

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

TELL A MAN'S NATIONALITY

By the Way an Egg is Eaten One May Discover Country From Which Consumer Comes From.

Sherlock Holmes might have figured this out, but he did not.

The average Englishman will always demand his egg boiled just three minutes, then he places it in an egg cup just large enough to comfortably have the egg fit in, taps the top of the shell and removes the broken shell with his fingers. The egg is eaten a spoonful at a time.

A Frenchman, much like the Englishman, likes his eggs of three minutes, exactly. He then "peels" them, places them in a glass, stirs and mixes well together with salt, pepper and butter. He makes a practice of dipping bread into the mixture and eating it along with the eggs.

A Spaniard wouldn't think of letting his eggs boil more than one minute. He then breaks it and lets the contents run into the glass, and consumes it as though he were draughting down a glass of wine.

An egg is only fit in an Italian's estimation when it has been placed in cold water and removed just as the water begins to boil. He then breaks it, pours it on a plate and proceeds to sop it up with bread.

The German, like the Italian, demands his eggs as near the liquid state as possible. He breaks his eggs in an unsightly cup and sounce the liquid out as though it were soup.

The American is about the only one that prefers his eggs boiled hard. When they are served up to him, he knifes them in half, removes the contents into a glass, after which he adds a plentiful supply of pepper, butter and salt. He then mashes the eggs fine, mixing them well with the spices, and eats them with his toast.

SHEEP AND DOG IN HARNESS

Somewhat Difficult Task Undertaken and Successfully Carried Out by Wisconsin Boy.

Teaching a sheep and dog to do teamwork in drawing a cart was the somewhat difficult task undertaken and successfully carried out by the boy shown in the cut. He likewise planned and made the harness, says the Popular Mechanics. The queer team was not trained for show but



Boy Drives Sheep and Dog Together.

for use, and when the boy owner, Louis Held, of Lyons, Wis., was asked to lend himself and team as one of the attractions at a county fair he refused on the grounds that it would worry the sheep and disturb the even temper of the dog.

RIDDLES.

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?
To keep a check upon his stomach.

When does a son not take after his father?
When his father leaves him nothing to take.

Why do knapsacks resemble handcuffs?
Because both are made for tourists (two wrists).

What animal would you like to be on a cold day?
A little otter.

Why are strawberries like the letter "n"?
Because they make ice nice.

When is a wall like a fish?
When it is scaled.

We travel much, yet prisoners are, and close confined to boot,
We with the swiftest horse keep pace, yet always go on foot?
A pair of spurs.

What is that which you cannot hold ten minutes, although it is as light as a feather?
Your breath.

What man do we most admire?
Wo-man.

When has a man brown hands?
When he's tann'd 'em (tandem) driving.

Her Soft Answer.

"Mary," said a mother to the quick-tempered little girl, "you must not get mad and say naughty things. You should always give a soft answer." When her little brother provoked her an hour afterward, Mary clinched her little fist and said, "Mush!"—Watch-word.

FAVORITE SHADOW PICTURES

Illustration Shows How Swan and Elephant's Head May Be Produced—Practice Required.

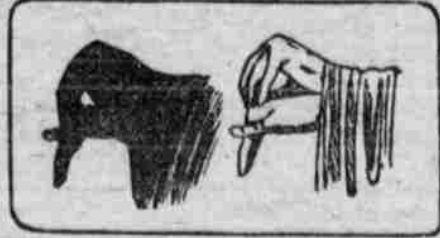
The swan is always a favorite shadow picture. It is made by crooking the first finger and thumb, and keeping the other fingers in a line in order to produce the head. Place the thumb of the second hand against the



Swan Shadowgraph.

upper part of the arm, and open the fingers slowly, moving the outstretched fingers of the first hand until they touch the tip of the second. The effect of the plucking and preening the feathers of the wing will, if well and naturally done, be most realistic. This shadowgraph requires some little practice.

