

# For the LITTLE ONES

## CARD SERVES AS DIAPHRAGM

Interesting and Instructive Experiment May Be Tried With Any Talking Machine.

Here is an amusing and instructive experiment that may be tried with any talking machine. Heretofore it has been supposed that the needle and sound box were necessary to transmit the words or music etched in the disks or rolls used as records on these machines. You may be surprised to know that an ordinary visiting card, or any similar card, will be quite effective as a diaphragm. As the disk revolves push aside the needle and apply the corner of the



Card as Diaphragm.

card to the surface. It will receive and transmit the sounds perfectly clearly. Of course, such a primitive transmitter has neither the volume nor the expression of the regular apparatus, but it is most interesting as a scientific experiment and will afford a great deal of amusement as well as furnish food for thought.

## REAL MEANING OF "POTLUCK"

Inhabitants of Limoges Make One Plunge With Ladle and Take Whatever They Can Get.

The real origin of the word "potluck" is unknown to most of the people who use it. In Limoges, France, however one runs into potluck itself, remarks the New York Sun. In a certain corner of that quaint city of jostling roofs there is still segregated, much as if in a ghetto, a Saracen population, probably a remnant of the wave of Saracens that swept over Europe hundreds of years ago. Here they live in their crooked, narrow streets, following old customs handed down from generation to generation. There are many butcher shops in the quarter and outside of each steams a great pot of soup over a glowing brazier. In each pot stands a ladle as ancient as the pot.

When a customer comes with a penny in goes the ladle and comes up full of savory broth and chunks of meat, odds and ends that the butcher has had left over. And what comes up the customer has to take. One can imagine how anxiously the hungry urchin or the mother of seven must eye the inexorable ladle and how a pretty girl might get another draw from the butcher's boy.

At any rate "to take potluck" means to take what you get and say nothing whether the pot is in Limoges or in the flat of the man who eagerly invites a friend of his youth to dinner.

## RIDDLES.

- Which is the largest room in the world?  
The room for improvement.
- When can you drink out of a flag-staff?  
When it holds a flagon.
- How high ought a lady to wear her dress?  
A little higher than two feet.
- Why do little birds in their nests agree?  
Because they are high men (Hymen).
- Which is the most dangerous bat that flies in the air?  
A brickbat.
- Why is a flirtation like plate powder?  
Because it brightens up spoons.
- How long did Cain hate his brother?  
As long as he was Abel.
- Why is a bad cold a great humiliation?  
Because it brings the proudest man to his sneeze (his knees).
- Why is a tumbler like a pugilist?  
Because he can't get his living without some assaults (somersaults).
- Why is ivy climbing a tree like a watch?  
Because it's a stem winder.
- When are roads like corpses?  
When they are men-dod.
- Why is cold cream like a good chap-eron?  
Because it keeps off the chaps.
- When is a blow from a lady welcome?  
When she strikes you agreeably.
- What snuffaker is that whose box gets fuller the more snuff he takes?  
A pair of snuffers.

## PLAY FOR WINTER EVENINGS

Much Amusement May Be Obtained by Use of Ordinary Dinner Plate Covered With Lamp-Black.

Prepare a plate by covering the bottom with thick lamp-black. Then when your friends arrive, tell them you are able to perform a great trick. You are an expert magnetizer. You may say: "I do not often perform in public, but among friends I do not object to giving a proof of my skill. The only point upon which I must insist is perfect gravity and quiet among the audience. I will now see if I can select a subject who is susceptible to the magnetic influences."

You now pass from one to another, making passes, and looking steadily into eyes of several of the company, feeling the pulse of one and another, till finally you select one individual whom you declare to be the man for the experiment. You now clear one end of the room and place two chairs, face to face, some three feet apart. In one of these you seat your intended victim and ask for two glasses of water, standing in two plates. This produces the blackened plate, and a clean one, upon each of them a glass of clear water.

Handling the blackened plate to the subject who is to be magnetized, you take the clean plate and say, seating yourself in the vacant chair: "Fix your eyes steadily upon mine, and make exactly the motions that I do."

