

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

**Marjorie's Surprise Party—Still the Last**  
—Degenerated College Yells—The Japanese Frog—Was Not Willie—Playing Train.

**The Building of the Nest.**  
They'll come again to the apple tree,  
Robin and all the rest,  
When the orchard branches are fair to see  
In the snow of the blossoms dress;  
And the prettiest thing in the world will be  
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well so round and trim,  
Hollowing it with care;  
Nothing too far away for him,  
Nothing for her too fair—  
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb  
Their castle in the air.

So come to the trees with all your train  
When the apple blossoms blow,  
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain  
Go flying to and fro;  
And sing to our hearts as we watch again  
Your fairy building grow.  
—Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

**Marjorie's Surprise Party.**  
By A. W. B.

Clear in the soft, warm sunshine,  
The Easter chimes were ringing.  
It was little Marjorie Dean's birthday,  
and she had come to pass a few days  
with her grandparents at their country place.

Like all good little girls, Marjorie went to church with her grandmother, for the child took much pleasure in listening to the choir boys sing; but the greatest delight of all was marching with the other little children up to the chancel, where each child received an Easter plant to carry home.

Being Sunday, Marjorie's birthday could not be celebrated until the following day; and Mrs. Dean, not wishing the child to be disappointed, promised her that Martha, the old cook, should bake a large birthday cake on the morrow. This was enough for the little girl's happiness, and she ran off to find Martha and to plan for the beautiful cake.

Monday morning came, and with it the warm, bright sun peeping in at Marjorie's window. After breakfast the child ran out to find James in the barn, for she knew the cows were to be milked, and nothing delighted her more than to look on. Sometimes, when the cows would switch their tails across James' face, he would pretend to be very cross, just to hear the little "missies" happy laughter.

That afternoon Mr. Dean told his granddaughter there were some new nests in the barn, and as grandma was in need of some eggs, he suggested that Marjorie should amuse herself hunting the nests. The old gentleman's suggestion seemed to please the child immensely, so, hand in hand, they started for the barn, happy in each other's company.

Marjorie hunted about, peeping into all the nooks and corners of the loft until she found almost enough eggs to fill her apron. As she was leaving the barn, she spied an old sleigh by the door. "Oh, look, grandpa," cried she, "would I find any eggs there?" But Mr. Dean was outside talking with James and did not hear the question. So Marjorie stepped upon the runner and was about to peer under the seat when out flew old Buffy, the mother hen, and for an instant startled the child so she almost dropped the corners of her apron. She looked into the sleigh and to her joy found a nest containing three large, warm eggs. After putting them in her apron, she ran to find her grandfather, to tell him of old Buffy's flight and the discovery of the eggs.

Then they returned to the house. When Marjorie had deposited the precious eggs in Martha's care, grandma called her to dress for tea. At 5 o'clock she was ready in her clean white frock and started downstairs to find her grandfather. To her astonishment, in the hall stood nine little girls, all in their crisp, fresh gowns, looking very much like a party, thought Marjorie. "It's a surprise, a big surprise!" cried they all in chorus. Just then grandma appeared at the door of the dining-room to find 10 of the happiest little faces one could wish to see. She led them into the room, and there, on the tea table, was the promised birthday cake. It was frosted in white and pink, with nine pink tapers burning brightly in the center. The children, overjoyed at such a sight, clapped their hands, and soon the room was filled with their happy voices.

"Tea being over, Mr. Dean took the little ones to his study, where he and his wife had prepared a surprise for all. From chairs to sofa, tables to book shelves, windows to stove, were stretched strings of all colors. Marjorie was the first to ask "Why, grandpa, what are all these strings? It looks just like a large spider's web."

"Well, Marjorie, you are nearly right, for it is called a Cobweb Party," replied Mr. Dean, as he gave a string to each little girl. "And now you must keep winding until the ends are reached."

Such excitement prevailed for the next few minutes that Mr. and Mrs. Dean were kept busy disentangling the webs. On went the children from one end of the room to the other, around the chairs, under the tables, over the

sofa, until at last the strings ended and shouts of joy went up as each child found tied to her string a little green basket holding a brightly colored egg.

