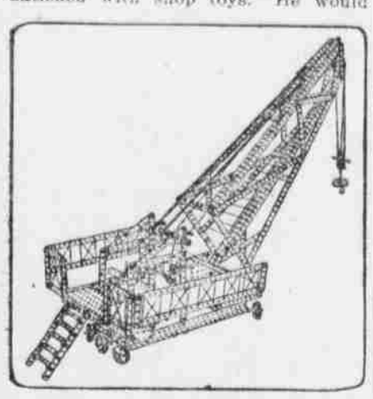
For the LITTLE ONES

INSTRUCTIVE FOR THE BOYS

Many Pretty Things May Be Constructed by Skillful Use of Toy Steel, Just Put on Market.

Toy structural steel, from which an ingenious boy may build anything that a real engineer would make out of real steel members, is now being widely advertised and is a feature of the holiday exhibits. Some of the things that may be constructed in little by the skillful use of this material are bridges, derricks, engines—anything, in fact, from a toy wagon to a miniature printing-press. A writer in the American Exporter (New York) commends this as a realization of the young mechanic's idea to "build something himself." The boy with a mechanical mind, he says, is seldom satisfied with shop toys. He would

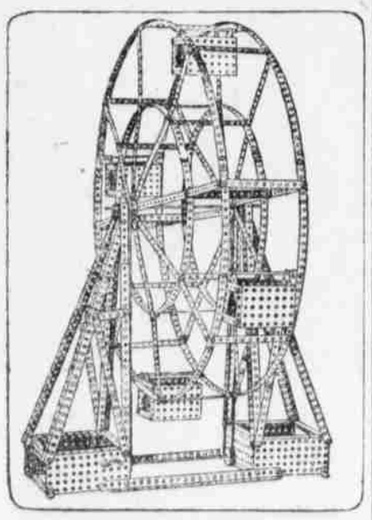


A Derrick Built of Toy Structural Steel.

a hundred times rather take a hammer and nails, and with what odds and ends he can find work out some idea of his own than to possess a whole houseful of ready-made locomotives and fire-engines, which, to his critical eye, lack many important details. The writer goes on:

"These outfits consist of strips of steel varying in length and having holes punched at equal distances from end to end. Included in these sets are also gears, pinions, pulleys, flanged wheels, axles, beams, etc., which give the boy all the parts necessary to build up almost any kind of a miniature machine. The strips are held together by means of small screws and nuts, and the structures that can be built in this way in a remarkably short space of time by any boy are declared to be surprisingly real in appearance. The various metal strips are formed in imitation of structural steel beams, and the young engineer in this way acquires a knowledge of the strength of materials and elementary engineering practice which many weeks of study from books would probably fail to impress upon his mind. He also becomes familiar with the forms of many of the well-known works of engineering and acquires a knowledge of the subject which cannot fail to be of great value to him in later years, even though he may not follow the engineering profession.

"Each piece of material . . . is nicely finished with smooth edges and rounded corners and nearly all the parts are nickel-plated. Everything which the boy would require is supplied with the outfit, even to a quan-



Ferris Wheel Made From Toy Steel Parts.

tity of good stout string, for even this is not always obtainable in the home. A complete manual of instruction is also furnished with each set, which shows cuts of 80 different models that can be built.

"Small motors, countershafts and transformers, also supplied, enable the boy to construct his own power plant."

Wrong Guess.

William was sitting disconsolately on the front porch with a piece of twine fastened to a loose tooth and hanging down out of his mouth.

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked little Annabelle, who lives across the way.

"My tooth is loose," said William.

"And what is the string hanging out of your mouth for?"

"The string is fastened to the tooth."

"Oh," the little girl returned, "I thought your tongue was tied."

LITTLE JIM WAS INTERESTED

Not in Wonderful Deeds of Hero in Story Teacher Was Reading, But in Her Crooked Tooth.

