

# NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

## MAKE GOOD CROQUET GROUND

Really Ideal Foundation Can Be Made by Use of Concrete—Necessitates Much Hard Work.

(By EREN E. REXFORD.)  
Most croquet grounds are anything but satisfactory to the person who takes delight in the game that admits of skillful play. Where the ground is rough as to surface, indefinite as to boundary, and with arches that tip in all directions there is little chance for fine playing.

But on a ground with perfectly level surface, boundary so clearly defined that there can be no chance for dispute in "bringing in the ball" and arches that set so firmly that they cannot be displaced by the impact of a ball and can be depended on as to the amount of resistance they will give to a ball driven against them, the game takes on a new fascination and becomes one of skill.

A really ideal croquet ground can be made by the use of cement. It will necessitate considerable hard work, but the boys who like to play croquet will not let that prevent them from providing themselves with a fine ground if they set about it in earnest.

The first thing to do is to excavate the soil to the depth of about eight inches. Stake out the ground, and go at it as though you meant business. Wheel away the soil as fast as it is dug up. When the excavation is complete mix your concrete for the bottom course.

This should be made of coarse sand or gravel and cement in the proportion of six parts sand to one part cement. Mix the two while dry, and then add water enough to make it the consistency of soft mud.

Only a small quantity should be mixed at a time, as the mixture "sets" or hardens very rapidly. Apply to the depth of six inches, pounding it down well as you go along.

When you get to the places where the arches are to stand, set iron sockets to receive them in the concrete, letting about an inch and a half extend above it to bring the tops of them even with the finishing coat.

Do not allow the concrete to dry rapidly. Sprinkle frequently, or shade if the sun is hot.

The finishing coat should be made of clear, sharp sand three parts, and one part cement. Mix as for concrete, and use enough water to make it soft enough to run when poured over the first coat. Smooth it with a trowel and level it with a "straight edge," to make sure that there are no inequalities of surface.

These directions, carefully followed, will give you a ground upon which you can "calculate" your play almost as well as the billiardist does his on the billiard table.

Of course you will have no cushion to reckon with, but there will be ample chance for very skillful playing in a great many ways, and you will find that the game becomes far more attractive than it is possible for it to be when played on the ordinary playground.

In selecting the location for the croquet ground, I would advise having it at one side of the home grounds and somewhat screened from the road or street, as it detracts from the pleasure of it to have it so exposed to the view of the passer-by that it becomes almost public property.

Most croquet grounds and tennis grounds are lacking in one important feature so far as the lookers-on at these games are concerned, and that is comfortable seats provided with shade.

The boys of the family can make seats at very small expense, and not only get much pleasure out of the making of them, but a good deal of good experience in the handling of tools, which will be beneficial in other undertakings.

These seats can be made by setting four posts—preferably cedar, unpeeled—a sufficient depth in the ground to make them firm. I would suggest two feet for the width and six feet for the length.

Let the front post stand about six feet above the ground, and the rear ones about five and a half. This will give a little slope to the roof.

At a convenient height from the ground, nail stout strips of wood around the frame-work formed by the poles, on which to make the seat, which can be of boards or slats or canvas.

For the roof of the seats fasten strips of wood to the posts, both lengthwise and crosswise, letting them project at least about a foot or more in all directions so that ample shade may be secured.

Then tack on lath or strips of thin wood in such a manner as to form a support for the vines that will be trained over them.

The best vine to train over these seats is the wild cucumber and the morning glory. Both of these are of very rapid growth and easy culture. By midsummer the plants will have reached the roof and covered it.

**Boys Will Be Lifters.**  
Mrs. Church—I see by this paper a household novelty is a lifter for removing jars from high shelves.  
Mrs. Gotham—Yes, we've got two of 'em. Tommie's aged seven and Sammie's just nine.

## HANDY OUTFIT FOR CAMPERS

Materials Needed Are Piece of Canvas, Blanket and Seventy-Five Feet of Strong Sash Cord.

