

# For the LITTLE ONES

## LOCKING UP LONDON TOWER

Ancient Custom Still Observed in Big English Metropolis—Makeup of Procession.

Strange to say, very few people are aware of the ancient custom which is still kept up at the Tower of London, says London Tit-Bits. Just before midnight a befeater and the chief yeoman porter secure the keys from the governor's house to "lock up." Having received the keys, they proceed to the guardroom.

"Escort for the keys," calls out the porter and a sergeant and six privates turn out.

The procession then marches off, and the sentries they pass issue the usual challenge of "Who goes there?" to which the answer is "Keys."

Arriving at the entrance of the Tower grounds, the Lions' gate, the porter locks the gates, and the party returns to the guardroom, the sentry challenging as before and receiving the same answer. However, on arrival at the guardroom again the sentry stationed there stamps his foot, at the same time giving the usual challenge.

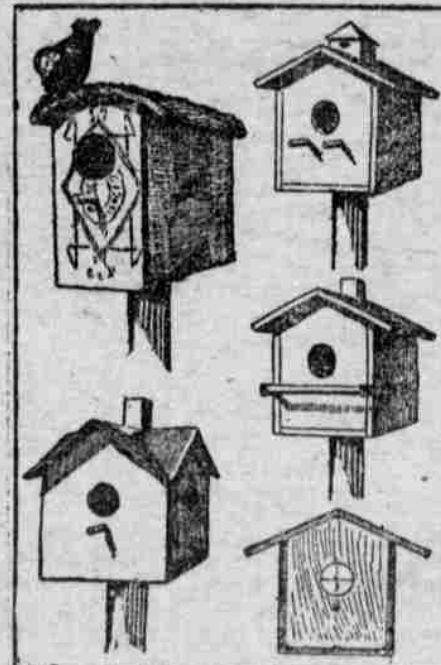
"Keys," replies the porter. "Whose keys?" the sentry asks. "King George's keys."

"Advance King George's keys, and all's well." The porter then says, "God bless King George," and all present respond with "Amen." The keys are then saluted and returned to the governor's house, where they remain until the next night's ceremony.

## HOUSES FOR LITTLE BIRDS

Not Necessary to Make Nesting Places Elaborate—Roughest Shelters Generally Sought.

The boy or girl who puts up boxes for the birds to nest in and supplies the birds with drinking water and bathing places, is certain of an unending source of pleasure. Much of this will come from watching the birds, at times, and studying their habits. Bird houses needn't be new or elaborate. The



Suggestion for Bird Houses.

roughest shelters, and weather-stained boxes, are more likely to find a tenant early, than those made of new lumber. Any boy can make one of the houses shown in the illustration, says the Farmers' Mail and Breeze. When the birds move in they will pay rent by eating hundreds of insects which would otherwise do damage.

## RIDDLES.

What is the right kind of timber for castles in the air?  
A sunbeam.

What is that which never asks any questions and yet requires many answers?  
The doorbell.

What is it which if you name it even you break it?  
Silence.

What sort of men are always above board in their movements?  
Chessmen.

What word of 15 letters is there from which you can subtract 12 and leave ten?  
Pretentiousness.

How many weeks belong to the year?  
Forty-six; the other six are only lent (Lent).

What is the difference between a goose and an author?  
A goose has many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself with one quill.

When may a man be said to as hard up as a man can be?  
When he cannot get credit for good intentions.

So Will the Reader.  
"Pop, is an abyss anything sleepy?"  
"Of course not, child, what put that into your head?"  
"Well, it's always yawning."

## NOVEL FEAT OF GROCERYMAN

Develops Into Expert Calculator In Order to Dispose of Goods in Short Space of Time.

