

THE CHILDREN



JACK'S NOVEL POCKET PIECE

Had Carried Snail Around in Pocket Until Children Were Snuggly Settled for Bed-Time Talk.

When the children were snugly settled for the bed-time talk Jack fished up a snail shell from the depths of his pocket, where he had been carrying it all day for this occasion. "Tell us all about that," he said. "I often find them in the garden, but there is never anything in them. I know that the shells couldn't get there all alone, but why do we never see the snails?"

"Because the snail is usually tucked safely away inside the shell," mamma answered, "and knows too much to come out when curious little boys are around. If you will go into the garden some warm sunny day just after a shower, you will perhaps be able to find a snail dragging himself and his house along one of the walls. When the weather is dry or cold they close the door of their house with a kind of membrane that they manufacture themselves, just as the spider makes its web or the silkworm its cocoon. During the winter they find shelter somewhere in a crevice, or make a hole in the ground, which they cover with dead leaves. Here they remain safe and warm until the first spring rains call them out in search of food."

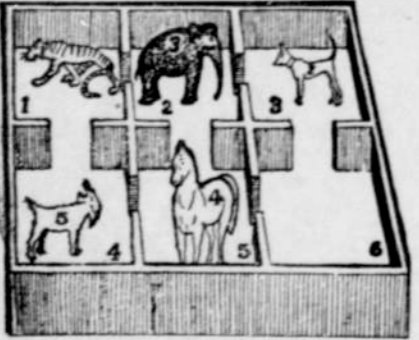
"The snail has almost as many teeth as the fly has eyes, often having one or two hundred rows of them. It knows how to use them too, and often does great mischief to gardens with them. Some gardeners catch and destroy them by spreading cabbage leaves on the ground to attract them. The body of the snail is very soft, and it has four horns, two long ones and two short ones. You will notice two tiny black spots at the end of the long horns. These are the eyes; and if you look very closely when the snail first puts out his horns, you will see these eyes move up until they reach the tips."

"In some countries snails are considered good to eat. The ancient Romans kept them in an inclosure made for that purpose, and fed them on meal and boiled wine until they were fattened and ready for the table. The most wonderful thing about the snail is its power to heal its own injuries. It is one of the most remarkable physicians on earth, but its only patient is itself. Not only is it able to heal wounds on any part of its body, but even the head may be cut off, and another one will grow."—Sunday School Visitor.

PEN PUZZLE IS INTERESTING

Trick is to Place Animals in Stalls Corresponding With Numbers as Shown in Illustration.

In how few moves can you place each of the animals in its proper pen without ever having two in the same pen? The number on the animals



Pen Puzzle.

should correspond to the numbers of the pens.

The animals are rearranged into their proper pens by moving them in the following order: 4, 2, 2, 4, 3, 5, 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 2, 1, 4 and 5.

ORIGIN OF FLYING MACHINES

When Balloons Were First Invented No Man Could Be Found Who Was Willing to Make Ascension.

When the first flying machine or balloon was invented no man could be found to venture to go up in it, so they placed a sheep, a cock and a duck in the basket and let them try it.

This was in Paris on June 5, 1783. The balloon was made by two young men, sons of a paper maker, and was filled with hot air. It went up to a height of nearly half a mile and then gradually sank back to earth, and the animals were found contentedly reposing in the basket as if nothing had happened.

This experiment was thought so successful that on November 21 the same year a young naturalist named De Rozier and an army officer, the Marquis d'Arlandes, went up in a balloon and stayed aloft about half an hour. This made young De Rozier so bold that two years afterward he tried to cross the English channel and was drowned.

Was Baby Needed?

Elmer, though only a little boy, was the eldest child of an already numerous family. He was invited to go in and see a little baby sister. Asked by his mother what he thought of the baby, he said: "Wy, mamma, it's real nice. But do you think we needed it?"

AT LUNCHEON IN SINGKEP

Seemingly Peculiar Combination of Foods Which a Traveler Declares to Be Delicious.

Singkep is explained by a woman traveler to be, not a nation or a disease or a book, but a place, a little known island in the Lower China sea. There she found household customs among the dominant class, the Dutch, a good deal influenced by native custom.

Dutch ladies, she says, appear at breakfast in Malay sarong and kabaya, than which no oriental dress upon an alien was ever more uncomfortable or less aesthetic. The sarongs in themselves, six feet long by about three in width, may be very artistic. Made chiefly in Java, they are frequently painted by hand in characteristic designs. Even cheap ones are interesting, and when woven of native silk are soft and lovely. But tightly swathed in a sarong, even one's mind is compressed. Standing and walking are uncomfortable, and sitting down an unthought luxury.