You now proceed to make several motions with your open hand, keeping your eyes fixed upon your victim, till you have his undivided attention. You then dip your finger in the water and drawing it across the bottom of the plate make a cross upon your forehead; the subject does the same; a second pass over the bottom of the plate and the face draws a long black streak down the victim's nose; a third smears one cheek; a fourth the other. When the victim resembles a black-amoeba the operator gravely rises and says the subject has proved that his will is too strong to yield to that of another man, and he must try a new one.

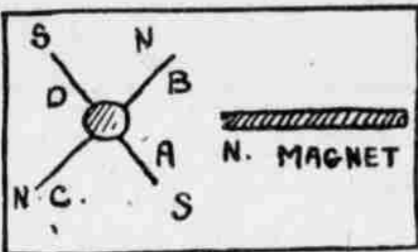
Then lead him to a mirror.

## TEST WITH MAGNETIC MOTOR

Experiment Illustrates the Principle on Which All Electric Motors Are Based.

This experiment illustrates the principle on which all electric motors are based. All that is needed is five needles, a cork, a bar magnet and a small piece of wire.

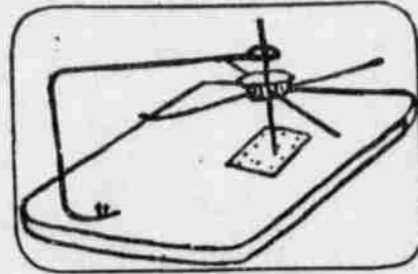
Magnetize four of the needles and stick them into the cork so that every other one will have a north pole pro-



A Magnetic Motor.

truding. Then push the remaining needle through the cork for an axle, making a support from the wire as shown.

To operate, bring one end of a bar magnet between needles A and B, then A will be repelled and B attracted by the bar magnet and the wheel turn, quickly lower the magnet



Motor in Operation.

and raise it again when the needles C and D come around. The direction of the motor can be changed by using the other end of the magnet.

## Bobbie Knew.

Bobbie and Little Willie had been given orders by mother not to go swimming alone. Once in a while, however, they indulged in their secret pleasure without telling their fond mother.

One day they were returning from a swim and both had entirely forgotten about the necessary excuse. Little Willie bravely entered the house, but Bobbie prudently turned the corner and waited outside on the cellar door.

The first question mother put to little Willie took the little one unaware. "Where have you been, Willie?" asked mother sternly. Willie hesitated, looked at the door longingly and finally replied, "Wait till I go and ask Bob."—National Monthly.

## The Compliment.

He had handed the child a banana and the latter, in his delight, forgot his customary "Thank you."

"But what do you say, Harry?" "For a moment the child was puzzled, then with a smile he handed it back.

"Peel it!"—Harper's Bazar.

## Not to Be Caught.

Teacher—What is the stuff heroes are made of, Tommie?  
Tommie—You'll have to excuse me, teacher, but I'm not booming my particular breakfast food!

## NONDESCRIPT TYPE

How Polly Irving Heard of the Last Twig on the Family Tree.

BY IZOLA FORRESTER.

"For me," repeated Polly. She had opened the door of room four barely enough to see the mite that stood waiting there. "Are you sure you've got the right room, Dan?"

Dan was positive he had. He had been sent up to the principal's office for misbehaving, and had been used as a handy messenger in any emergency case. There was a gentleman up there who wanted to see Miss Irving.

Now, the strangest part was that to Polly's knowledge no gentleman so far had evinced any yearning to see Miss Irving in all Miss Irving's life, and especially since she had become a kindergarten teacher. So she hesitated, wondering what sort of an agent had located her there.

"Well, you may bring him down here, Danny," she said finally, and Dan sped away.

Polly went back to her desk with fluttering pulses. It was hard to face even the forty pair of inquisitive childish eyes watching "teacher." There was a tiny round mirror lying in her desk drawer, long unused, but now, just for an instant she lifted it cautiously out, and looked at herself. She saw gray eyes, rather serious and a very decided chin. Polly loved to tell herself that she had a decided chin in spite of the dimple there. And there was a kink in the fair wave of hair, too, but still, she was a rather nondescript type of girl. She had heard ever since she had been knee high to the table, that she had no charm and no magnetism. One grows to believe a thing after it has been drummed into one steadily.

