Corner forge

GOOD STORY WITH A MORAL

Excellent Illustration Showing That Nobody Amounts to Much Who Docan't Hustle.

There was a large Thomas cat that had its habitation in a store, the Topeka Capital says. It was reported to be a fine blooded animal from a family of distinguished rat destroyers. The cat was a beauty and everybody round the store took a turn at furnishing grub suited to the taste of a blooded cat.

It was observed, however, that there was no reduction of the rat or mice population, and the proprietor of the store commenced to inquire into the reason why. He first tried the cat on a rat that had been caught in a trap. but the feline expressed no interest or animation, tie looked at the rat and then walked away. The storekeeper was disappointed, but not entirely discouraged. He thought perhaps that that there shall be one of the gashes cat's specialty was mice, and as he had a mouse or two that had been caught alive in a trap, he turned them ple may be divided into six pieces by loose in front of the cat, but it paid two straight cuts, so that there shall no more attention to them than a sheep would do to a rare done beefstenk.

"I think," said the storekeeper, "that I am onto this situation. I will fire the next employe who gives that cat any thing to eat." For two days the Thomas cat did a good deal of howling and wore a look of injured innocence. He felt that he had been wronged, and was ready to start an insurrection, but as that didn't seem to get him anywhere, he turned loose on the rats and mice in a way that was surprising

The second day after this change of programe the rate held a convention to consider what ought to be done. When the leading orator among the rats arose, he said: "Fellow rats, this is no time for talk. What we want to do is to move. That cat hasn't any more natural ability than he had before, but he kas concluded that he either has to hustle or starve, and I have discovered that when a cat gets in that frame of mind his neighborhood is no place for rats."

Many men and women, as well as cats, have never amounted to a whoop just because they never had to hustle.

DEVICE TO MAKE GOLF BALLS

Sphere Rests on Plunger and Is Pressed Up Against Die-Designed by Pennsylvania Man.

An apparatus for imparting to golf balls their peculiar pock-marked complexion has been designed by a Penna vertically moving plunger that is op- "bray." erated by a little lever at the side and



Golf Ball Maker.

that has a spring attachment to control its movement. On top of the plunthe impact is sufficient to set the die diaframs. That's the worst yet.revolving and it continues to revolve as the ball rises againts it. This has the effect of turning the ball around in the cup so that it is stamped around its entire circumference.

Rewarded by the Boss.

The office boy had been discovered in a lie, it was not one of the ordinary prevarications of our everyday world. but quite a serious and deliberately mendacious effort.

"Do you know, my lad," asked a clerk in kind tones, "what becomes of lads who trifle with the truth?"

"Ay," was the confident reply, "the hose sends them out traveling when guard. they grow up!"-Weekly Telegraph.

in the Days of Pa's Youth.

Little Kendrick was making elabo-

rate preparations to go to the zoo. "Oh, say," he cried, "I must have a bag of lump sugar! I can have lots well informed? of fun with a bag of lump sugar and

the elephants!"

ought to do it."

"When I was your age," said his father, "I could have a lot of fun with a bag of lump sugar without any ele- marry a girl called Anne? phants."-Judge.

Why He Escapes.

"You ought to be spanked, young man.

"I know it, but I'm not likely to be. "Why not?"

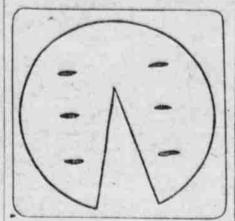
"Well, pa and ma haven't ever been a pin? able to agree as to which one of them

UNIQUE AFTER-DINNER TRICK

Manner of Cutting Apple Into Six Pleces by Two Straight Slashes is Shown in Illustration.

Much amusement may be obtained after dinner by cutting a wedge out of an apple, as is indicated in the diagram, and make six gashes, as la shown

When this has been done challenge any one to divide the apple into six pieces by only two straight cuts, so



Dividing the Apple.

in each piece.

The illustration shows how the apbe a gash in each plece.

First cut the apple through the dotted line, then place the upper piece



How Apple Is Cut.

shown at the side of the larger piece, and make the second cut straight through where the line is

The Farmyard,

The players must all arrange themselves in a circle. The leader then tells them that he is about to give each the name of some animal, and that when he drops the handkerchief which he is holding in his hand, he wants them all to make the cry of the animal which they are supposed to represent. He then goes round the circle and whispers to every player except one, the injunction to "remain silent." To the one player alone he whispers, "The donkey." This being done, he takes up his position in the center of the circle, and, holding the handkerchief aloft, says, "Now then, sylvania man. Arising from a metal are you ready? All together," and base is a metal standard with an over- drops the handkerchief. For half a hanging and bifurcated arm. In the second there is dead silence, which is bifurications of this arm a rotary die broken by the voice of the victim beis pivoted. Directly below this die is ing uplifted in a deep stentorian

it's a Fact That-

The greatest depth of the sea yet discovered is 32,089 feet.

