

# Corner for the Juniors

## TRICK WITH WALKING STICK

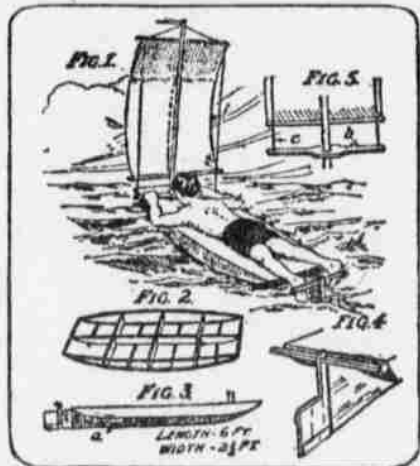
How to Make Cane or Umbrella Stand Up Without Any Apparent Support—Practice Needed.

"The feat of compelling a walking stick or umbrella to stand upright in the middle of a parlor without being supported by anything or anybody always seems wonderful," says Mme. Herrmann. "It is best, when about to perform this feat, to have a black screen for a background, and to order the stick or umbrella to stand alone about a foot in front of this screen. To show the audience that there is no person or apparatus behind this screen to secretly help the stick to stand when commanded the performer can take the screen away for a few minutes until all are satisfied that there is no hidden apparatus there. Pass the cane around among the audience to let them see there is no pin in the cane's ferrule, and that it is an ordinary cane, absolutely without life." When the screen is again in place the stick can be hypnotized by a few mysterious mumbblings, which will be certain to keep the audience guessing in the wrong direction. Then the stick will stand alone for as long as the performer may desire. The secret of the hypnotizing is so simple that the audience will never suspect it: It is to previously tie a yard of black thread from the top of one of the front legs of an ordinary chair to the top of the other front leg, letting the 'bag' of the thread fall to the ground until ready for the 'hypnotizing.' Carelessly place the stick within the 'bag' of the thread, planting the stick upright six inches from the chair, making it appear that it is only by the merest accident that the performer selects this particular spot. Now take your hands away, and, of course, the stick will stand where you place it. The supporting thread will not be seen on account of the dark background. This and many other feats any amateur can perform after a little practice."

## UNIQUE SWIMMING SAIL RAFT

Construction of Device So Illustrated That Any Boy May Easily Put One Together.

The clever and unique device pictured herewith may be made by any boy who cares to possess one, says the American Boy. Study the pictures for they will teach you more about the construction than a whole page of text. The making of the body part is shown in Fig. 2. It is like a shallow



Swimming Sail Raft.

boat and must be covered with water-tight canvas. A soap box, torn apart, will provide material for the rudder as illustrated by Fig. 4. The sail is three feet wide and five feet long. Tack a stick along the top and bottom edges, and by means of these cross-arms lash it to the mast. The mast fits into a square hole and does not turn. The sail turns around it and is operated by the handlebar "b." A keel added to the bottom will give greater buoyancy and at the same time add steadiness to the craft.

## CONTROL OF THE BASEBALL

First Requisite of Pitcher Cannot Be Too Strongly Emphasized, Says Christy Mathewson.

The first necessity for a pitcher is to have control of the ball, says Christy Mathewson in St. Nicholas. That can't be emphasized too strongly. A boy may be able to throw all the curves imaginable, but if he can't put the ball where he wants it, the batter keeps walking around the bases, and he will never win any ball games. Therefore, I would, first of all, advise my young readers to practice accuracy, until they can place the ball just where they want to send it. Let them pitch to another boy, with a barn or a fence as a backdrop, and try to put one high, over the inside, and then high over the outside, and again low over the outside, and keep up this practice patiently until mastery of the control of the ball is obtained. A boy will find that even if he can't pitch a curve, but has good control, he will be able to win many more ball games than if he has a lot of benders, but no ability to put the ball where he wants it.

### Honest Child.

"Since you worked your examples so nicely," said the pretty teacher, "I shall give you a kiss."  
"Teacher, I didn't know there was to be a reward," responded the honest urchin. "It's only fair to tell you that my big brother did them sums."

