YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT

LADY BELINDA'S GARDEN.

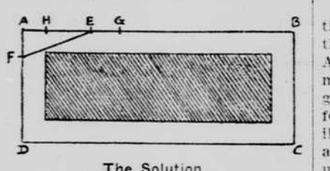
The Puzzling Problem It Presented—Can You Help Her?

Lady Belinda is an enthusiastic gardener. In the illustration she is depicted in the act of worrying out a pleasant little problem which I will re-

Lady Belinda's Garden.

late. One of her gardens is oblong in shape, inclosed by a high holly hedge, and she is turning it into a rosary for the cultivation of some of her choicest roses. She wants to devote exactly half of the area of the garden to the flowers, in one large bed, and the other half to be a path going all round it of equal breadth throughout. Such a garden is shown in the diagram at the foot of the picture. How is she to mark out the garden under these simple conditions She has only a tape, the length of the garden, to do it with, and, as the holly hedge is so thick and dense, she must make all her measurements inside. Lady Belinda did not know the exact dimensions of the garden, and, as it was not necessary for her to know, I also give no dimensions. It is quite a simple task, no matter what the size or proportions of the garden may be. Yet how many lady gardeners would know just how to proceed? The tape may be quite plain—that is, it need not be a tape measure.

The Solution.—All that Lady Belinda need to do was this. She should measure from A to B, fold her tape in four and mark off the point E, which is thus one-quarter of the side. Then in the same way, mark off the point F, one-fourth of the side A D. Now, if she makes E G equal to A F, and G H equal to E F, then A H is the



The Solution.

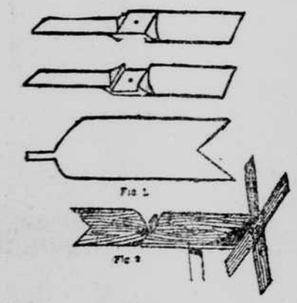
required width for the path in order that the bed shall be exactly half the area of the garden. An exact numerical measurement can only be obtained when the sum of the squares of the two sides is a square number. Thus, if the garden measured 12 poles by 5 poles (where the squares of 12 and 5, 144 and 25, sum to 169, the square of 13), then 12 added to 5, less 13, would equal 4¼ of this, 1 pole, would be the width of the path.

A TOY WINDMILL.

It Can Be Made with a Boy's Jackknife.

Every boy who is the least bit handy with his knife can make this windmill, but follow these directions:

To make the mill whittle from soft pine two pieces an inch thick, an inch and a half wide and 12 inches long. First halve these pieces together on their flat sides, so as to form a Greek cross. Each arm will be five and a quarter inches long and an inch and a half wide (Fig. 1). Next, to make the sails, take one of the pieces and cut down one edge of the arm until you



Diagrams.

have a smooth, flat surface slanting from the upper edge on the left-hand side to the lower edge on the right-hand side. Turn the arm over and cut off the opposite edge in the same way until you have a flat, thin blade, not over an eighth of an inch thick. Treat the other three arms in the same manner and be careful to have them all slant in the same direction, so that when the wind strikes against them they will all tend to turn the wheel the same way. The finished parts are shown in the picture, so that you will have no trouble in making them correctly. Then put the cross together and bore a small hole exactly in the center. Take a piece of half-inch board, six inches wide, 12 inches long, for the platform to hold the mill. (See Fig. 2). At each end screw a small block firmly in position to support the shaft.

When?

Black—Can you tell me the answer to this, White: When is an apple pie?

White—When is an apple pie what?

Black—No, not "when is an apple pie what," when is an apple pie?

White—My dear chap, are you going off your head?

Black—Not at all. An apple is pie when it is covered in with crust and sugar and things and put in a dish.

(White's eyes assume a glassy stare and he goes away waving his arms in dumb agony.)

EATING BETWEEN MEALS.

'Twixt breakfast and dinner,
And dinner and tea,
A boy may get hungry
As hungry as can be.