The color rose in her face at the knock on the door. It was not a timid one.

"Come," she called.

"I'm looking for Miss Irving," said a rather boyish voice, and a head was intruded into the sacred precinct of room four. "Can you spare teacher just a minute, children?"

"Yezzir," rose a buzzing chorus. Miss Irving went to the door, and stepped out into the hall, puzzled and rather on the defensive.

"You're Miss Mauline Mary Irving?" he asked, smiling down at her.

"Yes, but I don't care to buy anything at all," began Polly firmly.

"Don't you?" He was really laughing now. "You will later, Miss Irving. I bring you very good news. My name is Maynard Talbot. I have hunted all the way from London to Chicago for you."

"From London?" repeated Polly, wondering. "Why?"

"You are chief legatee under your granduncle's will. I can't explain so hurriedly, but it's a matter of twenty thousand pounds, about one hundred thousand dollars. Sir Robert's solicitors sent me over to find you. May I wait until school is over?"

"If—if you like," Polly faltered. She gave him a chair near the desk, and tried to conduct that last half hour of kindergarten as she had done for thirteen years, ever since she had been a girl of eighteen.

When it was over, and the last little lass had thrown her a kiss at the door, she sighed, and turned to the young man from Londontown.

"Now tell me all about it," she said. "I knew father had relatives abroad, but he died so long ago, and mother was from New England, so we rather forgot the British branch."

"The only twig left on that branch was old Sir Robert," said her caller, cheerfully. "I've seen him several times, whenever I had to run down to Tiverton Manor. He died about seven months ago. There are several very good country places, but those go to the next of kin. The money was his private fortune, and he willed it to your father or his heirs."

"Will I have to go over there to live?" asked Polly.

"Dear, dear, no. You may live where you like. I'm going to. I've just put all my money into land up in Alberta, British Columbia, you know. All of us younger sons have a hankering for your west and our west. There isn't much for us nowadays over home, and the new generation doesn't care to hang around on bones and leavings, so to speak. And when a chap's not talented, he might as well take to the open, and hit a new trail, don't you think so?"

"Listen," said Polly, eagerly, leaning forward, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes shining. "Why couldn't I do that too? Why couldn't I hit a new trail, as you say, and put my money into something way out there where it is all new and free? I'd love to."

"But it's no place for a girl you know," Talbot told her seriously.

"I'm not just a girl," protested Polly. "If I were twenty and pretty it might be different, but I'm not. I'm thirty-one, and very ordinary."

"Oh, but you're not, you know," he declared.

"Yes, I am," Polly insisted. "I never expect to marry, but I want a great big place of my own that I can ride over and run as I like. I shall go west with you, Mr. Talbot."

Until the clock up on the wall pointed to five Talbot tried to argue her out of it. Then every day for a week he spent several hours trying to persuade her as to the proper course for an heiress to follow. Still Polly willfully set her face westward. Rapidly she cleaned up matters at home. The

kindergarten was dropped at the end of the quarter. Then when her first installment arrived from London, she began buying her outfit, and after her through the stores trailed Maynard Talbot, admiring but fearful. They pored over section maps together, and visited all manner of railroad offices and outfitting places. They read up on grazing and wheat culture, they discussed new styles in silos as well as riding boots. Polly wanted to start in on a heavy basis, but Talbot advised caution until they had become accustomed to the country and its needs.

"It's too bad you're going to take a place of your own," she said, one day. "I'd like you to manage mine for me, you know."

"I'll do it anyway," Maynard promised, as he lounged on the sand at her feet. They had strolled far out along the lake shore until the big sand dunes lured them to rest. "I'll get a place next to yours."

"Will you, Mr. Talbot? Truly?" Polly looked at him earnestly. "I think you've been so nice to me ever since you came, and I must have seemed a terrible nuisance to you."

"A very precious responsibility," said Maynard, smiling up at her. "I told you the firm back home I'd look after your interests."