## BOYS CATCH MANY ANIMALS

Two Missouri Lads Capture Rabbits and Minks by the Use of a Simple Figure Four Trap.

These two Missouri boys catch a great many rabbits and minks. They build their own traps. The trap in the picture is set with a simple figure four trigger. The box is above two and one-half feet long and one foot wide. This length gives room to place the bait well inside the door. The bait and stick to which it is attached should be very light, so that



The Result.

they slightest touch will set it off. Traps for mink should be smoked after every catch, as these animals are very wary, and will not go into a trap that has the smell of man upon it. A better way to catch mink is to use a steel trap, covering it lightly with leaves or grass and fastening it to a post with a light chain.

## MODESTY AND MODERN GIRLS

Few Young Ago Public Speaking by Young Women and Athletics Would Have Been Tabooed.

Addressing an audience of girls at the charities conference, Miss Beulah Kennard made this declaration: "Twentieth century girls are less modest than any since the days of Louis XVI."

Not many years ago the modesty of the shrinking violet, which was associated with timidity and expressed by demurely downcast eyes, was a model followed by young women of that period. They were expected to faint at moments of stress, and it is to be presumed that they did.

Fainting has gone out of fashion. The telephone girl in the Austin flood who stuck to her switchboard, sending out warnings to the people of the town while she herself faced death, was no exception to the rule of these times.

The level gaze of the unafraid has displaced downward glances of timid modesty. A few years ago public speaking by girls at public gatherings and the sort of athletics now common in colleges for women would have been thought immodest.

It may be, as Miss Kennard says, that girls show less modesty than their sisters of other times, but who is there who says that "twentieth century girls" and their standards are less admired and less worthy of admiration?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## INCREASED VALUE OF CANDY

Gain of 55 Per Cent. in United States During Period Population Increased 8 Per Cent.

In five years, according to the census of 1910, there was an increase of \$47,709,000 in the value of the candy produced in the United States. This was a gain of 55 per cent during a period in which the population of this country had grown probably not more than 8 per cent.

These figures show the enormous increase in the consumption of candy by Americans. Children will be pleased to learn that eminent medical authorities are now satisfied that pure candies are not injurious to the health if eaten in moderation. It appears that the drawback in permitting the child to eat unlimited candy lies in the absence of fat. "If," says Prof. Robert Hutchinson, "the parent is warned to introduce sufficient quantities of the carbohydrates by insisting upon the use of butter and oils in the diet, the child may generally eat pure candy without detriment and even with distinct advantage.

This is useful information, but parents should still beware of the cheap, adulterated article.

### Unequal Punishment.

Two boys who managed to be rather unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she requested them to remain after hours and write their names 1,000 times. They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began watching his companion in disgrace. Suddenly the first one burst out with despair between his sobs and said to the teacher:

"Tain't fair, mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schluttermeyer."

### Verna's Modesty.

Mother entered the room just in time to see four-year-old Verna knock her older brother down.

"Verna, how could you do such a thing!"

"The Lord gave me strength," Verna proudly replied.—Harper's Magazine.

## WAS TWO OF A KIND

By BRYANT C. ROGERS.

Miss Gracie Hollands was twenty-two years old. Miss Gracie was stenographer and typist for the firm of K. & K., and was so smart that she earned \$14 per week.

She was receiving \$10 when it was discovered that some employe was carrying goods out of the store. The detective from headquarters spent a week and did not get a clew.

"Here is where I get a raise to \$12," said Miss Gracie to herself; and she shoved back her machine and wandered about for an hour and then said to K. & K.:

"Your assistant bookkeeper has just gone out to lunch."

"He goes every day at this hour," was the calm reply.

"And the missing goods go with him."

"What! You can't mean it!"

"Come with me! I know where he feeds at this hour."