You could have heard a pin drop in the kindergarten that morning. Miss Mary was telling a story to be true, but all was so quiet that even her voice had taken on a subdued tone.

Jimmie was sitting next to Miss Mary, and in addition to Jimmie there were 44 other children in the morning circle, all breathless over the wonderful hero of this story of knighthood. It might have been an accident that Jimmie sat there. Again, it might have been a scheme worked my Miss Mary herself, for Jimmie never listened to stories.

Acrobatic performances, such as using only one leg of a chair, pinching his neighbor unawares, or tying the plait of the little girl next to him to the back of her chair, were all more desirable forms of entertainment, according to Jimmie's idea. In the above-mentioned chair he at least seemed safer, and there was a bare chance that he would listen.

"Ah," thought Miss Mary, "I have found the kind of stories that appeals to Jimmie. He likes this because the hero so bravely overcopes grave difficulties. The high ideals held up have aroused him. I must be careful to choose this sort of story in the future."

She grew more dramatic as she continued, and the children more tense. She felt Jimmie's eyes fastened on her face, and knew that he sat motionless as he watched her. Could it be possible that this was to be the turning point of her career with him? Up to this time he had seemed a hopeless case. She felt eager to reach the end, for surely she would get some interesting response. Never had she seen Jimmie so interested, and she believed he would express himself about the story.

She had become so tense herself in her interest that there was an audible sound all around the circle as she said the last word. Then, oh joy, Jimmie was going to speak. What would it be? Perhaps a resolution to be like this hero, perhaps—but this is what he really said:

"Gee, Miss Mary, that crooked tooth of yours sure does look ugly when you talk."

BUILDING BLOCKS OF SNOW

German Novelty Placed on Market for Amusement of Children in Construction of Forts.

An ingenious novelty on the German market is an adjustable wooden form, of the kind used in concrete

Building Wall of Snow Blocks.

molding, by means of which children can construct blocks of snow for various kinds of snow structures, such as Eskimo igloos, castles, forts and the like, says the Popular Machanics. The manner of using the forms is simply to fill them with snow and tamp it firmly.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOYS

New Haven Educator's Surprising Statement to London Times—Opinion Entitled to Weight.

George L. Fox of New Haven, who has been an educator in that city for a long series of years and a student of school conditions in the English public schools for the last 20 years, has made the discovery that the average English schoolboy at the age of nineteen years is two years farther advanced in his studies than the average American schoolboy at the same age and about the equal of the average German boy of the same age, the Hartford Times states. As Mr. Fox has arrived at this conclusion after having become a veteran master in American schools and after having personally visited two score or more English schools, his opinion is entitled to weight, notwithstanding it is uncomplimentary to the American system.

In a letter to the London Times Mr. Fox explains the methods by which he made his deductions, and it is a satisfaction to note that his purpose in writing the article was not to condemn the American system, but to give praise where he believes it to be due.

FACT AND FANCY.

Of two evils why choose either?

A gold key will open any lock.

Zanzibar ivory is the best.

Extremes meet, but they are seldom on speaking terms.

Any landscape architect can make you an echo to order.

It's never too late to mend—nor to early, either.

President Wilson is fond of music, but has a poor voice.

It is not true that the colonel intends to change the name of his Oyster Bay residence to "The Nutshell."

Kansas has the world's biggest apple orchard—a 67,000 acre one.

The breath of a scandal is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

HIS WOMANLY WIFE

By ELIZABETH SEARS.

Dorothy Marshall sank back in the big, cushioned, bamboo chair before her driftwood fire with a sigh of content. She held a package of business papers in her hands. Dorothy always dreaded business details. It would be a real relief when Thurston should take it all off her hands. Meantime—the fire snapped and the embers glowed seductively.

She was tired. Positively worn out. Thurston had upset her so that afternoon. He had been so impetuous and she was not used to scenes. She dropped the papers in her lap and clasped her hands behind her head. She loved the fragrant smell of burning wood. She loved to watch the dancing, brilliant flames that nothing but driftwood could produce.

