

Corner for the Juniors

ROPE TRICK IS "EXPLAINED"

English Writer Makes Explanation of Cunning Artifice—Does Not Appear Conclusive.

The Indian rope trick, which no one who has seen it performed has ever satisfactorily explained, is "explained" by J. N. Maskelyne, an English writer.

Mr. Maskelyne dismisses the trick as follows: Indian conditions of atmosphere are necessary to the success of the trick. The spectators face the setting sun and are sheltered from it by an awning. The rope used is evidently a jointed bamboo with the joints made to lock. Up this "rope" or "pole" a boy climbs to a height of about 30 feet or so, till out of sight of the people. Then he "disappears" as though into space.

What really happens, Mr. Maskelyne explains, is that the spectators are blinded by the setting sun and that the boy climbs up the pole or rope and then drops quickly to the ground. Before the astonished onlookers know anything about it he is covered up with a sheet.

This is the most ingenious attempt at an explanation of the trick yet made, but it will not appear conclusive to all who have witnessed the performance. The trick has been witnessed at Khandalla—a hill station near Bombay—and again at Delhi at midday, without any awning being used or any effects but the rope.

EDUCATION NOT ALL MENTAL

Man Who Could Not Swim Is Refused Diploma by Authorities at the Columbia University.

The authorities at Columbia university have refused to award a diploma to a senior who has not learned to swim the length of the pool in the gymnasium. A few years ago such action would have been deemed absurd. There are those who are unable to swim the length of a gymnasium pool and a student's qualifications for a degree of bachelor of arts, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. They are the people who believe that the only benefit to be derived from attendance at college is obtained from books. The requirements imposed at Columbia is an indication of the more practical turn that is being given to educational effort in recent times.

While most boys learn to swim without the aid of college or even common school instruction, there are few things acquired in a university of more practical value. Every one not physically disqualified should be moderately proficient in the art of keeping afloat in the water. It is a simple thing, easily learned and should be part of the education of every grade school child. Columbia is setting a good example in withholding a diploma from a man who cannot swim.

HORSE FROM BROOM HANDLE

Simple Toy Is Quite Easily Made and Gives Wonderful Satisfaction to Little People.

This is a simple toy easily made which gives wonderful satisfaction to all little folk. Get a broom handle and cut it to the proper length, then procure an old sock either black or brown; cut a slit in the top two or three inches long for the mouth of the horse. Line the sock with cardboard; make holes above the mouth for nostrils, which should be lined with a piece of red flannel, and add



Toy Horse.

a small portion to serve as the tongue, which should slightly protrude. Stuff the head with rags or any similar material, and tie it on to the top of the broomstick. Fix two ears, which should be made stiff with card; add the eyes, which may be two buttons sewn on in the proper position; adjust the bridle and ornament where necessary. When finished it will appear as in the illustration.

Strong.

"Father," said little Herbert, "why doesn't mother travel with the circus?"

"What could she do in a circus?" "She might be the strong woman. I heard her tellin' grandma this mornin' that she could wind you around her little finger."—Judge.

During the Crowded Season.

Mrs. Gotham—Why, Tommie, how dirty your face is! Where have you been?

Tommie Gotham—Oh, I've been swimming down at the public bath, mamma!

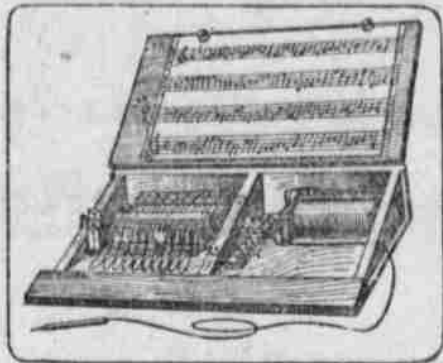
MUSIC READING MADE EASY

Children Find It an Attractive Task to Learn Their Notes by Use of Electrical Device.

