

# ANDIRON TALES BY J. K. BANGS

## MEMORABLE RIDE ON THE OSCYCLE AND A NARROW ESCAPE

"WELL," said the Polar Bear, as the Oscycle started on its downward course, "I'm mighty glad we're off, and away from those other creatures on that Trolley. They were a diabolical lot."

"So am I," came a voice from behind him, that made the Bear jump nervously, for it was none other than the Flamingo.

"So are the rest of us," added a lot of voices in chorus, and Tom, turning to see who beside himself and his companions had got aboard, was hugely amused to see the Kangaroo, the Monkey, the Hippopotamus and all the other creatures from the Trolley, save only the conductor and motorman, seated there behind, as happy as you please.

"It doesn't pay to associate with conductors," said the Flamingo. "They don't think of anything but money all the time, and they're awfully rude at some times. Why, I knew a conductor once who refused to change a \$100 bill for me."

"I don't believe you ever had a \$100 bill," growled the Hippopotamus.

"I've got one I wouldn't sell for \$1000," said the Flamingo. "It's the one I eat with," he added.

"That's not legal tender," said the Polar Bear.

"You couldn't change it if it was," sneered the Flamingo.

"I could change it in a minute, if I wanted to," said the Polar Bear with a chuckle.

"What with, cash?" demanded the Flamingo scornfully.

"No—with one whack of my paw," said the Bear, shaking his fist menacingly at the Flamingo. "I can change your whole face, for that matter," he added with a frown.

"I was only fooling, Poley, old man," said the Flamingo, a trifle worried. "Of course you could, but you wouldn't, would you?"

"Not unless I had to," replied the Bear, "but get aren't we just wrizzling along. Any more?"

"Yes," said Tom, with a shiver, "just a little."

"Well, come sit next to me and I'll let you use my fur. I don't need 'em myself in a pretty warm Bear, considering where I come from."

"Sit close, gentlemen," cried the man in charge of the Oscycle. "We're coming to a thank-you-mary. Look out! Look out! Hang together. By jove, there goes the monkey."

And sure enough, off the Monkey flew as the Oscycle crossed the hump at an enormous rate of speed.

"Hi, there, you fellows," the Monkey shrieked as he landed in the soft snow, "wait a minute. Hi, you! Stop! Wait for me!"

"Can't do it," roared the man in charge. "Can't stop—going too fast."

"But what am I going to dooo-oo-oo!" shrieked the Monkey, excitedly.

"Get inside of a snowball and roll down. We'll catch you on the way back," the Kangaroo yelled, and as they now passed out of hearing of the monkey's voice, no one knew how the little creature took the suggestion.

"I'm glad he's gone," said the Hippopotamus. "He was a nuisance—and I tell you I had a narrow escape. He had his tail wound round my neck a minute before. He might have yanked me off with him."

"Thank you," said the Old Gentleman from Saturn, gaining contemptuously at the Hippopotamus. "Bosh! The idea of a seven-pound monkey yanking a three-ton Hippopotamus!"

"What?" roared the man in charge. "A what how much which?"

"Three-ton," said the Old Gentleman from Saturn. "That's what he weighs. I know, because he stepped on my toe getting off the trolley."

"But it's against the law!" cried the man in charge. "We're not allowed to carry more than 100 pounds on these mules."

"Humph!" laughed the Kangaroo. "It's very evident, Hippy, that you'll have to go way back and lose some weight."

"I can't help weighing three tons," said the Hippopotamus indignantly.

"That's all right," said the man in charge, "wringing his hands in despair; 'but you'll have to get off. If you don't we'll go over the edge.' His voice rose to a shriek.

Tom's heart sank and he half rose up.

"Sit still," said the two andirons, grabbing him by the arms. "We're in for it. We've got to take what comes."

"Right you are," said the Bellows. "Don't you bother, Tom. We'll come out all right in the end."

"But what's the trouble, Mr. Man?" asked the Polar Bear. "What's the Hippo's

weight got to do with our going over the edge?"