Breakfast is not unlike that meal in other hot countries, but tiffin at one o'clock, the "rice table" of the tropical Hollander, is a meal to be remembered. Chinese house boys, one for each member of the family, appear first with a deep soup plate, in which one is expected to place a liberal supply of delicately boiled rice. A small piece of fish, sometimes several varieties, meat of two or three sorts, young onions, cucumbers cut lengthwise, ducks' eggs already soaked for a month in salt water are added, and an indefinite number of sauces, hot and fiery, or sour like pickles, a few somewhat sweeter, one or two slightly oily.

When all these apparently conflicting elements are put upon the long-suffering substratum of rice, a fork and dessert spoon, judiciously used, stir the whole mass into an indescribable conglomeration which from its description might not be thought especially delicious. In reality it is excellent, especially as one soon learns to discriminate in sauces. And this is merely a first course. Afterward the luncheon progresses by normal stages to its finish with black Java coffee.

Such a meal, combined with the climate, offers inducements to prolonged and non-deferable repose. Emerging for tea at five o'clock, the sarong is found to be, happily, a thing of the past. More civilized summer garments are in evidence. But with the quick nightfall comes an evening of unprecedented length before the ten o'clock dinner is announced.

Novel Church.

Without sectarian ideas or denominational teaching, a gospel meeting is held all the summer months in the unique Boardwalk church at Atlantic City. This year—the fifth of the church's existence—services are being conducted each Lord's day morning in the Bijou theater—a room used usually for moving pictures. Rev. Robert Elwood is the founder and pastor. It is a church without a choir, officer or single member and without a collection plate. The business men of Atlantic City, as well as the visitors think it worth while, and maintain this gospel lighthouse by the sea. Ninety per cent. of the audience is new each Sunday. Persons gladly turn in from the Boardwalk at the call for worship. The audience is reverent, though cosmopolitan. One Sunday morning when a test was made every civilized country was represented in the large congregation, as well as most of the states of the Union.—Christian Herald.

Finds Daughter in Dream.

A dream, so vivid that it led a mother to travel nearly a thousand miles, came true with the reunion of Mrs. Marian A. Dexter of Chicago and her daughter, Alice G. Dexter, for whom she has been searching for fifteen years.

On last Sunday night Mrs. Dexter, in Chicago, dreamed that she found her daughter living with the family of James S. Slocum, in Moravia, N. Y. So deeply was Mrs. Dexter impressed by the dream that she journeyed to Moravia, arriving there and finding the dream true in every particular.

Fifteen years ago Miss Dexter's parents decided to separate at Boston. Mrs. Dexter at once went west, moving recently to Chicago. She had lost all track of her daughter. Mr. Dexter died in New York a year ago. The daughter, who is a miniature painter, had been visiting the Slocum family for a week past.

Reverse English.

The school concert had begun. Four little girls were dressed to represent the word "Star," and each had one letter of that word pinned onto her snowy-white dress. Each letter began the verse of a touching little song.

"Now," said the teacher, "form yourselves in position, and wait until the curtain goes up."

The little girls did as they were told, and while the piano played the accompaniment the curtain went up.

Instead of applause to greet the little girls, howls from the audience met them.

The word they spelled was "Rats."

Merely a Suggestion.

"What," cried Bingleton. "No gasoline? What kind of a garage keeper do you call yourself, anyhow? You ought to be compelled to carry gasoline at all times, under penalty of losing your license. It's an outrage—I'm blest if I see how I'm going to get away from this hole, unless—"

"Ye might run your car on some of this here hot air ye're wastin' on me," suggested the Rural Garageur, stroking his whiskers reflectively.—Life.

SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent

A Romance of the Future

By Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard

Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman in the United States and Great Britain.

SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America has been isolated from the rest of the world by Z-rays, the invention of Hannibal Prudent, president of the united government. A message from Count von Werdenstein, chancellor of Germany, that he has succeeded in penetrating the rays hastens the death of Prudent. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that foreign invasion is now certain. Astra succeeds her father as president. Napoleon Edison, a former pupil of Prudent's, offers to assist Astra and hints at new discoveries, which will make North America impregnable. A man giving the name of Chevalier de Leon offers to return for European disarmament. The chevalier is made a prisoner in the hope of discovering the secret of Astra. She falls in love with him and agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of rockets he summons a curious flying machine. He escapes and sends a message to Astra which reveals the fact that he is Napoleon Edison. He warns Astra that the consolidated fleets of Europe have sailed to invade America. He calls on her the following night and explains his plans for defense. By the use of aeroplanes made of a new substance which is indestructible he expects to annihilate the European forces. He delivers a note to von Werdenstein on his flagship demanding immediate withdrawal. He is attacked and, by destroying two warships and several aeroplanes, forces von Werdenstein to agree to universal disarmament. The countess, who has remained in America as a guest of Astra, receives an offer from von Werdenstein of the principality of Schomburg-Lithow in return for Edison's secret. Edison and his assistant, Santos, go in search of new deposits of the remarkable substance, cyrinth. They find it on the estate of Schomburg-Lithow. The countess enters Santos into her clutches. She promises to reveal Edison's secret as soon as von Werdenstein turns over the Schomburg-Lithow estate to her. On the way to the fleet of Astra and Edison the countess and Santos flee the country. Santos perfects a machine, a flying car, and marries the countess, now princess of Schomburg-Lithow. Edison finds a new deposit of cyrinth and builds a fleet of airships. He accidentally discovers a liquid that will render opposing airships helpless. Santos completes a fleet for the princess. The aviator of the fleet elects her queen. She plans to master the world.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

This Sunday was the first real day of rest that Napoleon had enjoyed for a long time. He found perfect peace in the company of his mother and wife. Nobody knew he had returned. The surprise that swept over the members of the staff when he appeared in congress Monday morning was great.

As Napoleon arose the great hall became instantly silent. He bowed he said:

"Honorable President and Representatives, before all else I want to thank you for your kind reception." A loud "hurrah!" stopped him for a moment. Then he continued: "There have been so many changes since I went away that I can hardly express my opinion, particularly in regard to the political affairs of the present. I am very glad to see that congress realizes its duty, and that every member is prepared for action. I place my faith in its wisdom and hope that it will know its duty and do it accordingly."

"Compatriots, I greet you all!" A sigh of satisfaction swept over the hall when Napoleon, after this short speech, sat down. An air of uncertainty prevailed; they had expected so much from him and had received nothing definite. The speaker of the house then opened the session.

CHAPTER XXII.

Princess Rositta Shows Her Colors.

The answers of the international peace committee and congress of the United Republics of America were identical in wording, and were duly cabled to all the rebelling monarchs.

Neither the peace committee nor congress gave a thought to consenting to the wishes of the decree of the European rulers, and it is quite likely that the prompt refusal to accede to their demands was not unexpected, for the Count von Werdenstein rubbed his hands contentedly when he read the first dispatch. His first act was to call the Princess Schomburg Lithow into the "graph. Her headquarters were in Suemeg.

Werdenstein's message found Rositta in the air. She connected the apparatus to the "graph and bowed to the smiling count.

"Ah, good morning, count!"

"Good morning, princess."

"The Americans refuse our demands," said the count bluntly.

"Ah, indeed!"

"Can you come to Berlin and talk to me?"

She thought for a moment. "Is your answer ready?"

"An ultimatum? Is that what you mean?"

"An ultimatum that says distinctly that peaceful relations will be broken after a lapse of twenty-four hours and that Europe will act as she sees fit," replied Rositta with a firm click of her even teeth.

"I am going to see his majesty now and will communicate with the powers. Replies should reach me by to-

morrow morning," was the count's answer.

"Then do so, my dear count, and if one of the powers should refuse it should be considered as an enemy, in league with the Americas. Tomorrow you will kindly call me up again and tell me the results. I will then arrange to meet you."

The count consented, then disconnected his instrument. He went to his majesty and had a gloomy reception. The kaiser listened to the details of the count's plans and shook his head doubtfully. In the end he consented to the ultimatum, remarking that the situation could not be much worse.

Answers consenting to the terms of the ultimatum came promptly, and authorized the count to send it out.

England, however, refused. The Island Kingdom was the only one that sent a flat refusal.

The count shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Then we will do without England, that is all."

Calling Rositta on the "graph, he advised her to have her men in readiness.

"Is the ultimatum on its way?" was her eager question.

"It is ready to be sent, already in cipher."

"Then send it and in an hour an aerodromone will call for you. I want you to come to Suemeg to see my fleet." Rositta shut off the current before the count could answer. His dignity was ruffled at her behavior, but since it was imperative that he see her he had to submit to her plan. When the aeroman called for him the ultimatum was on its way and he was ready to go to Suemeg.

Just before he left, however, he sat down to his desk and wrote a letter, then hurriedly folded it and, sealing it in an envelope, rang the bell for his aide de camp.