But if he's impatient
And eats right away
His appetite's gone
For the rest of the day.

Whereas by just waiting,
This fact I assert,
His bread and potatoes
Will taste like dessert.

—Alden Arthur Knipe, in St. Nicholas.

CLOTHES GROW ON TREES.

The Lazy Savages of Uganda Do Not Have to Work for Food or Raiment.

People in civilized lands who read of the difficulties experienced by traders and explorers in Africa in the matter of getting adequate labor for house building and transport, says the Technical World, are apt to marvel why these savages will not work. The truth is, nature is too kind to them. Their houses grow in the shape of reeds and rushes; the ants provide mortar out of the earth from their giant hills; a trap set in a moment for an antelope will provide meat for a week; while such fruits and vegetables as may be needed grow wild in reckless profusion, foremost among them being the plantain.

As to their clothing, in Uganda, at any rate, this grows upon trees. The

Plucking a Dress.

bark-cloth tree of East Central Africa has from time immemorial provided these people with garments of soft, flexible, natural cloth, sewn together by the women. It is extremely light, porous and durable, nearly white in color, and readily stripped from the tree like cork.

Unfortunately, since the construction of the Uganda railway—one of the chain of lines that penetrate the African continent from Cape Town almost to the pyramids—the women and girls of Uganda are beginning to ask for white and colored cottons of civilized make. For the people are fast amassing wealth through the opening up of the country.

The child king of Uganda, Daudi Chwa, however, still keeps the bark-cloth for his regal robes, though it is hard for the youngster to be dignified as he sits at his lessons in a missionary school in Mengo, the Uganda capital.

CUB BEAR'S ADVENTURES.

And the Coming of the Animal with the Long Ears.

The next morning early the little Cub Bear got up and rubbed his eyes with his paws, instead of washing them as little boys do.

Just then he heard a noise as if some animal were coming, and he ran to the mouth of the den and looked out, and said: "I see the queerest-looking animal coming up the path. It has long ears and a great big mouth, and a queer-looking tail, and looks something like a horse, but still it doesn't look just like a horse," and just then the owl saw the animal and said: "Who-o-o, who-o-o?" and the animal answered: "Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw." And the Circus Bear said: "I know who that is. That is a mule. His name is Neddie." Just then Neddie came to the mouth of the den, and the little Cub Bear said, very politely: "Come in, Mr. Neddie;" and he came into the den, and the little Cub Bear said: "Mr. Neddie, we are going to try and build a house big enough for all the animals, so if they come to see us we will have a place for them to stay. Can you help us?" Then Mr. Neddie said: "I would be very glad to, because your brother was very good to me when we were in the circus," and the little Cub Bear said: "What can you do?" And Neddie said: "I haven't worked for a long while, but I can kick like everything." The little Cub Bear said: "Well, here is a soft place in the rock. Perhaps if you will kick, it will fall down and make more room." And Neddie turned around and kicked the rock, and it fell down; and he kicked, and he kicked, and more rocks fell down; and he kicked, and he kicked, and more rocks fell down; and he kept on kicking, and more rocks fell down, and the bears picked up the rocks and carried them out, and when he got through there was a nice large room, and the little Cub Bear said: "We will call this Neddie's room." That day the bears worked hard trying to find enough to eat for themselves and for all the other animals that were coming to see them, for the little Circus Bear told his father and mother just what kind of things the circus animals liked to eat.

Before he went to bed that night the little Cub Bear said to his father: "I am very glad that my brother was good to Mr. Neddie when he was in the circus, because if he hadn't been maybe he would have kicked me instead of the rocks."—Curtis D. Wilbur in St. Nicholas.

Game of Hunt the Fox.

Partners are chosen and stand in two lines, partners opposite. The fox at the head starts and runs down the line and back, pursued by his partner, the hunter. He can pass through the line, in and out, but the hunter must follow him. When caught, the couple take their places at the foot of the line.