A piece of canvas, unbleached muslin, a blanket, or any other piece of goods, and 75 feet of strong sash cord are all the materials necessary. No sewing is required and the outfit can be erected in a few minutes. It is light and can be carried anywhere. writes V. W. Killick of Los Angeles, Cal., in Popular Mechanics.

Select two trees, or two poles, and tie the end of the rope to one of these; then run the rope around the other three times, draw it taut and run the end back to the first support and fasten it. Thus two parallel cords at any desired height will be formed between the two supports.

Spread out the cloth on the ground under the two ropes so that the side of the material to form the inner part of the hammock is uppermost. Lift one side of the goods and place the edge over one of the cords far enough to overlap about one-third the entire length of the material. Lift the opposite side and turn its edge over in a

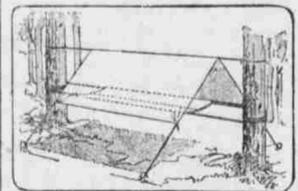


A Quickly Constructed Stretcher, the Only Articles Necessary Being Two Sticks and a Sheet, or Blanket.

like manner and both edges will overlap in the center, as shown in the sketch, which also illustrates the way to make up a stretcher quickly. The weight of the body on the edges causes friction enough to prevent the cloth from slipping.

Two sticks of wood are placed between the parallel ropes at the ends of the cloth to hold them apart as in a hammock. Place a pillow at one end and enter, being careful not to disturb the overlapped edges of the cloth.

After hanging the hammock bed stretch another rope between the sup-



A Hammock Bed Placed Between Two Supports, and a Covering, Shaped Like a Tent.

ports, about two feet above the parallel lines. A sheet of canvas or waterproof material is thrown over this rope and the hanging edges are weighted or staked to the ground, lines of cord first being attached to the corners. One of the illustrations shows the finished bed and cover.

## TWO NEAT TONGUE TWISTERS

Typewriter Is One Who Typewrites on Typewriter—Second Refers to Miss Betty Botter.

A reader submits this tongue twister:

"Dear Sir: A typewriter is one who typewrites on the typewriter, and the typewriter is a machine on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites. Now, the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites on the typewriter until there is no more typewriting to be typewritten by the typewriter on the typewriter on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites."

His second, which refers to a young woman called Betty, is as follows: "Betty Botter bought some butter, but she said this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter it will make my batter bitter, but a bit o' better butter would make my batter better; so she bought a bit o' better butter than the bitter butter, and it made her bitter better, so 'twas better Betty Botter bought a bit o' better butter."

## TOY IS QUITE FASCINATING

Makes Showers of Harmless Sparks for the Especial Amusement of the Young Folks.

Among the latest devices for amusing the young folks is a toy that



Fascinating Toy.

throws showers of harmless sparks which are especially effective in illuminating a room in the evening.

**The Reward of Virtue.**  
The Teacher—You see, had the lamb been obedient and stayed in the fold it would not have been eaten by the wolf, would it?

Boy (promptly)—No, ma'am; it would have been eaten by us.—The Tatler.

**Tinkle! Tinkle!**  
Wilbur—Do they always keep that big bell on the cow?  
Papa—Yes, Wilbur.  
Wilbur—I suppose it is to keep her from falling asleep in this quiet place.—Harper's Young People.

## HELPING THE DOCTOR

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH.

"Father and mother are going for two weeks, and if you can only come down we will have an awful time."

So wrote Miss Clara Joslyn to her city friend, Mrs. Irene Morton, and the promise of the "awful time" caused an appearance at the country seat.

The program as outlined by Miss Clara in her mind for the entertainment of her friend was:

Driving out with the pony and cart and having adventures. Going in swimming in the creek. Killing crabs along the same creek. Climbing up the hill back of the house and rolling down. Setting the dog on book agents and peddlers. Killing snakes down by the willows. Putting a frog in the garden-er's bed.

