by a mail carrier, shows that I have covered 195,000 miles."

## REPRESENTS POPULAR WILL OF NATION

Raymond Poincare's selection for the presidency of France, although made by a parliament, as required by the constitution, is regarded as representing as well the popular will of the nation.

The new president is now in his fifty-third year. He is of medium height and sturdily built. Above all, he radiates an impression of force, both physical and intellectual. He is modest in conversation, cheerful and patient, and concentrates his full attention upon the person to whom he is talking.

M. Poincare's large, luminous eyes are the most striking feature of a face which suggests tenacity and determination. He is versatile, and comes of a family distinguished in science and literature. The president-elect himself is a philosopher, a writer, and a member of the French academy, with a notable career in French law circles. He has a peculiarity of never sending his clients' bills for legal services, always saying that they may send him whatever they consider to be the value of his work.

Americans who have met the premier have always found him interested in the development and the institutions of the United States, and accurately informed upon the larger aspects of current American affairs.

As foreign minister M. Poincare greatly facilitated the work of Ambassador Herrick and his predecessor at the American embassy, Robert Bacon.

The cabinet of Premier Poincare is regarded as steadfastly opposed to socialism.



## GEN. PERSHING WANTS FLAG RESPECTED



Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing, commanding the military department of Mindanao in the Philippines, has issued a general order designed to enforce proper respect for the national flag.

"The nation's flag," says he, "is the supreme symbol of that lofty patriotism without a controlling measure of which the republic could not long endure.

"Both in war and in preparation for war, the high duty of the army to stimulate and develop love of country among the people should ever prompt a faithful adherence to the external forms and ceremonies of respect for the national colors.

"When an individual pays the prescribed honors to the flag in a careless and perfunctory manner his patriotism at once falls under just suspicion. It is therefore ordered that during the playing of the national air at retreat wherever troops

are stationed silence will be maintained, both work and play will cease, vehicles will halt and officers or enlisted men therein will alight and stand at attention.

"Civilians, of whatever race or nationality, within sight or hearing of the flag and music at retreat, will be courteously enlightened, should they fail to stand in respectful attitude and, in case of disrespect, the offender will be promptly escorted off the post."

## WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER IS A TIMID MAN

William Rockefeller is intensely shy. He has a horror of courts and of publicity. He never has had a lawsuit as a private individual. One may judge his feelings, then, when the Pujo committee was after him.

Personally William Rockefeller is one of the kindest of men—and one of the most polite. He smokes a great deal. His cigars are the sort that royal connoisseurs affect. If he is dictating to his stenographer and a puff of smoke drifts the stenographer's way he has been known to apologize and to get up and open a window so that his tobacco may give no offense.

Usually William Rockefeller goes uptown on the elevated. If one of his employes happens to sit beside him Mr. Rockefeller will refrain from reading his evening paper if the employe shows a desire to talk. If one of Mr. Rockefeller's clerks meets him on the street the clerk is likely to lift his hat politely. Mr. Rockefeller raises his hat also. He likes a flat-crowned derby of the pattern of the time when Harrison was running for president.

