

SOMETHING for the LITTLE ONES

RURAL SCHOOL HAS MISSION

Where One Bushel of Corn Grew Before Two Are Now Secured by Methods Just Brought Out.

(By RAY P. SPEAR.)
The training of country children to grow two bushels of corn where one bushel grew before is a commendable thing. To bring this about many changes may be made in the programs of most country schools. Arithmetic problems may be worked out in terms of corn and potatoes and cows. Reading may be largely confined to the subjects of interest to country boys and girls. Essays on farm topics may be written in place of the usual parsing and other grammar work. This will lay a foundation for much practical work in the later years of school life.

Older students trained in the elementary principles of agriculture could conduct germination tests of corn and grain. Herds could be tested, rations could be worked out for live stock, records could be kept of poultry, garments could be made for home, and the art of cooking could be cultivated. These and many other practical things could be worked out with the school house as a center.

Added to this is the social pleasure that could be obtained by everyone in the community when a permanent interest in the school was established. Basket socials, evening entertainments, picnics, school house fairs, lectures, and moving pictures would make the rural school a real factor in the social improvement of the school district. The country school has a mission which should not be neglected.

TELEPHONE TEACHES A BIRD

Most Original Method of Instructing Parrots in Art of Elocution Employed in London.

London has a school of elocution for birds. Trained parrots are made teachers of other parrots by being placed near the pupils' cages. While whistles and various musical instruments are used in giving instructions, one of the most original methods of



Parrot Listening.

teaching is by the employment of the telephone, says the Popular Electricity.

With the feathered pupil perched upon a stick in the instructor's hand, a telephone is held in such a position that Polly may readily distinguish the words or sounds emitted, and whether from the oddity of the thing or from some other cause the bird invariably pays strict attention.

Sockless.

Bennie was looking over his brother's shoulder at the pictures in a new geography.

"What are those men with the bushy hair?" he asked.

"Those are Australian aborigines," replied Ben.

"Don't they wear any more clothes than that?"

"That's about all."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little brother, "what in the world do they hang up on Christmas?"

Bridical Circle Stones.

How many stones in the Druidical circle at Keswick, England? One antiquarian says forty-eight, but other mathematicians give different and varying estimates. A favorite number is thirty-eight. Superstitious natives declare that the lofty circle is haunted by fairies, who bring to naught the efforts of the profane to take a census of the megaliths. "They can't be counted," says the guide, "however long you try."

The Ghost and the Meat.

We have all heard of the French schoolboy who, asked to translate into English the French of "To be or not to be," evolved this: "To was or not to am."

Another schoolboy has equaled this translation in recovering from German the text, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak," in the form: "The ghost, of course, is ready, but the meat is feeble."—Youth's Companion.

Not Unlikely.

"Well, my boy," said the visitor to Bobby, "I suppose some day you expect to step into your father's shoes."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby, gloomily. "I've been wearin' out everything else he wears since mother learned how to cut 'em down for me."

Wise Brother.

"What's a stepbrother?" asked little Mabel of her six-year-old brother.

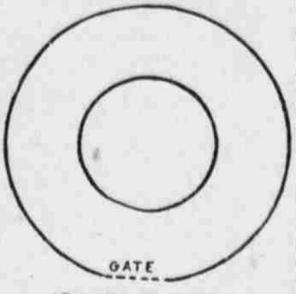
"A stepbrother," he replied, "is me sitting on the front step."

AMUSEMENT FOR DULL DAYS

Wolf, in Search of Prey, Enters Outer Circle and Makes His Way Around, Closing the Gate.

The illustration represents in the simplest outline a primitive wolf trap. The dotted line is a gate opening into a circular enclosure. How was the trap set and the wolf caught?

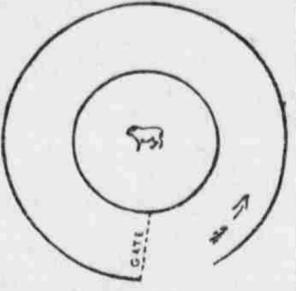
The trap consisted of two circular fences higher than a wolf could scale, with a gate as was shown on the former diagram. To set the trap a lamb



"Primitive Wolf Trap."

was placed in the safe-center and the gate was opened as is shown.