"Why, can't you see," exclaimed the Man in Charge. "His 3000 pounds pushing the machine along from behind there gives us just so much extra speed, and all the brakes in the world won't stop us now we've got going, unless he gets off."

The announcement caused an immediate panic, and the Polar Bear began to cry like a baby.

"Oh, why did I ever come!" he moaned as the tears trickled down his nose and froze into a great icicle at the end of it. "When I might have staid home riding around on my own private iceberg."

"Stop your whimping," said the Kangaroo. "Brave up and be a man."

"I don't want to be a man," blubbered the Bear. "I'm satisfied to be a poor, miserable little Polar Bear."

"You've got to jump, Hippy," said the

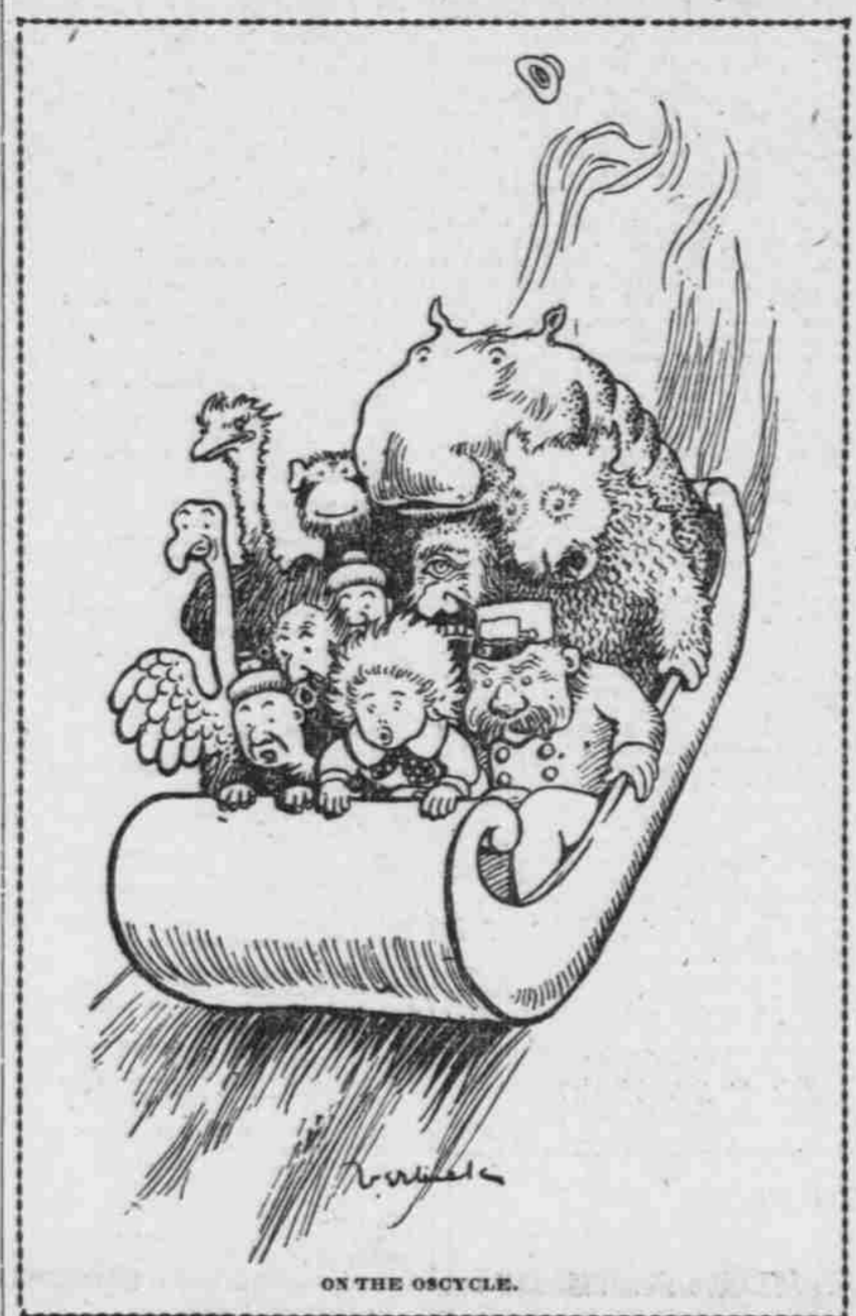
Hippopotamus in response to this suggestion, but they might as well have tried to batter down the rock of Gibraltar by hurling feathers against it, so firmly fixed in his seat was this passenger of outrageous weight.