She led K. & K. to a quick-lunch room three miles away, and they walked in upon the assistant just as he had ordered his usual spring chicken.

"Has the firm failed?" he asked as he looked from one to the other.

"No, but you have!" replied the smart girl with a little giggle of triumph. "Hand over quietly and you may not get over 25 years in the jug!"

The young man, who was the sole support of a widowed mother and six fatherless sisters, and who firmly believed that the moving picture shows were filling the jails to overflowing, smiled a glad smile and began to hand over bolts of silk, yards and dozens of real pearl buttons, until he had deposited enough on the table to stock a department store in the Bronx.

"George, what tempted you?" asked the senior member of K. & K.

"I wanted to sell the stuff and buy Bibles for the heathen."

When the thief had been tucked away in a nice little cell in prison Miss Gracie was told by the firm:

"For your smartness you now get \$12 per."

"Thanks."

"And during your spare time you can watch others."

She did, and she brought the porter, the janitor and two elevator men to justice. They were in a conspiracy to rob the store of thirty shirtwaists per week. Then Miss Gracie was raised to \$14 per week, and the senior partner said to her:

"Such smartness I never saw before, and K. & K. are sure proud of you, but you needn't do any more watching for a time. It is only a strain on your brain, but you might catch me trying to beat the other K. or vice versa."

Miss Gracie Hollands stuck to her real duties, but she imbibed the idea that she was a born detective. She began to look at all men and women as suspicious characters. Even when a young man tried to flirt with her on the street her detective intuition was so strong that she almost laid a hand on his shoulder as she hissed at him:

"You are a safe blower, and I know it, and you make your hike or I'll run you in!"

He was a minister's son and a salesman in a large jewelry house, and had just organized a Bible class, but he made his "hike" just the same.

When Miss Gracie began her professional career she went to board with Mammy Jones. It was a hall bedroom and a starvation table, but as the salary went up things improved. When it reached \$10 per week Miss Gracie took the best front room, and became the star boarder. She did not leave when the salary became \$14.

Strangers came and went. It suddenly occurred to the stenographer that she was most favorably situated to continue her detective work and she went right at it. She suspected the two actors out of engagements; she suspected the old maid who had her hall bedroom; she suspected a grocery clerk who had a room in the house, and she almost suspected the landlady herself.

One evening, when an old-clothes man called to see if she had any second-hand garments to sell, the word "villain" stood out so plainly on his forehead that the girl laid a hand on him and said:

"Retribution has overtaken you at last!"

"What ish dot?" was asked.

"Your crime has found you out!"

"I lick my wife ten years ago, but she don't go by der police."

Other callers were put through their paces, but none of them was frightened into confessing murder or bomb explosion. The day must come, however, and it did come. It came three days after a little incident on the street. A bare-headed young man with a pencil behind his ear, and who seemed to be a clerk in a store, accosted Miss Gracie at a corner and asked if she could give him a \$10 bill for five twos. It was her salary day and she was carrying home her \$14. Why not oblige the clerk? The \$10 was passed over for the twos, and it seemed to the girl that she was beginning to be of some importance as a capitalist.

The cobbler took fifty cents for repairing a pair of shoes; a lunch at a restaurant was 35 cents; a bit of cheap jewelry that happened to please was 75 cents. In each case one of the two-dollar bills was handed out. The other two went into her board money, and Mammy Jones passed

them along to the grocer and butcher.

And then there was the arrival of the strange man. He took a back room upstairs without board. He was well dressed, but he had a sly look. In looks and talk he was not the average roomer for that quarter—he was above them. He had plenty of money, and paid a week in advance, besides assuring Mammy that he didn't play on a flute or an accordion, and he was given the room. It was two days before the detectress caught sight of him, and then she said to the landlady:

"Your Mr. Bennett is a crook!"

"My stars!"

"He's a confidence man or a wire-tapper!"

"Get the police at once!"

"And from the way he drags his right leg I should say that he was acquainted with the hall and chain!"

"Then he'll rob and murder us!"