The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker have to become expert calculators in order to dispense their goods to the waiting customers in the minimum amount of time and to be sure they do not receive the worst of it in multiplying pounds by pennies. Then, too, all sorts of perplexing little problems in weighing and packing have to be disposed of. For example, the case of the grocer who had a big bag containing 20 pounds of granulated sugar, which he wished to put up into packages of two pounds each. The perplexing feature of the incident was that he had only two weights, five and nine pounds, respectively. There he was with his 20 pounds of sugar, his



Neat Trick of Groceryman.

scales, his scoop, and those two weights, and without loss of time he had to fill his ten two pound bags. Could you tell him how to accomplish the feat in the fewest possible number of operations?

The groceryman performed the feat as follows in ten operations, which is the shortest method possible: He placed the nine-pound weight on one side of the scales and the five-pound on the other. Then he was enabled to weigh the difference between them, four pounds in sugar, which left 16 pounds in the large bag. Then he placed the nine pounds and five pounds together on one side of the scales and the 16 pounds of sugar on the other side. Out of the bag he was then able to weigh two pounds, leaving two pounds in the four pound bag. In eight more operations he put the 16 pounds of sugar into two pound bags by using two pounds of sugar as a two pound weight.

## PALMISTRY IN THE FAR EAST

Thumb Is Called "the Great Finger" in Japan and China—Servants Use Finger Points.

The Chinese and Japanese call the thumb "the great finger," and connect it with one's ancestors. Our index finger is with them the "head or man pointing finger," and has to do with the father.

The middle or longest finger belongs to the mother, while the next, or nameless finger, is the property of sweethearts and wives (the westerners have chosen this finger, too, for the wearing of the wedding ring). The little finger concerns our descendants and posterity.

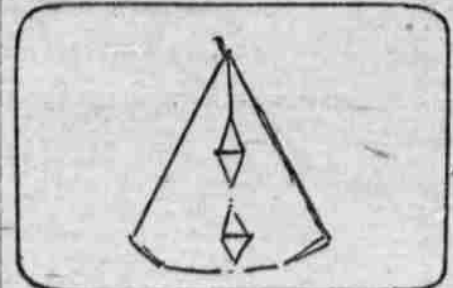
The ball of the thumb, the celebrated "mount of Venus," according to palmists the world over, retains its qualities appertaining to sensuous, sensual, and mundane matters with the Japanese hand readers, too.

Both Japanese and Chinese servants, in signing and sealing agreements with their masters, frequently moisten their finger points with ink and press it on the paper. As a means of identity or personal sign manual, these finger prints appear to have been long known in the east. It is, therefore, no surprise to find that Japanese palmists, in addition to examining the "lines" of the open palm, extend their inquiries to the pore patterns on the tips of the fingers and thumbs.

## HINT FOR THE CAMPERS-OUT

Good Circulation of Air Is Assured in Tent by Placing Sort Stick Between Flaps.

When wishing to get up a circulation of air, try this simple plan: After closing the flaps put a stick 15 or 18 inches long horizontally, as seen in the picture, between the flaps. This



Hint for a Tent.

will spread them apart and give an opening, and good ventilation is assured. They may be made large or small, and as many as desired.

## Needed a Respite.

Old Gent—Well, sonny, did you take your dog to the "vet" next door to your house, as I suggested?

Boy—Yes, sir.

Old Gent—And what did he say?

Boy—"E said Towser was suffering from nerves, so sis had better give up playing the planner.—Tit-Bits.

## Practical Application.

Small Boy—Say, mother, what is a desert?  
Mother—It is a place where nothing grows.  
Next day in school the small boy was asked what was a desert.  
"Papa's head!" came the immediate reply.—Tit-Bits.

## WAS JUST FILLING IN

But the Substitute Guest Finds Old Lover Is the Lion of the Hour.

By KATHERINE HOPSON.

When he finished reading his wife's letter, Herman Ingram looked up with a puzzled expression on his genial, middle-aged face. "I don't see how I can spare up an extra girl that Mina wants at a moment's notice," he reflected.

The letter had told of the expected return of his wife and daughter from Atlantic City late that afternoon, bringing with them as a guest a famous engineer in whose honor they wanted to give a dinner. Mrs. Ingram had invited three other guests but was short one girl to complete the desired number.

