FOR A BOY'S ROOM.

Simple Pieces of Furniture That Any Boy Can Make With Tools.
By HARRY J. ADAMS.

Every right-minded boy takes an interest in the appearance of a room that is all his own, has very decided views as to how it should be furnished and many a handy lad would like to knock up his own book shelves, clothes press or divan if he only knew how. With proper directions it is easy enough to do and the following suggestions are sure to prove helpful.

Among the most available pieces for use would be a book case, combination wash stand and writing desk, a utility couch, a small divan, nests of shelves for books and several small cabinets that may be hung on the wall or stood on the floor.

The large illustration is the view of a corner in a boy's room and the several pieces of furniture were made by him from

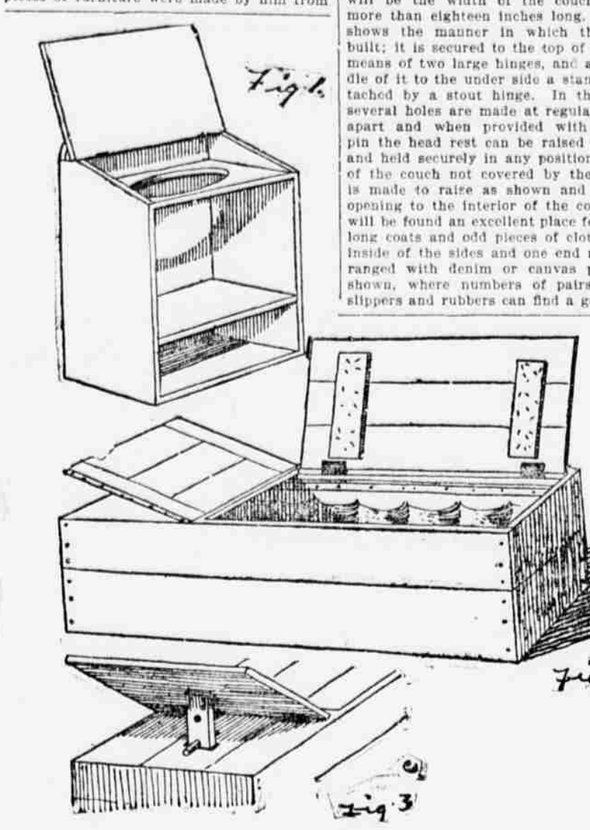


DIAGRAM OF FURNITURE.

boards, boxes and upholstery material. Between the window and the doorway the space is filled with a divan and a bookcase.

The divan is nothing more than a large box provided with a cover on hinges that may be raised and in the box there is ample room for clothing or for storage purposes. The divan is provided with a back made of pine boards, over which some curled hair is placed and covered with cretonne or denim. The top of the seat is upholstered in a similar manner and the front of the box is draped with the same material.

Along the front edge of the box a gimp is fastened with large headed upholsterers' tacks, and a tack is driven here and there in both seat and back to give it the tufted appearance characterizing upholstery work.

The bookcase that ends up against the divan is about five feet high and sixteen inches deep, the width depending on the width of the divan.

By making the case sixteen inches deep hooks may be placed on the shelves from both sides.

This case can be made from pine boards planed on both sides and with tongued and grooved edges. The woodwork should be stained and varnished, or it can be painted any desirable color. A strip of cornice moulding fastened around the top will improve its appearance and modify the box-like features that it would otherwise have. Curtains of some light material will look well if hung from small brass rods that can be attached at top and middle of case, as shown in the illustration.

Such a corner as this will not be found in every boy's room, but perhaps some space will be available where a similar arrangement could be carried out successfully.

A Useful Combination.