"Come again, gentlemen," said the Polar Bear, savorily. "There's nothing better for the complexion than a good rub, and I assure you you have placed me under an obligation to you."

"Fred him with the icicle," said the Kangaroo to the Polar Bear.

"I am not to be moved by tears, even if they are frozen and sharpened to a point," laughed the Hippopotamus, as the Polar Bear did as he was told, smashing the icicle without so much as denting the Hippo's flesh.

"Well, if you won't jump, I will," said the Man from Saturn, angrily. "If I'm



ON THE OSCYCLE.

Flamingo. "That's all there is about it."

"Sir," replied the Hippopotamus, solemnly. "I would like to see you try to jump as if I were merely a Kangaroo. No, sir. Here I sit, firm as a rock. You might as well ask an elephant to dance a jig."

"Well, put you off if you don't get off your own accord," roared the Polar Bear, bracing up, and removing the bottom from his nose he shook it angrily at the Hippopotamus.

"All right," said the Hippopotamus with a pleasant smile. "All right. Has any gentleman brought a derick along with him to assist in the operation. You don't happen to have a freight elevator in your pocket, do you, Mr. Kangaroo?"

"Try him off, Poley," cried the Kangaroo.

"I would if I could," answered the Polar Bear mournfully, "but I'm not a crowbar."

"Well, then all together here," shouted the Man from Saturn. "Line up and you'll show him off."

There was a frantic rush at the stolid

hurt I'll take it out of your hide when we meet again."

"You'll have to get a steam drill and blast it out. By-by."

The Man from Saturn jumped and landed his head first in the snow; but whether he was hurt or not the party never knew, for they were now so terrified that he had barely landed before they whizzed past the bottom of the hill and up the other incline. It became clear, too, as they sped on that at such a fearful rate of progress nothing could now keep the oscycle from going over the edge, and the others began to lay plans for safety.

"I'm going to jump for a passing trolley cloud the minute we get to the edge," said the Kangaroo.

"I don't know what I shall do," sobbed the Polar Bear. "If I land on my feet I'll be all right, for they're big and soft, like sofa cushions, but if I land on my head—"

"That's soter yet, Poley," laughed the Flamingo, who appeared to be less concerned than anybody. "If you land on your head it will be just as if you fell into

a great bowl of oatmeal, so you're all right."

"I'm not afraid for myself," said the Polar Bear. "I can drop any distance without serious injury, being made of iron, and my friends, the Andirons, are equally fortunate. The Bellows, too, is comparatively safe. The worst that can happen to him is to have the wind knocked out of him. But—"

"It's Tom we're bothered about," said the Right Handiron, with an anxious glance at Lefty. "You see, he invited him to come off here with us, and—"

"Who is he, anyhow?" demanded the Flamingo, glancing at Tom in such a way that the youngster began to feel very uncomfortable.

"I'm a Dormouse," said Tom, remembering the agreement.

"Not for this occasion," put in the Polar Bear. "This time you're a boy, and we've got to save you somehow or other, and we'll do it, Tom, so don't be afraid."

"What kind of a boy is he?" demanded the Flamingo. "On the worst of these best-napping boys that go around shooting robins and hooking birds' eggs when they haven't anything else to do?"

"Not a bit of it," said Righty. "He never snapped a bean at a bird in all his life."

"Humph!" said the Flamingo. "I suppose he's been too busy pulling feathers from the pockets of these best-napping boys to be bothering with robins and eggs."

"Never did such a thing in all my born days," retorted Tom, indignantly.

"Probably not," sneered the Flamingo. "And why? Because you were so well satisfied keeping a canary locked up in a cage for your own pleasure that you hadn't any time to waste on peacocks."