"Had you ever seen my picture?" "Never. I wish I had one of you this minute as you look now."

Polly looked at him reflectively, even suspiciously. No one had ever paid her compliments before.

"Do you like the way I look, Mr. Talbot?" curiously.

Maynard was silent a full minute. He looked at her until she turned her eyes away from him, and then his hand closed tightly over hers as it rested beside him on the sand. And Polly laughed, a rippling nervous little laugh.

"Oh, say it quick," she whispered. "I've always wondered what men did to say. They seem such big overgrown, awkward, helpless boys, you know—"

"Do they?" said Maynard grimly. He sat up and took her in his arms. "Well, I'm not going to say anything."

She closed her eyes as he bent his head and kissed her. It was almost worth being a girl without charm to find your first kiss given to the one man you loved, she thought. "Now listen. We will be married here, go on to Alberta and choose our place, then cross over to England in time for the Christmas holidays. We owe some sort of decent acknowledgment to Uncle Robert."

Polly sat up very erect.

"To whom?"

He looked thoroughly amused.

"Uncle Robert, I said. Do you mind, dear? I'm the next of kin. I was on my way west anyway, and decided to take a look for myself at the little seventeenth degree American cousin. I didn't know I was to find my Lady Polly. And I feared if you knew the whole truth at once, you'd be on your dignity with me, and we wouldn't be good friends at all. Don't you know?"

Polly covered her face with both her hands.

"Oh, it takes away all the fun of our starting out west together," she cried, "and—being pals."

Talbot held her close in his arms. "It doesn't do anything of the sort, you silly child," he laughed. "We'll be married at once. Say yes, Polly. Polly? Hear me?"

Polly nodded her head.

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## Fostering Spirit of Criticism.

Many persons are too inclined to say unkind things simply because they happen to be near acquaintances or relatives to one another. Remember the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Do not flatter yourself that relationship entitles you to say unkind things to your intimates."

He goes on to show that we get enough unkind criticism from outside, and should receive only help and support from those in immediate touch with us.

A person never regrets having done or said the kind thing; it is the cruel or unkind words and actions which bring sorrow and regret.

There is no God given wisdom in one human being which should warrant him in thinking himself qualified or able to dictate to another. It is all conceit, really—the common "I know better" fallacy.

## Glass-Making an Old Trade.

Each country has its distinctive types of glass, but it requires special and well-trained perception to tell the difference between some of the English and Irish specimens of the last century, and the careful copies which are now being made of them in European factories. The latter, however, can generally be known by their greater whiteness and lightness of weight. Waterford glass is now the most sought after by collectors, but equally beautiful pieces were made in the Cork and Dublin glass houses.

Glass-making can be traced back for about 2,300 years to the people who lived on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, but its origin has never really been fixed. Its ingredients are still the same, and their proportions seem to have varied very little. Silica and an alkali, that is quartz, or flint, and potash, or soda, are still used.

## Possible Explanation.

"I never could understand why people dock their horses' tails," said Dubbleigh.

"High cost of living," said Jorrocks. "Got to dock something, these times."

—Harper's Weekly.

# PEOPLE MOST TALKED ABOUT

## MR. WILSON'S PRIVATE SECRETARY



J. P. Tumulty, President-elect Wilson's private secretary, was born in Jersey City on May 5, 1879. He comes from a family which lived in Jersey City over half a century, the greater part of which time they have been prominent politically. His father, Philip Tumulty, was a member of the assembly in 1887 and 1888.

Mr. Tumulty, the younger, received his political training in the old Bob Davis school in Jersey City, where he learned the machine side of the political game, the knowledge of which has made him so valuable an assistant to Mr. Wilson, who has made warfare on this kind of politics since his election to the governorship of New Jersey.

Mr. Tumulty was elected to the lower house of the New Jersey legislature in 1907, and served four terms. He was a member of that trio of independent Democrats in the legislature who would not allow themselves

to be controlled, so far as their votes on bills were concerned, by Davis or the members of the machine.

Governor Wilson was attracted to Mr. Tumulty by the reports which reached him regarding his ability as an orator and debater.