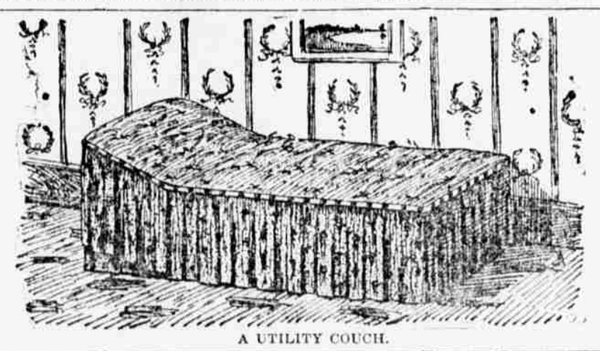
Another useful bit of furniture is shown against the wall in the illustration, and, while it appears to be a writing desk, it is a combination piece that when the desk cover is raised discloses a complete wash stand.

Figure 1 shows the construction in a very clear manner, and it will not be a difficult matter for the amateur carpenter to make one at a slight cost.

As may be seen, it is composed of two end pieces, a back and two shelves. The top one is cut out to receive an ordinary wash bowl, and under it will be found space enough for water pitcher, soap dish and other toilet accessories. The top edges of sides are cut in a slanting manner so the cover when down will have an inclined position. A curtain of some good material and divided at the middle is arranged in place to cover the front of the stand so that when in use as a desk the contents may be concealed. The curtains should be on a rod, so they can be easily drawn or closed at will. This woodwork should be painted or stained and varnished to match other finished wood in the room and when completed its use will prove its value.

A Utility Couch.

For the side of a room a utility couch will be found a very valuable and comfortable piece of furniture, and as it may easily be constructed from pine boards, a plan is shown in figure 2. A glance at this drawing will show that the body part of the couch is in the shape of a long box, six feet in length, thirty inches wide and sixteen inches deep. At one end a head rest is arranged so that it can be raised or lowered. This will be the width of the couch, and not more than eighteen inches long. Figure 3 shows the manner in which this rest is built; it is secured to the top of the box by means of two large hinges, and at the middle of it to the under side a standard is attached by a stout hinge. In the standard several holes are made at regular distances apart and when provided with a wooden pin the head rest can be raised or lowered and held securely in any position. The top of the couch not covered by the head rest is made to raise as shown and affords an opening to the interior of the couch. Here will be found an excellent place for trousers, long coats and odd pieces of clothing. The inside of the sides and one end may be arranged with denim or canvas pockets, as shown, where numbers of pairs of shoes, slippers and rubbers can find a good resting place. As shown in the drawing, the under side of the couch top is provided with battens to strengthen it and keep the boards together; but the head rest is battened at the ends of the boards, as they would prevent the rest lying flat on top of the couch if they were under side. The top to this couch should be made so that it will fit flush with the top of sides and ends. A rail is nailed fast all around the inside of the box an inch down from the top, so that when the cover is closed it will fit down inside of the box. This couch can be upholstered on the seat with hair from an old mattress and



A UTILITY COUCH.

covered with some strong and desirable material, or a single bed mattress may be covered with material and laid on the top of the box. Around the sides and ends a valance of cretonne may be gathered and tacked at the upper edge, and to finish it off nicely a gimp may be held in place with large headed upholstery tacks.

Several other pieces of furniture can be made that will follow these, and, with these to begin with, others will suggest themselves as needed.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Its Marketable Value Attested by Publishers and Theatrical Managers.