Marjorie had not finished; her web seemed longer than the others. But finally the string led her to the stove, where the fire was burning brightly. Suddenly the child uttered a little scream, and bending by the side of the stove, cried out:

"Oh! grandma, grandpa, come quickly and see! a real live chicken!"

They all ran to where Marjorie was crouching on the floor and saw to their astonishment, a tiny little chicken amidst bits of broken egg shell, lying in the green basket.

The children danced about like little puppets, clapping their hands and crying aloud, "A real, true chicken; and all Marjorie's own!"

When quiet was restored, Mr. Dean told the little ones of his granddaughter's discovery in the afternoon, and explained that this must be one of Buffy's chicks, who, knowing it to be Marjorie's birthday, had come out to surprise her and wish her "Many happy returns of the day."

**College Yells—A Degeneration.**  
There was once a time when a college yell was an inspiring cry, not wanting in that melody that results from the blending of sonorous young voices in perfect time and accord, ringing with enthusiasm, and pronouncing words or phrases chosen with some respect for the rules of euphony. It was undoubtedly music of a barbaric kind, such as marked the beginnings of civilization, but it held the elements of harmony, with a defined cadence and measure and pent-up fire that had something of the flavor of Homeric days.

The college yell of today has lost all of its music, much of its inspiration and most of its significance. It is no longer a spontaneous outpouring of pride and loyalty to the alma mater, but a harsh mechanism which at the turning of a crank pours forth a great volume of discordant sound. Its main object seems to be to make a noise, and a bigger, louder, more disagreeable noise than the rival school, should its representatives be present.

Now, it may be that American institutions of learning are wholly dependent upon the college yell for preservation and sustenance, and that they might helplessly collapse should its support be withdrawn. Among conservative people, however, there is a growing suspicion that the interests of education may be conserved with a little more decorum and a little less yell. Some one has wisely suggested that an initial step in weaning the American university from dependence upon the yell would be to follow the example of Oxford and Cambridge and fix a certain day in the year when students shall be conceded unlimited license, when discipline and the faculty shall take back seats, and youth and merriment reign supreme, and not college yell and class yells alone be the order of the hour, but when all manner of cat calls and caricatures of the dominies shall be reckoned among the day's privileges. Should such an order be established, so strange a combination of manliness and of babyhood is the American student that, finding himself cast wholly upon his own responsibility, one may safely predict he would use his liberty with a wise restraint and consideration unknown to English universities.

**The Japanese Frog.**  
The little folks in Japan make some very interesting paper toys, and none is more interesting than the frog manufactured out of green paper. First cut a piece of paper into a square much larger than you expect the frog to be. Draw lines from the four corners of the square and from the middle of the sides. First fold the paper along the diagonal lines, then turn it over on the other side and fold it along the lines from the sides. It will then form a kind of box which can be pressed together along the folds in the shape of an unequal diamond. Now, seizing the paper below the ends of the cones, fold it backwards so as to have two more regular, equal points. When this has been done to each of the eight cones the result will be a perfect diamond, with a small diamond in the center. Then each one of the cones must be folded again, so as to get all the points around the center. Care must be taken to get the points as even and equal as possible. To finish the frog, turn the upper points out so that they spread and form the forelegs, and the lower points so that they form the hind legs. When it is finished a fine thread may be attached to the frog's body, and by careful jerks it almost seems to leap around on the floor or table. The paper used should be stiff enough to retain the folds as given to it, but not so brittle as to break under the handling. Do not be discouraged if the first frog you make is lame, for then it is certain that the points have not been folded evenly.

**With the Last.**  
Father—"I'm glad to see, Johnny, that you were sixth in your class this week. You were only eleventh last week."

Johnny—"Yes, sir. Five of the boys has been home-sick all week."—Philadelphia Press.

**Not Willie That Time.**  
"Willie, didn't I tell you I'd have to spank you if you put another rubber button on the stove?" queried an exasperated mother.

"Yes'm," answered Willie, "but it ain't me this time; it's pa smokin' one of those cigars you gave him."

