

NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

AMUSING LITTLE FUN MAKER

Game of "Word Rhapsody" Gives Much Entertainment—Excellent School Exercise Afforded.

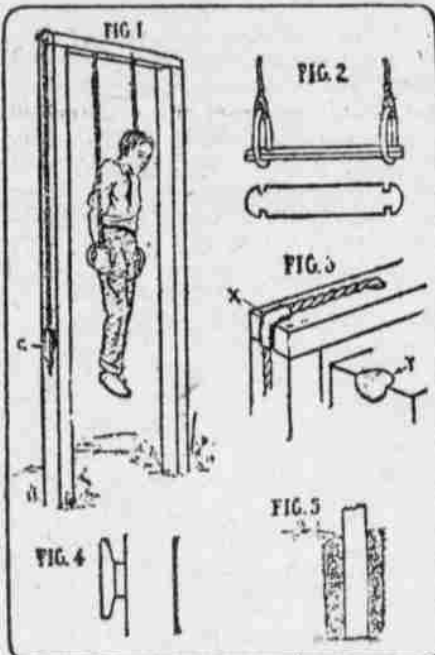
With the coming of the long autumn evenings and the entertainments and parties which they bring, comes the old question: "Isn't there something new that we can play?"

It is always difficult to find anything altogether fresh and original, and some of the older games, a trifle worked over and freshened up, will be found quite as interesting as anything else. For instance, there are many word games, but not one is quite like the little fun-maker known as the "word rhapsody." In playing this game each of the guests is called upon to choose one word. This word is written upon a little card furnished by the hostess. It may be an adjective, a verb, a common or proper noun, or any other word that may suggest itself. The cards are then gathered up and the hostess writes all the words on a large piece of white paper with a red pencil, so that, when hung up, it can be seen all over the room. Then each guest is invited to write a short story in which every one of the words appears, all of them being used grammatically and in a manner to make sense. The time of work should be limited to ten minutes. When the stories are complete the authors are invited to read them aloud, or the hostess collects them and reads them herself. The results are often very amusing. The rhapsody also makes a good school exercise.

PROPER EXERCISE FOR BOYS

Half Hour's Daily Practice on Machine Will Keep Growing Youth in Best of Condition.

As indicated by the illustration this simple device will serve for a swing flying ring and trapeze. In setting it up keep in mind the fact that it must necessarily be strong. It must not wobble very much, and the timbers used must be at least 4 by 6 and of a



Parts of Swing Trainer.

strong, sound oak. For a fifteen-year-old boy of ordinary stature the height above the ground should be ten feet. The best way of setting the posts is to bed them in concrete. Dig your holes three feet deep and erect the timbers in a perfectly upright position. You will need a level to do this, and you must have light slats or props nailed to the uprights to keep them from moving while you are shoveling in the concrete. The concrete mixture is one sack of cement (100 pounds) costing 40 cents, and eight cubic feet of broken stone and sand or river sand. Mix it thin and put in around the posts, a little at a time. Fig. 5 makes the idea clear. It will take three weeks for the concrete to set firm and hard and during that time you must not touch the posts.

The top crosspiece has two holes bored for the rope, and a rounded notch "Y" for the rope to slide in. The cleat Fig. 4 is used to shorten the rope by tying it around same. Fig. 2 shows the shape of the swing seat and the method of setting it in place.

A half hour's daily practice on this device will go a great way toward keeping a growing boy in good condition. Begin with ten minutes of light work and gradually increase it.

Juvenile Wisdom.

The elderly visitor with the benignant countenance was addressing the Sunday school on the subject of kindness to dumb creatures.

"Children," he said, "in the downtown district of Chicago, in the very heart of the city, you will see thousands of pigeons, all plump and well fed. Somebody looks after them. Why do we feed and cherish them?"

"Cause you're 'fraid you'll have to use 'em fer meat some day," hazarded a deeply interested little boy in the infant class.

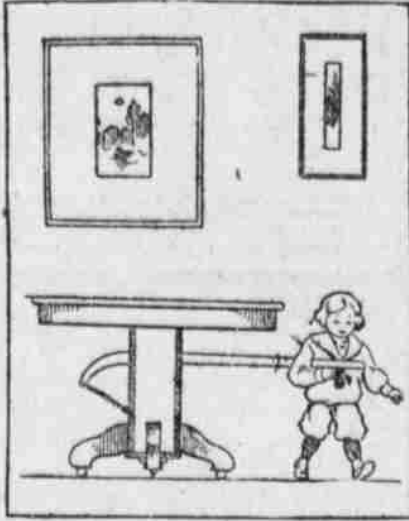
Longest Sentence.