She held out her dainty toes to the heat and lazily congratulated herself, as she admired them, that she had never adopted the mannish styles either of dress or of manners that so many women did. Tom had never approved of it.

Her clinging black dress hung in essentially feminine and well-built lines as she sat there; but it was not at all becoming. She did not look well in black, yet she had worn it faithfully, even devotedly, ever since Tom's death.

Her mother had spoken her mind plainly about it.

"You look like a fright in black," she had said, with the brutal frankness which is permissible to relatives. "Tom himself would not wish it if he knew how unbecoming it was." was."

Thurston had said almost the same thing that afternoon when he had asked her to marry him in a month and go with him to Japan.

"Tom himself would wish you to be happy," he had urged. She loved Thurston with every fiber of her being, but he was a man and could not understand her feelings about it.

Tom would wish her to be happy. That was just it. If he had been a brute or anything of that sort, it would be different. He had been more than good to her, always. She remembered, with a choke in her throat, all his affectionate little ways.

Thurston was not always quite reasonable. He had shown more than a trace of a horrid temper. He had been unnecessarily severe when he had denounced her reasons for delay as absurd, quixotic, unreasonable.

Surely it was not unreasonable to wish to show proper respect to one's husband.

Thurston, too, had reminded her of the fact that she had been a widow more than a year; that she had mourned her husband faithfully and with sincere grief.

She felt a thrill of conscious virtue at the thought. Not many women would have worn black so constantly and so long when it was so unbecoming. She had really been very fond of Tom. Not, of course, as she loved Thurston; no one could expect it. They were so different. She could not help but love Tom. He had been so good to her. He had loved her so completely.

"I had his every thought," she murmured. She remembered the day he had brought her home the very chair she sat in, especially for her comfort. And even when he had gone to Japan that time he had been so worried about leaving her. She had wanted to go. She had always longed to see Japan, but Tom had been so tied down with that tiresome business he had thought the trip might not be pleasant for her. But he had promised to go again just to take her, the dear boy.

The Grantleys had gone in the same steamer. Mrs. Grantley had told her how worried and busy poor Tom had been. If she had known the Grantleys were going at that time she would have gone too. She would have enjoyed the trip with them even if Tom had been too busy and occupied to take her about. Dear Tom. He had never encouraged her intimacy with Helen Grantley. She was not his style of woman, though she was undeniably handsome and brilliant in a Cleopatra sort of way. She was so popular with most men. But Tom could never bear any woman who made herself noticeable in any way.

"No woman ever suited him so well as his brown-eyed, womanly wife." How often he had said that. Tom had never dropped his loving ways. True, they had been married but two years, but she had known men who had been positively coarse to their wives in far less time than that.

It was so odd that Thurston would not understand the way she felt. It would be so mean, so disloyal to poor Tom to forget him so soon. No—not to forget him, exactly; she would never do that—but to live and be happy and be loved while he—no, decidedly, Thurston must wait. Men were so selfish, the best of them.

"If you love me," Thurston had said, "do not allow a mistaken impulse of conscience to keep us apart." Conscience! It was but a simple act of justice to the dead. Tom would have been inconsolable if it had been she who had died. He had so often told her she had filled his life so completely.

How angry Thurston had looked when she had refused to marry him so soon. Still she had never admired him quite so much as when he had gone away with that black frown on his handsome face. He had slammed the door, too. One only slam a door as a last resort.

How fortunate she was to be loved by two good men. It was so puzzling to know just how to decide. Of course if Thurston insisted she might shorten the waiting six months—

A cinder snapped and flew out on her knee. She roused herself to a realizing sense of her surroundings. She shivered and she listened to the muffled fall of the snow against the window and seemed suddenly cold. A mysterious, hardly defined sense as of some overwhelming emotion, exhilarating and yet depressing, surged through her.

She half rose as the feeling became stronger, more tense. She seemed waiting—waiting for a decisive blow to fall. Tom—Thurston—Japan. All were revolving through her and about her in a raging flood of sensation. The papers dropped from her nerveless hands.