An elephant's head requires one hand on the top of the other, and a small handkerchief thrown over the



Elephant's Head.

wrist so as to fall down in front; the first finger of the lower hand must act for the trunk, which may be swayed to and fro.

LARGE HEAD OF THINKERS

They Keep Right on Growing as Long as Brains Are Active—Opinion of Expert Given.

After 25 human beings are not supposed to grow except to put on weight, increase their waist measure or grow stout all over, but the claim has been made by J. Millot Severn, an English phrenologist, that there are many instances where the human head continues to grow and that men's heads have been known to increase in size after they were 40 years old. Mr. Severn's claim is of much interest, regardless of the matter of phrenology, but they are actually new claims, for Dr. J. B. Mege, of Paris, says the brain does not become fully developed until a man is from forty-five to fifty years of age.

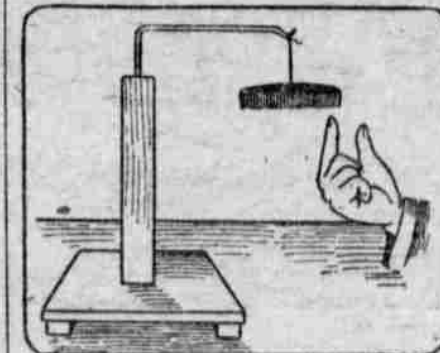
Mr. Severn says he has measured the heads of many prominent people from time to time and he has discovered by means of these measurements that the head continues to grow at a considerably greater rate than is generally believed. By taking careful cranial measurements at various times of the same heads he is able to give figures.

He has, he says, taken measurements and examined measurements of more than a hundred thousand heads during the last 25 years, and he has come to the conclusion that just so long as the human brain is active and kept vigorously at work, it develops and the head increases, in very many instances, in size.

TO ELECTRIFY RUBBER COMB

By Rubbing It With Dry Flannel and Suspending by Thread It Will Follow One's Finger.

Electrify a rubber comb by rubbing it briskly with dry flannel. Suspend it as shown by a silk thread previously attached to it. When a finger is



Controlling Finger.

held under it the comb will follow the finger, turning round and round as the hand moves.—Popular Electricity.

Good-by Kiss Now Two Cents.

"Good-by tickets," price two cents each, are now on sale at the Waterloo railroad station in London. The London and Southwestern Railway company decided to levy a tax on the lovers, friends and relatives who come to kiss the company's passengers and shout "Don't forget to write" through the windows of departing trains. The cardboard slip gives entry to the platform.

Using William.

"Papa," said William, "I think Mr. Jones is the nicest man in this neighborhood."

"Jones seems to be all right," the father agreed.

"Yes, sir," continued William, "when I was over there last evening he let me use his new lawn mower for half an hour."

GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

Story Concerning an Automobile Accident, Kidnaped Man and Stolen Heart.

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"A pretty girl," mused Arthur Perry, and his heart warmed at the radiant smile bestowed upon him for such a mere trifle as restoring to the superior being in question a shopping list she had dropped.

It was on the main street of the bustling little city of Wellston. The young lady had a companion who seemed to be an elder married sister. The latter led a little child of four by the hand. As they paused to glance into a show window the younger lady gave the child a pretty toy of a ball to engross its attention. In doing so the scrap of paper in her hand fluttered away in the breeze. Arthur recovered it. Hence the grateful smile and his present reflective mood.

"But," soliloquized Arthur, "I had better get my mind on something more practical than pretty girls, although that one was a gleam of purest sunshine. I wonder where I am going to get a chance to eat my dinner?" In his neat, though well-worn suit, and with that classic, intelligent face of his, he did not resemble a tramp, and yet here he found himself in a strange town without so much as a single cent in his pockets.