There were a few other things on the program, but the above are sufficient to show that there were to be no dull hours.

"Now, girls, be as steady as old maids while we are gone," cautioned Mrs. Joslyn.

"We will."

"Aunt Jane is to have charge of the house."

"We will mind her like children."

"Don't get the telephone out of order, and don't set the house afire."

"We surely won't."

"If anything should happen—" began Mr. Joslyn as he turned back at the gate.

"But nothing can happen!"

The first thing on the program was a drive in the pony cart, and that drive was the beginning of heaps of things. They were not a mile from the house when they espied a lone man and horse and buggy coming towards them from the village.

"I am quite sure that is the new doctor," said Miss Clara. "Take a good look at him as we pass."

"What for?"

"They say that while he's a smart young man he isn't getting enough practice in the village to keep a cat alive."

"That's too bad. It may drive him to suicide."

"He doesn't know me, and I wonder if he will raise his hat?"

Dr. Phil Armour had put up his sign in the village of Greenbriar many weeks ago, but there had not been a single call for his services. The ailing ones said it was risky to trust themselves to a young practitioner. Dr. Armour was far from starving and he was feeding his horse oats three times a day, but he was ambitious and impatient.

He knew the members of the Joslyn family by sight only, but when about to pass the pony cart he took the risk of raising his hat to the occupants and received two bows in return.

"Why, he's quite good-looking!" exclaimed Miss Irene when they passed.

"Yes!"

"But he had a mournful look."

"It struck me so."

"As if the world was against him?"

"Yes."

"I say that it's a shame that old doctors won't let young doctors catch on!"

"I think so, too."

There was silence for the next five minutes, and then it was Miss Irene who spoke.

"Look here, Clara, I'll tell you how we can have lots of fun, and help the doctor at the same time."

"Go ahead."

"When we get out of the cart at home we twist our ankles."

"We do!"

"You will twist your right one and I my left."

"I see."

"We hobble into the house. We groan. We telephone for Dr. Armour. He comes. It will be known all over the village that he has called here professionally."

"But what about the twisted ankles?" was asked.

"Oh, we'll tell him that it wasn't such a bad twist after all, and that we are using bandages of arnica or witch hazel."

"It'll be fun to see him come rustling in."

"But you are such a hand to giggle! I wouldn't have him think we were making game of him for any money."

"Oh, I'll keep my giggles between my teeth 'till he is gone."

The twists took place according to schedule. Aunt Jane was so completely hoodwinked that she got bandages and arnica and did the telephoning. When Dr. Armour arrived each young lady sat with her foot on a stool and there was a strong smell of arnica in the air.

"Is it a bad sprain?" was asked.

"Not so very," was answered in chorus.

"Bandaged up?"

"Yes."

"But I had best overhaul them. The bandage must give support to certain tendons or you may be lame for life."

"But Aunt Jane put the bandages on, and she's an old nurse."

"And yet may not know how to bandage properly."

The doctor sank down on one knee and began to unwind the bandage from Miss Clara's ankle. If she protested further she must admit the joke! When the flesh came into view the doctor looked wise and said:

"Bad sprain—very bad! You can't do any walking for a week! Good thing I removed the bandage."

Miss Irene suppressed a giggle and winked at Miss Clara.

"I find that the auricula was pressing against the calciferous, and that the bandage was wound too tightly

across the effluent muscles. It is well that you didn't wait 'till morning."

Neither of the girls was up on anatomical terms, but they both had the same idea—that the doctor was having all the fun to himself, and it sobered them. When he had finished with the ankle of one he turned to that of the other. No swelling. No sign of a twist. He was either a fool-doctor or else he was meeting their fun more than half-way.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Miss Irene when he had departed.

"You said it would be such a joke!" accused Miss Clara.

"I ought to have giggled."

"If you had I'd have pushed you out of the window! And he's coming again in the morning! And he says we must hop around instead of walking! Aren't you a daisy of a marplot!"