It is stated in an exchange that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's divorce has been attended by one result which she had not expected. She wishes to have her name changed to Mrs. Frances Hodgson, but her publishers are said to object. They say that the name she desires to assume has no marketable value and that with it she would have to win fame anew. This illustrates what has often been demonstrated before, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding, that there is often much in a name. It is easy to understand, says the Baltimore Sun, that it would be a dangerous experiment from a commercial standpoint, if from no other, for an established author, like Mrs. Burnett, to discard the name under which fame has been won, and to assume another unfamiliar to the public. A more or less troublesome explanation would be necessary with every new work and the prestige belonging to the old name would be lost to a great extent, as far as the marketable value of the product was concerned. Nothing succeeds like success and the popularity which an author has won under a certain title gives currency to succeeding works, whether they be up to the old standard or not. The beauty or appropriatness of a name, it is true, counts for little or nothing in the making of reputation and the works of an author of talent will be as successful if he has an odd or ugly name, as if it were specially selected with reference to his literary calling. Dickens, Smollet, Haggard, Howells, Longfellow, Thackery, Shakespeare, Kipling, these and many other names noted in literature might be cited as illustrative of the point. Each of these would have been as famous under any other name, had they possessed or selected a different designation. But having become famous under those particular names, their names have become indissolubly associated with their fame, and the public will not suffer them to be divorced. Dead, as well as living, writers would probably lose much by being deprived of the names by which they are known to the reading world. There is a certain divinity that doth hedge about the thrones on which such literary kings as Homer, Milton and Shakespeare sit, and in spite of the iconoclastic tendencies of the times we approach them with a reverence begotten of the royalty that belongs to their names. We pass over defects in their works which we would criticise severely in persons of less reputation, because the luster of the name dazzles us, or at least renders us doubtful as to the soundness of our own judgment. If the work were presented to us under some unfamiliar name it might impress us far less. But, in the impressive slang of the day, what Shakespeare and Homer says "goes" while some of the things that they have said might not "go," if they had descended to us as the sayings of less distinguished writers. If dead writers would suffer in reputation, were it possible to divorce their names from their works, and approach them as if they were unknown candidates for our suffrages, the living, who are not yet canonized and are still far from being in the company of the immortals, would be likely to suffer yet more. The change of name would not only tend to produce confusion and uncertainty in the public mind as to the identity of the writer and thus impair an advertising element of value, but it would be likely to create an unfavorable impression with regard to him on his intellectual side. Readers would wonder whether the change did not indicate a lack of balance or a change in literary quality, and might be tempted to be more critical of the old author with the new name than they were with their familiar favorite. All of which goes to show that while there may be little in a name when it is unknown to fame, there is a great deal in it when it has become a sort of literary trade mark and a thing to conjure by.

A remarkable illustration of the commercial value of the name of a woman prominently before the public was afforded a year or so ago in the case of the Shakespearean actress, Julia Marlowe. When Miss Marlowe married Robert Taber it was decided to "bill" the two as Mr. and Mrs. Taber. This aroused protests from many managers of playhouses, who asserted that it would seriously hurt the business of the company. Events afterward proved the shrewdness of this business insight, for in a suit by one of the managers against the actress it was testified and not contradicted that the season's profits were many thousands behind those of previous years. The actress now calls herself Julia Marlowe and the managers are pleased again.

Coconnuts Instead of Gold.

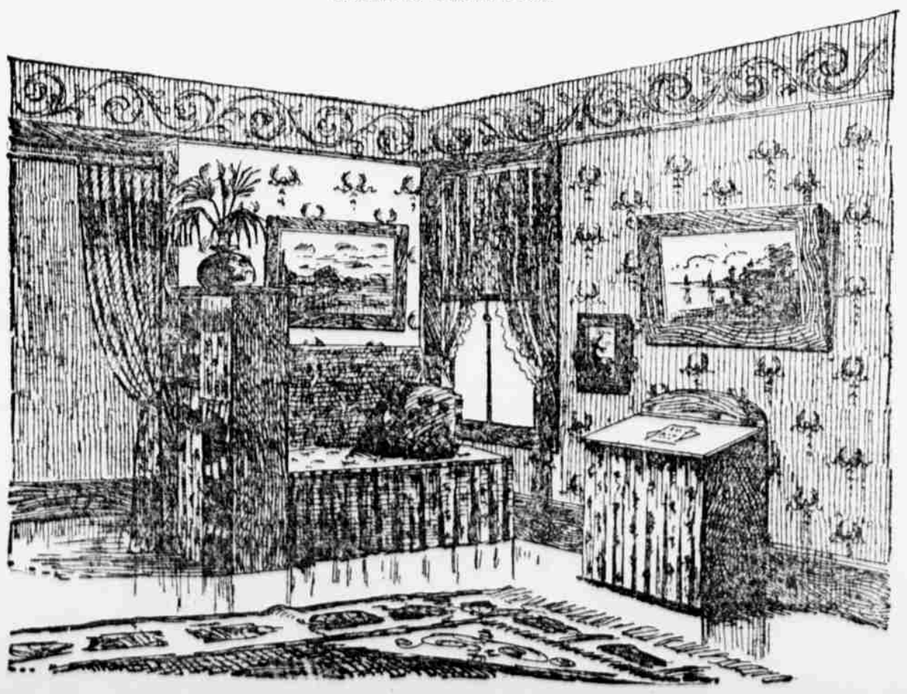
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1.—The schooner Sofia Sutheriand, which left here eighteen months ago with a party of treasure-seekers for the Solomon islands, has returned with a cargo of cocoanuts. The men were deceived by the projector of the enterprise, L. B. Sorenson, who was put ashore on the island. The others sailed for Samoa, four of them dying of fever. Captain McLean has a poor opinion of the Solomon islands, but says the outlook for trade in Samoa is good, as the people are beginning to raise cocoa. The political situation in Samoa was strained when the vessel left, as the death of the king was expected.