Attracted by the bleating of the lamb, the wolf entered the outer circle,



Solution of Puzzle.

made his way round, and presently pushed aside the gate, which closed with a spring and shut off all escape.

Best He Could Do.

Mr. Raymond appeared at his neighbor's door one November evening at dusk in a towering rage and uttering fierce threats against his neighbor's dog Nero. Vainly the neighbor tried to explain that Nero was only a puppy. "He belongs to Johnny," he went on, "and it would break Johnny's heart if anything happened to him. I think," hopefully "that his manners will improve."

"Manners," roared Raymond. "I'm not complaining of his manners, but his nature. After he had jumped all over me he bit the back of my leg."

"That's as far as he can reach," broke in Johnny in a wounded tone. "You don't expect a little pup like him to bite a big man like you on the neck do you, Mr. Raymond?"—Youth's Companion.

Bound to Get It.

Tommy, after going to bed, became thirsty, or thought he did. He called out:

"Ma, I want a drink."

The mother's voice answered back: "Tommy, you go to sleep."

Tommy grunted, turned over, and was silent for ten minutes. Then again:

"Ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, you go right to sleep, was the reply.

Intense silence again for ten minutes. Then:

"Say, ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, if you don't go right to sleep I'll come and spank you."

More silence, this time for about two minutes. And then:

"Say, ma, when you come to spank me won't you bring me a drink?"

RIDDLES.

What is the difference between a pastry cook and a billsticker?

One puffs up paste, the other pastes up puffs.

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What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton?

One longs to eat, the other eats too long.

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Who was the first whistler and what was his tune?

The wind, when he whistled "Over the Hills and Far Away."

.....

Why is a cherry like a book?

Because it is read (red).

.....

If you suddenly saw a house on fire, what three celebrated authors would you feel inclined to name?

Great Scott, Howlit, Burns (Great Scott! how it burns!)

.....

Why is the interior of a theater ever a sorry sight?

Because the boxes are always in tiers.

.....

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder cloud?

Because it is continually lightning.

.....

Why do gypsies never become insane?

Because they lead no-mad lives.

.....

Why is photography antagonistic to portrait painting?

Because it is a foe-to-graphic art.

.....

What is the difference between a man going upstairs and one looking up?

One is stepping up the stairs, the other is staring up the steps.

AN ALLURING SIGHT

Bewildering Object He Had Often Dreamed of Becomes a Reality.

By JEAN DICKERSON.

Neal Woodson paused before the window of the Woman's Exchange and regarded the display of toothsome dainties with appreciative eyes.

Flaky pies, rich loaves of cake, pyramids of airy biscuits, fat loaves of bread and all the spare corners were filled with plates of delicious looking little cakes in endless variety.

In the middle of the window was a long platter heaped with little heart-shaped cakes frosted in pink and white.

"Just the thing for Priscilla's birthday party," decided Priscilla's brother and with the thought he stepped through the door and took his place among the customers lining the counter.

Two girls in dainty white waited deftly upon the seekers after home-cooked viands.

Neal found himself following every movement of the younger of the two girls. Fair and slender with flashing brown eyes demurely veiled by thick dark lashes she was an alluring sight. Neal had dreamed of such a white dimpled chin and such delicately curved pink lips curling upwards at the corners and of such fine, bronze-gold hair tucked behind pink ears.

Now the reality was before him. He determined that none other than this fair maiden should minister to his wants. But she was waiting upon a man standing beside him.

"Oh—the sugar hearts?" asked the girl pleasantly, and she went to the window and before Neal's agonized glance she counted out four dozen of the heart-shaped cakes—until there was only one left on the platter!

The man took the crackling paper bag of sugar hearts and paid for them and went his way.

Neal was aware that the girl was speaking to him.