"I've lived in the family 40 years," said the Rightandiron, "and to my knowledge there was never a caged bird in the house."

"Really?" said the Flamingo, looking at Tom with interest. "Rather a new kind of a boy this. Very few boys have a good record where birds are concerned."

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, "and I've watched him."

"If that's the case, maybe I can help him. One good turn deserves another. If he is good to birds I may be able at this time to be good to him. This trouble ahead of us doesn't bother me because I have wings and can fly—Here the Flamingo flapped his wings proudly. "And I could take Tom on my back and fly anything with him, for I am an extremely powerful bird. I want to know one more thing about him before I undertake to save him. We birds must stand together, you know, and I'm not going to betray a foe to my kind under any circumstances. The reason—"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, all of a tremble, for he hadn't the slightest idea what was coming, and as a truthful boy he knew that whatever the consequences to himself might be, he must give the correct answer.

"Do you have Sunday breakfast at home?" asked the Flamingo.

"Yes, sir," Tom replied respectfully.

"You have coffee and hominy, and toast and fried potatoes, and all that?" queried the bird.

"Yes, sir," Tom answered, turning very pale, however, for he was in great dread of what he now saw was likely to come.

"And—ab—fruit?" said the Flamingo.

"Oh, yes, plenty of fruit," replied Tom, very nervously.

"And now, sir," said the Flamingo, severely, ruffling his feathers like an angry turkey, "now for the main point, Thomas. Did you ever eat a broiled—Flamingo for your Sunday morning breakfast?"

Tom breathed a sigh of relief as the Flamingo blurted out the last part of his question.

"No, sir, never!" he replied.

"Then hurry up and climb up on my shoulders here," the Flamingo cried. "You're a boy after my own heart. I believe you'd be kind to a stuffed parrot. But hurry—there's the edge right ahead of us. Jump!"

Tom jumped, and in a moment was sitting rigid on the great bird's neck. In his right hand he grasped the claw of Righty, in his left that of Lefty, while these two clutched tightly hold of the Bellows and the Polar, respectively. A moment later the Flamingo reached the edge and dashed wildly over it, the Kangaroo following out his plan of jumping higher still, and, fortunately for himself, catching a passing trolley cloud by the heart. As for the Polar Bear and the Hippopotamus, they plunged into space, each in a different direction.

"I'm glad he didn't ask me if I ever ate broiled chicken for Sunday breakfast," said Tom, with a sigh.

"Why?" asked the Polar Bear. "Do you?"

"Do I?" cried Tom. "Well, I guess I don't do anything else."

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"Paddy the pack rat and all of his little pink brothers and sisters were born as blind as art critics and as bald as college professors, but, unlike the latter individuals, young pack rats learn to see, in time, and age cures their baldness. Not far from the rats' nest is a steep bank of treacherous slide rocks, where a rattlesnake was accustomed to take his daily sun bath. The almost white skin of this snake is decorated with dark stripes and spots, and is a conspicuous object on my study wall, but it approaches so closely to the color of the sun-baked stones that a live rattler of this kind is scarcely distinguishable among the slide rock.

How it happened that the snake ever discovered the rats' nest is uncertain; however, I am inclined to think that, dog-like, it used its nose to follow the trail of the mother rat. Even such devoted little creatures as mother pack rats often find it necessary to leave their babies unprotected for short intervals, and accidents sometimes happen to their helpless offsprings. Old-time prospectors and trappers say that pack rats in the gold mining districts of Arizona protect their nests from snakes by barricades built of prickly cactus. That this plant does not grow in the Cascade Mountains near Paddy's home may account for the ease with which the slide rock rattler inserted its body into the cleft in the cliff where the nest was located. By some unexplained accident little Paddy's life was spared, but when the mother rat returned to her home it was to find the graves of all her other children marked by an egg-shaped swelling in the living body of the reptile.