By using the electric music teacher, children will find that it is an attractive task to learn their notes, instead of a dry lesson as heretofore, so that they will begin to take an interest in music at once, and not consider it a drudgery, says the Popular Electricity.

M. Pierre Gelfs, a Paris inventor, makes the device which we illustrate here. It is based on the principle of using an electric contact plate under the music paper. By pricking each note with a sharp metal point, we make contact for an electric device carrying a hammer, so that the hammer strikes a string or preferably a metal piece to give out the sound. Thus each note or line of space gives out its corresponding sound, and it is an easy matter to read a simple piece of music in this way.

The device is quite an elaborate one for it is required to take care of the sharps and flats which figure per-



Electric Music Teacher.

manently as the sign of the staff. But this is easily done by using a revolving contact device to shift over the several required notes at the start. To bring back to natural during the piece, we press on a button which restores the note for the moment.

Even professional musicians will find it useful for transposing a piece into another key and this is done by observing the movement of the hammers and also a transposing chart which lies before them.

SWAP CHILDREN IN DENMARK

Curious System of Exchanging Little Folk During Summer Months—Scheme Works Well.

In Denmark there is a curious system of exchanging children during the summer. The country people send their little ones to the city people, and the latter send theirs to the country. The state delivers free tickets, and the schools send the children according to the applications from families.

The children travel alone, each one wearing a ticket of identification pinned on the jacket or bodice. Should any of them go astray they are lodged at the first station whilst inquiries are made. The young travelers are met at their destination by the peasants and their wives.

Treated with affectionate care by these good hearted people, the children often enjoy privileges they have never known at home. There is no severe discipline nor irksome restraint. They return home full of tales about their adventures, and their mothers are delighted to find them looking rosy checked, fat, and healthy. The peasant women feed them well and often make them fresh clothing.

The latter send their children into the towns and volunteer guides show them the monuments and sights. Last year the principal restaurant keepers at Copenhagen gave them a series of feasts and organized little dancing parties for their amusement. Both categories of children benefit by this mode of exchange, which, it may be noted, is conducted on inexpensive lines.

RIDDLES.

What is the difference between a tunnel and an ear trumpet?
One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark?
Because she had sufficient ground for remaining.

When is an author like a spirit?
When he's at proof.

Why are authors who treat of physiology like soldiers?
Because they write about face.

What is the difference between the car and a beggar?
One issues manifestoes; the other manifests toes without shoes.

Why is a child with a cold in its head like a winter night?
Because it blows, it snows (its nose).

What's the most difficult thing to be cooked for a Christmas dinner?
A tailor's goose.

Why are poets like children's toys?
Because they are given to a muse and indulge in fancy (infancy).

Why is an absconding bank cashier like an air gun?
Because he goes off loaded and makes no report.

When is a window like a star?
When it is a skylight.

What part of their infant tuition have old bachelors and old maids most profited by?
Learning to go alone.

UNDER THE GASLIGHT

What Could Any Girl Do With a Tactless Man Like This One?

By H. M. EGBERT.

Bill Alderson was the most cheerful mortal that ever existed. Of course he ought to have been cheerful, for his father, old "Colonel" Alderson, had left him three million dollars in stocks and bonds and nothing to worry about. The income he managed to spend comfortably, and he was always surprised when Sharp & Sharp told him that there was a deficit on the last year's revenues and that he must retrench.

"Of course," the senior partner would add, "if you prefer it we can sell some of those H. and K. bonds for you and make up that way, besides providing you with a few thousands in hand. But you understand that this will curtail your capital."

"Sell H. and K.," Alderson would answer. "I must pay my creditors, you know."

It was not that he was extravagant; merely that he had never been trained to the use of money. His father had lavished all on him without restraint.

But "Colonel" Alderson died very suddenly, when his son's education was only half completed. Perhaps this was fortunate for the boy's character, but it was certainly more lucky for his friends.

Naturally he had many enemies, as all men have who go through life bestowing favors on the less fortunate. And he never knew it, because he was the most light-hearted person living.