MORLEY NOW A PEER

BRITISH LIBERAL LEADER QUITS HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ill Health and Too Much Work Forces Distinguished Lieutenant of Gladstone and Friend of Carnegie Into Easier Post.

London.—John Morley, the distinguished liberal leader, has been elevated to the peerage; he will, however, retain the office of secretary for India in the reorganized British parliament. Morley's reason for accepting a peerage is his declining health and a throat affection that makes the strain of the work in the house of commons too great.

In leaving the house of commons that body loses one of its most noted members. Many accomplishments in and out of his official duties have undoubtedly earned this title for the English liberal leader, historian, theologian, orator, editor and student. Morley has likewise been called the Puritan of politics, a title which his passion for righteousness and his public austerity have conspired to win him.

It is difficult to imagine Morley among the peers, for whose benefit he invented the phrase: "Mind them or end them." When made secretary of state of India his critics said he would make a weak executive. He proved otherwise. He made a vigorous speech in the house of commons, in which he announced his purpose to crush sedition in India with a strong hand. He defended the sharp treatment he had

JOHN MORLEY

extended to Indian agitators and refused to offer an apology. "British rule in India will continue and ought to continue and must continue," said he.

John Morley was born at Blackburn, England, December 24, 1838. He was graduated from Chettenham and Lincoln college, Oxford, and began life as a barrister. In 1867, however, he was called to the editorship of the Fortnightly Review, a post which he held until 1882. From 1880 until 1883 he was likewise editor of the famous Pall Mall Gazette, leaving his desk there to go to parliament as the representative of Newcastle. He was Irish secretary in 1886 and again from 1892 to 1895. In 1896 he was returned to parliament and since gradually achieved for himself a reputation in politics, letters and philosophical thought.

Morley was Gladstone's favorite lieutenant when the "Grand Old Man" died. He was one of the axious personal friends who watched over the great premier in his last illness, and his "Life of Gladstone" is one of his most notable literary labors.

Hall Caine and Andrew Carnegie are among the close friends of the liberal. The laird of Skibo is accounted one of the particular intimates of Morley, in a personal way, in the tendency of their thoughts and aims and otherwise. Recently Carnegie, well knowing his friend's studious inclination, presented him with a library of 90,000 volumes, one of the finest collections of books in existence. In 1904 Carnegie also influenced the noted Englishman to come to America. In Pittsburg Morley was the guest of Carnegie and there delivered his only American lecture. In an interview in America Morley said that he, as an English liberal, was always intensely interested in America and her politics and that England as a whole was fascinated by President Roosevelt.

More than once it has been said that if John Morley had a vice he might be premier. As it is Morley is too full of unrelenting rectitude, too barren of apparent passion, to be an English popular hero. For all that he is a man of emotions and feeling, but, above them all, one of restraint. One never knows Morley the man, but one can never escape Morley, the exterior, distant, reserved and unbending.

In politics Morley is a liberal in every sense, but he holds the same reserve of caution on his theories as on his public behavior. In religion he is an agnostic, but not one of the assertive kind. He has a quick, keen and delightful sense of humor, is one of the most charming of companions and is a great favorite among women. He is by nature nervous, is quick in temper and rather impatient. He has no amusements other than walking, and is fond of music and books. His father wished to make him a minister of the gospel, but he fell under the teachings of John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, and thereafter the church was impossible.

His Accomplishment.

Sammy, a little boy from the slums of New York, was invited with about 20 others to a charity dinner given at the house of a lady in fashionable society. When the dinner was over the lady asked the little ones to sing or recite in turn.

All went well until it came to Sammy's turn, when he made no sign of starting until the lady said: "Come, Sammy, let me hear you sing."