For the longest sentence on record we must go to the French. In "Les Miserables" Victor Hugo has one sentence that runs through a hundred lines, and earlier in the book, in one of the chapters descriptive of Waterloo, there are over 50 lines without a full stop.

DEVELOP A CHILD'S MUSCLES

Exercising Device Attached to Table Pedestal Has Been Designed—Spring Holds Him Up.

For developing a child's muscles and otherwise exercising him a New York man has designed the accompanying attachment for tables. Through a slot in the pedestal of the table a horizontal arm is thrust and pivoted. A short downward curved end of the arm is fastened to the bottom of the pedestal by means of a coiled spring, and on the other and longer end of the arm is a ring to support a child. The child can walk back and forth until his legs are strong enough to bear his weight unaided, the spring supporting him in the meantime, while a bracket limits the lateral movement of the arm in



Exerciser for Child.

one direction. Even after he is well developed a child will probably find lots of pleasure and exercise in riding about on this device.

ALPHABET IS EVER CHANGING

Painters Cause Certain Letters to Assume New Shapes—Cultivating Artistic Side of Trade.

Alphabets are suffering a change of form at the hands of modern sign painters, remarks the Philadelphia Record. For many years letters have held certain distinct forms, which gave them their names and classes. Sign painters, however, are cultivating the artistic side of their trade, and from various signs displayed all over the city there seems to be a great unanimity of opinion among them as to the appearance of certain letters in one of the alphabets.

This new idea seems to be a tendency to fill in and "balance" blank spaces. It was first to be observed on the letter "L." The painter saw fit to add a frill about the middle of the space between the base and the upright. Next the letter "O" of the series was attacked and the ornamentation went in the middle, making the familiar letter resemble an old Greek "theta." "A" and "V" and "Q" have been the latest to be touched up.

If the idea spreads much further the entire alphabet will change its face.

ILLINOIS YOUTH WAS PLUCKY

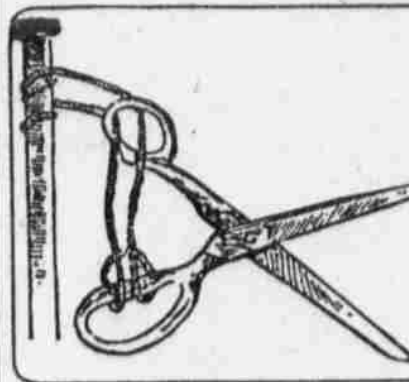
While Hunting for Squirrels Boy Discovers Hiding Place of Wolf and Cubs—Kills Them All.

A boy of fourteen, in Illinois, started out with a dog, a revolver and an axe, hunting for squirrels, and found something else. After getting into the deep woods, the dog suddenly charged a hollow log, and barked furiously. The boy tried to "sic" him on, but without avail. Then the boy knelt down and peered into the cavity, and saw a whole lot of eyes gleaming at him. When he recovered from his surprise, he took another look, and made out the group to be a she-wolf with six cubs. She snapped her teeth viciously, and would have come out had it not been for the presence of the cubs. The boy was a strategist. He sharpened some stakes with his axe, and drove them into the earth in front of the opening; and having thus imprisoned the wolf, killed it with his revolver. When she was dead, the boy up ended the log, tumbled out the cubs, killed them with the axe, and then marched home with seven scalps, for which he received a handsome bounty.

TO UNTIE CAPTIVE SCISSORS

Considerable Amusement Is Furnished by Releasing Instrument When Once Fastened.

A neat trick for affording amusement at an entertainment of young people is shown in the illustration.



The Captive Scissors.

Fasten a pair of scissors securely with a piece of string to some convenient article.

Can you release them without cutting or unfastening the string?

The scissors can be easily released by passing the loop upward through the handle, and then completely over them.

BEFORE THE FLAMES

By JUNE GALIAN.

Helena Storrs stared resentfully after the Eastern Express as it dwindled to a black spot in the distance. When it had quite disappeared from sight and the black smoke had drifted away into the sagebrush, she turned and surveyed her surroundings.

The station agent was watching her curiously from the open doorway. She was worth looking at, too, this beautiful daughter of John Henry Storrs, the financier; she was very lovely in her plain blue cloth traveling gown and chic little hat, with the late afternoon sun turning her hair to red and gold and warming the rose and ivory tints of her complexion.