## CHAMPION PUGILISTS.

### NEARLY ALL HAVE DIED IN POVERTY.

**John Morrissey Left His Widow in Want, Although Worth \$2,000,000 Once—Heenan and Yankee Sullivan Also Poor.**

Prize ring champions rarely amount to much in the pugilistic business after they once suffer defeat. Like John L. Sullivan, who has been on the retired list ever since Corbett defeated him in 21 rounds at New Orleans in 1892, they are thenceforward considered old men, though still so young that in most callings they would be spoken of as in the prime of life. Of late years nearly every pugilist "too old to fight" any more has "retired" to some sort of a retail drinking shop. This has become so common that the public expects nothing more nor less from any ex-champion, though it was by no means the invariable rule in the earlier, more brutal, days of bare-knuckle fighting. John Jackson, who was the British champion 100 years and more ago, taught boxing after he had retired from the ring, numbering among his pupils nearly all of the young sprigs of fashion and scions of aristocracy in England. He was 77 at his death, in 1845, and an expensive monument surmounted by a lion couchant, and guarded by a sculptured gladiator holding a wreath, was put up over his remains at Brompton cemetery. Few or no other British pugilists have died rich, though the last resting place of three others are marked by impressive monuments. They were Tom Cribb, Tom Spring and Tom Sayers.

Two prize ring champions have gone into politics, and amassed wealth after leaving the fist arena, though neither had much money when death called. One of these was John Gully, the Englishman, and the other was John Morrissey, the American. Gully got into parliament, and for a while "enjoyed the respect and friendship of many of England's most exalted personages." He made a part of his wealth out of racing, and the remainder in various speculative enterprises, some of which turned out disastrously. In his later years he was in constant fear of the workhouse, but he didn't fall so low as that.

John Morrissey's post prize-ring days were far more spectacular than Gully's. Morrissey retired a champion, having defeated Heenan, and having sensibly refused to fight again. Morrissey numbered old Commodore Vanderbilt among his closest friends, and by following the commodore's advice was able to win heavily in Wall street. Morrissey also made money in wads and rolls in the two gambling houses which he established—one in New York, in Broadway, and one in Saratoga. Morrissey's political rise began early in the '60s. For years he was so strong that he had a virtual monopoly as to gambling there, which he took advantage of by levying tribute on all the establishments of his fellow boss gamblers in town. He was sent to the house of representatives in 1866 by the Democrats, and in the fight between Tweed, the Tammany boss, and Tilden, sided with the latter. At one time Morrissey's fortune was \$2,000,000, and he is said to have made \$600,000 in one deal in "Harlem," entered into on account of a tip from Commodore Vanderbilt. The death of the commodore was the beginning of bad luck for Morrissey. He tried speculation on his own hook, but without Vanderbilt to tip him off found it impossible to buck up against Jay Gould and the other expert Wall street operators of that day. Still Morrissey kept up a brave front as long as he lived, for till death he was supposed generally to have much wealth left. The late William R. Travers and Edward Murphy were his executors. On examination they found that his estate had dwindled practically to naught, and his widow, who had been a Hudson river steamboat captain's daughter when Morrissey was a deck hand, found herself plunged in poverty instead of rolling in wealth.

John C. Heenan, who, though a victor over Sayers, was himself defeated by Morrissey, ran a gambling den for a while and for a time did fairly well; but the tide soon turned the wrong way, and Heenan died of consumption in Colorado, in great financial straits. Heenan was married to the erratic Adah Isaacs Menken. She died in France a year or two before her husband.

Yankee Sullivan, whose real name was Frank Ambrose Murray, counted in his day and generation the greatest fighter of his weight and inches in the United States, left the east and went to California to dig gold after his successive defeats by Tom Hyer and John Morrissey. Sullivan might have been a god thing as a miner, but in some manner he ran against the San Francisco vigilance committee in its palmiest days, and was by it thrown into prison. He was suspected of having been connected with a gang of burglars, and, though nothing was ever proved against him, he was put in jail and committed suicide.

Tom Hyer, Mike McCool and Joe Corburn, each an American champion in his day, died in poverty, and were buried with money raised by subscription papers passed around among prize ring supporters.