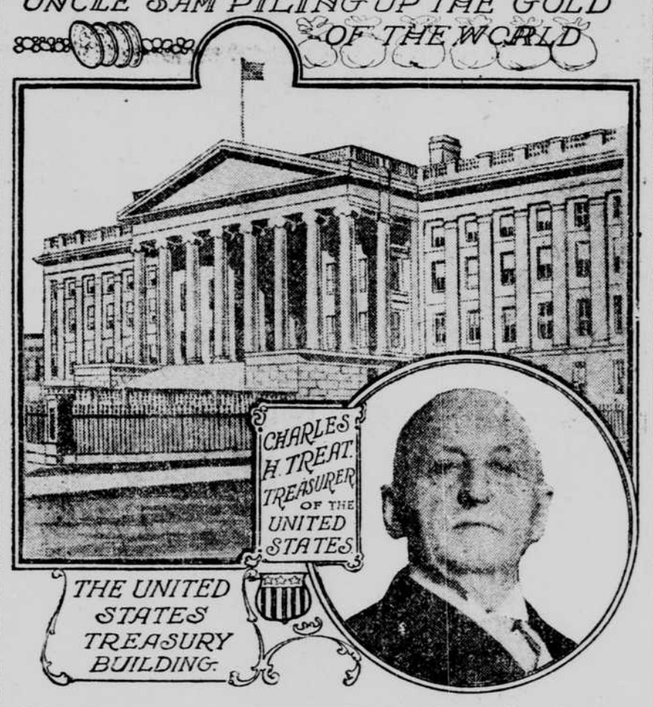
After a moment's pause the young guest answered, "I can't sing, lady."

"What!" said the lady. "You cannot sing? Then what can you do?"

"Well," said Sammy, "I ain't used ter singin', but I'll fight any of the other kids in the room!"

THE MODERN CROESUS

UNCLE SAM PILING UP THE GOLD OF THE WORLD



Uncle Sam is the modern Croesus, for his accumulation of gold is outstripping that of any other nation of the world. And not only is he Croesus modernized, but he is like unto Midas whose touch transmuted everything to gold. And strange as it may seem he cannot get rid of the gold which is pouring into his coffers. The people of the nation refuse to take it, saying: "Keep the heavy, yellow metal. Give us in exchange your note, stating that it is worth the amount of gold coin which we have deposited with you." Being an accommodating old gentleman, Uncle Sam gracefully complies with their request.

With this result: There is on deposit in the United States treasury, sub-treasuries, mints and assay offices more gold than ever before in the history of the country. It represents the most valuable stock of the yellow metal that the world has ever seen or perhaps dreamed of. It reaches the tremendous total of $1,920,373,471. If the coins were laid upon each other they would make a shiny monument 140 miles in height. If their rims were placed so as to touch each other they would cross and recross the United States five times. They weigh almost 4,000,000 pounds. Every ounce of the metal has been the cause of hardship, most of it death. Every ounce of it has produced joy, sometimes mad intoxication. It has inspired greed, lust, envy and murder. It has created romance. To-day it is the symbol of prosperity of the wealthiest nation the world has ever seen.

It takes the breath away, that thought of $1,000,000,000 in gold. Think what could be done with it! The national debt of the United States could be wiped out, if the gold could be used for any such purpose, and there would remain a comfortable balance. It would provide 100 battle ships of the Dreadnaught type, fully equipped for service. It would support the navy for ten years, the army for a similar period. The United States could refrain from drawing a cent of revenue for one year, and yet the gold in its vaults and in the institutions it controls would be sufficient to meet its tremendous expenditures.

Of course, all this gold does not belong to the government. Gold certificates are in circulation against coin valued at $790,011,869. That is to say, every person who has one of these certificates is entitled to step up to the counter of Uncle Sam's paying office and say: "Give me the equivalent of this in gold." The demand would have to be complied with instantly. Then $150,000,000 constitutes what is known as the gold reserve. It is maintained by law for the redemption of greenbacks. To the credit of the government also is an additional $45,395,190, for which gold certificates have been issued. Finally, there is coin valued at $34,066,412 lying in the cash boxes of the United States treasury and sub-treasuries ready to be paid out whenever a call is made.