The station agent jumped when Helena suddenly fixed her lovely gray eyes on him.

"Is there a garage near by?" she asked, pleasantly.

The station agent scratched his head. "Lord, miss, there ain't a motor car short of Cheyenne, I guess."

Miss Storrs looked displeased. "What a desolate spot!" she exclaimed. "Can you tell me when the next train is due?"

"There ain't another one till morning, miss. This one wouldn't have stopped only there was something wrong with her engine. They ought not to have let you off the train at all."

"I threatened to report them if they did not," said Helena, haughtily. "What am I to do?" she asked.

The answer to her question came in an unexpected way. There was the sound of wagon wheels and the clatter of hoofs and around the bend of the trail there whirled a light buckboard driven by a man in a broad-brimmed hat. He handled the fiery black horses skillfully and brought the wagon wheels to a standstill without an inch to spare beside the station platform.

"Hi, there, Jonesey," he sang lustily, "got an express package for me?"

"Wait a minute, Jerry—it's inside." The agent hustled indoors. Presently he came out with a package, which he placed in the back of the wagon.

Then he conversed in low tones with the driver. Helena surmised that they might be talking about her and she felt uncomfortably at a disadvantage. She stepped from the platform, went around the side of the station and, without a glance at the men, turned into the dusty trail that led to Duggold—ten miles away.

She had walked perhaps half a mile when there came the clatter of hoofs behind her. She did not turn around. As the sound grew nearer she stepped aside into the sagebrush and kept on at a quicker pace.

Mingled with the hoofs were wagon wheels; they passed her and then stopped, sending up a choking cloud of dust.

"I beg your pardon," said a pleasant voice, "but would you not like to ride to Duggold?"

"Thank you, no," she said, stiffly; "I prefer to walk."

"It is a tough walk," said the stranger a little insistently, Helen thought; "especially if you are not acquainted with the region. You may meet all sorts of people—the grass is afire at Fox creek and it is coming this way."

Helena looked around and saw coming from the east a cloud of gray smoke. Birds were flying before the wind and little charred shreds of grass drifted past.

"Fire?" asked Helena. "Do you mean that they are permitting the fire to get beyond control?"

The man laughed shortly. "The fire had been beyond control from the beginning. There is little hope that it will stop at the trail. I did not know it had gained such headway or—I will try backfire! Step back, please, over there—on the other side of the trail," he said.

Helena obeyed, meekly following as he drove the horses several hundred yards into the sagebrush on the safe side of the trail.

"Stay close to the wagon—it's your only way to escape." He bent to touch a match to the grass on the eastern edge of the trail.

A long line of red flames trickled up and down, fighting against the wind. The man ran to and fro, beating it back where it threatened to ignite the grass on the further side of the trail.

At last the flames gathered headway and another cloud of smoke went out to meet the blacked cloud coming from the east.

Helena felt the intense heat and under the man's direction she drove the frightened horses still further to safety. If Helena had not been a fearless horsewoman the terrified animals might have broken from her restraining hands.

"You've done nobly," smiled her companion, when he rejoined her at last. "Now, if you will watch, you will see the backfire meet the fire from the east and there will be a struggle for supremacy—and they will eat each other up!"

So absorbed did Helena and her companion become in watching the battle of the two walls of flames that they were regardless of their own danger until suddenly a choking cloud of smoke enclosed them and there was the dull heat of approaching flames.

"Done!" cried the man, angrily, snatching up the reins. "We'll have a run for it, after all. It was idocy on my part not to watch for a sneaking jump across the trail further down—well, we've got to run for it," he panted, leaning forward to lash the animals into a run.

"My husband is hunting in the Adirondacks." "Mercy, aren't you afraid he'll be shot?" "Oh, no. You see, he's disguised as a deer."

It was a never-to-be-forgotten ride across the fire-swept sagebrush. The wagon leaped from side to side and Helena was obliged to cling desperately to the strong arm of her companion to keep from falling out. At last one of the horses lurched forward and fell with a shrill scream of anguish. The other horse was dragged down with him and kicked frantically against the tangled traces.

"Gopher hole!" muttered the man, jumping out and lifting Helena down. He went forward, bent over the fallen animals, and called back a word of warning to Helena.