"Telephone to Alice McNulty, or any other of Belle's friends who can come. I have sent orders to the cook about dinner, and hope things will go all right. However, we can't expect to have a perfectly appointed party on such short notice," the letter concluded.

Ingram scratched his head thoughtfully. He happened to know the McNulty's had started to Michigan the day before.

"Mina said to ask one of Belle's friends but everybody I can think of is out of town here in midsummer. I wish she'd got home earlier—in time to see about this invitation business herself. Still, one girl ought not to be hard to find—"

He looked absent-mindedly around the office, and then his glance fell on Miss Barew, his secretary, working at her desk. Her tact and good sense had helped him out of dilemmas before.

"Maybe she would know of someone—then a second thought struck him. Why not ask Miss Barew herself?"

For a moment Miss Barew looked surprised. Then she quickly recovered herself and graciously agreed to come.

"It's good of you to help us out. I think you'll enjoy meeting the people—they're an agreeable lot. I don't know the man who is the guest of honor. Mina didn't mention his name. But I guess he'll be an interesting chap." He smiled reminiscently at some of the results of Mina's lion hunting proclivities.

The matter of the invitation disposed of, they turned again to business. But while her slim figure flew over the typewriter keys, Miss Barew's thoughts, woman fashion, were on the subject of clothes, and she wondered what she should wear.

"If I could go and feel well-dressed, it would seem like a bit of the old life come back."

Mr. Ingram had given her permission to leave the office early, and when she reached her room at the boarding house, the problem of clothes returned with double force.

"There is only one thing left from the wreck of the old days that would be suitable at all." She drew a box from under the bed and took out from its tissue wrappings an evening gown of mauve crepe de chine. Though slightly crushed it was in good condition, and the odor of violets lingered about its soft folds.

"I've had it two years," she sighed, "and of course it's antiquated. Still it isn't so bad. At any rate, it's the only thing that will do."

When dressed in the soft clinging evening gown, her bare arms and shoulders gleaming from the creamy lace, she studied her reflection anxiously, and was reassured by the lissome grace which the mirror showed.

"The women will all know this is an old dress, but what does that matter if the effect is all right?"

The memory of the last time she had worn that dress came back to her. It had been at a dinner-dance to which Horton Campbell had taken her. At that time they were on the perilous border-line between friendship and acknowledged love, and life had seemed all bright-hued. A few days later, Campbell was sent west by his firm on business. Before starting he had telephoned her that it would be only for a short time, but the weeks slipped on into months. During that time her father's business failure and death had occurred, and the map of her life was changed. Two years had passed since then, and she had left the old home town and obtained a position in New York. But in all that time she had heard nothing from Campbell.

"Oh, Horton, why did you treat me so? Surely there was a mistake somewhere!" Tears filled her eyes, and she buried her face in her arms beside the dressing-table.

"This will never do," she resolutely told herself. She put on her wraps. She was just in time, for at that moment came the sound of the motor which the Ingrams had promised to send for her.

The car had been delayed by an accident on the way, and she was the last guest to arrive. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram greeted her cordially. The former swept her an appraising, satisfied glance, this was the first time he had ever seen her in evening clothes. Miss Barew was amused by the surprise and relief, which, with a woman's intuition, she read in her hostess' face.

"I suppose she thought I would be some impossible somebody," she concluded. The once familiar atmosphere of culture and luxury stimulated the girl like wine.

She was introduced to the Ingrams'

daughter, Belle, and then the other guests, Miss Gleason, Miss Bard, Dick Walters, and the two Simon brothers. Then from the other end of the long room Miss Ingram brought forward the guest of honor—a tall, distinguished looking man whom she introduced as Mr. Campbell, the noted engineer.

For the first time since that fateful dinner-dance two years ago Elizabeth Barew found herself looking into the eyes of Horton Campbell. For a moment everything seemed to whirl round and she saw him grow white.

"It is a great pleasure to meet you again Miss Barew," she heard him say.

