

LITTLE TALES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE



The Story Dottie Told.

ONE stormy day when Dottie could not go out to play, she took Pansy Blossom and Honey Bud, her two dolls, up to her little room and informed them that if they were very good she would tell them a story. They didn't say whether they would be good or not, but somehow, in a most mysterious manner, Dottie understood that they would sit quietly against the wall and behave as well-bred dolls should. So Dottie began:

"Well, one time there was a dittle gall who didn't have no bravers or sisters only des herself an' she lived in a great big house wiv her muver and fahser. They were awful fond of their dittle gall and buyed her can'y an' doddies an'-an'-oh sumfing nice 'most every time they went down town. An' whatdo loo flink, Honey Bud? One day dis dittle gall's muver brung her sumfing wiv booful paper all over it. Booful blue paper wiv a stwing all golly. Des like fairies bring good peoples. Muver says fairies wuv dittle galls when theys good. So loo must mln' when my tells loo too, Honey Bud." (Honey Bud was the newest rag doll with the reddest cheeks and received much more attention than Pansy Blossom, who was a bit dilapidated and decidedly dirty.)

"Dis dittle gall was so glad to get the blue paper and golly stwing she fordot what was inside an' bimby, when she was playing wiv it, the ol' fling busted and the stwing comed off an' oh, Pansy Blossom, there was loor dittle sister, Honey Bud, the boobullest doddie loo ever sawed."

Here Dottie reached for Honey Bud, upsetting Pansy Blossom, and smacked maternal kisses all over her highly painted rag face. Poor Pansy Blossom lay on the floor, staring at the ceiling as if she did not notice the partiality shown her younger sister. And we are inclined to think that even if Pansy Blossom was old and dirty and only had one arm she must have had a sweet and amiable disposition, which really counts for more than red cheeks and flaxen curls. "Pretty is as pretty does," you know.

It was an hour or so later when Mamma Diddies peeked into her little daughter's room to see how she was amusing herself this stormy day, and there on the floor lay Dottie, fast asleep, with a "doddie" in each arm.

Played a Joke on a Hawk.

Hawks, writes the author of "Travels in a Treestop," have an unusual amount of curiosity. They are trapped, he says, almost as often through their curiosity as through their fear. Sometimes in winter, when there is little to attract their attention, an unbaited trap, if of a new shape or variety, is quite as likely to land a victim as if it held a most appetizing mouse.

Once a trick was played upon a splendid black hawk that had been mousing over the fields for half the winter. It often perched upon a straw stack, instead of in the lone hickory tree that stood sentinel-like in the center of the field. Early one morning a plump meadow mouse, with an inflated bladder attached to it by a string, was placed on the top of the stack. The bladder and cord were concealed by the straw. The hawk was apparently a little suspicious when he first noticed the mouse. He was not used to seeing a mouse remain perfectly still in that way, especially when he began to circle about with his great black wings close down to the stack. Presently he alighted in a wary way on one end of the stack; then he walked nearer, eyed the mouse sharply, and pecked at it. At last he seized it in his talons and

made off for the hickory. Halfway there, however, he noticed the bladder attached, and gave the mouse a violent jerk to free it from the strange appendage. This only served to make the bladder bob up and down more furiously, and with a scream of terror the hawk dropped the mouse and all fled to the woods. It was some time before he was again seen in the neighborhood of the straw stack.

The Welcome Wag.

A gentleman was walking with his youngest son at the close of the day and in passing the cottage of a German laborer the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was only a common cur, but the boy took a fancy to him, and asked his parent to buy the animal for him.

Just then the owner of the dog came home and was demonstratively met by the dog. The gentleman said to the owner:

"My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog and I should like to buy him. What do you ask for him?"

"I can't sell dat dog," said the German. "Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog, but as my boy wants him I will give you a sovereign for him."

"Yaas," said the German. "I knows he is very poor dog, and not wort much; but der ish van leetle ding mit dat dog I can't sell—I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

Simple Experiments.

The other day a little girl went to have her hair cut at a fashionable place downtown, and when the big scarlet bow that she always wears was taken off and the man began to comb her hair, there was a queer cracking sound and the little girl immediately said: "Listen! It's just full of electricity!"

Everybody laughed, because it was such a big word for such a little girl to say.

When you hear paper crack like that, or see big blue sparks flying off the trolley wires you know that electricity is there, just as the little girl did. But isn't it odd to think that nobody, not even very wise people, can tell what electricity is—what it really is! They know what causes it, however, and know how to control it.

Electricity is the result of chemical change, or what is called chemical, and it is produced in two ways, either by electrical machines or electric batteries. If you take a cushion in each hand and rub vigorously with both on each side of a piece of glass, you are doing just what the machine does; that is, you are producing electricity by friction.

Batteries are quite different and much more complicated. Suppose you take several copper pennies, several disks of zinc and several disks of cloth, all the same size as the pennies, and pile them up—first the penny, then the cloth, then the zinc. Fasten them together, dip them in strong vinegar for a few moments, wipe them and lay them on a plate. Next fasten to them two brass wires, one touching the zinc at the top, the other the copper at the bottom of the pile. The acid of the vinegar attacks the zinc, chemical reaction is produced, and you have electricity. Fasten together the two wires and test the current, which, of course, in this case, will be very weak.

Place the ends of the wires on the tip of the tongue, and what do you notice? A sort of saltish taste? Yes. And your tongue trembles a little, does it not? Of course. It is the passage of the electric current which you feel.