The Captain von Hochemberg entered and saluted gravely.

"I have a very important mission for you, captain. Take the first train to Hamburg and thence to England. This letter contains a sealed order for you. You must be at the German consulate in Liverpool by 8:00 a. m. tomorrow. If you receive no further orders then you are to follow the instructions that you will find in this sealed letter as quickly as possible. Otherwise return it intact. Here is an order for money and a pass. Secrecy is important!" He shook hands with the captain and dismissed him.

"That makes me feel easier." He sighed and started for the elevator that took him to the waiting aerodromone.

An hour later he was in Suemeg, greeting Rositta. The man who had made her what she was had lost his value in her eyes. He could do nothing more for her, so he could be discarded or destroyed.

"I have called your honor here, to exhibit the fleet I possess, and to show you what we have accomplished and what we can do." The latter words carried a peculiar accent to the chancellor's ears.

"I am quite curious to see everything, my dear princess."

"Your curiosity will soon be gratified, as I have already given orders to my men." She placed an emphasis on the "my."

The chancellor only bowed; then after a pause he said:

"I also have some orders for you, princess, from his majesty the kaiser!"

She waved her hand airily. "We can talk about that later."

The princess led him at once into the open and pointed toward twenty-one aerodromones that were stationed on the plateau, glittering in the sunshine. The uniformed aeromen stood at attention by their machines and saluted the princess and the count as they passed in old military style between the two rows of aerodromones.

The princess led the way to the machine that was decorated with the princely crown, and pulling a silver whistle from her pocket she blew it.

The well-trained men jumped into their machines and sat at attention.

She blew shrill blasts on her whistle and the fleet shot up into the air as one bird.

The Count Santos Duprel was at the wheel and Rositta commanded the



"I Tell You, Woman, to Stand Before Me."

fleet. The second line of machines was signaled to reverse their flight and the first line followed her. After they had separated from each other a mile or so both lines turned toward the center, and the chancellor at last understood the significance of the maneuver when red pennants were hoisted on the eleven machines comprising the princess' fleet and blue on the ten opposite.

The aerodromone "Princess" made a detour and took a position on the

right wing of the line; then the sham battle began.

The princess could not resist the impulse to show her prowess. Santos flung their aerodromone into the fight; they dodged and turned, each trying to gain in elevation. Finally, with a quick spring the "Princess" evaded its enemy and slid between its wings from the back and the next moment the enemy was a captive.

It was an exhilarating sport.

"I congratulate you, princess," said the count to the intoxicated Rositta.

The "Princess" carried the captive machine back to Suemeg with ease. The other machines returned, one after the other, all enthusiastic and discussing the tactics of air warfare.

After the inspection, dinner was served, in which the whole squadron took part. Werdenstein greeted several of them as old acquaintances and friends of those good days when the armies held their own and when he was planning to conquer the American continent. The times had changed.

Now the air men ruled—the command of a beautiful, bold woman, whose only motive seemed to be vanity.

These gloomy forebodings were warranted sooner than he expected. Only appetizers and soup had been served, when Count de Korona stood up and addressed the gathering:

"The pleasure of greeting the world-famous chancellor, the iron-handed man of the German Empire, has been given me. It is a great honor for us to have you at our feast, and we, the conquerors of the air, greet you, who are considered the representative of all the European powers."

Rositta smiled sweetly at the chancellor, who was watching the speaker in amazement. After a short pause, de Korona continued:

"We greet you as such, as a representative, and I, in my comrades' names, ask your excellency to be with us in heart and drink to the elected queen of the air, who is destined to be queen of the world. Long live our beloved Queen Rositta."

The buzzes that thundered through the hall told the chancellor plainly that this was no pleasantry. His suspicions had no been without foundation. He paled and when the tumult died away he stood up, calm and determined and without a word left the hall.

This action made Rositta furious, but she did not show her indignation. "The chancellor seems to have lost his appetite," was all she said.

After the dinner was over, she gave a few curt orders and the aeromen proceeded into another hall beautifully and regally decorated. At the far end stood a magnificent throne.

Rositta retired to her own apartment, while two men went to invite the chancellor to the throneroom. They found him soberly pacing the distance between the entrance gate and the first hangar.

He followed them. Rositta sat on the throne with a glittering cyrinth crown on her head. She was more beautiful than ever.

The Count von Werdenstein was led before her. He showed no surprise. His face was calm and his whole attitude expressed disinterest.