The people, however, do not want gold. On the Pacific slope it is still the fashion to use the yellow metal, but in the effete west, as in the more effete east, it is not wanted. It is heavy, bulky, and inconvenient. It exposes the holder to robbery and perhaps death. Therefore, as soon as a miner obtains a pound of gold or anyone else gets hold of the metal his first act is to take it to an assay office to determine its purity and then to turn it into one of the government mints for coinage. When this is done the owner receives the gold certificates. Certificates are not issued against bullion. Read a gold note, if you are fortunate enough to have one in your possession, and you will find its value is that of the "gold coin" in the treasury of the United States. Five hundred double eagles, valued at $10,000, which I picked up the other day in the treasury department, weigh 38 pounds. Four thousand, $10,000 gold certificates, representing $40,000,000, which I also held, weigh exactly 11½ pounds. To transport that amount of gold coin a mile would test a regiment if it had to be carried by hand. The advantage of paper is evident.

It is estimated that the total stock of United States gold coin is $1,628,600,000. Thus, there is something like $500,000,000 which is not in government depositaries. Where is it? A large quantity is in National banks, not less than $125,000,000. Probably $100,000,000 more lies in the vaults of other than National banks. In the vaults of the Russian treasury at St. Petersburg I saw piles of canvas bags containing something like $18,000,000 in United States double eagles. The holdings of United States gold coin in the treasury of the Dominion of Canada as a reserve for dominion treasury notes amount to more than $30,000,000. Other nations think so highly of American gold coin that they have quietly gathered a stock of it and put it where, in a pinch, it will do the most good. There is a small quantity of gold used in the arts. It is difficult to place all the gold the American people have, in spite of a careful search made by the director of the mint. The director is satisfied that the United States has more of the yellow metal than any other nation. Germany is second with $1,030,300,000, which is $600,000,000 less than we have. France is third with $826,400,000. Russia fourth with $639,400,000; United Kingdom fifth, $486,700,000, and Austria-Hungary sixth, $306,400,000. France, which has less than half the population of the United States, has the largest per capita proportion of gold, $23.57. The United States has $18.66. Germany, $17. The United Kingdom, $11.03. Russia, $6.55, and Austria, $6.20.

Greatest Need of the Airship.

According to A. Mallock, before heavier-than-air flying machines can become popular, some method of automatically balancing them—that is, keeping them on an even keel—must be devised. In the few practical machines now built the balancing has to be done by the operator, and, while the ability to do this could probably be gained by most persons, if they had opportunity for practice when young, the great difficulty with such schooling must always be that an accident usually puts an end to the lessons by putting an end to the scholar. Mr. Mallock suggests that an automatic balancer might be devised by the use of pendulums, one with a very long and the other a very short period.

Trained Nurses at Sea.

One of the great transatlantic steamship lines has added trained nurses to the medical personnel of its vessels. This opens a sea career for the trained nurse. Undoubtedly other lines will do the same and the nurse will become as indispensable an adjunct to the first class passenger vessel as the ship's doctor.—New York State Journal of Medicine.

MAN NEVER WITHOUT BOSS

In Youth the Parent and in After Years the Wife.

"A man never can get to a point where he can do as he pleases," observed the sad-eyed married man on the rear platform. "I remember when I was a kid at school what a time I used to have with my parents when the first days of spring blew along. I always wanted to leave off my overcoat when I started to school. I didn't like the idea of hustling off to school at all on one of the opening days of spring—days about like this one, but I would mention the overcoat matter just as a sort of concession. My parents never would stand for it. I had to wear my overcoat until it seemed to me the weather was just as warm as on the average Fourth of July.