Then dinner was announced. Miss Barew went in with Billy Simon, and sat across the table from Campbell. Covertly she glanced at his face. He looked older, and more serious than in the old days, yet about him was the indefinable air of one who has succeeded. While chatting with young Simon, her ears were strained for the sound of Campbell's voice, though she could catch only a word now and then.

At last the conversation which had been between dinner partners became general.

"Mr. Campbell and I have been having a discussion," announced Sadie Gleason. "He maintains that chance or accident plays a strong part in our lives, and I claim that we make life what it is by our own acts."

"I never held with that victim-of-circumstances idea, either, Sadie," replied practical Mr. Ingram.

"Still, we must admit that in the lives of all of us, luck, good or bad, has at some time played a large part," put in Billy Simon.

"Especially in the matter of happiness," agreed Belle.

"That is the point I was trying to make," answered Campbell. "I agree that in business we can, by our own efforts, work out our own salvation to a large extent. But as you say, the matter of happiness is different. I knew a chap once—"

his deep voice contained a magnetic quality that held the unwavering attention of his hearers. "A chap to whom at one time everything seemed coming right—business—happiness—all things desirable opening out before him. Then, just as the last-named seemed coming to a climax, he was obliged to go to Denver on business and leave the girl he loved before he had a chance to tell her so."

"For a long time he knew he had been running down, so while there consulted a lung specialist who told him that an indefinite stay in Colorado was the only thing that would cure him. It didn't seem fair to tell the girl and drag her into his wretchedness—for awhile it seemed as if he were down and out. There was another man in the game who was better off financially than he. So he gave her up—"

"Didn't he write or anything?" interrupted Sadie with wide-eyed interest.

"No, that was where he made his mistake. No doubt he thought it best to drop out of her life entirely—that for him there could be no halfway measures."

"Of course it was noble and all that," observed Belle, "but if I had been the girl I'd rather he had told me everything and given me a chance to wait if I wanted to."

During the recital Elizabeth had sat with downcast eyes, her cold fingers toying with the fruit on her plate. It seemed as if old landmarks were being swept away.

"How did it all come out?" inquired Sadie.

"Oh I believe he got well and won out financially."

"But the girl?"

"For a moment he hesitated. "I don't know the sequel to that part," he answered quietly. For one second his eyes met Elizabeth's.

Mr. Ingram then brought the conversation back to practicalities by asking Campbell about the bridge his company was building near Denver. And soon Mrs. Ingram gave the signal for the ladies to rise.

As the night was hot, they drifted out to the large veranda, and Elizabeth Barew was thankful for the darkness that hid her burning eyes. While to all intent she seemed listening to Belle Ingram's long drawn out account of a house-party she had recently attended in reality her thoughts were with Horton Campbell in his lonely struggle for health. "And we never knew about each other—we never knew," her thoughts repeated over and over. After what seemed aeons of time, they were joined by the men.

Campbell, the lion of the evening, was surrounded. But he who had spanned rivers and tunneled mountains was equal to the feat of evading half a dozen people, and skillfully managed to gain a few minutes alone with Miss Barew before the party broke up. The time was short, but great events are not measured by length of time. When they entered the house there was a new radiance on their faces that was not lost on the others.

Later when Mr. and Mrs. Ingram were alone together, the latter shrewdly remarked: "Herman, I think that story Horton Campbell told was his own. I've heard he was in poor health when he took up that work in Colorado. And do you know, I half believe that Miss Barew was the girl. They said they'd met before. Of course," she ended with a laugh, "I'm glad for her, but I had hoped he would become interested in Sadie Gleason. But that's another air castle gone."

"I'm not concerned about that; but I do know it means a rattling good secretary gone," growled Ingram as he locked the front door.

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# PROMINENT PEOPLE

## ROCKEFELLER'S "PLAY" COMES HIGH



It costs John D. Rockefeller \$1,000,000 every year to "play" with his 6,000-acre estate at Pocantico Hills, and he thoroughly enjoys the game in spite of the high cost of living. His land is to him what a pile of sand is to a child. In fact, he has changed old Mother Earth's face so much every year that the inhabitants have to come around to get acquainted. Mr. Rockefeller removes hills or fills valleys just as it pleases his whim.

