

Boys and Girls

A Promise.
"Oh! I understand it now," she cried.
As I slipped the spools into place,
And the radiant little knowledge shone
Over the dear little face.

Some lessons are easy to me, but numbers.

The numbers are hard"—and a sigh
Crept out from the tremulous lips—"I thought—

Our lesson must have to cry:

And how glad I am it is right.

Dear teacher, I'm going to bring
Some flowers to you to-morrow. Good-

And away like a bird on the wing.

But pencils and playthings the dimpled
hands.

Found all too heavy to hold;
Yet their mystic lessons she now under-

stands.

As she plays in the streets of gold,
And a wonder if there in the morning

Should I reach the realm of light,

She'll greet me with welcoming wave of

And the flowers she promised that night.

Irene Pomeroy Shields in Chicago Inter-

views.

A Race on the Heels.

By looking at the picture you will see just what is needed to prepare for a "heeling match." A stout broomstick for what you might appropriately call your "heel bit" and two lengths of strong clothesline or light rope securely knotted to each end of the stick for the reins. Grasp the reins firmly in your clenched fists and draw the "heel bit" taut so that the balls of your feet are off the ground and your weight resting entirely on your heels.

The course must be short, as the race will be run entirely on the competitors' heels. This would not seem at all hard, but the "heel bits" must be kept in place, and it is this condition which makes the race much more difficult than it appears. The second



At the Start of the Match.
You lift your heels from the ground there is a great chance of your heel slipping out of its position, which instantly disqualifies you.

You are also disqualified if you let the ball of your foot touch the ground, a ruling that will compel you to proceed slowly and with care if you want to show your competitors "a clean pair of heels."

How Animals Turn Robbers.

Animals—some of them—have a curious way of joining together and robbing other animals.

A traveler tells a good story of a highway robbery committed on a heron by three black robbers, aided by a couple of dishonest followers in black and white.

The heron had gone a-fishing, and had caught and eaten an eel and some spider fry. On his way home he was accosted by a carrion crow and two hooded crows, and requested to stand and deliver his hard-earned supper, the magpies waiting to see if they could get any profit out of the nefarious business. They were sleeping partners in the firm. Driving the heron to an open space between two woods, the crows came to close quarters with their victim. One struck at his head from above, while another pecked at his side. The third seized him by the feet, which are thrust out behind when flying, and upset him so that he turned a complete somersault. At this the villains cawed hilariously.

Unable to stand their treatment, the heron disgorged a fish, which the magpies seized and made off with. Another somersault was turned and a second fish fell to one of the crows. Seeing he could not get rid of the remaining thieves, the heron at last yielded up the eel, and went home suppliant, while the crows had a tug-of-war with the fish.

What a Boy Did.

Jamie Pettigrew was the smartest boy in our class. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came round, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions that, one by one, we all dropped off till, just as we expected the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent, and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together; but instead of being cast down at losing the prize, he seemed rather to be mightily glad. I couldn't understand it.

"Why, Jamie," I said, "you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could."

"Of course I could," he said, with a light laugh.

"Then why didn't you?" I asked.

He wouldn't answer for a while. I kept pressing and pressing him till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

"Look here," said he; "how could I help it? There's poor Willie. His mother died last week; and, if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?"—Sunday School Advocate.

An Orange Party Plan.
Have you ever given an orange party? It is curious and amusing

from the very start, as each guest is requested to bring an orange, which request, being accompanied by no explanation, is quite puzzle, and therefore gives an added interest right at the beginning.

Usher each arrival into the dining room, where they are received by the "orange aid committee," whose first duty is to aid you in registering your orange and tying a ribbon marked by a letter around it, so you may identify it later.

Then all the guests assemble in the dining room, while the committee continues with its work, which is to count the seeds. Each orange is cut in half, the seeds are extracted, and, after being counted and duly credited to the owner as entered on the register, they are put into a transparent glass bowl.

Now the guests partake of a repast composed of every conceivable form of orange you can think of—sliced oranges, orange ice, orangeade, orange-flavored candy, etc.—after which you announce that a prize will be offered to the one who guesses nearest to the number of seeds in the bowl, and a booby prize given to the poorest guesser. Also two prizes will be awarded to the two guests having the most number of seeds and the least number in their respective oranges. Appropriate prizes are an order for a dozen orange sodas at a good soda fountain for the grand prize, and a small jar of orange marmalade will provoke a good deal of mirth when it is given to the winner of the booby prize.

And by the time the party winds up you will find the bowlful of orange seeds have sprung up into a splendid crop of fun. Yet, if you prefer other fruit, you may call the party after almost any variety containing a moderate amount of seeds, although we would not advise a watermelon party, as then the committee would have to spend a week or so counting the seeds.

Letter Blanket.

In Holland little cakes called by the name of "letter blanket" are made in the form of letters of the alphabet. If these cannot be secured, pin letters cut from paper spelling "Thanksgiving" on a screen to be easily seen by the company, who stand around them in a semicircle. Let the hostess point with a wand to each letter, in turn asking the children to name some Thanksgiving "goody" that begins with that letter. The first to respond wins some trifling favor. These favors will cause a good deal of merriment if put in a sack of yellow tissue paper that is hung between two doors. Underneath it a white sheet is spread. The youngest child is given a cane and told to hit the sack three times, as hard as he can. Few strikes hit, but at last the sack bursts, and as bon-bons and souvenirs rain down on the sheet below the children merrily scramble to get their share.