You know what a compass is? The thing sailors use to steer. Well, take a compass and lay the wires, still fastened together,

across it, in the same direction as that in which the needle happens to be pointing. You will then see the needle start, and after an instant's quivering, settle in a position crossing the wires.

Another experiment can be made by placing the wires in a glass of salt water. Looking very closely, you will soon see bubbles forming at the tips of each and rising to the surface. This is caused by a change in the water produced by the electric current.

By taking your small battery into a room which is quite dark and brushing the two ends of the wires against each other you can see a tiny spark of electricity.

To succeed in these experiments you should use not less than ten pennies, with the same number of disks of zinc and cloth.

Parrot Aroused the Cook.

A new parrot story is being told in the pleasant suburb of Bala, Pa. It seems that there is a young woman in Bala who has a parrot that is a remarkable talker. The young woman sat reading in her dressing room the other day, when her cook bounced in upon her, white with suppressed rage. "So, ma'am," said the cook, "you was determined to make me come upstairs to you, eh? Well, I've come, but I warn you that my comin'll burn the pastry." The mistress, at a loss, said: "What do you mean?"

"I mean, madam," said the cook, "that for once you might have forgiven me a trip upstairs, when you knew how important it was that I should mind the cookin'."

"You needn't have come up," said the puzzled mistress.

"Why, then," the other asked, "did you pretend you couldn't hear me?"

"I didn't hear you," said the mistress, "did you call?"

"Ah, now!" cried the cook; "listen to you! Did I call? Why, haven't I been callin' for the last ten minutes, and haven't you been answerin' 'Hello! What is it?'"

"No," said the mistress; "nothing of the kind. It must have been the parrot."

An investigation proved that it had, indeed, been the parrot, which, with "Hello! What is it?" a dozen times repeated, had incensed the cook.

A Hat and a Coin.

A very neat trick may be performed with a hat and a silver quarter. The quarter may be brand new, just from the mint, but the hat had better be an old one or at least one that its owner is not very particular about, for it is likely to get a little rough handling.

It must be of the pattern known as a "stovepipe," either silk or beaver. Lay it on its side on top of a glass tumbler and on the upper side of the hat place the quarter.

Now what you wish the company to do is to knock the hat from under the quarter so that the latter will fall in the tumbler.

Every one that tries it will be sure to strike the hat on its brim, but that will only send it across the room and the quarter somewhere on the floor.

When the feat has been pronounced impossible you may make a few feints, as if you, too, were going to strike it on the brim, and then suddenly you give it a smart tap on the inside of the crown, when it will jump quickly out and let the coin fall directly into the tumbler.

Magic with a String.

Some remarkable effects are obtainable from the use of a strong string about two

yards long. At one end of the string make a loop big enough to go easily over a person's head, and at the other a tiny loop only big enough to hold an ordinary pencil. Ask someone to cover his ears with his flat hands. Now pass the large loop of string over his head and draw it tight across the backs of his hands. Keep the string taut and gently turn the pencil in the small loop round and round. The person with the loop about his head will hear a noise like the firing of a battery of guns. Then gently flick the string with one hand, when he will hear the boom of a heavy gun.

Still holding the pencil in one hand, fold a piece of paper over the string with the other and pass it gently backward and forward along the string. The listener hears a magnificent representation of the washing of the waves on the seashore. Now take a spoon or anything hard and with it scrape the tightened string spasmodically. The effect is that of heavy thunder.

Expert Telegrapher at 11.

Robert T. Baird, aged 11 years, the son of Robert L. Baird, of Grovanna, Ga., holds a unique place among the bright youths of Georgia.

He is a fast and accurate telegraph operator, and has already done regular work in Western Union offices. At one time he was in charge of the office at Vienna as day operator.

Young Baird seems to have taken to the key by instinct. When only 7 he could sit at the instrument and send before his father knew he was acquainted with the alphabet. At 9 he could receive and now he is considered a competent operator.

"If I Was President."

"If I was only president," said little Billie Searles, "I wouldn't low no schools to start, Exceptin' fer the girls. They ain't no use to edercate A kid with any sense. He'll learn hisself; they's somethin' wrong With all our presidents."

"Now, what's the use of breakin' in On a feller's fun, An' pen 'im up in school jes' when The nuttin' time's begun? An' what's the use to load 'im down With things like 'rithmetics? He'd great deal ruther be outdoors, A-fishing in the cricks."

"Now, what's the use of grammar? Pshaw! They ain't none I kin see, And as fer spellin'—why, it comes Jes' natural fer me. I wisht thet I was runnin' things, You bet yer bottom cent They wouldn't be no schools fer boys If I was president."

Boy Wanted.

Wanted, a boy that is manly, A boy that is kind and polite, A boy you can always depend on To do what he knows to be right.

A boy that is truthful and honest And faithful and willing to work, But we have not a place that we care to disgrace With a boy that is ready to shirk.

Wanted, a boy you can tie to, A boy that is trusty and true, A boy that is good to old people And kind to the little ones, too.

A boy that is nice to the home folks And pleasant to sister and brother, A boy who will try when things go awry To be helpful to father and mother.

These are the boys who are wanted In the workshop, the home and the store; The world needs such boys in its business, For them there are places galore.

These are the boys we depend on— Our hope for the future, and then Grave problems of state and the world's work await.

Such boys when they grow to be men. —Normal Instructor.

