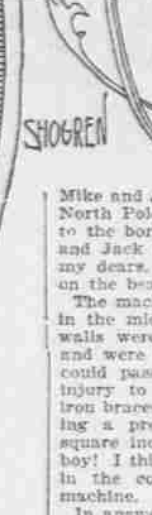


# PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Mike and Jack went to the moon and the North Pole, is to be compared, children, to the boring machine. Of course, Mike and Jack were of chilled steel and double and were fitted with great heat without injury to the occupants within. Great iron braces made it capable of withstanding a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch. Call Josh lazy or an idle boy! I think he displayed positive genius in the construction of this marvelous machine.

In answer to Josh's question, both said to whom he was talking shouted: "You bet we'll go with you! Wouldn't miss it for the world!"

**Eph and Snooks.**  
These two boys were Eph and Snooks, of 11 and 15 years in age. The chance to have some fun was never lost by them, and so next morning at 4 o'clock they arrived at the appointed place, just as Josh appeared. They carried enough provisions to last a considerable time. They were enabled to do this because they had made all preparations for an extended fishing trip, which, in perhaps needless to say, without the knowledge of their parents, they were now about to forego for the more attractive adventure proposed by Josh. The provisions for the fishing trip were therefore to do duty for the journey to the earth's interior.

"Hello, boys!" exclaimed Josh as they met.  
"Hello, Josh!" responded the boys. "We're ready."  
Josh unlocked the door of the old shack and they all went in. Eph and Snooks viewed the huge boring machine with wonder, as it stood poised upright, with its nose in the ground, all ready for the start.

"No time to lose; hop in!" said Josh, unlocking the side door of the iron cone. Snooks and Eph stepped in and sat down on a cushion, feeling a little afraid. They would have backed out, but did not have the courage to stand the jeering Josh should give them, if they did not hop in. Josh closed and fastened the door with a great iron bolt. Then he turned on the electric light, which flooded the cage with a brilliant glare. Snooks noticed that he was sitting on what appeared to be an ordinary box, except that it was made of steel.

"What's this thing, anyway, Josh?" he inquired.  
"That contains the compressed air for the trip," was the answer. "All set for the center of the earth in one hour!"  
Then he turned the lever, and Eph

and Snooks felt a sinking sensation, as if they were in a rapidly descending elevator. Down, down they went, grinding and boring away through the clay, through the granite strata, the marble layers and other solid stone that at first the boys were greatly frightened, but gradually they got used to the queer sensation and began to enjoy their novel experience.

When they had been grinding down through the crust for about an hour, Josh slowed up, and presently they reached their destination. Josh opened the door and all three stepped out.

**EARNED VICTORIA CROSS.**  
**Three Brave British Lads Who Won the Coveted Honor.**  
The Victoria Cross has been won on three occasions by boys—in 1853, during the Crimean campaign, by two young members of the famous Naval Brigade, and in 1867, when a combined fleet of British, French and Dutch ships made war upon Japan, by a midshipman of the Euraylus. The first of the trio was Edward Daniels, who, when the horses taking an ammunition wagon filled with powder were killed by a shell, rushed out and headed a party which safely brought in the ammunition under a rain of bullets in which it seemed impossible for anyone to live.

The second act of bravery was performed by a young boatman, named Sullivan, when the famous Malakoff battery was taken. He took out a flagstaff and placed it on a certain mound which hid a Russian battery from the British guns. French and Dutch troops made war upon Japan, by a midshipman of the Euraylus. The first of the trio was Edward Daniels, who, when the horses taking an ammunition wagon filled with powder were killed by a shell, rushed out and headed a party which safely brought in the ammunition under a rain of bullets in which it seemed impossible for anyone to live.

The act which won the Victoria Cross for Duncan Boyes, the midshipman of the Euraylus, occurred when the combined fleets landed a contingent of men against the Japs. It was thought, however, that the Britishers alone could successfully tackle the situation, so the French and Dutch were sent back, whereupon a large body of Japanese came into view and made a determined attack. The midshipman, who was carrying the colors with the leading company, rushed ahead for some 30 yards toward the defenses, as though about to attempt their capture single-handed. He was called back and severely reprimanded by his captain, but the spirit

of daring he had displayed infected the others, and as one man they followed him and soon took the defenses.

**HER HASTY TEMPER.**  
**Love of Flowers Cared Germany's Dowager Empress.**  
It is told of the Princess Royal of England, now the Dowager Empress of Germany, that she had a very hasty temper when she was a little girl. Quick, hot words came readily to her lips, and once she was even known to speak angrily to her gentle, indulgent father, when he refused her some trifling pleasure.

Queen Victoria, always a wise and kind mother, did not punish her little daughter for these outbursts of temper, but one day gave her a little garden for her very own, and advised, when anger got the best of her judgment, that she go out to the garden and work for a few moments. The plan acted like a charm, and a very few moments among the smiling faces of her flower friends brought the little Princess, ashamed and repentant, to beg for forgiveness.