Two years previous, an expert linguist, Arthur had graduated from college. For a year he lectured in two institutions of learning. Then he had temporary charge of the foreign correspondence of a large importing firm. They failed, and with all his splendid education Arthur had been unable to secure a new position. He had learned that a large manufacturing concern in the city he was now in needed a man of his capabilities. He had spent his last dollar for railroad fare to find himself stranded, the prospective position having been filled.

He sighed as he gave a last thought to the pretty girl. He smiled as he glanced at the little cherub-faced child playing at the curb. The combination suggested home, love and happiness—what strangers to him during two lost, lonely years!

"Look out, there!"

Of a sudden the warning cry rang out shrilly. The driver of a cab stand-



"Man Your Automobile Ran Down."

ing at the curb uttered it. And then Arthur Perry awoke into action with all the agility and skill of his splendid athletic training at the call of courage amid peril.

What had happened had come so quickly that only a practiced eye like that of Arthur could take it in at a glance. The little child had dropped the ball and it had bounded over the curb and rolled to the middle of the stone-paved street. Naturally the child had followed it. As the warning of the driver rang out the little one was stooping over to regain the pretty toy, all unconscious of hovering danger. Just at that moment an automobile whirled around the corner headed direct for the helpless being directly in its course.

The turn of a second might have seen the little one crushed to a shapeless mass, for the chauffeur of the auto had not time to check the machine. It was not three feet distant when a slide, rather than a run, Arthur Perry reached the child. There was just one thing to do, and he accomplished it. With a rough, heavy push that caused the little one to cry out with fright and pain, he drove the imperiled infant almost to the opposite curb and then—a shriek from the pavement, a sickening blow and the intrepid rescuer knew no more.

It was perhaps two hours later when Lillian Trevor reappeared at the scene of the accident. She had turned from the show window in time to see the stricken man seized quickly by the chauffeur of the auto, lifted into it and flashed away before any one could interfere. Then there was the haste and excitement of getting the rescued child and her hysterical sister home. And now of her own volition, her mind full of that white, silent fact, she had glimpsed for a passing moment, Lillian was urged on to find this noble rescuer of her little niece and thank him.

She spoke to the policeman at the corner, to proprietors of several street stands, but it was only when she ad-

ressed an old cabman that she gleaned the information she desired.

"Yes, ma'am," said this individual, "I saw the accident. It was a flash, a pickup and away they went. Kidnaped, ma'am."

"Why, what do you mean?" faltered the inexperienced Lillian.

"It was a rich man's machine that hit the brave young fellow, for I saw its number. You see, there's so much of this knocking down and hurting people nowadays that there's a regular system of spiriting the injured person away, mending him up and giving him a little money so as to get out of a big damage suit. See?"

Lillian did see, and her tender heart beat more pitifully than ever for the handsome young fellow made practically a prisoner, shut away from loving friends. Then her eyes brightened and a brave resolution came into her fair face as she learned from the cabman the name of the owner of the automobile that had so nearly killed her little niece.

It was about ten o'clock the following morning when Lillian rang the door bell of the palatial home of Robert Barr, a retired city merchant. He looked puzzled as she was shown into his presence.

"Mr. Barr," she said plainly, as he courteously asked the object of her call, "I have come concerning a young man whom your automobile ran down and spirited away yesterday afternoon."

The man of wealth flushed consciously. He seemed embarrassed, partly frightened, Lillian fancied.

"I—I hope," he finally spoke in a guarded way, "that you have not come to make any trouble. I will be frank with you. I am having the injured young man given the very best of care in my own home, to avoid publicity and some preposterous damage suit, for my doctor says that he is not seriously injured."

"I am so glad to hear that," said Lillian, with a great breath of relief.

"I imagine you must be the young lady he was constantly referring to in his first delirium," insinuated Mr. Barr. "The great burden of his thoughts seemed to be a beautiful miss with a little child."

"It—it could not have been myself," demurred Lillian, but she flushed faintly. "May I call each day, nurse him if I may, at least bring him flowers, fruits, books, so he may know grateful friends are thinking of him? Oh, sir, he risked his life to save our dear little one!"