Several of those who have been prominent of late years are still well heeled financially, and some of them may succeed in making money at their present occupations. Most of them are now selling liquor, but there are exceptions. Frank P. Slavin is said to

have been in the Klondike mines along with Joe Boyle for some time, and to have appeared in Seattle recently with \$20,000 in gold. McAuliffe is a book-maker and reputed to be prosperous. Jim Smith, the Englishman, is alternately making and losing money betting on the races. Charley Mitchell is a good saver, and so are Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

## PEDLER WAS A CHESS PLAYER.

**Beat His Opponent on a Named Square in a Given Number of Moves.**

In Austria-Hungary there is a marvelous chess player, whose name and residence are unknown, but who every now and then shows most remarkable skill in the game. The last story of him is told by James H. Hyatt, of Philadelphia, who has just returned from Budapest. "I was playing chess with a friend in a cafe," says Mr. Hyatt, "and plainly saw my defeat, when a little bit of a shriveled Pole with a tray of cheap jewelry stood in front of us and offered his wares in most persuasive tones. 'Go away,' I said. 'You can beat him,' answered the pedler, whose attention was on the game. 'What do you know about it?' I asked. 'May I tell him?' he inquired, looking at my opponent. 'Certainly,' crack away," came the reply in a tone of assurance. 'Take his knight,' said my self-appointed instructor. I did so, to humor him, though I lost my queen by the operation; but, much to my surprise, I found that the very next move gave me the game. 'Let me play with you?' asked the pedler. 'I mate you in the moves you say and where you say.' 'If you do I will give you 10 florins,' I answered. 'Take the white men. Mate me on my queen's fourth square in 22 moves if you can.' We started in, my friend keeping account of the moves, and moved rapidly. After about a dozen moves I had the advantage of a bishop and a pawn, and was assured I would defeat my aggressive little opponent. When he let a castle go by an apparently careless play I was sure of victory. Then came a sudden change in the situation, and I had to move my king out of check. I was on the defensive and in rapid retreat. 'Twenty-one moves,' said my friend, as the little pedler put me again in check with his knight. 'Mate,' cried my opponent, as he swung his queen across the board. My king was on the queen's fourth square. I gave him 10 florins, and he walked away shaking his head and hands with infinite satisfaction."—New York Herald.

## TUSCARORA INDIAN.

**Descendant of Red Jacket, Chosen Princeton University Orator.**

New York Journal: Howard Edwin Gansworth, a Tuscarora Indian, was appointed a junior orator by the Princeton University faculty. Gansworth's father and mother were full-blooded Indians. He was born in Saratoga, N. Y., near Buffalo, and is 21 years old. He descended on his mother's side from the famous Seneca Chief Red Jacket, who was once such a terror to the pioneers in Western New York. His father's tribal name was Rowasneah. Gansworth was a studious boy, and was sent to Carlisle Indian school, from where he entered Princeton. He supported himself by conducting a newspaper route through the dormitories of the university, delivering his wares to the students while they were yet in bed, and also compiled syllabi of the lectures for pay. Meanwhile he held a high place in his studies. Gansworth's room in West College is decorated with many valuable Indian relics descended to him from his royal ancestors. He is noted for his modesty, and is widely popular with the other students. He is known as "the Indian," and does not resent that appellation.

**Land of the Basutos.**  
The Basutos inhabit an irregular and oval-shaped country in the northeast of Cape Colony, the area of which is about 10,293 square miles. It is a well watered country, with a delightful climate and a soil which is adapted for producing grain. Meadow land, also, abounds, and large herds of cattle add much to the wealth of the natives. The capital is Maseru, and therein six hundred Basutos and thirty Europeans find homes. European settlement is prohibited throughout the country, and therefore the white population has remained for some years practically limited to the few foreigners who trade in wheat, mealies and corn.

## Big Price for a Seat.

New York correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch: Daniel Manning, of the New York Stock Exchange, has sold his seat in that institution for \$41,500. This is the highest price ever paid for a seat on "change." J. Fletcher Shea, of Townsend & Shea, bankers and brokers, was the purchaser. Mr. Manning bought the seat only about a year ago, and it is said that he realized a handsome profit on it after enjoying its privileges for 12 months.

## Chinese Language by Telegraph.

It is said that Chinese cannot be telegraphed, but that figures have to be used, which correspond to certain words. This code includes only about one-eighth of the words in the language, though this has been found sufficient for practical purpose.