His First Case.

Detroit Free Press: "Gentlemen, what kind of a bar have you here?" And the young man who had just completed his legal course and was looking for a good opening to practice his profession posed before the group of men in the hotel office while awaiting an answer.

"The best there is west of the Rockies," they shouted in chorus, and somehow he was the center of the rush line that brought up in the annex where it cost him a good round fee to test the quality of the bar.

CORNER OF A BOY'S ROOM.



BATCH OF TORNADO TALES

Three Westerners Regale an Eastern Tenderfoot with a Choice Lot.

STORIES THAT MADE HIS HAIR CURL

The Real Tornado Not as Black as It Is Painted—A Missouri Spectacle and a Texas Terror with Wings.

Three men sat on the platform of a western railroad station, waiting for a train. One was from Kansas, one from Missouri and the other from Texas. While they waited they swapped a few tornado stories for the benefit of a New York Sun man, who tells it on himself.

The man from Kansas plaintively denied that every tornado in the world either passed through Kansas or started there. He knew one, he said, that started in Colorado. It was a sort of providential tornado, too. It helped a friend of his out of a very serious difficulty. This friend owned a valuable silver mine, which was bringing him in a fortune or two a day until a freshet, turning the course of a little stream nearby, emptied it plump into the shaft. The water naturally stopped all work in the mine, since the miners were neither divers nor very good swimmers; so he sat helplessly by, watching his fortune slowly disappear before his sorrowful eyes. Every effort to drain the mine resulted in dire failure. He saw ruin staring him in the face. He was about to lose all hope, when along came a tornado, and, catching up all the water out of the mine, snatched it into the clouds, where it belonged, and distributed it evenly across the prairies in welcome showers where it was most needed. The next day the mine was in excellent working order and the miners were cheerfully digging away, unearthing nuggets of pure silver about the size of a man's head. So fortune again smiled upon this friend of his, and, though he himself had not been materially benefited thereby, even so far as the loan of a five now and then, he had never heard anybody run a tornado down since that time without experiencing a strong inclination to stand up for it.

"Tornadoes are like people," he added, "they are not all as black as they are painted."

The man from Missouri took his pipe out of his mouth and acquiesced with a nod. He agreed with him perfectly, he said. He knew of a similar case himself. It was his own personal experience. He was an engineer at the time, running a western train from Junction City through Kansas to Poor Man's Gulch in Colorado. He wouldn't say that the tornado he spoke of originated in Kansas, but it certainly was passing through there. Anyway Kansas needn't be ashamed of that tornado, because it was a kind of godsend. It saved a hundred or two lives. He could vouch for the truth of it, because he had seen the thing with his own eyes. He had put on extra steam, trying to make up for lost time, because the conductor, who was a great ladies' man, had stopped the train an hour or two so as to let the women aboard get out and pick prairie flowers. They were away behind time. However, that old engine was humping itself and was going like the wind. Telegraph poles, trees, what few there were on the prairies, miles of desert land and clouds skimmed by. If they weren't flying they were doing the next thing to it, when suddenly he spied a broken trestle ahead of him. His heart leaped to his throat. He put on all the brakes. He closed the throttle, making every possible effort to slow up the train, but the rate of speed had been too great. He could not stop it. He shut his eyes. He saw death staring him in the face, a terrible death, in which he would be crushed, mangled, burned. He pictured not only his own death, but that of all those innocent people in the coaches who were unconsciously rushing onward to the same fate.