Now take the way in which he became engaged to Miss Hargreaves. Louise Hargreaves was the belle of the season, as she had been that of the preceding two, and they had known each other for ages. Dozens of men had offered her their hearts and hands, and she had sent them away so reluctantly and had kept their secrets so sacredly that they remained her devoted friends. About the only person of suitable age whom she had not led captive was Bill. Naturally Miss Hargreaves was plighted.

Once, when he had given her some gardenias, he saw her, an hour afterward, dancing, and she was wearing, not gardenias, but red roses. This did not pique William at all; it interested him.

"Why aren't you wearing those gardenias I gave you?" he asked her later.

"They faded," replied Miss Hargreaves. "I think it must have been the gaslight." (They still use gas in some old houses in Grammercy Park).

"I'll give you some more," said Bill, and turned away quite satisfied with his answer. But Louise Hargreaves laid her finger tips upon his arm.

"Wait a minute," she said, almost humbly. "There's something I want to ask you. Why don't you like me, Bill?"

William's eyebrows went up with astonishment.

"Why, I do," he answered bluntly. "I think the world of you, Louise. But I thought I hadn't a chance with so many other chaps around."

Louise Hargreaves turned as red as her roses.

"I didn't ask you that, Mr. Alderson," she exclaimed angrily. "You really are the most tactless man I know," she added.

"I'm sorry, Louise," said Bill, penitently. "I wish you would marry me, though. Won't you?"

And because he took her by surprise—though the unconscious initiative had been hers—Miss Hargreaves accepted him then and there. At the time she had not the slightest intention of marrying him.

From this it must not be inferred that she was a coquette. She accepted him because some primitive instinct suddenly rose up in her and dominated her. She regretted her impulse all that night, and the next day she regretted it still more. She wished William Alderson were a thousand miles away. She told him so when he called to see her, carrying a bouquet of gardenias.

That was symptomatic of Bill. He had simply not recognized his defeat in the trivial matter of the flowers. So in the greater matter. He listened to her quite seriously.

"Where do you want me to go, dear?" he asked.

"You sit right down in that chair," she answered, and planted herself upon the arm. "Now, Bill, I want to be very serious with you. You are a very simple, straightforward person, and I am complex and—well, not serious. Sometimes my heart seems quite withered."

"That's because you keep it in the gaslight," answered Bill, not quite knowing that he was making a mot.

She looked hard at him and caught her breath. Somehow it was the most pathetic thing in the world to see him sitting there, so happy, so slow to understand.

"Bill," she said earnestly. "I don't want to ruin a good man's life. And you are good. I want you to make me love you. I want you to dominate me, Bill."

Bill Alderson laughed so wholesomely that he did dominate her at the moment. Then he took her in his arms, and when he left he was still dominating.

That afternoon he went round to see his lawyers. Sharp and Sharp were rogues. Old "Colonel" Alderson had known that and it had amused him, because he had them in his power. He had meant to tell his son about it, as he had meant to tell him a great many other things before Death intervened so unexpectedly, leaving them untold.

"Mr. Sharp," said William to the senior partner, respectfully, "how much money have I got left?"

"Income or principal, Mr. Alderson?" asked Mr. Sharp, looking at William curiously.

"I don't care," Bill answered. "I want to know how much I can lay my hands upon."

Mr. Sharp looked in his books and answered: "A trifle over two millions. You know you have been breaking into your capital rather freely during the last year or two. Why?"

"Because I'm engaged to be married," William answered. "No, we've both always lived pretty well, and I'm afraid that what is a close fit for one will be a closer fit for two. And my father used to tell me that some day he would show me how to double my capital any time I wanted to. Do you know how to do it, Mr. Sharp?" he asked, looking frankly at the senior partner.

The senior partner stared back so hard that his glasses blurred.

"Well—er—it can be done, of course," he answered. "But you understand that there are certain risks attaching, Mr. Alderson. For instance, suppose the stock in which you speculated went down instead of up, or up instead of down—why, it might be serious."