"What will you have?" she asked.

"Sugar Hearts," replied Neal, wildly hoping that there might be more of the pink and white cakes.

"I am so sorry—the last have just been sold."

"There's one left," said Neal, rather stupidly. She was so wonderful he could not let her go.

The dimples came into play and the corners of her lips deepened. "You wouldn't want that—one?"

"Yes, please," said Neal dizzily.

She brought him the sugar heart twisted in a tiny bag. "Five cents, please," she said demurely.

Neal gave her a five dollar bill so that he might watch her while she rang up the amount on the cash register and brought him a handful of silver change.

"Perhaps I could order some of these sugar hearts," he ventured as he turned to go.

"Certainly you can." She brought forth a book and poised a pencil over it. "How many?"

"Five dozen. Please mark them 'Neal Woodson,' and I will stop for them tomorrow night."

"Thank you," said the girl and turned away with heightened color to wait upon another customer.

When Neal reached home his sister met him in the hall. Priscilla was small and dark and brilliantly lovely.

"What are you carrying in that absurdly careful manner?" she asked mischievously.

Before Neal could protest she had captured the tiny bag from his gloved fingers and was peering at the lonely sugar heart.

"Well, Neal Woodson—of all the sentimental sillies, what—" Between exclamations Priscilla was examining the pink frosted dainty.

"It's a sample," said Neal sheepishly. "It's a sugar heart. I saw them in the window of the Exchange and I have ordered five dozen for your party tomorrow night. I brought this home for you to taste. I'll bring them home tomorrow night."

"You ordered five dozen? Neal Woodson, you are a dear! I must hug you for it."

"I can send Mary down after them," said Priscilla when she had released her brother.

Neal put up a protesting hand. "No—I told her—er—I said I would stop for them—I don't mind—it's on my way home."

"Very well, ve—ry—well, dear," soothed Priscilla with suddenly merry eyes and she darted away into the drawing-room and waltzed airily up to the long mirror.

"I wonder—I wonder—if Doris Allen wasn't there today?" she giggled at her charming reflection.

The next day Neal closed his desk at the usual hour and went to the Woman's Exchange.

His pretty girl was not there.

A plain, matter-of-fact young woman, waited on him and he did not linger to watch her ring up his \$3 in the cash register—it was the very same cash register, too!

Neal had lost interest in the sugar hearts and when he reached home he thrust the big box into Mary's hands.

Dinner was a hurried affair and he escaped immediately afterwards to his room. He had to dress for the fancy dress party which Priscilla always gave on her birthday.

His sister had laid his suit on the bed—but it was not the one he had ordered. He had chosen to go as a troubadour but the yellow and black costume was not in evidence. In its

place was a costume that he viewed with growing discomfiture.

Priscilla, it seemed, had decreed that he was to appear as the Knave of Hearts—hence this costume of pink and white velvet and the suggestive little tray of—sugar hearts—instead of the legendary tarts. He smiled sheepishly and blushed. All right for Priscilla!

When he went downstairs the long rooms were full of laughter and merriment for Priscilla's guests were choosing partners by means of heart-shaped cards that exactly matched.

Neal noticed that each guest put his or her hand into a bowl and drew whatever luck came uppermost but before he could reach the crowd around the men's bowl Priscilla thrust a pink paper heart in his hand and waved him away.

"Go find your partner, knave," she ordered and Neal groaned for he believed that had been assigned to some wallflower. He read the motto on his card: "Will you be my heart's delight?" That's mean of Priscilla—suppose it should chance to be that dark eyed, skinny Miss Wicks?

So he emerged from the dancers and found himself before an alcove given over to a shaded seat and a mass of greenery.

Sometimes fate is kind to lovers; therefore, when Neal paused in the alcove and stared incredulously in was because his beautiful girl was sitting there—a veritable Queen of Hearts in rosy pink and white and holding a pink card that matched his own.

When she saw him she blushed. "Oh, it is too bad of Priscilla," she protested as he held out his hand with his token in its grasp. "She wouldn't let me draw a card."