An instant later a shot rang out, there was a brief struggle, and the injured horse lay quiet. The stranger released the other animal from the traces, helped it to its feet, and then called to Helena.

"It's our only chance—can you stay on a horse?"

"Try me!" cried Helena. In an instant he had tossed a blanket across the trembling animal, strapping it firmly in place. Then, with scant ceremony, he lifted Helena to a seat, bidding her place one foot in the fold of the blanket.

"In five minutes the fire will reach the wagon," he said. "It's a ride for life—ready? Go!"

Away went the black horse, with the man running swiftly alongside, one hand on the animal's shoulder.

Faster, faster, they went, with the flames gaining on them every instant.

To Helena Storrs the ride was a revelation. Never before had she come so near to the very marrow of life.

Here, fleeing before the blasting wind, she might have been the primeval woman with primeval man at her side.

At last the ground sloped sharply over flinty stones. The horse stumbled bravely down the declivity, snorted with pleasure and waded into a wide creek, where it stood, breathing heavily.

The man leaned against the animal and closed his eyes. The water coming to his knees roused him and he lifted his head and smiled at Helena.

"I reckon we're safe enough now," he said. "You're all tired out, eh?"

"It was glorious," said Helena, quietly.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, then Helena spoke nervously. "The fire cannot come beyond the creek?" she said.

"No. It will be pretty hot for awhile and we can keep cool in the water. After that—why, I'll take you over to Duggold; my sister will make you welcome at my ranch. I suppose you left your money on the train?"

Helena nodded.

"Well, Nancy can help you out," he said practically. "Now prepare to keep your face wet and your eyes covered—another hundred yards and the flames will lick up this grass alongside the creek."

Helena never forgot that hour. The stranger made her get down into the water and wet her gown thoroughly.

The heat from the approaching flames caused a steam to arise from the blue serge gown and the smoke was stifling, but Helena earned the eternal admiration of her companion by her courage, and finally the flames flickered out and left a dreary black and smoking pair.

"Now, for home," said the stranger, swinging Helena into the saddle and leading the horse up the opposite bank into the sagebrush.

It was long after sunset when they dragged up the trail to Rainbow ranch, where Nancy Mather gave Helena a warm welcome. Nancy's brother, Jerry, who had been Helena's companion, lingered a moment that night and spoke to his sister.

"Nah," he said, seriously, "how would you like Miss Storrs for a sister?"

"Jerry! At last!" asked Nancy, smiling incredulously. "So soon?"

He nodded. "If I marry at all—it will be that girl," he said, seriously, as he bent to kiss her good-night.

"Good luck, then, brother. She's a dear!" cried Nancy. And when she was alone she murmured: "I'll not tell him who she is! He will be surprised to find that he's going to marry the rich Miss Storrs."

And when the news was finally broken it was after he had won Helena's consent to be his wife. Then his sturdy American independence asserted itself and he said tersely:

"Nancy, I love her in spite of the money! Say, Nancy, you ought to have seen her the day of the fire!" (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MAY RECOVER ANTIQUITIES.

An astonishing discovery has been made by some Greek sponge-fishers at Machia on the Tunisian coast. Observing a mass of sunken wreckage, they examined it and noticed some statues lying among rotting timbers. The French authorities were quickly interested and sent a tug and two torpedo boats to the spot. The sunken vessel proved to be one of about four hundred tons and loaded with an enormous cargo of ancient household goods and statuary, including a Hermes bearing the name of Boethos. The whole of it has now been recovered and is being examined and classified. Evidently it was a part of the Roman plunder from the sack of Athens, and probably the very ship described by Lucian as having been lost with its precious freight, including, says Lucian, a picture by Keuxis.

Safe.

"My husband is hunting in the Adirondacks."

"Mercy, aren't you afraid he'll be shot?"

"Oh, no. You see, he's disguised as a deer."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

STARTS SPEECH WITH PERORATION



There is only one man in congress who starts to speak with a peroration on his lips. The rest of them all have to take a running start, get up speed, throw in the high gears and with closed eyes and clinched teeth go ripping into the peroration with the flourish of a circus rider jumping through a burning hoop.