The hair grows considerably faster during summer than during winter. An orange tree will continue to bear fruit until it is 150 years old.

Rice forms the principal article of food of about a third of the human race.

On some of the large Atlantic steamers there are as many as 150 firemen.

The largest opal in the world weighing seventeen ounces, is worth \$300,000 and belongs to the emperor of Austria.

The Worst Yet.

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning.

Dere Teecher-You keep tellin' my boy to brethe with his diafran, Maybe rich children has got diaframs, ger is a cup into which a golf ball is but how about when there father only placed. By pressing down on the lever makes \$1.50 a day and has got five the plunger rises and the ball is children to keep? First it's one pressed against the die. The force of thing, then it's another, and now it's Ladies' Home Journal.

RIDDLES.

What motive had the inventor of railroads in view? A locomotive.

Why are some men like glowworms?

Secause it must be dark when they stine. . . .

Why cannot a thief easily steal a watch? Because he must take it off its

What is the hardest thing to deal with"

An old pack of cards.

Why is a banker's clerk necessarily

Because he is continually taking

Why should a man named Ben Because he would be Benny-fitted, and she Annie-mated.

Where lies the pathy of duty? Through the custom house.

Why is a cautious, prudent man like Because his head prevents him from going too far,

HIS REAL DAUGHTER

How a Father Discovered the True Meaning of the Word

"Daughter." By LAURA A. KIRKMAN.

Marjorie told her chum the good news even before she told her aunt "See!" she cried, excitedly, waving the letter. "My father has writtenhe's coming to see me!"

Helen's face clouded. "He's coming to take you away!" she suspected. "I guesa so. He says he has a

proposition to lay before me." At the torrent of unhappiness that flowed from Helen's lips, Marjorie's eyes opened wide.

"Don't you want me to have a daddy, too?" she reproached. "You cught to want me to go away with him-and be happy. Oh, I'll be like you with your father!"

Helen's jolly, hig-hearted father had always been a source of envy to Marjorie. On a holiday, he would stroll across the lawn to where Helen was playing tennis and stand and watch her as if he asked no greater pleasure. of life: pride was written on his face when he drove home nightly from the depot beside his pretty daughter.

"I have always loved my father, Marjerie confided suddenly. "I loved him even when mother was slive and used to talk against him. I have always wished he would love me and try to find me. I don't care if he is married again and has another daughter; I'm his daughter, too-his first daughter!" Her voice rang on the tast words, and she started through the hedge towards her aunt's house.

"Wait!" eried Helen, holding her back. "Are you going to forget all about me, Margie? Aren't you going to care that I'll be lonely here without you? Won't you even visit me sometimes?

"I think I'll wear my lavender dress," answered Marjorie. "He comes on the 4:30 train-Oh, yes, of course, Helen, I'll visit you sometimes!"

She broke away and flew up the steps of her veranda. Passing her aunt in the hall, she tossed her the beloved letter, and ran up to her

"And I'll wear my gold beads, too," she planned flutteringly, "and lavender ribbons in my hair!

As half-past four, she was at the gate all ready to welcome her father. Behind the locked door of her room stood a packed trunk. "Oh!" she breathed excitedly, as a

covered carriage drew near. The man that alighted from it was older and more iron-haired than the man her memory pictured.

"Father!" she cried gladly, running He kissed her, but not as she ex-

pected him to; somehow his manner chilled her, made her feel ill at east. It was a relief when Aunt Jennie came forward to shake hands with "My child, you must take me for a

little walk," were his first words to her. "I have much to say to you. flection. Have you a garden to stroll in?" She strove for ease in her answer.

"No, we have no garden; but we could go into the orchard back of the house-

As they started for the orchard, she fought again for self-possession and naturalness.

"That's where my chum lives," she informed him, waving her hand toward Helen's house. "See, there she is now-on the tennis court! Why, her horse is hitched up already-and she doesn't have to go to the depot until 5:30."

Swiftly her father pulled out his watch.

"Five-thirty," he repeated. "That's my train back. We have barely an hour for our talk, my dear, so we had best go straight to my proposition. How would you like to go to college this fall?"