"I used to think how nice it would be to wear just what I wanted to when I grew up. But that just shows how easily a man gets fooled. A man never grows up enough to be his own boss. To-day I had it all arranged to shed my flannels to middleweights and mebby switch to a lighter overcoat, too, because anything heavy is pretty sticky these days. But do you suppose I got away with it? Not much! My wife says there'll be no change on the clothes proposition for me—that is as far as the weight of them's concerned, for two months yet.

"And I used to think that when I grew up I would leave all that boss thing behind."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Basis of Good Society.

"Society," like everything else which is collectively human, is just what its units allow it to be, and this is as true inside the church as anywhere else. The need of the day is no new one—it is for men and women whose example will make them lights and beacons in our politics, our churches, our educational establishments, our "society," and in all our human relations.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BABY OVERBOARD

THE ROMANCE OF A THRILLING OCEAN RESCUE.

Youngster Didn't Mind the Experience, But the Mother—Well, She Was Glad When It Was Over.

"Ship-wrecked four times I've bin," said the teller of the story, "and the last was about the most excitin' of 'em all. Want to 'ear about it? Right oh!

"My ship was the Glencairn, cap'en of her Nicholls by name. 'E'd 'is wife and babby aboard, kid only 16 months old. We was wrecked off Cape Horn in July; struck the rocks in as 'eavy a gale as ever I've knowed; fog, and snow, and ev'ry luxury, as one might say. Two men drownded in gettin' off the lifeboat. Tried twice, we did, and the second time was successful.

"Mrs. Nicholls and the kid were got in, but the sea was that rough and tempestuous we couldn't land nowheres, and back we come to the wreck again, and a awful night we spent, I can tell yer, thinking as 'ow she'd break up any minute.

"Next day we'd another try; the boat was launched right enough, and the missis was lowered into 'er. Then the cap'en with the kid in 'is arms went to the stern of the wreck, and we watched breathless-like to see what 'e would do, holdin' the boat with our oars as best we could with them great waves tossin' us about like a shuttlecock.

"Well, the cap'en shouted somethin' to the mate, who stood in the boat with 'is arms stretched out, and when the cap'en hollered again 'e just chucked that blessed kid acrost the bit of 'eaving water, and the mate 'e got it all right, and laid it in the bottom of the boat whilst the cap'en came aboard some'ow 'isself.

"That kid didn't care a mite! It just crawled about amongst our legs, as jolly as a sandboy, till its ma got 'old of it. She was in a pretty takin', I can tell yer, when she saw 'er offspring 'urled inter space.

"Well, we got ashore this journey, or I shouldn't be 'ere a-tellin' you of this yarn, and the Injuns met us brimmin' over with the milk of 'uman kindness; rigged up a shelter for us, and there we stopped for a bloomin' week.

"That kid was dressed up in skins, and its mammy carried it pick-a-back, for all the world like them squaws. Then we'd a pretty rough journey 'cross country to a missionary's house, where we'd a good rest, and bime-by we come to Rio Grande, a little matter of 60 mile or so.

"But it 'ud take too long to tell you of the country we passed through, or of our adventures, for we'd a stiffish time afore we got to civilization. But that babby! Well, there! It just made my 'eart jump into my mouth when I seed 'im thrown overboard! And it was the 'cutest little cuss you ever saw, rigged out in them outlandish skins.

"Ain't it wunnerful what them small critters will live through? Where did we sail from? Puntaa' Arenas, if that 'elps you much, and our ship was the Crita, and jolly glad we all was to see them there old Dover cliffs again. Yes, I've bin four times wrecked, and p'raps I'll be four times more. Who knows?

"When the Cap'en Hollered Agin 'E Just Chucked That Blessed Kid Acrost the Bit of 'Eaving Water."

"The kid's mother she took to all our 'ardships very kind, and stepped out like a good 'un whenever there was any marchin' ter be done. We 'ad a good bit of it altogether, and a good many shocks one way and another, but she came through 'em all smilin'.

"The only thing as upset 'er was w'en the cap'en threw the kid!'"