"You must be some mystic fairy, Miss Trevor," said Mr. Barr a few days later to his now welcome caller.

"How is that?" inquired Nellie. "It was through you that young Perry came to me and now I find him an indispensable treasure. For years I have been seeking some expert in the languages to classify my large foreign library, and here he is at my hand, well and happy."

"Even though he was kidnaped?" submitted Lillian, with a smile.

"Oh, that was a double deed that eventful day," declared Miss Trevor. "You mean?"

"That you had already kidnaped his heart."

And pretty Lillian flushed, and knew it was so within the ensuing week, and was glad of it.

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ARE NOT OF MOORISH BLOOD

Moros, Fanatical Fighters of the Philippines, Though Mohammedans, Belong to Malayan Race.

It is rather curious about those "Moros" that we are fighting in the Philippines. "Moro" means Moor, and the name was applied to these people by the Spanish for the reason that, like the real Moors of North Africa, they are Mohammedans. To the mind of the Spanish settlers in the Philippines, any people who were also warlike were necessarily Moors.

As a matter of fact, these Moors are pure Malays. They came originally from the Malayan islands, further to the south and west, and their ancestors were converted to Mohammedanism by missionaries of that faith who wandered to Malaysia from India. They possess all the fierceness of their brethren, the Malayan head hunters of Borneo; and it is well known that the Mohammedan religion has never had the effect to reduce or tame the native fierceness of any people. These Sulu Moors are among the most fanatical Mussulmans in the world. Centuries of force on the part of the Spaniards has had no effect whatever upon them.

The same rule which the Spaniards followed in calling these Malays Moors, they also applied in the name they gave to the pagan inhabitants of the Philippines, whom they called "Indians," after the natives not of India, but of Peru and Mexico, from which countries the Spanish invaded these distant islands. The Peruvians, Mexicans and natives of the West Indies were called Indians. They were brown, wild and pagan. Consequently, in the opinion of these conquistadores of limited ethnological knowledge, these people were Indians. And "Indios" the pagan and Christianized natives of the Philippines have remained to this day to the Spaniards. We call them Filipinos, and in our spelling of this word, though not in that of the name of the islands themselves, we pay a tribute to the simplified Spanish orthography.

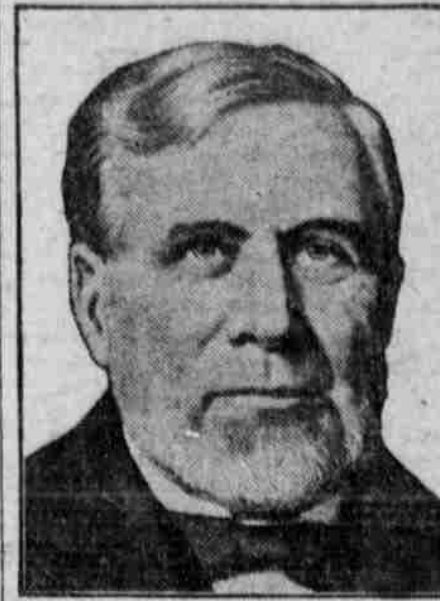
What They Read.

"May I borrow a volume of Emerson from the library?" asked the housemaid.

"I have no objection," answered her mistress. "While you are about it, bring me 'Lady Jezebel's Divorce.'"

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

POLAR BEAR OF THE SENATE



"The Polar Bear of the Senate" is the title which "Uncle Knute" Nelson, senator from Minnesota, justly bears. It is not without cause that he has been so named, for in the coldest weather the windows of Senator Nelson's offices are open and many and many a committee has shuddered as it thought of entering his committee room on a snowy December morning.

"Visit the north," Senator Nelson said, "and get out in the cold once in a while. That is what keeps a man young. Hot weather saps the vital energies. You know it is a well established fact that the southern races mature before the northern people. It is no fallacy. It is a fact."