Charmed by the Scene.

Presently, miles away, he saw a dark, funnel-shaped cloud, small enough at first, but growing momentarily larger until, in an incredibly short space of time, it blackened the whole sky. He knew it to be a tornado; but, strange to say, he welcomed it. It was better to be blown skyhigh than to die a lingering death of torture beneath a heap of burning coaches. He watched it eagerly, hoping it would arrive in time to prevent the plunging of the train over the trestle, and before he knew it that tornado had caught the engine with its ten long coaches, all going straight west, mind you, and turning them around, right about face, started them back east again over the same old track. The steam was shut off and the throttle still closed, but the tornado blew the whole train straight into the station at Junction City without uncoupling a single coach and left it there safe and sound. Then it shied off in a different direction, sort of laughing low like to itself because it had done such a splendid thing in saving all those lives and was a little ashamed of it. Tornadoes are not in the life-saving business as a general thing. It is kind of out of their line. All the people in those coaches would have gone down on their knees to that tornado and thanked it, only, by the time they had found out what it had done, it was clean out of sight. Since then he had been like the man from Kansas. He never could hear anybody run down a tornado without talking up for it.

The man from Texas coughed, and began his story.

"I ain't sayin'," he remarked, glancing apologetically at the man from Kansas, "that every tornado in the world starts in Kansas, but give a dog a bad name and it will hang it. No matter whar a tornado does start it gits the credit of comin' from Kansas, so it might jes' as well start from thar as far's that's consarned. This one must er started from thar because it come mighty straight. It come in a beeline down into Texas, but it didn't git very far befo' it was stopped. It had found its match for once."

Peccaries to the Rescue.

"What stopped it?" gasped the man from Kansas, for in all his varied experiences of tornadoes he had never seen one stop before it had cleaned up everything in sight, and just paused naturally of itself because it was all out of breath.

"A herd of peccaries," answered the Texan, slowly crossing one leg over the other.

"And what is a pecary?" ask the Kansan.

"A little wild Mexican hog," answered the Texan. "The wildest, wooliest, measliest little hog you ever laid eyes on."

"Well, I'll be goll darned!" exclaimed the man from Missouri. "How in the world did they manage to stop the tornado?"

"I'll tell you," said the Texan, rolling his quid from one side of his jaw to the other. "Jess gimme time. You see Texas is chuck full of them peccaries. You can't hardly live for the pesky things. They eat up everything in sight, rail fences, wagon beds, barns, sheep and cows. They don't stop at men, women an' children if they git a good chance. They don't stop at nothin', to tell the truth, and grit! they've got plenty o' that, an' to spare.

"This thing I'm a tellin' you happened in the early '60s, befo' many towns was laid out in Texas, an' long befo' them thar booms was started all over the state an' busted befo' they got half a-goin'. Most of the country was rollin' prairie, same as Kansas, only fuller of flowers because it's so much further south. One day a herd of peccaries was gruntin' an' squealin' around the prairie, huntin' for somethin' ter eat as usual when the tornado come lumberin' down on 'em, bringin' everything it could find along with it, houses an' barns an' chicken coops an' a plentiful sprinklin' o' human beings to sorter liven up things. A tornado ain't very particular. It jess snatches anything that comes handy. Sometimes it picks up a few knives and whacks things with 'em as it goes along. Why, at that Towanda tornado, Towanda is in Kansas, ain't it?" with an inclination of his head toward the Kansan.

