

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS. HOMEMADE TOYS.

How Children of Long Ago Got Most of Their Playthings.

Children have too much ready made toys nowadays. A gentleman who was speaking of his boyhood days a few days ago, said: "There were not the hundreds of toys of every conceivable kind then as now. We were fortunate to have anything not of our own manufacture. I say fortunate; perhaps it was more fortunate that we were forced to construct our own. I remember one summer working for weeks on a water wheel. I was a little fellow, not very well versed in the use even of a knife, and that was all I had to work with, and it was not a very good knife at that. Then I did not even have the water power, but had to construct an apparatus for that purpose, out of an old barrel, a box or two, and a pile of earth. The water was carried up the bank, and hard and tiresome work it was, but I toiled away long hours, and at last everything worked to perfection. Of course, as soon as the barrel was emptied it had to be refilled from the wooden boxes into which it run. The seams were tarred, but they would spring a leak now and then, and that was rather discouraging. Sometimes now when things go wrong and I am almost ready to give up there comes to my mind a picture of a boy, toiling up a mound with a pall of water, perspiring face and grimy hands, and I cannot have less determination than he. If I had a half a dozen boys, they should make their own toys."

No doubt many a child would be far happier were he given an opportunity to exercise his inventive faculties instead of being deluged with brightly painted playthings and told to play with them. Half the pleasure of a little girl with her dolls comes through making clothes for them. The children who are taught to keep their heads as well as their hands busy are the happiest and will grow up the most valued members of society.—*Edna Telegraph.*

**Kaiser Wilhelm's Only Daughter.**  
Princess Victoria Louisa of Germany recently celebrated her seventh birthday. It may be seen from the picture, irrespective of her father's exalted position, that little Victoria is a pretty and interesting child. As the only girl in the family, the six other children being boys, it is easy to guess that she is the pet, and perhaps even a spoiled one at that, of her august papa.



**Boys of a Young Prince.**  
Prince Edward of York is just 5 years old and straddles his Shetland pony like a little man. An American lady who has been staying with her own little son in the neighborhood of Sandringham says the princelet is a perfect specimen of healthy childhood, and one day when driving they met him with his nurse in an open landau. Every one bowed smilingly to the bright little boy, who immediately jumped up in the seat and returned the salute again and again until he was out of range of their vision. The nurse maintained a dignified expression of countenance, but held on to this future king's saddle to prevent him from tumbling out of the carriage. No doubt this Edward of York would have very much liked to play with the Edward of New York, who had just waved his hand in independent American fashion at "the other little boy."—*Springfield Republican.*

**Dewey Hugged Her.**  
Admiral Dewey has steadily refused to be hibernated, but he hugged one young lady and made her happy for life. Little Miss Dorothy, daughter of Major Dyer of Rutland, was an interested spectator during the parade. Dorothy is less than 5 years old, but she has been in camp with the guard, and when the regiment passed most of the officers greeted her. When the admiral came along, Dorothy waved her flag, and the admiral waved his hand. The parade stopped at this point, and Chaplain Day rode along. He stopped to greet Dorothy, lifted her in his arms and carried her to the carriage to see the admiral. Her charming, smiling face and frank manner pleased the admiral, and he reached out his arms and took her into the carriage, where he gave her a sound hug and talked with her until the line started again.—*Montpelier (Vt.) Argus.*

**Same Deeds.**  
"Mamma," inquired little Waldo Bunker of Boston, who is spending the winter in Florida, "what is that body of water?"  
"The Atlantic ocean, my dear."  
"The Atlantic ocean?" exclaimed little Waldo in amazement. "Why, I thought the Atlantic ocean was near Boston!"

## A Mysterious Password.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts was once shopping in Paris and was passed from one department to another by the shopmen, always with the remark, "Two ten." She was escorted from counter to counter, and everywhere the cabalistic words "two ten" were repeated.