She did not answer. She could not; something had come up into her throat that threatened to strangle her. "Would you like that?" repeated her father in a voice that bespoke his

certainty of her liking it. "You shall have all your expenses paid, an ample allowance, and the privilege of choosing the college." Marjorie swallowed hard, and wink-

ed very fast. At last her voice came. 'No, thank you-father." He stood still in the path. He

stared at her, first incredulously, then a little angrily. "Don't you want to accept it from

me?" he asked. -that I couldn't bear to leave Aunt

Jennie! The absurdity of this reason almost over certain narrow and distinct parts turned the emotion raised by disap- of England. Again and again the hallpointment into wild, hysterical laugh- storms have cut a straight path, with ter; what young girl would from well-defined edges, through the crops choice remain with a spartan-minded, in Huntingdonshire and Bedfordshire,

"I couldn't bear to leave her," she counties have been exempt. reaffirmed nervously. "She'd be so lonely without me! I couldn't ima- that the hallstorms coming from the gine myself away from her!"

to take a trip somewhere? You must

dear, for I feel that I would like to." She could think of nothing-nothing but the longing hidden deep in her heart. She walked on beside him in dumb misery.

At last, under pressure of his questioning glances, she framed a wish. quit talking?

It was a wish her aunt had expressed

"If you could only rent the Berkley place-"The Berkley place?" he caught up quickly. "Tell me about it, my dear!" She described the rambling, old

homestead with such enthusiasm as she could felgn. "And it has a stable," she ended,

and a garden, and a fountain in the front yard."

Her father drew out a notebook and scribbled hastily.

'You shall have horses in the stable," he promised, "and plenty of tlowers in the garden, and a tennis court like your little chum's, if you wish-

She interrupted him sharply! "I don't want a tennis court!"

She could not have explained why she said this; she knew only that she on her tennis court could never be like Helen on hers-for/some reason. But her father demanded no explanation; he was once more writing

in the note book. You said the agent's address was River road?" he asked. "Let me see," he pulled out his watch, "I have just twenty minutes in which to see him and catch my train."

She was glad when they neared the house and the strain of the call was at an end.

Yet she detained him a moment at the gate; she could not bear to let him go before finding out why he had no love to give her. Questions about his other daughter-the daughter who had grown up beside him-sprang to her tips and forced themselves out:

"Tell me about my-sister! I suppose she wouldn't go to college for anything?"

A look of pain crossed her father's

'On the contrary, she wouldn't stay at home for anything," he said a little bitterly.

Marjorie could have murdered her half sister at that moment. She saw the whole situation-saw the father's pain at the coolness of the child be had watched grow up saw why he had no love to give the first daughter. And she no longer asked for his

love; she knew at last that she had no right to it-that she was not his real daughter. "Good bye!" she said, more brightly than she had been able to speak

thank you ever and ever and ever so much! Even with resignation in her heart. she watched him disappear down the

throughout the entire hour. "And

street. "I shall be happy again, now," she told herself. "For of course there's no reason in the world for me to be disappointed-there never was a reason. As the politicians say, "it isn't

an Issue!" Cheerfully she went up to her room. She sat down on her trunk. With locked hands she stared clear-eyed out of the window

"I wonder if I look-actressy-in this lavender dress?" was the thought that presented itself most persistently to her mind. She got up and walked to the mir-

ror and stood looking long at her re-"I think these gold hoads mal look-garish," said her lips as though

speaking independently of her will. Through the open window she saw Helen and her father drive up to their door. She watched the man take his arm from his daughter's shoulders as one watches the actress

of a beautiful play. Then suddenly her calmness went; she sprang alert and stool listening. Her heart almost suffocated her.

'Marjorie!" came up the stairs in her father's voice. He found her on the floor beside the trunk. He would have flown for doctor-water-stimulants, but, seeing him, she sat up; she needed no other

stimulant than his arms. 'My child!" he said tenderly, "why didn't you tell me that you love me?"

She clung to him. "I should never have known it if your little chum had not run up to me at the depot and asked me to let you visit her sometimes. Marjorle, why did you let me think that you wouldn't leave your aunt?"

She clung to him. "I thought 'daughter' meant a child who found companionship only in young people of her own age," he defined. "Now I know the real meaning of the word"

She clung to him. (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Hallstorm Belt" in England.

An ecentricity of English weather of especial interest to farmers has She searched wildly for an excuse, been discovered by the board of agri-"Oh, no! It's not that! It's just culture. The hall period begins in April and continues till August: but it only has the dignity of a season self-sufficient person like Aunt Jen- and less thoroughly in Lincoln, Norfolk and Cambridgeshire, while other

One theory of this peculiarity is east do not fall until they touch the She had succeeded in convincing first bit of rising ground, and this rising ground quite empties them. It is "Very well," he said, starting again a general belief that years which beto walk. "Then you must name some gin eccentrically in regard to weather other thing that I can do for you are apt to continue eccentric, and the Perhaps you and your aunt would like recent ball, earlier than usual in the season, suggests that its recurrence let me do something for you, my in the summer is also more than usually likely.-London Globe.