The most relentless and bloodthirsty foe of the wild creatures is man, and such is the terror usually inspired in their hearts by the presence of a human being, that it is seldom we have an opportunity to witness the real native courage of our wild brothers in fur and feathers. If the old mother rat's body trembled violently and her chisel-like teeth chattered at the sight of the venomous snake, it was not with fear, but rather with righteous wrath. With her eyes fixed upon the intruder the old pack rat's body seemed to swell to abnormal proportions. She swayed slowly from side to side and stamped the earth menacingly with her little hand-like feet.

I have often witnessed a snake strike with a rapidity beyond the power of the human eye to follow; but quicker than the movement of the snake was



The spring which transferred the mother rat to perch on the squirming body of the rattler. All in vain did the rattling rattle sound its dry, vibrating threat of death; such was the fury that the snake's teeth not only severed the snake's backbone, but the reptile's head was stricken from its writhing body with the dispatch and skill worthy of a professional headsmen.

The initial motive, instinct or thought still controlled the snake's body with its dim purpose, an devoid of head, brains or weapons, the thing coiled and struck the rat again and again with the stolid stump of its neck.

Such was the tragedy which left little Paddy sole heir to the hoarded stores of his parents. When Paddy's eyes were opened he viewed with satisfaction the soft hair which had begun to grow from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, pack rats have tails like chipmunks, a peculiarity observed by Lewis and Clark's men on July 2, 1804, when they found the first one of these animals ever seen by civilized man. Comparatively few civilized men have seen any of these creatures since 1804, for the reason that only hunters and miners frequent the haunts of the pack rat and the rodents themselves seldom venture out until after dark. The accompanying illustration, drawn from life, will show the first one of these animals this animal's appearance than a printed description.

It is not its bushy tail alone which makes the pack rat interesting, for its shadow eccentricities of character overshadow the peculiarity of its appearance. No sooner does the camper, prospector or trapper erect his tent, shake out his rug, or set up his camp, than the pack rats are on hand eager for a chance to trade. Not only do they exchange their bric-a-brac for food, but any portable object has value to them, nails, pocket-knives, buttons, tobacco, revolvers, iron bolts, pocket compasses, cartridges and false teeth are a few of the recorded objects appropriated by the pack rat. In exchange for some object taken by them.

As the summer advance Paddy moved further up the mountain side, where he began his famous collection of curios. About that time it was that the pack rat abandoned that a prospector's cabin had been erected near Paddy's new home. It is not safe to state just how the rats passed the winter around, for it would be certain to be contradicted, but it may be stated that after sunset there was a great rustling among the dry leaves and a swaying of the fringed tent and in Indian rapids, showing that the little mountain folks were about that night

the next night it was very evident that the sun set behind the snow-covered peaks before the little mountain folk assembled to break the dull monotony of the lonely prospector's life. There was a rat from Lake Chelan, with the head of a ling in its mouth; there was a rat from Redwood Creek, with a plug of Battle Ax tobacco, another from the Indian settlement, with a bunch of blue beads, a rat from the trappers' cabin, five miles over the mountains, with a Canadian half-dollar, all eager for trade. Rap, rap, rap! went their front feet on the loose clapboard over the prospector's bunk, but the tired man only mumbled in his sleep and turned over in his bed. Battle-to-battle went a powder can from the rafters to the floor, awakening the sleeper, who reached for his revolver, but seeing nothing, turned to sleep again. Next morning there was plenty to see—fish heads, chips, bones and pine cones, etc., in place of his knife, fork, spoon and tin cup which he had left on his table; but worst of all was the sight of the battered old can in which he had packed his cartridges. No ammunition was now visible, but in its place was a can of dirty-looking pebbles.

The angry man kicked over the can and as he did so made use of very many emphatic expressions which are better left unprinted.

With pent-up rage, he viciously struck the offending objects with his prospector's pick. As the pebbles flew from the blow the man's expression suddenly changed; he dropped his pick and gathered up a handful of the dirty-looking pebbles, which he examined attentively, then he gave a wild warwhoop and sprang to the door to fire six shots at the offending objects. The man's eyes were fixed on the man's eyes fixed upon him. The man laughed a wild, naughty laugh, which sent the chills down Paddy's back and took from him all power of thought.