The habit thus formed in childhood has never been broken, and during the entire life of this, the oldest child of the English queen, flowers have held a high place in her regard. When affairs worry or annoy her, as they will worry and annoy even Empresses, she always finds a few moments in which she can slip out among her blossoms, and the silent companionship of the little pansy faces, the fragrant rosebuds and the modest violets seem to give her strength to cope with any difficulty.

**HOSPITABLE NEW YORK CAT.**  
**Feeds Homeless Felines and Keeps Disreputable Company.**

A cat owned in Brooklyn, N. Y., has been trained to enjoy being lifted up by his tail. As a reward for this exercise, before he really began to delight in the sensation, he used to demand and receive food on a plate in the back yard. At first no one could understand why he refused to eat in the house, but eventually it was noted that as soon as he got the meat a number of homeless cats appeared in the yard, though not one had been in sight when the plate was filled. Dewey (all cats are named Dewey now) was watched, and it was learned that no sooner was he by himself with his food than his loud "meows" called in the visitors. They were all of the thin, half-

starved class of back fence hunters so common in cities, and Dewey seemed to get as much pleasure out of feeding them as they did out of the dinner.

It was not long before the further discovery was made that through appeals to various members of the family Dewey would get enough to satisfy himself before he insisted on the back-yard feeding. Then his owner found that he would pick his guests. Some of the most disreputable cats of the section were welcome; others equally disreputable and equally hungry were ruthlessly driven away.

Dewey has other peculiarities. He likes to lie on a clean counterpane, and the more elaborate it is the better he is satisfied. He is also fond of all starved goods, and will invariably bump on a lawn skirt to make his bed on, if one is incautiously left around. But his friendship for pebbles is getting him into disrepute, and there is pretty persistent talk about sending him to the country, where he will have to keep better company.

**Induced Her to Stay.**  
Miss Kitty Moore  
Went down to the shore  
For to watch the ocean.  
Up came a wheel rider,  
Sat down 'long side 'er.  
Did that frighten Miss Kitty away?  
Oh, no; it but induced her to stay.  
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**TOT AND THE BROWNIES**  
**Lively Elves in Drowsy Dreamland Play Punny Pranks With the Sprightly Alphabet.**

Poor little Tot! She was so tired! Papa had promised her that when she had perfectly learned all the letters of the alphabet he would reward her with a bicycle. She had taken her book and seated herself in her mamma's cosy corner, with soft sofa pillows all about her. She tossed back her brown curls, and with a studious scowl bent over her book, determined to conquer. But it was hard work. She thought of the

and round bodies. The Z's, large and small, didn't move around very much, and when they did they were very unsteady, and acted as though the sun made them dizzy.

**Big X and Little t.**  
The X's and little t's kept close together, looking for all the world to Tot like a lot of crosses. All the tiny e children were hung up by their loops on a string, out of harm's way. The little i's and j's had lots of trouble to keep from losing the dots above their heads. The Brownies played all sorts of games with the letters until sundown, and then, throwing them all into the box again, placed the latter on the wagon and disappeared. Tot was much interested. Suddenly—  
"Wake up, dear, and come to tea!" called mamma.

When the family was seated at the table Tot told her wonderful dream. Her papa was much amused, and declared he had never heard so funny a story before. But really the strangest part of it all was that Tot's experience in Brownland, where the letters of the alphabet were made to play such queer antics, served to impress- the letters so firmly on her mind that she has never forgotten them.

A day or two later the expressman left a bicycle at the house, and Tot, of course, was delighted. UNCLE TED.

**Passing Observations.**  
Mr. Howes Fly—Mr. Caterpillar is not very sorry these days.  
Mr. Butterfly Fly—No; but he says he is going to be very fly later in the season.

**POLLY'S NEW PROCK.**  
**Disappointment It Caused in the Nursery Wardrobe.**

It was in the middle of the night and Polly's frocks all hung in the nursery wardrobe. They were quiet for a time, and then the light blue China Silk one said: "Don't crowd so, Pink Gingham. You are crushing my lace ruffles. I am Polly's best frock, and I ought to have more room." "Pooh," said the Pink Gingham, "maybe you are her best, but she doesn't like you as well as she likes me. When she wears you she has to be so careful of you that she can't have any fun. She likes me best because if she gets me soiled I can be washed."

"No, she likes me best," said the Red Merino, "because she always wears me when she goes to grandma's, and we do have lovely times there." "I know she's awfully fond of me, because she wears me to kindergarten, and she is so proud of my shoulder-bows." "I'll tell you how we'll know which she likes best," said a dear little White Lawn dress. "Tomorrow is Polly's birthday, and on that day her mamma always lets her wear any dress she chooses. Now, we'll see which of us she'll select. I think she'll take me."