"I guess I can trust you, Mr. Sharp," answered Bill, wringing his hands. "My father used to tell me always to be a bull. Can't you be a bull for me?"

"Well," answered Mr. Sharp, "I happen to have a good thing or two in mind. Suppose you try a flutter in oil. Then I know a nice mine out in Nevada that wants some capital to develop it. And then a half million or so in Mexican copper. I think I can give you a good run for your money, sir."

"All right, I leave it to you," said William, and wrung his hand again and went away.

Three weeks later Sharp and Sharp shut up their offices for good and went away, leaving William with a pile of stock that was pronounced to be worth half a cent on the thousand dollars—said half cent representing the intrinsic value of the paper of excellent quality on which it was printed.

"You ought to be worth about nine hundred dollars," said the government agent, after he had gone through William's affairs. "Yes, Sharp and Sharp took every penny they could get their hands on. I wish I'd intervened sooner. We've had them under observation for months, but—well, we didn't think they'd get anybody to fall for them like that."

"Hum!" said Bill, and put on his hat and walked round to see Miss Hargreaves.

"Louise, dear," he observed, "I've lost every penny I had."

"So Mr. Sunderland was telling me yesterday," she answered. "What are you going to do, Bill?"

"I'm going west," he answered. "My father told me anybody can make money out west. I guess I'll have to make another fortune before I ask you to set the date for me. Will you wait, dear?"

She looked at him in amazement. She had long known that it would be impossible for her to marry Bill. She had tried to tell him so five or six times, but each time he had so dominated her by his simplicity and candor and good nature that it had been impossible to make him understand.

And she flirted twice since they had been engaged! And now he wanted her to wait! It was easy to promise but—well, she knew that he would expect her to wait. And he would be wretched if she were false to him; perhaps it would shatter his faith and make him like other men. To play false with Bill—why, it would be like sacrilege! If she did that she could never be quite happy again.

"I'll write to you," she gasped, and fled, choking, up the stairs. That afternoon she wrote Bill a long letter. She told him that she could never marry him, that the loss of his fortune made not the slightest difference, but that she was not worthy of him. So he must let her go and never see her again.

It would have shattered any man's faith, that letter. Bill read it and stayed away. He had made all the preparations for his departure when Sharp and Sharp were caught in Montreal, with one million, nine hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars of Bill's money salted away. William unpacked his suit case and went round to see Miss Hargreaves.

"It's all right, dear," he told her, when she came down at his earnest plea. "I've got it nearly all back, but I need some one to take care of it for me. Will you name the day when you'll begin to be my banker?"

"But, Bill," she cried, "didn't you understand my letter?"

"Yes, sure," he answered. "But that was when I was a beggar."

"You think I wrote that just because—because you were poor?" she cried, her cheeks flaming. "Do you think I am utterly bad?"

"You're an angel," he answered promptly. "I guess you just wanted to spare my feelings. Of course, you wouldn't want me without my money. I'm bad enough with it."

He had believed she wrote that letter because he was poor, and he thought it right and still believed in her. Well, what could any girl do with a man like that?

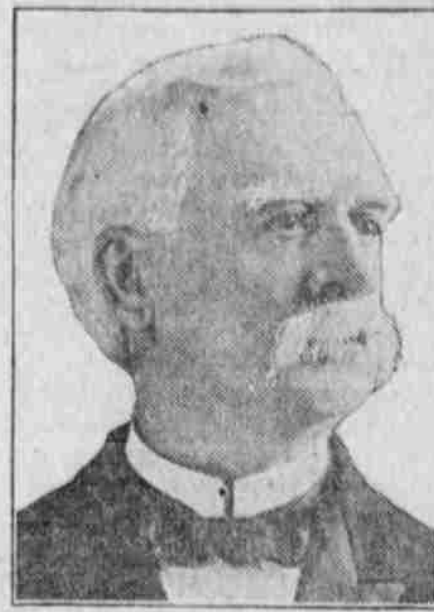
"Bill," she sobbed, putting her arms round his neck. "I'll marry you tomorrow if—if you'll take me west after all. You see, I can't live up to you in New York. I'm like those gardenias you gave me—I guess I've been too much in the gaslight."