Mr. Rockefeller also "plays" with his houses. He has just finished spending \$1,000,000 on his own home to add ten bedrooms, and was looking around for something new to play with when his stable was burned. Now it is said he was not satisfied with it, and when it is rebuilt it will have an extra story. It is also hinted that his son's home does not quite suit him, and he intends this fall to add another story to it.

When at Pocantico Hills Mr. Rockefeller plays golf in the morning, and in the afternoon he plays with his estate. It is his pleasure to walk over it, select views, mark out drives or to change the scenery. If he stands on a hill and a certain clump of trees obstruct a particular view of the river that is pleasing to his eye, he orders the trees transplanted.

On his estate he employs 700 men and sixty teams. His pay roll amounts to \$30,000 a month. His men work ten hours a day from March to October, and nine hours a day for the rest of the year. Formerly Mr. Rockefeller employed mostly foreigners, but when the "Black Hand" society made so much trouble for his workmen last fall he gave orders to gradually weed them out, and today fewer than twenty are employed, and these are the old and faithful ones. In their places he is employing young men from the villages.

## SAYRE HEADS WELFARE BUREAU

Francis B. Sayre, whose engagement to Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, was announced some time ago, was appointed head of the abandonment bureau in District Attorney Whitman's office in New York city the other day. He formerly was in the complaint bureau.

"You'll hear some harrowing stories," said Joseph O. Skinner, former head of the bureau, as he turned over the office to his successor. "I hope it won't discourage you regarding marriage nor make a misogynist out of you."

"Nothing could do that now," was the response.

Mr. Sayre is greatly interested in the study of sociology and entered the district attorney's office with the idea of getting first hand information of other people's troubles under more favorable conditions than in a settlement.

It also developed that Mrs. Robert H. Sayre, Mr. Sayre's mother, is planning to build a home where expectant mothers will receive care. She has signed a lease for property at Oak Beach, L. I., and the home will be built in the fall.

Mr. Sayre, after his honeymoon trip in November, will assume the duties of assistant president of Williams college.



## ROBERT BACON MADE SPECIAL ENVOY



Announcement has been made by the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, a \$10,000,000 organization, that Robert Bacon, former secretary of state and ambassador to Paris, will tour South America as the representative of the Carnegie Foundation.

Part of the work which the Carnegie Foundation has taken to itself is the promotion of better relationships between the United States and other countries by means of unofficial emissaries and exchanges of university professors. Mr. Bacon was selected as being one of the most distinguished men of the United States and his task will be to further the mutual understandings between the Latins and the North Americans. He will tour all of South America, visiting every country except Colombia, and will meet most of the public men of each country. It is expected that he probably will deliver many lectures in Latin-American capitals and other large cities during his trip.

Mr. Bacon is now on a tour around the world, going east. He will sail from Europe next fall for Rio de Janeiro, there to begin his tour of South America.

## STEPS INTO HIS BOSS' JOB

Representative John A. Key of Marion, Ohio, is not the first private secretary to a congressman to step into his boss' job in the house, but it is a rare enough thing when it does happen. John Key was secretary of the late Representative Carl Anderson for four years, and learned enough of the practical side of politics to get twice as many votes as his Republican opponent last fall.

Key takes his place now with a fine and distinguished line of former secretaries. For instance, Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, who went to the upper house March 4, was once secretary to his father in the house of representatives. Governor Cox of Ohio, once a representative, started in to do big things when he was secretary to P. J. Sorg, the tobacco man. Representative A. T. Smith of Idaho walked out of the late Senator Heyburn's office right into his seat in the house. He had been secretary to the senator for years. Representative Lever of South Carolina was secretary to Dr. Stokes of that state. Wyatt Alken of South Carolina was secretary to his father, who was in congress before him. Representative Crisp of Georgia was secretary of his famous father, once speaker of the house, and Representative Robertson of Louisiana succeeded his father after acting as secretary to him.