"What do you mean by getting out in the cold?" was asked.

"Good freezing polar weather; lots of snow. Briskness everywhere. No opportunity to loaf and let the blood grow sluggish."

"These are the things that keep a man young. You know a man is only as young as his arteries, and if he lets his blood grow slow then he himself will begin to slow down."

Senator Nelson affects a snappy, biting manner of speech. He is always known in debate by his swift, biting retorts; certainly not the retorts of a man who has passed the allotted span of life as the senator has.

"When I was a boy in Norway," said he, "we never thought of old men. A man, as he grew older, acquired wisdom and was not impaired in energy. It was the good, cold climate. No man can become sluggish if he once gets stirred up by a snowstorm."

Senator Nelson has followed this hobby of health for years. Today he is recognized as among the most virile of the men in the upper chamber, and he will undoubtedly remain so for some time to come.

DUCHESS OF FIFE TO WED

Diplomatic and social circles in London are discussing with avidity the official announcement of the betrothal of Prince Arthur of Connaught, son of the Duke of Connaught, brother of the late King Edward, and the Duchess of Fife, elder daughter of the Princess Royal and Duke of Fife, and eldest grandchild of the late King Edward.

The duchess, who is a favorite in royal circles, made her debut in May, 1909, when she was eighteen years of age. She is tall, good-looking and resembles her royal grandmother, who was also her godmother, Queen Victoria. She was chaperoned at the time of her debut, owing to the ill health of her mother, by Queen Alexandra.

Prince Arthur is one of the most prominent members of the younger royal set. He was born in 1883 and was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and during his younger days at the former university was "fag" for the son of William Waldorf Astor.

The prince has been in the public eye before as a victim of Dan Cupid. As long ago as 1906 he was reported infatuated with Lady Marjorie Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland. It was said their engagement would be announced at the end of that season. This was later followed by a denial from the Duke of Rutland.



CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE A PEDESTRIAN



About the hour when General Miles is riding his hardest, if you happen to be strolling along Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, you will see a heavy-set, square-jawed, English-looking man swinging up the street with his coat thrown wide open the better to catch the breeze. He steps out solidly with the tread of a man who is walking for the exercise. Following him, you will find that he keeps up the pace, without flagging, over the two miles or more to his home.

This earnest pedestrian is Chief Justice White of the Supreme court of the United States, a veteran pedestrian, who claims that he has continually kept himself fit by this exercise. Every morning, except in the most inclement weather, the chief justice walks from his home to his office, and each evening, as the shadows gather, he strolls back again, apparently invigorated by the physical exercise after a day of mental labor over the problems of the great court.

Even in the hottest Washington days—and nothing outside the punishment of the unjust can equal the capital at its hottest—the chief justice makes his pilgrimage to and from the Capitol.

BURLESON LIKES THE OPEN

The Mexican revolution spoiled for Postmaster General Burleson the one thing that above all others he was fond of doing. Previous to the outbreak of the maderistas he had been in the habit of spending six weeks in each year in the Mexican Sierras with a party of friends shooting big game. Mr. Burleson always returned from these trips a new man. The wild camping life, the pure mountain air, the solitude and freedom from care combined to fairly rejuvenate him.

In public life of such sustained activity as his has been, the strain of constantly seeing people and talking with them is very telling, and he gained a respite from all such turmoil on these hunting trips to Mexico, for it was his habit to spend whole days in the mountain fastnesses hearing no sounds but those of nature or the occasional crack of his rifle. But the revolution took all that away, and now he must turn to other methods of amusing himself and resting his overworked nervous system.

Under these circumstances he has taken up walking to obtain needed exercise from day to day. He walks wherever he goes if time and the conventions permit. Mr. Burleson is very partial also to swimming. He likes to play around in the water, doing all sorts of wonderful aquatic stunts.