Coin Trick.

Begin this trick by remarking how very easily a wetted silver dime will adhere to the forehead, and say you will wager anyone that after you have applied it to their forehead they cannot "wrinkle" nor shake it off without touching it with their hands.

You may give a little illustration by damping a coin with the tongue and sticking it to your own forehead, then making a great fuss of working your face to dislodge it; naturally it falls off after a short time. Someone is sure to take up your wager.

Start by putting the dry coin to their forehead, then taking it off to damp; instead of doing so you (unperceived) wet the tip of the middle finger of your right hand, and apply it to their forehead as if it were the coin you were sticking on. Now take away your hand (carefully concealing the coin). The fun then commences. Your friend imagines the silver is on

his forehead, and tries to work it off, his friends meantime encouraging him to persevere; and so the fun goes on until it dawns upon him that he has been "fooled." Now is the time to get out of his road.

A Scrapbook of Real Value.

To devote a scrapbook to one subject makes it much more interesting and valuable and when you begin to gather material on any one theme you will be surprised at the amount which will come to hand. Suppose that you want to know all about some famous person, either in the public eye at present, or someone of past times. From magazines and other sources can be collected articles, portraits, perhaps poems in relation to the subject, etc. When matter is clipped, the scrapbook maker may copy it neatly with a pen into her book. The educational value of such a book is something worth while, as well as the satisfaction of having gathered oneself so much information on a single subject.

Held by a Toothpick.

Here is a tea-table trick that will astonish everyone. You will need two forks, a pitcher and a toothpick. Insert the tips of the prongs of the forks, so that they hold firmly together in V shape. Then insert a toothpick.

Tunis of Windsor Hills, a suburb of Baltimore. In an interview with the World Magazine, Mr. Tunis said: "The fundamental principles of the monorail system lie in having the center of gravity as close as possible to the weight-bearing rail. When this condition is fulfilled there is but little lateral force needed to keep the car in an upright position. For this reason, and also to overcome resistance to the elements, the cars will be built of steel, covered with veneer or pressed fiber. This makes them strong and very light, and also places most of the weight within a foot of the rail."

AS APPLIED TO AN ELEVATED SYSTEM

Hold by a Toothpick.

How Forks Are Fastened.

Chubby Legs of the Mayoress.

Purchase of Ostriches Always Preceded by a Race.

Fastest Birds The Best.

Beer Routed Surveying Party.

Played His Own Drifts.

Then, of course, you've never seen an ostrich sale. I'll tell you a strange thing about that. When a dealer comes to buy an ostrich he always has two or three birds he likes best run alongside of him. She wore a large picture hat, and all along the route ate chocolates and displayed her legs, incased in white stockings, with evident pride. Not even the prim church folk of Chatham were shocked, for the mayoress is 3 years old and has a particularly pretty pair of chubby underpinnings. Her mother died when she was 4 weeks old, and at the title descended to her immediately, she became the youngest mayoress that ever lived in all England. —New York Press.

Fifteenth Century Houses.

Parisian Railway Stations.

Japanese Knots.

Coon Will Not Hibernate.

Relics of President Jackson.

Giant Dog's Home.

Fan Made From Slat.

Largest Three-Year-Old Filly.

Struggling To Get Apart.

Proud of Their "Dry List."

Work to Make Pound of Honey.

TO BUILD MONORAIL LINE.

NATIONS VOWED TO PEACE.

GIVES A QUICK HAIRCUT.

WIRES SUSPENDED IN AIR.

Experimental Track Will Be Constructed at Baltimore.

South American Republics Commemorate Arbitration Treaty.

ingenious Device Which Can Do the Work in Two Minutes.

The labor required for the purpose of operating the hand-clippers used by the barber is not great, but in these times all unnecessary labor is regarded as lost labor, and an improvement has been recently made in this humble implement with the idea of further simplifying the device and for greatly facilitating the hair-amputating process. This improvement is nothing more than a combination of the clippers and a spring motor. The shape of the tool, which is more or less familiar to all, has been slightly altered to effect this union, but the improved apparatus is not unwieldy for the reason that the mechanical end of the combination is disposed of in what might be called the handle.

The line is to be an experimental one between Baltimore and a point on the Patapsco, near Ellicott City. The originator of the monorail is E. L.

Both the people of Chile and those of the Argentine Republic want no

more war. Both countries are again prosperous. The armies of each nation are being reduced almost to the limits of a police force. Some of the great warships have been sold; others have been turned into merchant vessels for carrying trade between South America and South Africa.

Peace reigns, and as the people

look up at the great statue of the Redeemer they see the outstretched hand which seems to be imparting the benediction of heaven, and vow that that peace shall never be broken.

FASTEST BIRDS THE BEST.

Purchase of Ostriches Always Preceded by a Race.

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"No," said the druggist.

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