When I last saw them, the miner and the rat were inseparable companions. They no longer lived at the edge of the snowfields in the Cascade Mountains; a wonderful change had come about, for foolish people had given the lonely prospector houses, lands, cattle and horses in exchange for the dark-colored pebbles which they called nuggets, but Paddy Pack Rat had given these little lumps of gold in exchange for some brass cartridges, and, strange to say, neither Paddy nor the prospector ever regretted the trade.

# BIRD LIFE IN APRIL

## TIMELY NATURE STUDY, BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER, AUTHOR OF "NESTING TIME," ETC.

First the blue and then the shower, burning bed and smiling flower. —Mary Mason Dodge.

APRIL is the battle ground of the seasons in our climate. Not so much "Winter lingering in the lap of Spring" as the poet has it, an Summer pushing forward, impatient to get her buds unfolded and her flowers out of the ground. In this month she usually manages, in the words of the immortal Hosea, to "Toss the fields full of blossoms, leaves and birds," her leaves half open and her modest Spring bloom ready. Hepaticas, the pioneer, bloodroot lighting up the shaded corners, Houstonia sprinkling the fields and arbutus opening sweet eyes under last year's leaves.

About the third week in the fickle month she generally succeeds in giving us a foretaste of what we may expect when she gets complete control, and sets us thinking of mountain and seashore. The bird world shares the unrest of the season. A few hardy warblers hurry past us, full of business, the myrtle with his four myrtle badges, the pine, with breast of gold and the fascinating black-throated green, en route for the evergreen forests he loves so well. Two or three linger and finally stay; the modest-clad black and all white, the water thrush of flitting tail

and the over bird masquerading as a thrush. But May is pre-eminently the warbler's month.

Now comes the leader of our Summer choir, the calm-eyed, silver-voiced wood thrush, making the mornings and evenings glorious for us. But his next of kin, the hermit, steals by in silence, his emotions carefully repressed, his music sealed up in his heart, saving all his sweetness for his wooing ground further north. Not so the bird of his charms is the smallest singer of all—the linnet, with ruby crown. A mere pinch of gray feathers he looks, with a gorgeous crown of ruby when he expands it to sing. He lingers for days in country neighborhoods and even in city parks, and pours out his joyous song for our delight. He is well worth many excursions to hear. Especially so as other famous singers are about as well; the malarious purple finch in all his glory of crimson and snow-white; and the aristocrat of the sparrows—the white throat, singing as he goes, a song so distinctive that he has a local name wherever he is. By the Anglo-Saxons of New England he is disrespectfully called "Peabody bird," but by an Indian tribe of the same section—according to Mr. Long—"Killoloot" or "Little Sweet Voice."

Perhaps the most wide-awake and quick-witted bird to avail himself of improved conditions is the unwelcome alien, the English or house sparrow. However we may deplore his presence, no one can deny him the sharpness of the street

gamin, and the ability to know a good thing when he sees it. Not only does he avail himself of all the erections of man for his nightly nests—the niches in the ornamental parts of city buildings, our window-sills, over our doors, behind our closed blinds, under our piazza roofs, in our openwork trolley posts, under our electric light caps, but he takes advantage of the industry of his neighbors. He excavates the woodpecker's laboriously excavated homes, he robs the swallows of their adobe houses, he settles himself in every warm and blue-stained and martin house he can find—never hesitating to fight for one when he cannot get it without. He even goes so far sometimes as to insist on using the door through which a woodpecker enters his home between our walls, no doubt making a separate nest inside.

Such evidences of progressive ideas on the part of birds are constantly coming to notice. The interest of bird study is by no means exhausted. There is much to be found out. For what do we really know about the life habits of even the birds we call common? We know to a fraction the size and capacities of the brain of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is easy enough to study dead birds. But who shall tell us of the life? Who has time and patience and unselfishness to study the life of every feather, and the smallest detail of anatomy—because it is not a shade less bewitching.

The story of a nest and the life about it, faithfully and sympathetically studied, is one of the most fascinating studies I know. It is full of vicissitudes, of joy and happiness, as well as anxieties and cares. Like our own home life, it develops character and brings into every quality of mind and peculiarities of manners seen at no other time. It inspires the student with intense interest, and no less with profound astonishment in the resemblance of bird-life to the human.