Struck by the peculiarity of this refrain, the baroness asked the proprietor as she left the establishment: "Pray what does 'two ten' mean? I noticed each assistant said it to the other wherever I went in your shop."  
"Oh, it is nothing," he replied, "merely a password that they are in the habit of exchanging."

But the baroness was not satisfied with this explanation. So in the evening, when the porter, a young boy, brought home her purchases, she said: "My boy, would you like to earn 5 francs?"  
"Of course he had no objection."  
"Tell me," said the lady, "what does 'two ten' mean, and I will give you 5 francs."  
"Why, don't you know, ma'am?" said he, evidently astounded at her ignorance. "It means, 'Keep your two eyes on her ten fingers.'"

The mystery was solved. The shopmen of the Trois Quarters had taken the richest and the most generous woman in Great Britain for a shoplifter.—*The Bits.*

**Where Everything Grows.**  
The tuberoses flourish amazingly in the open air in the Transvaal with but the smallest attention and cultivation. The bulbs shoot up their three or four foot stems, each bearing very sweet smelling flowers, in an incredibly short space of time.

In Pretoria roses are prolific—in fact, most of the streets are bounded by rose hedges throughout their length, and they bloom with a frail, pink monthly rose blossom for three quarters of the year. In public places, such as the Burgers' park, the profusion of roses, lilies, carnations and tuberoses is bewilderingly beautiful.

The wild orchids of Swaziland are famous. They are of at least 20 different kinds. They are extremely curious, and with a little care and extra heat they can be induced to develop into very wonderful plants.

Everything grows in the Transvaal if the trouble is taken to plant it. The soil brings all virgin and naturally rich, the very smallest amount of attention is required.

**Thrift.**  
"Speaking of thrift," said the prominent clergyman, "I remember one man who was as good an example of shrewdness as I have ever seen. It was when I began preaching that I met him. I was young and struggling, my salary was small, and the man was a member of my church. He used to do work on a scroll saw, and one of his specialties was a sort of plant stand with two shelves and with scroll work ornamentation. Two or three times he tried to sell me one, but as I had no need or use for it I told him so.

"The time for the annual donation party drew near, when everything that was given counted toward that limited salary. I was not altogether pleased, therefore, when the man with a plant stand appeared at the door.

"Here, parson," he said, "is a plant stand, it's worth \$10, and I'd like to give \$5 of it toward your donation."  
"There was no way out of it. I gave him the other \$5."—*New York Sun.*

**Giving a Super a Chance.**  
This is how a super, thus given an opportunity of distinguishing himself, once delivered a few short lines descriptive of a man being picked up after a cab accident: "The hansom cab was picked up off the esplanade with a handkerchief tightly tied around its mouth. When removed, it was found to be perfectly dead."

Still the manager gave him another trial the following evening, when he acquitted himself as follows: "The esplanade was picked up off the man, with the hansom cab tightly tied around his mouth, etc."

He was sent to the back row again, or maybe farther. This is not an unusual sample of what the average super can do. Naturally, therefore, managers look askance at training him.—*Criterion.*

**Italian Babies.**  
Babies seem to be no trouble in Italy, and one cannot but be struck by the number of them. These lambinos are often hung upon pegs in the front of the house, where they look out of their little black, bendy eyes like poposes. I unhooked one of these babies once and held it awhile. Its back and little feet were held tightly against a strip of board so that it was quite stiff from its feet to its shoulders. It did not seem to object or to be at all uncomfortable, as it only howled while I was holding it. I have an idea that, except when invaded by foreigners, the lambino's existence is quite happy.—*Lilian Bell in Woman's Home Companion.*

**An Electric Dance.**  
Take a pane of glass—a broken one will do—and secure it by placing the ends between the glass of two large books, letting the glass be two inches from the table. Cut from lightweight writing paper, or better still, from tissue paper, dolls, dogs and other figures. Place them on the table beneath the glass. Rub the glass vigorously with a silk handkerchief, and the figures will cut all kinds of antics.

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