"I have requested that your excellency come to Suemeg, for I have a message that I want brought before the whole world."

The count looked at her steadily, and without waiting to hear her further words he said in his strong, penetrating voice:

"I tell you, woman, to stand before me. Tell me your petition standing. Then I may listen to it. Do not forget that I represent the Emperor of Germany."

Had these words not been spoken in such deadly earnestness some of the audience would have found the scene ridiculous. As it was, it was grave and embarrassing and every one stood stunned.

The blood left Rositta's cheeks and it took almost a minute for her to recover her composure. Then she rose and pointing at the chancellor, said in a shrill voice:

"Take him away—back to Berlin quick or I shall forget myself and kill him!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ARE NOT SLAVES OF FASHION

In China a Man Can Dress as He Pleases Without Attracting Attention.

The fashions in Suchien, Kiangsu province, have a variety of such extent that every man can dress according to his individual choice and still be in correct taste and without attracting special attention from anybody else.

In other words, the styles this year are of personal ideals, according to a correspondent of the British China Daily Herald.

He says that every man wears what is right in his own eyes, and there are few, if any, to ridicule. A Panama hat goes jauntily down the street, closely followed by a fur-covered brim hat; felt hats of scarlet and verdigris green come along with grays and browns that do the latter credit for unique invention. These, with the Eskimo top capes, a few derby hats and the smart military uniforms, give the streets a piquancy which was unknown in the monotonous china blue of former years.

Among the notices posted on the city gate is a fashion plate that has been exhibited for weeks. It displays two or three of the typical "western suits"—the swallow-tailed and the low-front frock for evening wear—street garb of European and American style, and many other varieties. There one also finds the plaited skirts recommended for the women, and close by them is the proud silk or stovepipe hat of felt, which has its special corner with other headgear.

RAISES the DOUGH
Better than other powders—producing light, dainty, wholesome cakes and pastries—
CRESCENT BAKING POWDER
is high grade and moderate in price—25c lb. tin at grocers. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle

COLD IN HEAD CATARRH
INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY THE DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF
25c PER TIN. DRUG STORES OR SENT FREE BY MAIL. L. H. WELLS, LEVINGDON, ONT.

Everybody loves
MUSIC
Do you want to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin or Guitar. For a small sum we will teach you
AT HOME
to play fourth grade music regardless of number of lessons required. Anyone who can read can learn by our method.
EASIEST
and most up-to-date system in existence. We loan you a perfect "Time-beater" free. Write for particulars.
American School of Music
516-517 Commonwealth Bldg.
Portland, Oregon.

10 CENT "CASCARETS"
IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE
For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—Thaw work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

To Grind Wild Rice For Food.
F. L. Vance, "the wild rice king" of the Popple river country, of Michigan, has commenced the manufacture of rice flour from the products of the shallow lakes of northern Minnesota. Before being ground the rice must go through a roasting or drying process and this is done near where the grain is harvested. A machine devised and built for this purpose by Mr. Vance is capable of roasting 1200 pounds in six minutes. As far as known this is the first time an attempt has been made to manufacture flour from wild rice. The raw material is plentiful and practically the only cost will be the gathering and grinding, no seeding or soil preparation being necessary.

Free to Our Readers
Write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 6-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Marine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Marine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Does Not Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 5c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

Brought Weight to Bear.
Ollie James, senator from Kentucky, weighs somewhere near 400 pounds, and hates to ride in an upper berth. Once, traveling back to his home from the capital, he could not get a lower berth for love or money. The man who had bought the lower berth had the bunk on which Ollie was to sleep weighed about 101 pounds and was timid looking.

When the porter made up the sleeping car for the night James examined the upper berth carefully and shook it violently.
"I am scared of these uppers," he confided to the little man. "The last time I slept in one it tumbled down." The 101-pounder did not say a word at that moment, but half an hour later, when James returned from the smoking compartment, the small man was fast asleep in the upper berth. A note pinned on the curtain read:
"Take the lower, I hate to sleep in them."—Judge.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Welcome Change.
"Before you take this house," said the honest real estate agent, "I wish to tell you something that is against it."

"What's that?" asked Hemmandhaw.
"It's right next to a boiler shop." As he took out his wallet to make the first payment, Hemmandhaw replied:
"Oh, that's all right! The family next to where we live has a parrot, a phonograph, and a pair of twins."—Judge.

Except for quarters for the 2000 or more operatives who will be needed in connection with the canal and the Panama Railroad, the Canal Zone will be a sort of military reservation. This is an especially bad time to go to Panama looking for opportunities.