"No, he won't!" replied Miss Gracie, in a firm voice. "Am I not here? Isn't it a part of my profession to run down crooks?"

"But the police—"

"Not a word to them—not a hint! When I have got this man in my toils I'll communicate with police headquarters. I'll shadow him and have a line on him within three days. You must not say or do anything to frighten the bird away."

The stranger seemed to slink out and in. He asked no questions of anybody, and if he gave any of the people in the house more than a passing glance it was the stenographer. Each evening for three successive evenings she found him in her hall when she came up from her dinner. She had taken the precaution to lock her door, and had no doubt that he had tried it.

"Ah, ha, but I'll set a snare for the bird!" she exclaimed to herself. It didn't take two minutes to invent the snare.

When she went down to dinner the next evening she left her door unlocked. When the meal was half over she rose from the table and tip-toed upstairs. Mr. Bennett wasn't visible, but she passed along and opened her door with a bang. Mr. Bennett was on his knees before her open trunk!

Three yells into the hall of "Help!" "Murder!" "Police!" and then she grabbed the crook. The room filled with boarders in a moment, but Mr. Bennett didn't seem very much embarrassed about it.

"I caught him going through my trunk!" explained Miss Gracie.

"Yes," he calmly replied.

"Then you are a sneakthief, and we'll hold you until the police come!" said one of the valiant actors.

"Not quite a sneakthief," smiled Mr. Bennett. "This badge will show you that I belong to the government secret service."

"He's a crook, I tell you!" shot back Miss Gracie.

"I was in my line of duty looking after counterfeit money or plates!"

"Counterfeit money!" gasped all in the room.

"Just so. It's up to you, Miss Hollands, to do some explaining."

"Why doesn't somebody telephone?" she demanded.

"Because no one wants to see you locked up!" replied Mr. Bennett. "Will you kindly tell me where you got those five two-dollar bills you handed out the other day?"

"Why—why—"

"Every one of them was a counterfeit! I came here looking for a plant! I did not want to ask for a warrant for you, Miss Hollands, until sure of my case."

The next half hour was as full of explanations as a chestnut is full of life. The police were not called in on the one hand, and on the other it was tearfully admitted that Mr. Bennett was not a crook.

The next day he had the good luck to capture the man he wanted, and it was only natural that he should come around to the house to make his report. Then he called again to ask Miss Gracie's forgiveness, and again with some other excuse, and finally the cheeky man got into the habit of calling without making any excuse at all. It was during one of these calls that he suggested that Miss Gracie give up the detective business. She promised to, and then he suggested that she give up K. & K. She also promised that, and when Mammy Jones heard of it she exclaimed:

"Whoever heard of the likes! Isn't it funny how some girls get husbands?"

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# In the PUBLIC EYE

## J. P. MORGAN'S VACATION



John Pierpont Morgan, head of the most powerful financial interests in the world, has returned from his vacation.

He got one week this year. The junior office boy in the Morgan offices got three.

But if Mr. Morgan did happen to be limited to only a week's holiday he spent that in a true multi-millionaire fashion. With his family and some friends he made the cruise with the New York Yacht club's flotilla on his steam yacht, the Mermaid.

For years—in fact, since he joined the yacht club in 1882—he has not missed a cruise. This annual affair has always been one of particular pleasure for him, because of his fondness for the sea. After the elder Morgan died, his son, shackled by the cares of business, did not see how he could spare the time for any vacation this summer. In other years since he entered the Morgan offices he had taken a month, and sometimes longer.

But now conditions are different. As the weeks passed into months the work of the head of the Morgan firm became more exacting, and instead of decreasing in volume it kept increasing. He despaired of taking any vacation at all. The other members of the firm came to him at the beginning of the summer to arrange for a schedule of vacations so that an adequate number of those in authority could be on hand at one time. As senior partner, his wishes of course were to be consulted first.