Mr. Growler-There is entirely too much hot air in this house. Mrs. Growler-Then, Why don't you

PAY HOMAGE TO ADMIRAL DEWEY



Fifteen years ago Admiral, then Commodore, George Dewey, with a fleet of four protected cruisers, two gunboats, a revenue cutter, a collier, and a supply ship, steamed into Manila bay and won one of the greatest naval victories that ever crowned American arms. The other night Admiral Dewey and 26 of his men who cerved with him as commissioned officers in the battle which shattered Spain's power in the east, gathered at a hotel in Washington for the annual dinner of the Society of Manila Ray. There were also present two civilian members.

These officers, including Rear Admiral Asa Walker, who commanded the Concord, and is the only survivor of Dewey's fleet captains, came to recall incidents of the famous engagement and to pay honor to their commander, now the ranking officer in the United States navy. The reunion was limited to members of the society,

and the reminiscences which enlivened the gathering were not permitted to fall upon strange ears.

Admiral Dewey, departing from his custom of the past, consented to dis-

cuss briefly the battle of Manila bay. 'It was, indeed, remarkable," the admiral said, "although, of course, nothing like Togo's great modern victory in the Sea of Japan. I shall never forget today fifteen years ago, when the battle was over and the six captains of the squadron came aboard the Olympia, one by one. I said to them: -'Well, how about it? How about your men? Are you hurt? Did you come through all right?" And when they answered 'Not a hurt, not a wound,' and so on, I just could not believe it at first. Finally I came to the conclusion, and said: 'Well, gentleman, a higher power fought this battle today.' And so it was a remarkable battle, for the Spaniards fired twice the number of shots that we did."

MRS. WILSON PLANS REFORMS

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's slumming tour in Washington the other day is destined to result in a reformation of unwholesome housing conditions which is sorely needed in some quarters of the capital. The president's wife intends to devote her influence and a large part of her time to alleviating the distress she witnessed on her trip of inspection.

When the house of representatives met a few days later bills were introduced providing for the transformation of Pig alley, Goat alley, Tincup alley, and Louse alley into interior parks and playgrounds. These alleys now house a greatly congested negro population lodged in shacks and tumbledown tenements. Representative Kahn and other congressmen who were in the party accompanying Mrs. Wilson, have promised to push the proposed legislation vigorously.

The interest Mrs. Wilson is taking

in affairs in which the wife of a president can be extremely useful and effective is being warmly applauded. She gave her views of the housing problem at a meeting of the women's welfare department of the National Civic federation. This organization of Washing-

SECRETARY OF AUDUBON ASSOCIATION

ton women has met with great success in its efforts to eradicate slums.



Sentiment is soft and intangible and soppy, and all that; but it does things that dollars won't do sometimes, as in the fight that the Audubon societies have made for the protection of the bird life of this country. A recently enacted law gives to the federal department of agriculture the right to prescribe the season during which migratory game birds and migratory insect eating birds may be killed. A clause in the tariff bill now before congress absolutely prohibits the importation of the feathers of wild birds. The sale of wild bird feathers has been forbidden by law in the twelve states which contain all the big cities with the single exception of Chicago. Only eight states have refused to adopt the Audubon law protecting nongame birds. Bird refuges have been spotted all along the Atlantic coast, and almost all the states are giving a considerable measure of

protection to their game birds. in securing this the National Association of Audubon societies has been forced to fight the pot hunters and the greedy amateur shooters and resort owners and feather hunters and manufacturers of firearms and powders, and, above all else, milliners, milliners, milliners. Millions of dollars were invested the wild bird feather business. It was once testified that 22,000 people were employed in it. The Audubon leaders had to create public sentiment to accomplish these things. T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary and executive officer of the National Audubon association, has been in direct command of the fight for bird protection.

POINCARE WILL NOT SHOOT BIRDS

President Poincare is opposed strongly to the killing of animals and birds for sport, and one of his first acts after election was to announce himself a patron of the French society the purpose of which is to afford protection to animals. He does not, however, wish to pose as an animal lover merely in name, and he has just made the official announcement that he will not hold a gun in hand during his term of office.

This decision of the president is an entirely personal one. He declares he has no intention of interfering with the sport of others, and that when his duties require him to be present at a presidential hunting party he will ful-

It is believed, however, that this attitude of M. Poincare will have a considerable effect on presidential entertaining during the coming years of his administration. Out of deference to the opinions of M. Poincare it is



believed that most royal visitors will refrain from hunting while in France.