"Did you understand his big words?"

"Not a one of them, nor he didn't, himself! I'll wager he has us going on crutches after tomorrow!"

But Providence came along to help the girls out. She did it by first bringing about almost a tragedy. As the victims were going up to their rooms for the night, hopping from stair to stair and giggling at every hop, Miss Clara lost her balance and fell backwards, and as she went she dragged her guest with her. When they brought up at the foot of the stairs one had her knee-cap out of place and the other a broken collarbone.

"Now you've done it!" shouted Aunt Jane as she rushed around in excitement. "I don't believe either one of you sprained your ankle! You were just making a fool of the doctor. I can't make out the girls of today."

"Well, here are two girls of today that want a doctor," replied Clara.

"The same one?"

"Oh, yes. He made such a quick cure of our ankles that we must give him this job!"

"What has happened?" asked the doctor, as he arrived an hour later.

"We have got over being funny! Say, doctor, we feel—"

"Never mind."

"We felt that—"

"There—there! If you talk it will bring on a fever."

The doctor had a practice within a month, but it was more than a year before he had Miss Clara Joslyn. She didn't exactly know whether she wanted to marry a doctor or not, but when convinced that she was liable to fall down stairs any day, she gave her hand. And when she wrote to Miss Irene about it the latter replied:

"You are all right, but where does my giggle come in?"

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## ENGLAND HAS A NEW VICE

Drinking of Wood Alcohol Declared to Be a Growing Practice in That Country.

Every one knows the torture through which opium victims pass. Happily we are comparatively free from the scourge of this drug, yet we have on a considerable scale a vice which is as disastrous in its consequences, the Manchester Guardian asserts.

It is the drinking of menthylated spirits (wood alcohol), which makes maniacs of its worshippers, bringing before the tortured and fevered visions of its victims horrible specters which send men and women into fits of frenzied desperation.

The vice is rampant among the berry pickers of Scotland, and a police inspector stated that a third of the pickers were addicted to the practice.

Out of 200 cases, it was stated every third person had become drunk on menthylated spirits. The victims were men, women and girls in their teens.

A writer tells of the awful suffering of these people, having seen them rolling in agony and seized with terrible convulsions, mingling prayers with their shrieking curses. The devilish pictures in their mind force despairing yells and groans from those people, whose suffering cannot be told.

Like the fruit pickers who every year take the tragedy of their sordid lives from the worst parts of London into the gardens of England, the berry pickers are drawn from the most battered derelicts of humanity. Many of them have always been strangers to fortune and each night when they are paid, as is customary with this class of worker, there is an orgy somewhere.

Menthylated spirit drinking among the berry pickers is not new, and there is evidence that it is growing.

One woman, crawling to her work after a vile debauch said the spirit made her forget what she was.

Perhaps the vice grows because the spirit's much cheaper than whisky. For a few coppers a picker can obtain enough spirit, with the addition of a little water, to half fill an ordinary whisky bottle, and the terrible stuff is many times stronger than the most newly run whisky.

While the sot, the hopeless drunkard and the fallen woman can satisfy the craving which tortures them so easily and cheaply there will be no hope of stamping out the curse of this slow but certain poison.

## Question of Beauty.

"Don't you think a woman's appreciation of beauty is greater than a man's?"

"No," replied Mr. Growcher; "not if you judge by the dogs they make pets of."

## Ruling Passion.

"Women certainly do make themselves ridiculous going crazy over battered up football players."

"But then women always did have a passion for remnants."



## MAY BECOME U. S. SENATOR



that his ambition to serve in the higher national body must wait.

Politics in these parlous times often does not follow logic and there will be no occasion for surprise if he overturns precedent and contends for the greater prize.