"Yes," replied the Kansan, wearily, "it is."

"Well, at that thar Towanda tornado thar must er bin as many as a hundred knives flyin' about loose an' promiscuous in the atmosphere. One cut a baby's head clean off; so clean an' even that when they put the little thing in its coffin, after they'd found the head in one county and the body in another, they jes' fastened a thin gold chain around its neck, an' you couldn't tell the head had ever bin cut off. Same way with the animals. Hogs were sliced half in two. You'd er thought a butcher had done it; an' chickens were carved ready to be put on the table. It was wonderful!"

"What about the peccaries?" asked the man from Missouri.

"That thar tornado come flyin' along, black as night an' thunderin' like mad, an' caught up the whole herd of peccaries. Them little hogs has got tempers like greased lightnin'. It made 'em firin' mad for the tornado to take such liberties with 'em, an' they slammed back at it right and lef'. Well, they didn't do a thing to that tornado. In the first place the whole herd of 'em began to snap an' grunt like fury until the noise of the tornado simmered down into a sort of pitiful whine, an' you couldn't hear anything but the squealin' an' gruntin' o' them pesky little animals."

"Between squeals they bit into that thar tornado for all it was worth; takin' great chunks out of it, swallowin' lightnin' an' eatin' big mouthfuls of thunder jes es if they liked it. All the stuff the cyclone was bringin' along with it wa'n't nothin' to them. They swallowed it whole, an' pretty soon thar wa'n't nothin' lef' at all. A little breeze the peccaries had forgotten to eat give up the ghost an' died away mournfullike across the prairies, an' thar was a herd o' peccaries 'bout five miles from whar they started, settin' down restin' an' takin' it easy an' smilin' at each other, a-congratulatin' themselves, I reckon, on the way they had knocked the stuffin' out o' that old tornado. They must er skeered the rest o' the tornadoes off, too. Thar ain't bin none o' 'em round in that part o' the country since."

He rolled his quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth, changed legs again, and watched the other two as they got up, walked meditatively along the platform, and looked down the road to see whether or not the train was in sight.

DRIFTING BOTTLES AT SEA.

Determination of the Currents of the Ocean Going On.

The wide scope embraced by the Hydrographic bureau of the navy in recent years and the great benefit that has accrued to the merchant service are now being recognized and substantial assistance is afforded by hundreds of skippers annually in the work of current investigation of the North Atlantic ocean. For years every mariner has known that the ocean is as full of currents as any western river, says the New York Sun, but the direction they take and their general force have been problematical until the simple method was adopted of determining them by tossing bottles overboard and trusting that they would be picked up and the fact reported to the office here. These bottles may be of any kind, and as many may be thrown into the sea as any captain wishes if he will see that record is made of the location, date and month on a piece of paper securely corked and sealed up so that salt water cannot reach it.

Six years ago the department began its first experiments with drifting bottles to determine the direction and strength of currents, and so successful has the plan proved that it will now be carried out more extensively. When first tried it was the department's intention to furnish a peculiar variety of bottle to vessels crossing the ocean, with instructions when and where they were to be cast adrift, but this plan was abandoned on account of the expense involved and lack of funds available. The bottle was to have been a large affair, white, and constructed so that it would float perpendicularly, showing on its side a number in black. It was believed such a bottle would attract attention and cause skippers to pick it up, examine the length and course of the drift as shown from the time it was last reported, and note the facts for the hydrographic office.

Now there are hundreds of bottles annually thrown overboard from all kinds of vessels, both American and foreign, each having inside printed notices in six languages asking the vessel picking it up to report to the department here the date and whereabouts in the ocean. Reports during the last fiscal year, which have been received and indexed, indicate that valuable results are being obtained and that the experts are learning much in this primitive way about the currents of the ocean.