The student of bird-habits needs a good manual to identify, a good guide, a settled notebook habit; an unflinching love of truth, and above all, a great deal of time and patience. Enthusiasm and devotion will grow. With this equipment he will find a whole new world open before him.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**SILLY SALLY SIMPLE**  
**SAT FISHING-BY-THE-BROOK**  
**WHEN A COW-CAME-UP-AND-KISSED-HER**  
**AND-THE-PLACE-SHE-SOON-FORSOOK**

LOUISE DOARLES

Woman's Work.

"Please tell the court what you did between 8 and 9 o'clock on that morning."

"I gave the two children their breakfast, dressed them for school, made up their lunches, washed the dishes, made the beds, sorted the linen and put it in the tubs, swept and dusted the parlor, sewed a button or two on the children's clothes, interviewed the gas man, grocer and butcher, put off the landlady, said down to glance over the morning paper, and then—"

"That will do, madam."—New York Herald.

The Growth of Language.

New York Tribune.

When one of the boogie Aldermen coined the word "combine," did anybody imagine that within a few years a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States would use it in a solemn opinion and no important doubt of its perfect validity and propriety?

**Well-Bred Women.**

The best-bred women do not fuss. They take their gowns and their furniture, their jewels and their children as a matter of course. They are unconscious of their veils and their gloves, and they expect every one else to be equally so. If they see an intimate wearing a handkerchief, they do not cause a change of time and patience. Enthusiasm and devotion will grow. With this equipment he will find a whole new world open before him.

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# LOTTERY PARTY

## A NEW GAME THAT WILL FURNISH AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

A LOTTERY evening can be gotten up in half an hour. The only requisites are a pasteboard box and a nice prize. In the box put slips of paper containing all the figures from 1 to 100. Cut a hole in the bottom of the box large enough to admit of one slip of paper coming out at a time, and you are ready to receive your guests.

When the company have arrived seat them in a circle and give the box into the hands of some member. Explain that each person in turn will shake the box and receive a number. Within three minutes' time after receiving the number he will be obliged to name something for which that number is remarkable or famous. This allusion may be historical, mythical or literary, etc. Thus, if a player receive the number 2 he can mention "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." If the number 10 falls to his lot he suggests the "Council of Ten." If the number which falls to him be 30 he recalls "The Thirty Years' War."

This answer to the number received must in every case be mentioned before two minutes are up. If any player cannot discover an allusion within that time he gains nothing; for answering within that time, and correctly, he is awarded a point toward the game. If any player has failed to answer within the prescribed time he has still a chance to win back half a point for himself. This is won by challenging other members of the company to answer the question. If no one present can give a suitable allusion the drawer of the unlucky number redeems half a point.

As it is to every one's interest to keep others from winning points, this way of redeeming mistakes is sure to keep the entire circle on the qui vive with excitement.

Each person in turn shakes the box and decides his fate. The rounds continue until all numbers have been exhausted.

Here is a partial list, recalled at random, of the famous things which can be applied to the numbers from 1 to 25. The list is sufficiently complete to show the possibilities of the plan, but any bright young person with wits keyed up to the proper pitch could name off-hand as many more:

No. 1—The man who escaped death, Eljah. The once false disciple, Judas. The one touch of nature which makes the world all kin. The one tree which was forbidden in the Garden of Eden.

No. 2—The two gentlemen of Verona. The Sinkspeare drama. The two strings to

the proverbial bow. Two faces of the god Janus.

No. 3—Three Graces. Three Fates. Three Furies. Three Cardinal Virtues. Three Harpies. Three Herpesides.

No. 4—Fourth of July. "Four rogues in buckram." Four seasons. Fourth of March, inaugural day.

No. 5—The five wise and five foolish virgins of the parable. "Five rogues in buckram." "Four rogues in buckram." Four seasons. Fourth of March, inaugural day.

No. 6—The proverbial "sixes and sevens" of disorder.