"I have been half asleep, mooning over the fire," she said, nervously, rising and trying to shake off the strange influence that possessed her. "I am all unstrung. I will not look at these papers tonight."

She crossed the room to her desk. It was Tom's desk, and she loved to use it because of that. She drew out a drawer in it sharply. It was one she seldom used. A little bundle dropped from a recess behind it. "My picture," she said, wonderingly, as she bent to take it out. "Dear Tom, he always kept my pictures and my letters."

Her eyes glowed with tender tears. "If I loved Thurston twice as much I would still bear your name a little longer, dear, after this," she murmured, softly, holding the bundle to her cheek.

A moment later she stood as if carved from pulsating wax. She had seen the face in the picture. It was not her face. Staring boldly back into her startled eyes was the laughing face of Helen Grantley. She opened the letters. Ah! what they revealed.

A surging wave of fierce, uncontrolled anger swayed through her. It was the anger which comes to a woman when she first learns that she has been deceived where she has loved and trusted. She crushed and bent the smiling lips in the picture as her clenched hand beat impotently at the empty air.

The flames in the dying fire flashed up once, twice, as they greedily wrapped about the food she flung them. She looked at the calendar on the desk and made a rapid calculation. Then she wrote a note.

"But not to Japan," she thought, bitterly, as she sealed and addressed it. "Never there."

MURDER TRIALS IN HOLLAND

In Many Respects Dutch System of Jurisprudence Has an Advantage Over Ours.

A learned and capable jurist has asserted that the French method of legal procedure, which, contrary to our own, presumes an indicted person guilty until he is proven innocent, comes nearer dispensing actual justice than our own system. But in Holland the courts have, in some respects, a better system than that of the French. The accused in every case has the benefit of the doubt, and circumstantial evidence as the only foundation for a plea of conviction is in disfavor.

The Dutch do not have juries, and there is no battle of wits among counsel. All questions, whether by the prosecution or the attorney for the accused, are put to the witness through the judge after he has weighed the justice of the interrogation. This feature of their system has some pronounced advantages over our own. It eliminates the practice of confusing the witness or the accused by misleading questions. It renders impossible the abominable practice in our courts known as the "browbeating" of witnesses, which unfortunately is permitted to an extent that causes the intelligent observer's blood to boil at times because of its unfairness and cruelty. It makes the solemn business of dispensing justice a common trade instead of a heavenly vocation.

Tried to Stay Good.

She was angry, and her face revealed the fact.

"What is the matter, dear?" said her husband, as he entered the kitchen.

"You see that?" she replied vehemently, as she raised a mixing bowl in which she had just broken an egg. "That is the second bad egg I have found today. I believe Jim Fletcher keeps all the bad ones he gets in his old store for me!"

"Well, you shouldn't get angry about it, Nellie," said her husband soberly. "You ought to have more sympathy."

"Sympathy!" she echoed. "What do you mean? Sympathy for Jim Fletcher?"

"No, for the eggs," he replied. "Think how long they must have been tryin' to be good."—Lippincott's Magazine.

New York 300 Years Old.

It is just three hundred years since the first houses, or rather huts, were built by white men on Manhattan island. A little later the first vessel ever built by white men on this continent was successfully launched. Arrangements are being made by the Holland Society of New York to celebrate this tercentenary. The first houses stood where now is the Hamburg-American Line Building No. 45 Broadway, and the first shipyard was near by. The first vessel was called the Onrust or Restless. It was 44 feet 6 inches in length.

WHO'S WHO—and Why

SAYS TEUTONS FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Prince von Buelow's references to the relations of the United States and Germany in one of the chapters of the book on "Germany Under the Reign of William II.," in which he deals with German policy, show how much the former imperial chancellor valued the friendship of the American government and people. He says, in part:

"During the Spanish-American war a portion of German public opinion displayed strong sympathy for Spain, and this was not agreeable to the United States. The manner in which incidents that occurred between the German and American fleets at Manila were made the most of in a portion of the English and American press also cast a cloud over the relations of Germany and the United States.