Mr. Morgan disposed of this question by explaining that he would not have time to take any vacation at all. But for this once the head of the firm was not the boss of the establishment. His partners told him very curtly that he was going to take a vacation whether he had time or not. There was more bickering between Morgan and his partners over this question than ever would occur over a deal involving many millions of dollars. Finally Mr. Morgan gave in and consented to go away.

## NAMED AS MINISTER TO BALKANS

Destiny has played a pretty prank for Charles J. Vopicka of Chicago.

The senate the other day confirmed his appointment as minister to the Balkan states—Serbia, Roumania and Bulgaria.

Mr. Vopicka was born in Bohemia in 1857. To him, as to many young men of that time, the United States seemed the land of promise. Stories of "streets lined with gold" were heard abroad, so young Vopicka, with a small store of experience to enable him to battle with the world, and unhampered by funds, sailed away from the land of his birth.

Now he will return, honored by his adopted country as its diplomatic envoy.

His appointment came at the end of a bitter fight waged upon him by anti-liquor interests.

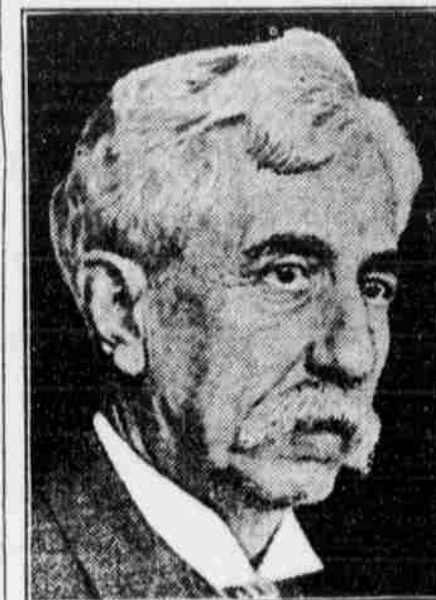
Mr. Vopicka, after a brief business career in Chicago, has gained a smile from Fortune. The dream of his youth had come true—he had found that this was indeed the land of promise.

He had become interested in several breweries and because of this his appointment was contested.

But Mr. Vopicka was in the fight to stay, and won out.



## CHIEF OF ENGINEERS OF THE ARMY



Brig. Gen. William A. Rossell a few days ago relieved Brig. Gen. William H. Bixby at the war department of the duties of chief of engineers of the army. There were no special ceremonies connected with the transfer of the office. General Rossell subscribed to the regulation oath of office and received the officials of the bureau, including all the engineer officers on duty there. These officers at the same time took official leave of General Bixby, who made the introductions to the new chief. No other changes are expected to follow the induction of General Rossell for the reason that his incumbency will continue only until October 11 next, when he will be transferred to the retired list on account of age.

General Rossell is from Alabama, and was graduated number two in the class of 1873. In which General Bixby was the star member. The new chief of engineers reached the grade of colonel of engineers in February, 1908, and was the senior officer of that grade when promoted to his present office.

## MOTHER'S AID IN SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

To close observers it seems apparent that Miss Margaret Wilson is destined to be more closely identified with Washington and its interests, to become, as it were, more of a national figure than her sisters.

Miss Jessie has already planned her fitting from the actual setting of national fame which will continue to environ the others. If rumor prove true, her example in choosing a life partner is commendable. Her future husband is at the very outset of his career, just as her father was when her mother made the plunge into the unknown twenty-eight years ago.

Miss Eleanor, or, as she is known to her friends, Miss Nell, is the ideal young society woman, fond of dancing and a most graceful one, a fearless equestrienne, expert at golf and tennis—in a word, full of life and vigor, and it is a safe wager that she will not tarry long behind her sister Jessie. But in Miss Margaret are qualities entirely apart from the social side of existence. Naturally, she has been her mother's unfailing companion and during enforced absences of her parents from the roof-tree she has been the general supervisor and director.

Since going to Washington, Miss Margaret Wilson has endeared herself to all by the genial way in which she has responded to various demands upon her time and strength.