HANDS ACROSS SEA

MAYOR OF BOSTON, ENGLAND, APPEALS TO BOSTON, AMERICA.

Wants Help in Repairing St. Botolph's Church, Where John Cotton Preached—Boston Has Helped Before.

The recent request of the mayor of old Boston, in England, that citizens of the new Boston, in America, should

St. Botolph's Church, Boston, England.

aid in repairing the organ and exterior of St. Botolph's, the beautiful cathedral-like edifice which makes his town renowned all over England, strikes one as rather odd until one hears what Boston gladly did in this respect more than 50 years ago.

The story is told briefly in a sounding Latin inscription written by Hon. William Everett and engraved upon a memorial plate in the southwest chapel of St. Botolph's, now called Cotton chapel, in honor of him who was once minister of the church. Put into English it reads:

"In perpetual remembrance of John Cotton, who during the reigns of James and Charles was, for many years, a grave, skillful and laborious vicar of this church. Afterward, on account of the miserable commotion amongst sacred affairs in his own country, he sought a new settlement in a new world, and remained even to the end of his life a pastor and teacher of the greatest reputation and of the greatest authority in the first church of Boston in New England, which city received this venerable name in honor of Cotton. Two hundred and twenty-five years having passed away since his migration, his descendants and the American citizens of Boston were invited to this pious work by their English brethren in order that the name of an illustrious man, the love and honor of both worlds, not any longer be banished from this noble temple in which he diligently, learnedly and sacredly expounded the divine oracles for so many years; and they have willingly and gratuitously caused this shrine to be erected, in the year of our recovered salvation, 1855."

Those who subscribed to the chapel 53 years ago have, almost all of them, descendants bearing the same names who are to-day living in and about Boston. These people it is, no doubt, who will gladly respond to the request of the English mayor. For the contributors then were, in the majority of cases, either descendants of John Cotton, or husbands of wives so descended.

The good feeling between the two Bostons, which was cemented by these generous gifts toward the Cotton chapel, seems to date from the reopening of the church, two years earlier, for which occasion several Boston (U. S. A.) gentlemen were invited to England, at least four of whom were able to be present.

In Boston's public library may be found a curious little sheet which gives an account of the exercises. In print so poor and so small as to nearly ruin the eyes are these recorded speeches of the day. One of these, made by Col. T. B. Lawrence of Boston, expressed regret that "the domestic institutions of the states of the south" were being warmly debated in the English drawing rooms of that time. "Mr. Somerby, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Phillips" were others from Boston present on that occasion.

Perhaps the most distinguished American that ever visited St. Botolph's was Hawthorne, who ran down to Lincolnshire during one of his trips abroad out of pure desire to see the place. He printed in the Atlantic Monthly of January, 1862, the result of his pilgrimage.

"In the right-hand aisle of the church there is an ancient chapel," this pilgrim then goes on to say, "which in the time of our visit was in process of restoration and was to be dedicated to Cotton, whom these English people consider as the founder of our American Boston."

Until lately it has been thought on both sides of the water that our Boston owes its name to the fact that John Cotton came here from a city so called in England. Carlyle is probably chiefly responsible for this misconception, for, in his book on Cromwell, he said the thing so strikingly that one can scarcely fail to take it as truth.

Sign of Trouble.

"I'm afraid I'm going to lose our hired girl."

"What makes you think so?"

"I heard her telephoning to her beau and she said she expected to spend the summer at Newport. I wish to goodness those hotel men would hire their dining-room girls elsewhere."—Detroit Free Press.

Absence of Mind.

Browning — So your engagement with the rich widow is broken off, eh? What was the trouble?

Greening—Oh, one of my famous bad breaks, as usual. In an unguarded moment I asked her if I was the only man she ever loved.—Chicago Daily News.

Very Likely.

Church—You know out in Pittsburg the dust and soot settle down on everything.

Gotham—I suppose the baseball fields must look like black diamonds, then?—Yonkers Statesman.