"From the point of view of sensible policy there is no reason why Germany and the United States should not be on the best of terms. I do not see any point where German and American interests clash, nor in the future do I see any point where the lines of our development should cross each other in an inimical way.

"In the United States live about 12,000,000 Germans. Among these is a growing effort since the foundation of the German-American National Union in 1901, while remaining loyal to their new Fatherland, to keep up their relations with their old home and to strengthen them. So long as politics here and in the United States are in calm hands, and overdone expressions of friendship as well as nervous feelings in connection with occasional frictions are avoided—and these things happen now and then in economical matters—we need not have any fears as to our relations with the United States.

PACIFIER OF THE NAVAJOES

Here are some interesting facts regarding Hugh L. Scott, who persuaded the Navajoes not to go on the warpath recently.

Mole Tequop, the man who talks with his hands, rode into the armed encampment of the warlike Navajoes on Beautiful mountain, Colorado. He rode alone except for one old Navajo scout who had gone out to meet him 40 miles away from United States soldiers who had been sent out after the two-wife men had jumped the Shiprock agency, two weeks before.

There was considerable concern about those Indians, not only in the country where they were, but at Washington. The Navajoes are good fighters. These men were well armed and their hearts were bitter because somebody had tried to break up their polygamous habits.

They had said they were ready to fight until they were killed, and just at this time troops along the southern edge of the United States are more interested in other things than making good Indians out of bad Indians.

Mole Tequop rode into this camp alone, as has been said, and the chiefs called for a powwow. Hours later he rode out of camp, this time with an escort of old men. That night the Navajoes began to straggle back to the agency to surrender, satisfied with what their visitor had told them and relying upon his advice.

Mole Tequop is the Indian name for Brigadier General Hugh L. Scott, commanding the Second brigade of cavalry of the southern department.

General Scott is a Kentuckian and was graduated from West Point in 1876.

CLARK REELS OFF A YARN

In the house cloakroom at Washington the other day some one heard Speaker Clark telling a good story about two members. It seems that there flourished here in town a few years ago a literary bureau which furnished speakers with facts or even whole sermons and speeches. The line of "dope" was guaranteed to fit anything from a Chinese wedding to a Masonic funeral.

Some of the congressmen availed themselves of this chance to drink of the waters of learning without the trouble of even getting a dipper, and the bureau flourished, turning out productions of all kinds and sorts at will.

The same bureau employe would write a violent attack on the tariff bill, and then, in a few hours, he would train his guns on his late friends. Like the Hessians, the writer worked for pay not glory.

But one day he met his Waterloo. It seemed that two members of congress had ordered speeches on exactly the same subject, unknown, of course, to each other. These speeches were not delivered in the house, but were given in full in the Congressional Record under the privilege of leave to print. Each was a fine, convincing array of facts.

"But," added Speaker Clark, "the only trouble was that the bureau had sent the same speech to both men."

HOBSON'S BRIDEGROOM STORY

Representative Richmond P. Hobson claimed, in an interview, that the words "bitter attack," which were used to describe his recent debate in the house, were an exaggeration.

"I'll admit," he said, "that this discussion was rather heated, and I'll admit that neither my opponent nor myself paid each other many compliments. But political controversies seldom yield comp'ments."

The hero of the Merrimac smiled.

"It is in situations like the young Alabama bridegroom's," he continued, "that we must look for the perfect compliment, and here it is:

"A young Alabama bridegroom asked the clergyman who had just married him what the fee would be.

"'Oh, well,' said the other, not knowing the young man's circumstances, 'you can pay me whatever you think it's worth.'

"Turning, the young fellow looked his bride over from head to foot, and then, rolling his eyes, he replied, mournfully:

"'Why, sah, you has ruined me for life, you has for sure.'"