But not Finley Gray of Indiana. When he speaks the house stands still. He gets "more applause than any ten men on either side combined. He knows all the gestures and all the positions. Just listen to the speech he made when Carter Glass gave him one minute—just one little minute. Could you imagine any one working up a peroration in one minute? It would take about eight weeks for most people, and by that time the audience would have been dead. But let Mr. Gray speak. He was referring to the tariff bill:

"Mr. Speaker, It has always been my practice to vote against the previous question where there has been no opportunity for full discussion. But this discussion began in the early springtime and has continued during the long, weary months of a torrid summer. The birds have nested and flown with their young; the flowers have bloomed and faded; the harvests have ripened and been gathered in; the beetles are already singing the dirges of a dying year; the fall has come with the aere and yellow leaf of decay, with wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere; the first breath of winter is upon our cheek to chill us.

"Looking squarely at my platform pledges to the people, I am ready to vote for the previous question."

SAYS BOOK OF JOHN WORLD'S BEST WORK

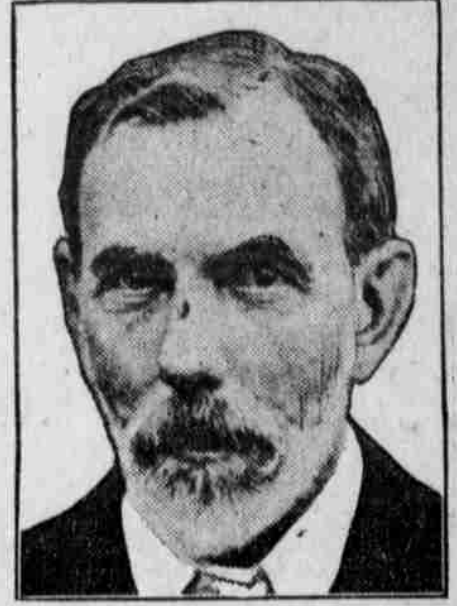
"The greatest book in the Bible, and in the world, is the gospel of John," declared Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, Great Britain's foremost authority on sacred history, the other night at the Moody church in Chicago.

"The gospel of John far surpasses the gospel of Paul. The latter only finds the heights of greatest spiritual inspiration at odd intervals. He is continually dropping from his high level and suddenly soaring again.

"Besides the writings of Paul, the only book of the Bible fit to be compared with the gospel of John in point of excellence is John's own book of Revelation. This, however, has a defect because of the animus against the Roman empire which seems to pervade it.

"When it is considered that at the time this was written John was under sentence of hard labor at the Island of Patmos, a sentence which was equivalent to one of death, it can be seen that it would be difficult for him to maintain an attitude of calm judgment concerning the great empire which was oppressing him. It was this apparent animus and disposition to boast of the coming triumph of God's kingdom that made Revelation the last book to be received as canonical and which makes it little read today.

"The gospel of John, on the other hand, was written after his release, when John was in a state of mind and body to do his best work. The gospel of John is impregnated with the spirit of love as well as animated with the spirit of victory. It is the greatest book in the world."



ANTHONY COMSTOCK, FOE TO VICE



Like the good fairy who appears in the nick of time, waves her wand and confutes the powers of evil, Anthony Comstock has again issued forth and squelched another infraction of the code of decency. It is almost staggering how wicked New York would have become had there been no godfather to civic morality in the person of the resourceful and untiring Mr. Comstock. But there he is still on the job, virulent, active, despite his seventy years, a constant foe to vice for almost half a century. Storms of abuse, calumny, hatred and revenge have broken over him in the years of his labor and left him as the mighty oak, a tower of strength to the righteous and a living warning to those of unclean minds and morals.

Anthony Comstock began life as a poor Connecticut boy on the firing line in the great struggle between north and south, taking the place of a brother who was killed at Gettysburg, and finishing out the war. Going to New York to seek his fortune, he walked the streets for a week with less than \$4 in his pockets, searching for a job.

SAYS DIPLOMATS NEED NOT LIE

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, recently appointed minister to the Netherlands, just before his departure for Europe, said:

"There was a time when the popular idea of diplomacy might have been described as a 'game of skill between accomplished liars.'"

"Perhaps there was as much justification for that ancient idea as there was for the old notion that business was a 'device for getting the best of your neighbor without breaking the law.'"

"At all events, both of these notions are worn out now. A man can't stay in business unless he delivers his goods 'up to sample.' A diplomat can't hold his place unless he speaks the truth.

"But he must speak it politely. Consequently, he must learn to listen as well as to talk. And he must not say more than he means, as most people are inclined to do when they are excited. It is the duty of the diplomat to keep the people cool.

"It seems to me that diplomacy, in its aim and essence, is just a means of keeping up a regular intercourse between the governments of two nations which are in friendly relations."