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The bigger a man is the less excuse he has for being stilted.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

TARIFF EXUDED FROM SERENO PAYNE



Representative Payne. He waited until the house had adjourned and then went down on the floor of the house. Sereno was in his chair, gazing thoughtfully into space.

"Mr. Payne—" said Gus.

There was no reply.

"I came to ask you, Mr. Payne—"

But he might as well have stayed away.

"If it would not be too much trouble, Mr. Payne—"

Nothing happened.

Then Gus grew bolder. He snapped his fingers in front of Mr. Payne's face.

The explosion was terrific. Sereno Payne almost bit him. Gus ran and has never been seen near him since.

MURRAY COMES FROM THE TALL GRASS

Washington will grow accustomed to calling Representative Murray of Oklahoma "Alfalfa Bill," and it will not be long before Washington drops the quotation marks and spells it plainly. Alfalfa Bill is one of the sights of the new congress and is the riddle of Oklahoma politics. He comes from the tall grass and speaks the language of a senator while in the hall of the house of representatives, yet he knows the hill-billy talk and the cowboy cuss customs, and gets away with any, either or both at any time or place that he chooses.

Most of the effete easterners around Washington think Alfalfa Bill is a cowboy, but he is a farmer and proud of it. As a farmer he learned a great many scenic effects and is careful about preserving the proper atmosphere. When he goes out west to his native ranches he looks as if he had slept in his clothes for a month, and no amount of arguing will get him to press his trousers.

It would kill him politically, he says. The first day he appeared on Capitol Hill he had a new suit and pressed trousers and made a grand fight for liberty and American principles in a speech about something or other about two minutes after he had been sworn in. He started to tell Speaker Clark all about the rules of the house and attracted attention generally, but the Oklahoma correspondents overlooked the fact that Alfalfa Bill had made speeches and things. The dispatches dwell on the fact that Bill had pressed his trousers.



SAYS "HOG'S EYE" IS ALL RIGHT



Urey Woodson, of Owensboro, Ky., former secretary of the Democratic national committee, is still of the opinion that the "hog's eye is done sot." In 1904 Mr. Woodson, then secretary of the national committee, was so sanguine of the election of Judge Parker that he would not listen to any of his friends who suggested the possibility of Democratic defeat.

"The hog's eye is done sot," declared Mr. Woodson, using the mountaineer expression of old Kentucky. After the overwhelming defeat of Judge Parker Mr. Woodson was firm in his contention that the hog's eye was "sot," but that it was only looking into the future. Now, when politicians meet Mr. Woodson they do not joke him.

"The hog's eye is surely done sot," said Mr. Woodson the other day. The former secretary of the national committee was in good spirits over the confirmation of his candidate for a collectorship at Owensboro. Mr. Woodson is not an applicant for any position, but is content to help his Kentucky friends.

TO TEACH ART OF WAR TO STUDENTS

For the first time in its history the war department will hold this summer two experimental military camps—one on the historic battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa., and the other at the Presidio, San Francisco—for the military instruction of American university and college students during the vacation period. Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison has already issued the order for the encampments, and officers of the general staff of the army have been for several weeks busy perfecting the details which, in the words of Major General Leonard Wood, chief of the general staff, will "have a tremendous influence in revivifying among the youth of this country, especially the college youth, a proper appreciation of each man's responsibility to the country in time of war."

"I am greatly interested," said General Wood, "in the establishment of these camps, as I believe they will have a tremendous influence in revivifying among the youth of this country, especially the college youth, a proper appreciation of each man's responsibility to the country in time of war and of his obligation to so prepare himself as to be able to serve efficiently if called upon."



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