No. 7—The Seven-Hilled City, Rome. The Seven Sages. Seven Wonders of the World. Seven Sleepers. The Seventh Son. Seven Ages of Man.

No. 8—The Eight Beatitudes. The eight King Henrys of England. The eight people saved by Noah in his ark.

No. 9—Nine Muses. Nine Worthies.

No. 10—The Ten Commandments. The Council of Ten. The Retreat of the Ten Thousand. The Ten Lost Tribes.

No. 11—The 11th, or new commandment of love. The 11th hour of salvation. The 11,000 virgins.

No. 12—The 12 Caesars. Twelve disciples. Twelve men in the jury box. Twelve labors of Hercules.

No. 13—The 13 original states. The 13 guests at the last supper. The 13 Ptolemies of Egypt.

No. 14—Destruction of the Bastille, July 14. The discovery of America, 1492.

No. 15—The edict of Nantes, 1565.

No. 16—1603, the landing of the Pilgrims.

No. 17—1776, the Revolutionary War in America.

No. 18—The 18th King Louis of France.

No. 19—The century just finished. The 19 Kings of Israel.

No. 20—The 20 Kings of Judah.

No. 21—The age of majority.

No. 22—22 of February, Washington's birthday.

No. 23—Founding of Babylon, about 2300.

No. 24—The 24 hours. The 24 blackbirds baked in the pie.

No. 25—The silver wedding anniversary. Prizes might be chosen to suggest the numerical character of the evening. For example, there might be interesting books containing biographies of "Twenty-five Great Generals," or "A Dozen Beauties of European Courts," or "One Thousand Wonderful Things."

No. 26—The dishes on the supper table could be surmounted by arithmetical placards. Thus, sandwiches can be described as "two divided by six," referring, of course, to the two pieces of bread and one of meat or other filling. The players who fall to win any point should receive primary arithmetics, or boxes of the numerical blocks with which children learn to count, as boobies

# BOBS INVENTED A GAME

## IT WAS RATTLING GOOD, BUT IT SCARED THE FAMILY TO DEATH.

BOBS was a little roly-poly boy. All the neighborhood loved him and watched with a ready greeting for his happy-go-lucky 7-year-old, who was always smiling and always up to some gay prank.

A rainy day seemed to be a signal for Bobs to come to grief, so when the drops came down plish-plash on a Saturday, Saturday of all days, when a small boy wanted to tag after the big fellows in a game of "fox and hounds" or "pom, pom, peel away," why Bobs felt forlorn and cross, very cross.

"Go up in the attic, Bobby," said nurse, "and have a romp with Jack."

Jack was only the baby of 5 years, but a first-rate playfellow and a devoted follower. Just the thing, so up the attic stairs they tumbled, and nurse settled down to her darning, satisfied that they were safe and happy. She forgot Bobs' talent for mischief, forgot that the rain was keeping him a prisoner, and forgot the attic window.

The attic was a perfect playground. It was a great big room, covering the entire house, lighted by small windows all the way round, cleared of all furnishings or attic rubbish, and turned over to the children it had become a kingdom where Bobs was king.

A few turns on the velocipedes, old ones kept in the attic for just such rainy days, worked up enthusiasm, and while they were whirling around as steam cars, Bobs had his inspiration.

"Let's play I am a gentleman riding my automobile in a wild country, Jack, and you are a band of robbers after me to capture and seize my treasure. My machine must strike a stone and turn over, pitching me to the edge of the cliff. I'll have to climb over or fall in your clutches."

Jack, all admiration, fell in with the plan, and came whooping and yelling down the highway on a francine steed, in fair imitation of a fierce gang of highwaymen. On went the automobile with the Christian gentleman and his treasure, his face drawn, his teeth set, the robbers not far behind, and he was gaining yard by yard, when crack, crack, crack went the automobile, and the obliging velocipede turned over, spilling out the noble youth. He stumbled to his feet. The robbers were on him. There was nothing for it but to climb down over the cliff.

"Now what shall we do for a cliff, Jack? The whole thing will be spoiled if we don't have the real thing."

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