"Too good, you mean," he said warmly and sat down beside her.

After awhile, when conversation languished, Doris Allen asked demurely: "What shall we talk about, 'Cabbage and Kings'?"

Neal shook his head. "No, let us speak of the Queen of Hearts and how she came to be selling sugar hearts—and I'll tell you the rest some other time!"

He whirled her away in an enchanting waltz and they quite forgot the tray of sugar hearts in the alcove.

But the sugar hearts had served their humble purpose—that of making two people happy.

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Troubles.

The family had not had their 'phone very long and took a great interest in it. On the outside of the telephone directory they had seen the words, "Trouble, Call No. 4217." It had been a hard morning and everything had gone wrong when the lady of the house happened to think of the telephone, and called 4217 and asked: "Is this where you report trouble?"

"Yes."

"Well, I only wanted to report that our cat got drowned in the cistern this morning; the baby is cutting a new tooth; the cook left suddenly; we are all out of sugar and starch; the stove pipe fell down; the milkman left only a pint instead of a quart today; the bread won't raise; my oldest child is coming down with the measles; the plumbing in the cellar leaks; we have only enough coal to last through tomorrow; I ran out of paint when I got only half over the dining room floor; the mainspring of the clock is broken; my husband's three sisters are coming to visit us tomorrow; the man has not called for the garbage for two weeks; our dog has got fleas; the looking glass fell off the wall today and broke all to pieces, and I think my husband is taking considerable notice of a widow lady that lives next door. That's all today, and if anything else happens I'll call you up later."

To Pull Down Prison.

The prison of St. Lazare is going to be pulled down and rebuilt, and with it will disappear a curious little relic of old Paris, a tiny shop in which the last public letter writer in France plied his trade. In olden times, before education had become general, the public letter writer did a thriving trade and the one just outside St. Lazare had many customers of note.

Among them was, if rumor and the present proprietor of the little shop may be believed, the world famous Macon Lascart, who dictated her love letters to Des Grieux there, where the only customers now are illiterate servant girls, who write home to their friends in Brittany. So rare has the necessity for vicarious letter writing become that the present proprietor of the place has added another more profitable trade to his program and acts as an informal lawyer and man of business to many of the prisoners in St. Lazare—Paris correspondence London Standard.

Washing Grimy Hands.

Every automobilist who has had to repair his machine has longed for some way to wash his hands, ordinary soap and water being almost useless as a means of removing the many and tenacious varieties of dirt that gather upon them on such occasions. So chauffeurs and men who drive their own cars will welcome the directions given by that authoritative French scientific magazine, Les Annales. This paper directs that the hands be rubbed with gasoline, the operation being twice repeated; then they are to be washed in sweet oil or butter, after which a thorough washing with soap and water will remove the last vestiges of dirt. The nails, however, require special attention and it will repay the automobilist to keep a mixture of benzine and alcohol expressly for the nails.

The ONLOOKER S. E. KISER The DREAMER



"I gaze within your eyes and dream of glories there are yet to gain; In fancy I can see the gleam Of sunlit palaces in Spain; Their splendid towers cleave the air, And you are gentle mistress there."

"Within your soulful eyes I gaze And dream of gallant armored knights; In fancy I can see the gleam Of sunlit palaces in Spain; Their splendid towers cleave the air, And you are gentle mistress there."

"I look within your deep, dark eyes, And fancy carries me afar, Where proudly floating standards rise, And undefeated legions are; With you to sweetly bid me dare, I dream that I am leader there."

The lady heaved a sigh or two, and said: "How splendid it would seem, And how 'twould pay us both if you could act as well as you can dream!" He ceased to babble then and there. Of gallant knights and ladies fair.

An Incentive.

"Now, my boy," said the head of the firm, "if you will attend strictly to your duties I will do something fine for you. I want you to always ask, when you answer the telephone, who it is before you let it be known whether I am here or not, and always be careful, when people come here, to find out who they are and what they want before you come into the private office to learn whether I wish to see them or not."