## Possible Finale.

Laura—Oh, I can get a seat in a car any time. I just select some man and look tenderly at him and presently he gets up. Flora—And jumps off the car?—Indianapolis Press.

## FEEDING AN ARMY.

### FEW REALIZE WHAT A GREAT TASK IT IS.

**Enormous Quantities of Supplies Must Be Constantly Hauled to the Men and an Immense Amount of Labor Is Necessary.**

It is very probable that 90 people out of every 100 think of an army as a great aggregation of fighting men, armed to the teeth with rifles, swords and what not, while they never once give a thought to the "men in the rear." Yet these men in the rear are an important part of the fighting machine.

When an army is encamped in a friendly country there is not so great a difficulty in feeding it as when it is penetrating hostile territory and has separated itself from its own country. And yet in either case it is no light task to furnish and distribute the food that is to keep, say 30,000 stomachs satisfied and 30,000 hearts in the right place. This is the work of the commissary department.

When an army division or an army corps is encamped at home the problem of getting supplies is comparatively simple. Sometimes they are furnished on contract, sometimes brought in large quantities a week or more in advance of the time at which they will be needed. The commissary general is responsible for the procuring of these supplies and having them deposited at a depot within easy reach of the troops.

Each company of a regiment has its cooks; each regiment has its commissary depot, where supplies are kept sufficient for, say, a week or 10 days for all the men. Men are detailed from each company to assist in the work of getting the supplies from the regimental depot to the company kitchens every day. Others are detailed to help transport the supplies to the regimental depots from the general headquarters whenever the stores in the former are getting low.

As all supplies are issued from headquarters only on orders and receipts are given for everything secured, it can be seen that there is an immense amount of clerical work necessary to the smooth and uninterrupted work of the department.

Suppose an army to have landed on a foreign coast. The first move after the landing of the men and arms is to secure a convenient spot for a depot of supplies. These are landed and piled high on the shore until there seems to be a mountain of boxes inextricably mingled in the general mass. Gradually these are separated into different piles and order begins to make its appearance out of chaos, until all the supplies are properly housed.

For an army of 20,000 men and 10,000 horses for three months it is estimated that there are necessary 11,000 tons of food and forage. This food is made up of palatable and strength-giving supplies, with a proper proportion of meat, vegetables, coffee and flour for bread or biscuits. The meat is generally canned, although sides of bacon are abundant, and even herds of live cattle are taken along for fresh meat.

Whenever any important move is to be made by the army each soldier is generally supplied with rations for a day, which he carries in his haversack. These he is not to use unless ordered to do so. There are, besides, two days' rations carried in transport for each fraction of a command to tide the troops over the march. In the English army there are even wagon arrangements for cooking meals on the march, great quantities of soup being heated and meat and potatoes being prepared while on the march. But, when the army moves away from its base of supplies, then it is that the feeding problem becomes more complicated.

There are always a number of men detailed from each regiment to assist in the work of bringing up supplies. The keeping open of a line of communication with the base of supplies is the first thing that a commander must see to, for it means the safety of his army. If this line of communication is but a day's march, the work is simple, and does not take many men detailed to wagon driving to replenish the impoverished stock of the regimental or division larder. But when the distance is increased to 60 or 100 miles the trick is one of great difficulty.

## Mule's Aid to Marriage.

New Haven special New York World: Miss Lillian C. Morris, 22 years old, has obtained damages from the Winchester Repeating Arms Company for injuries resulting in the loss of the second and third fingers of her left hand. A cartridge machine on which she worked was responsible for the accident. Miss Morris held that her skill as a pianist was of no value to her, as the loss of the fingers prevented her performing. Her attorneys in arguing the case declared that her chances for marriage were hampered by the injury and consequent inability to exercise her powers as a musician. The machine on which Miss Morris worked has a history of misfortune, being one of those that exploded and injured many persons two years ago.

## Lawyer Studied Later.

Hizzoner—Young man, this court studied the law before you were born. The Lawyer—Yes, yeronor, but I have studied the law since then.