## GOV. DUNNE'S TIP AGAINST "TIPS"

Some one, quite innocently and well-intentioned, endeavored to apply a whisk broom to Governor Dunne of Illinois the other day when he wasn't expecting it. It was a sight to see him leap away and glower defiance at the intruder. And that "reminded him" and he told it himself.

"I have come to disapprove of uninvited attentions from brush wielders," he said, "especially since a little episode in a Chicago restaurant a few weeks ago.

"We had dined well and paid well, though our coffee did not cost us 35 cents a cup, and were leaving the place. I was talking to a friend, I think it was Ed Roche, when suddenly someone confronted me, stopped me, and laid violent hands on me. In one of the hands was a whisk broom. The broom was swung against my back and over my shoulders, and some of the whacks hurt a little.

"I turned to the husky gentleman and ordered a halt.

"If you touch me again with that broom," I told him, "I will have you arrested for assault and battery."

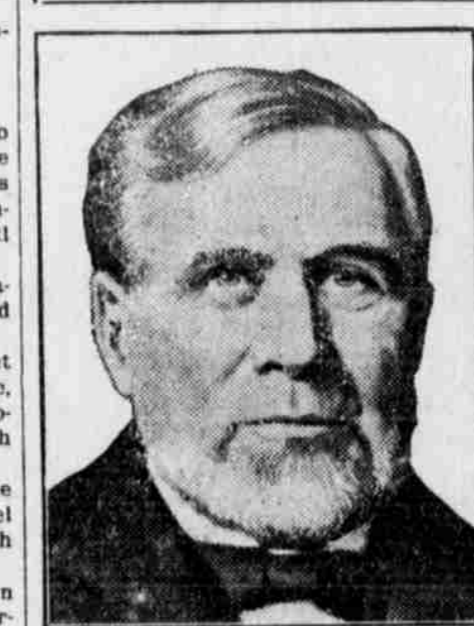
"The man gazed at me in wonder.

"Yes, I will," I repeated. "Don't you know that the laying on of hands is enough to prefer the charge of assault and battery?"

"We went along, and I expect the broom boy thought I was a little strong with my law. But that is true. So if any citizen of the state is attacked by persons with brooms, seeking 'tips' for services which are not wanted, they may fall back on assault and battery if they like."



## SENATOR NELSON ROUNDS OUT 70 YEARS



Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota, one of the most picturesque figures in the United States senate, and likewise one of the most influential of the Republican members of that body, celebrated his seventieth birthday February 2. Senator Nelson, whose present term will expire March 4, has just been re-elected by the Minnesota legislature for another term of six years. In the next congress he will rank among the veterans of the senate in point of service as well as age.

Of the entire membership of the senate as it will be constituted after March 4 only two members—Lodge of Massachusetts and Perkins of California—will have seen longer service in the upper house than the senator from Minnesota. Both Senators Lodge and Perkins came to the senate in 1893, two years before Senator Nelson made his appearance.

The career of Senator Nelson is of much more than ordinary interest, and in several respects unique. The story of his life has many of the salient features of a romance, including the picturesque and unusual. Born on a little farm near the City of Bergen, in the southwestern part of Norway, he accompanied his widowed mother to America when six years old. The family was practically penniless.

## SENATOR VARDAMAN OF MISSISSIPPI

James K. Vardaman, ex-governor of Mississippi, and now senator-elect from that state to succeed Le Roy Percy, is opposed to taking anything out of politics.

In the course of an interview a few days ago, the tariff question came up. Senator Vardaman said he believed that the question would be taken up at the beginning of the session of the incoming congress and slight changes made in the present schedule. To what extent the revision of the tariff would go the senator was not prepared to state. He stated, however, that he believed that the tariff should be revised schedule by schedule, and that whatever changes are necessary should be made as soon after the convening of congress as possible.

"Senator, do you favor a tariff commission in order, if possible, to take the tariff question out of politics?" asked the reporter.

"No sir, I do not believe in the tariff commission," said the senator, "for I do not believe in taking anything out of politics than can be kept in."