For United States senator from Ohio, to succeed Hon. Theodore Elijah Burton—James M. Cox, now governor of Ohio? Properly the interrogation point follows the proposal, but this is one of the suggestions that have been heard with considerable persistency in and about the state capital. And, seemingly, not discouraged by many of the governor's friends and admirers. It sounds well—and Governor Cox is ambitious and is sufficiently well equipped to give most anyone a battle.

It has been insisted that to vindicate his administration he must go before the people for renomination in a direct state primary and re-election a year hence. Policies new to Ohio law have been placed in the Buckeye statute books, largely by his influence, and now must come the time when he can demonstrate that these things will work good to the commonwealth. Logically, therefore, it would seem

## NEW CENSUS DIRECTOR

"Who is that pleasant-faced gentleman?" asked a woman clerk at the census bureau the other day at the lunch hour, as the man inquired about passed through a crowd of clerks standing in the corridors.

"The new director," answered the veteran doorkeeper who marks tabs on those who enter and leave the building.

Yes, it was the new director, William Julius Harris of Codartown, Ga., who, on July 1, succeeded E. Dana Durand as head of the census bureau.

Way down in Georgia they call him "Bill," and just as he endeared himself to the folk of his own country, so is he making friends by the score since he has been at the census bureau. Friends, mind you, among the clerks, who heretofore have been ruled by directors whose iron hand held them in awe. "Bill" controls them differently. He always has a smile, good cheer, and consolation for them. And that probably is the reason why he is called "Bill."

Directors have, in the days gone by, walked by clerks with but a cold bow. Such recognition came only to a few who had been so fortunate as to know him. But it is different with the new director. He has a smile and a good word for all.

Born at Codartown, Ga., forty-five years ago, Harris was educated first in the public school of his home town. Then he went to the University of Georgia at Athens. At Codartown he is president of the Farmers and Mechanics' bank. For two years he was vice-president of the Georgia Bankers' association. At one time he was a member of the state senate, representing Polk, Paulding and Haralson counties.



## NEW CHIEF OF WEATHER BUREAU



Everybody will want to know something about Prof. Charles L. Marvin, whom President Wilson has appointed chief of the weather bureau to succeed Willis L. Moore and who will tell the country daily what kind of weather it is going to have.

Professor Marvin has been in the weather bureau service since he was graduated from the Ohio State university at Columbus. He has devoted himself especially to devising and perfecting apparatus for observing weather conditions with a view to making accurate predictions. He is not a politician. On the few occasions when he went back to his Ohio home to vote he supported the Republicans. He did not vote in the election in which Woodrow Wilson was chosen president.

Early in the administration it was announced that in choosing men for scientific positions President Wilson's policy would be to consider their efficiency and to pay small attention to their political affiliations. This policy has been emphasized in a number of appointments, notably that of Hugh M. Smith, a Republican, to be fish commissioner. The president and Secretary Houston went about choosing a weather bureau chief in a very leisurely fashion, but with this policy in mind.

## TO GOVERN PHILIPPINES

Representative Francis Burton Harrison of New York has been selected for governor general of the Philippines. Mr. Harrison was selected after months of personal consideration by President Wilson in which many applicants were eliminated. At least twice the appointment was considered as good as made, but neither of the men selected was Mr. Harrison.

The new governor general is a Democrat, a native of New York city, a lawyer by profession and has been a representative in five congresses, his first service being in the Fifty-eighth.

He enlisted as a private in the Spanish war in the volunteers and was a candidate for lieutenant governor of New York in the campaign of 1904. He was educated at Yale university and the New York Law school.

Representative Harrison was strongly urged for the post by Oscar W. Underwood, Democratic leader in the house; Representative Palmer, Senator Hughes of New Jersey and other prominent Democrats. Secretary Garrison also concurred in the appointment.

A reorganization of the Philippine commission, however, is to be effected, and some commissioners will be named within a few days.

Mr. Harrison was a member of the party which accompanied William H. Taft as secretary of war on his trip to the Philippines, and he has had several conferences on Philippine matters from time to time with President Wilson, so that his viewpoint is known to the administration.