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"Yes, dear," said mamma, "and here's your first present. What do you s'pose is in this box?"  
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"Oh, oh!" screamed Polly in delight. "It's a beautiful new dress, all made of plaid, with gilt buttons! Oh, mudder, let me put it right on and wear it for my birthday!"  
"Yes, indeed," said her mother, kissing her, and then all the other little frocks shrunk back into the wardrobe and hung there dejectedly without saying a word.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

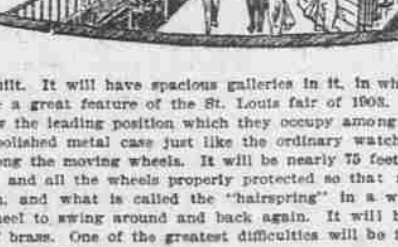
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**HERE WILL BE A WATCH YOU CAN WALK AROUND IN**



The greatest watch in the world is being built. It will have spacious galleries in it, in which people can walk around, and yet it will be a perfect watch in every respect. It will be a great feature of the St. Louis fair of 1904. The American watchmakers are taking a great interest in it, and it is intended to show the leading position which they occupy among the nations.

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**Sore Points.**  
The pencil hovered a wistful sigh,  
And murmured to the pen,  
"I haven't felt a bit out of sorts."  
"Blue-ink, I don't know what  
The penknife treats me very ill,  
It cuts me in the street,  
And really is extremely sharp.  
Whenever we choose to meet."  
"And when I take the other day  
Beneath its bitter stings,  
It will do me as much harm!"  
"Neither did I see the job!"  
"With many troubles I'm beset,  
My heart just feels like lead."  
The pen popped up an ink tear:  
"I weep for you," it said.  
—Cassidy's Little Folks.

## TO CENTER OF THE EARTH

Story of the Thrilling Adventures of Inventor Josh and His Chums, Eph and Snooks.

**CHAPTER I.**  
"You're just fooling." Who ever heard of going to a hole to the middle of the earth?  
"Yes, that's what I said."  
"But it's too hot down there. I've been told that the further down you go, the hotter it gets. Why, there wouldn't be a green spot left of a teller, if he went down there; he'd just sizzle all up."

"Cause it's hot for a short distance downward, and in places, but I tell you the middle of the earth is hotter, and you'll believe me, once you've been in it. I've been down myself and know what I'm talking about. These scientific fellows make me tired, for they think they know it all. I've got a machine that will take you to the center of the earth in a jiffy. Now, I'll take you boys down with me. If you've got sense enough to keep mum, besides, there's buckets of gold there, and it's lots of fun to go sizzling down into the depths; it's better than spending a season at the coast. All you have to do is to jump into the iron box, and I'll turn on the power and, in about an hour, we'll be in the middle of the globe."

"My machine is great, I tell you, and I'm proud of it. When I got it ready, I took it back a ways into the country, where there was a deserted shack, and then set it in motion. In no time it was working through the crust of the earth, like a streak of greased lightning. It got pretty hot after I had gone three or four miles, but it was soon comfortable again and I felt all right."

"By the way, boys, this crust is only five miles thick. The last 10 miles was tough work, but the machine ground through it at last. It was the dandiest machine I was ever in, but I ain't going to describe it to you kids, for if you want to see it, you can come along. I'm going to start tomorrow morning. What do you say, fellows?"

**The Inventor.**  
This unusual conversation took place between the boys, shortly after the close of the Portland schools. One, the inventor of the boring machine, was 17 years old. From the fact that he had invented a machine which made journeys into the unexplored interior of the earth, his chums might consider him a genius. But his previous record would not lead one to think so. At school he was a laggard, and the teachers had long ago given him up as hopeless, for they considered him a humbug. Still it is a consoling fact that teachers are sometimes wrong in their estimate of boys, the world furnishing many instances of brilliant geniuses reared under the most unpromising exterior.

So with Josh, for that was the name all the boys called him. He devoted hours to his machine and imagines, and while his classmates were coming their lessons, he thought about machines and wonderful inventions. He had "wheels in his head," in fact, much of his spare time was spent in making models of his inventions, and this had led to a great knowledge of electricity.

Somehow he had caught the notion of going to the center of the earth—a crazy scheme, you will say. He didn't believe the things he had read in books about the middle of the earth being a molten mass. But how to get there was what troubled him. So he just thought and thought, and the result was a boring machine that would grind and cut its way through the hardest stone strata.

**The Machine.**  
Now, children, don't ask me to describe that boring machine. Being only a girl, I know nothing about wheels and cogs and springs and screws, and such things, so I just cannot give you a clear description of its intricate parts. But I do know this:

It was a sort of double-pointed conical cone, the forward part being fitted with powerful electric machinery. The machinery worked a set of steel teeth that bored right through earth and stone without stopping. The hardest steel was used in the construction of the machine, and it took Josh two years to complete his invention. On top of the machine was an iron cage, large enough to accommodate three boys. In this cage were some levers, with which to manage the electric machinery. The machine worked a set of steel teeth that bored right through earth and stone without stopping. The hardest steel was used in the construction of the machine, and it took Josh two years to complete his invention. On top of the machine was an iron cage, large enough to accommodate three boys. In this cage were some levers, with which to manage the electric machinery. The machine worked a set of steel teeth that bored right through earth and stone without stopping. 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