The distances covered by some of the bottles found and the average drift a day are remarkable, and rank two bottles at least almost with the record of the famous derelict Fannie E. Wolston, which, during her career as an abandoned ship covering a period of over three years, cruised 8,995 knots. The bottle having the longest drift was recovered on March 26, 1898, having sailed 4,700 knots since November 16, 1896, when it was thrown overboard. During all this time the average number of knots covered a day was 9.5. Another bottle thrown overboard in September, 1894, and recovered May, 1897, had sailed 4,500 knots, at an average of 4.5 knots a day.

The greatest record of all, however, is that of a bottle thrown over from the steamer Sutherland, which drifted 4,000 knots between March 11, 1897, and September 8 following, a period of 181 days, the average drift a day being 22.7 knots. Following close upon this is the record of a bottle tossed in the sea from the bark Tinto Hill. It drifted 3,800 knots between April 25, 1897, and December 14 following. Another bottle in fifty-two days drifted 1,200 miles, or an average of 23.1 knots a day, while one thrown overboard from the ship Gulf of Lyons drifted 1,900 miles in seventy-eight days, or an average of 24.4 knots a day. The greatest drift a day is that recorded of the bottle thrown from the steamship Prince Frederik Hendrik on May 7 last and recovered on May 13, having drifted in six days 190 miles at an average of 31.7 knots a day.

Out in the Pacific, where the experiments are being conducted also, the bottles are not reported so often owing to the light commerce compared with that of the Atlantic and the enormous number of miles between shores. One bottle picked up out there covered 4,000 miles, however, in less than one year and another the same distance in 459 days, the averages being 11.5 and 8.7 knots a day. Eleven hundred miles were covered in forty-two days by one bottle at an average rate of 26.2 knots a day.

Certain of the bottles recovered present interesting particulars. One that was cast overboard off Nantucket Shoal was recovered near Campbelton, on the coast of Kintyre, Argyllshire, Scotland, after a lapse of 512 days. The great circle's distance between these places is 2,587 nautical miles, giving an average daily velocity of 5.1 miles. There is a close comparison between the trip of this bottle and that of the one cast overboard off Cape Cod and recovered on the coast of Cornwall, the distance traversed being the same as in the previous case and the interval 600 days, the average daily velocity being 4.4 miles a day.

Another interesting group of bottles consists of three, all thrown overboard from the steamer Dago, Captain Scroggie, on the same day and hour, in latitude 52 degrees north, longitude 41 degrees west, and all recovered after a drift of 1,200 miles within a short distance of each other and during the same week. The fact that these bottles were recovered at approximately the same time would indicate that they were picked up shortly after landing, in which case the mean of the three would furnish a good value for the actual velocity of the drift in this latitude during the winter season. This mean is 9.9 knots a day.

Two bottles were thrown overboard in midocean. One of them was recovered on the coast of Devonshire, England, and the other on the coast of Florida. The recovery of the bottles cast adrift in this region, although it is crossed by several of the most important trade routes, is rare, the records of the hydrographic office furnishing only six cases since 1888. The track of the derelict Fannie E. Wolston shows the character of the drift in that region. This vessel was reported forty-six times within a period of three years and six days, during which time she covered 8,995 miles.

According to Promise.

Chicago Tribune: "Can you build a bridge over this washout strong enough to take a train over," asked the conductor, looking at his watch, "in two hours?"

"I can, sir," replied the section boss.

"Then go ahead."

It was then 2 o'clock. At 4 the conductor went down to inspect the work.

"How's this?" he demanded. "Didn't you say you could build a bridge in two hours that I could run this train over?"

"No, sir," responded the section boss. "I said I could build a bridge you could run the train over in two hours. It ain't none of my business what you want to run so thunderin' slow for, but I'm makin' the bridge all right. It'll be 'done by tomorrow mornin'."

Marchers Force Miners to Quit.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 1.—Four hundred striking coal miners under District President Dolan marched from Monongahela City to the Ivel and Catsburg mines and forced the sixty men at work to join the camp. A camp will be established near the mines to prevent their operation by the non-union miners. The purpose of the strike is to compel the payment of the Chicago scale of prices in the third pool.