## WORTH LITTLE.

**Are Contracts with Employers, Says This Man.**

"I wouldn't give a cent for a contract with an employer," said an advertising man. "Contracts are useless. If a man hires you for a certain sum to do certain work, he pays you that sum because you are worth it to him and he'll keep you without a contract just as long as he will keep you with one. If he agrees to pay you more than you are worth he'll find it out sooner or later and then your contract isn't worth a fig. I know it shouldn't be so, but it is so. I've got in mind now a case in which a New York merchant who boasts of forty years of business integrity figured. He employs a buyer in one of his departments at a yearly salary and contracted with him for five years. This buyer was one of the best in the business. He worked along for about a year and then something happened that made the merchant dissatisfied. Of course the buyer was under a contract and the merchant could not get rid of him without violating it. What did he do? Why he sent for this man and said to him: 'Mr. —, you have done splendid work for us, and we are more than satisfied. We feel that you deserve some reward and we have determined to increase your salary \$1,000 a year.' Well the buyer said he was very grateful and all that and went out and put in some of his best weeks. He got the increased salary for two weeks and signed a receipt for it. Then the merchant sent for him and said: 'Mr. —, we are mistaken in our estimate of you and we have determined to let you go. We don't need you any longer.' 'Well, I don't want to stay where I'm not wanted,' said the buyer, 'but I've a contract, you know.' 'Contract?' said the merchant. 'What contract? Oh, no, you have no contract. You consented to the abrogation of the contract two weeks ago.' 'Well, I don't think that'—the buyer began. 'It doesn't make any difference what you think,' said the merchant with forty years of business integrity. 'You did abrogate it. We don't need you any longer. Good day, sir.'—New York Sun.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

**Vice-President Henry Wilson Attended Senatorial Caucus.**

During the last two or three days the names of several United States senators have been mentioned in connection with the Republican vice-presidential nomination, but this booming has not been received with entire satisfaction or indorsement by the senators themselves. One reason for this is that the vice-president has no vote in the senate, and, as presiding officer, is supposed to be impartial and without political prejudice. Some senators remember, says a Washington correspondent in the New York Mail and Express, how Vice-President Henry Wilson of Massachusetts left the senate to take the vice-presidential office, and soon after his inauguration the Republicans called a caucus of their side, and out of habit Mr. Wilson was the first to attend the meeting. As the senators began to gather they expressed surprise at the presence of the vice-president, but he did not seem to notice this, and finally had to be told that only senators could attend caucuses, and that, as vice-president and presiding officer of the senate, he was not expected to attend party gatherings. Senators who have prospects of re-election, therefore, do not care to give up their seat on the floor to become a mere presiding officer, with only the right to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie.

## A Fad From Far Japan.

"Ko-Kwai" is quite the fad of the hour for afternoon parties. Sir Edwin Arnold tells that the Japanese have a pretty way of entertaining, the hostess giving her guests a number of dainty bottles, containing different perfumes, and the lucky ladies who can guess the proper names of the scents receive prizes. All that comes to us from the Orient has a charm of its own. What could be more lovely than perfumes called "Dew From the Mountain," "Breath of Spring," and "Dream of the Garden." If the names give any hint of the odors. At a party given Thursday only standard perfumes were given to the guests, and a young American lady from the Pacific slope made the greatest number of correct guesses. When she returns to her western home she will wear a unique brooch, set with diamonds and inscribed with the word "Ko-Kwai."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Leader Among Copper Producers.

There has recently been published in Germany an interesting book entitled "A Century of Copper," which shows that the United States now furnishes more than half of all the copper used in the world. While the production has increased with great rapidity in other countries, in none has the copper industry developed so rapidly as in the United States. In 1890 the total value of copper manufactured was only \$2,349,392; in 1899 it had increased to \$35,083,529. In 1890 we exported 20,237,409 pounds to foreign countries. In 1899 we exported 254,987,164 pounds.

## Getting His Hand In.

"I didn't have anything to do with that job," protested the crook. "No," remarked the detective, calmly. "Well, just for sociability's sake, I want you to have a hand in this." Thereupon he produced a beautiful steel bracelet, the mate of which encircled his own wrist.

## Fatal Remedy.

Dentist—I see that I shall have to kill the nerve. Patient—For heaven's sake, don't. It would ruin me in my business. I'm a life insurance agent.—Stray Stories.