"Yes, sir," replied the new office boy, "I understood. I had to do that when I worked before."

"Very well. See that you make no mistakes, and, as I have said, I will do something nice for you."

"What are you goin' to do for me if I give satisfaction—raise me wages?"

"Well, I can't promise that, exactly, but I'll bring you the score cards of the ball games and let you make an album of them if you tend to business properly. I never miss a game."

When You Have Gained It, You press ahead to gain success, And far away you see a goal; But are you touched by tenderness, And have you gladness in your soul?

You plunge ahead day after day, You have no time to jest or pause; But do you leave along the way, I'll wait for you or for your cause?

Long, long ago you made your start, And you have traveled far and fast; But have you kindness in your heart And their respect whom you have passed?

You view your goal afar; you press Unscarred ahead where others fall; But are you sure 'twill be success When you have gained it, after all?

Mildly Anxious to Know.

"I have crossed the Atlantic twenty times," boasted the man from New York.

"Have you?" replied the man from Chicago. "My record beats that."

"Oh, really? How many times have you been over?"

"I've never been over at all; but I've set foot in every state in the Union."

"Quite remarkable. By the way, old chap, how many states are there now?"

Almost Spoiled It.

"Time has been very kind to you," he said when they met, after the lapse of years.

"It is very good of you to say so," she replied, making no effort to conceal her pleasure.

"Not at all, not at all. One is always justified in straining a point if necessary to spread hap—I mean I couldn't truthfully say anything else."

Her Father's Idea of It.

"Why, I didn't know your daughter was musical, Mr. Wagstaff."

"She isn't. She's merely giving me a chance to help support a music teacher who would probably be too proud to depend on charity."

S. E. Kiser.

POULTRY

ROOST CLOSET FOR POULTRY

Considerable Stress Laid on Curtain in Front of House at Maine Experiment Station.

In the curtain-front type of poultry house used at the Maine experiment station a feature of the original plan on which considerable stress was laid was the canvas curtain in front of the roosts.

This curtain, together with the back wall of the house and the droppings board under the roosts, formed a closet in which the birds were shut up at night during cold weather. When the curtain-front house was first devised it was thought essential to provide such a closet to conserve the body heat of the birds during the cold nights when the temperature might go well below zero. Experience has shown, however, that this was a mistake. Actual test shows that the roosting closet is of no advantage, even in such a severe climate as that of Orono. On the contrary, the birds certainly thrive better without the roost curtain than with it. It has been a general observation among users of the curtain front type of house that when the roost curtains are used the birds are particularly susceptible to colds. It is not hard to understand why this should be so. The air in a roosting closet when it is opened in the morning is plainly bad. The fact that it is warm in no way offsets physiologically the evils of its lack of oxygen and excess of carbon dioxide, ammoniacal vapors, and other exhalations from the bodies of the birds.

For some time past it has been felt that the roosting closet was at least unnecessary, if not in fact a positive evil. Consequently the time of beginning to close the roost curtain in the fall has been each year longer delayed. Finally, in the fall of 1910, it was decided not to use these curtains at all during the winter. Consequently they were taken out of the house, or spiked to the roof, as the case might be. The winter of 1910-11 was a severe one. On several occasions the temperature dropped to 30 degrees below zero. Yet during this winter the mortality was exceptionally low and the egg production exceptionally high.

In view of this experience the station has decided to discontinue the use of the roost curtain. It would seem to be generally undesirable or at least unnecessary.

FOR SHIPPING EGGS SAFELY

Holder Made of Corrugated Strawboard is Provided With Small Hole at Each End.

This egg holder is made from corrugated strawboard, the egg being inserted by opening an overlapping joint at the side. The container is provided with a small hole at each end so that



Safety Egg Holder.

It may be opened and closed without tearing it, says the Popular Mechanic. The holder is adapted for sending eggs safely by parcel post, or carrying them with the least possibility of breakage.

DOULTRY NOTES

Eggs shipped by express are often queered by baggage smashers.