

## For the Children

A Toy Trolley Car That is Perfect in All Details.



There is little doubt that every youngster who hears of the good fortune of Lester Kneeland of Lynn, Mass., will envy that lucky boy. His father recently completed for Lester a trolley car that is only six and a half feet long, weighs but 140 pounds and yet is a perfect working model of the ordinary trolley that we see on the streets every day. It has motors, brakes and all equipments necessary to enable it to run by electricity on a circular track in the yard. And you may be sure Lester runs it. The car is fitted to use two motors if necessary, while the brakes are so finely adjusted that they block the wheels when applied. The headlight was made out of a pocket flashlight. There is also a tiny fare register on the car, and it works just like those on big trolleys.

### Story About Two Dogs.

A large dog was playing in the road near a country village, and a carriage went over one of its paws. It howled most piteously, and some farmers who were at work in a shop close by came out to see what was the matter. One of them, perceiving that the poor thing was hurt, took him up, dressed his paw and wrapped it up, after which he let him go.

The dog went home, where he remained during some days, but at length, his paw becoming painful again, he returned to the man and, holding it up, moaned to show that it pained him. The man dressed it again, and the dog, after licking his hand to show his gratitude, returned to his home, where he soon grew well.

Some months afterward the same dog was playing in the street, when another dog met with a similar accident near the same spot. He, too, had his paw hurt and limped painfully. The well dog took the lame one by the ear and with much difficulty led him into the kind man's shop, where he had been so well doctored.

### The Bird Catcher.

One is chosen to be bird catcher. He will have to invent a story about birds. The other players each take the name of a bird, but must not choose the owl. Then they clasp their hands on their knees and listen to the story the bird catcher tells. At the name of the bird chosen by any player that player must utter that bird's note as nearly as he can imitate it, never moving his hands from his knees. When the owl is mentioned every one must put his hands behind him until another bird's name is mentioned, when they must again be clasped on his knees. If when the hands are being moved the bird catcher can catch hold of one the owner must pay a forfeit and become bird catcher. He then continues the story. When in the course of his story he says "all the birds in the air" all the players are to utter at the same time the cries of the different birds they represent. The parrot may break into the story at a pause. The mocking bird when "all the birds" are mentioned repeats the last word.

### Trick With a Rope.

Procure a rope the size of a clothes-line and about twelve or fifteen feet long. Ask some one to tie your wrists together with a handkerchief; then get him to draw the rope through the arms and hold the two ends tightly. Bid him stand as far away as the double ropes will permit. The performer is now to drop the rope from his arms without untying the handkerchief.

To accomplish it he must pull tightly against the person holding the ends of the rope. This enables him to draw the rope well in between the wrists until on slackening the rope the fingers can easily reach it and draw it through the handkerchief until sufficient is through to permit one hand to slip through the noose of rope which is formed by this last movement. A slight pull from the assistant causes the rope to fall free of the hands and arms.

### Elephants as Swimmers.

Elephants delight in abundance of water and enter it freely, often remaining in it for a long time and with great evident enjoyment. Sometimes they swim not only with the body but the head under water, the only part elevated above it being the extremity of the trunk.

### The Little Brown Leaf.

A little brown leaf as it fell to the ground Signed: "Now what good can I be? My service is over, for summer is fled. There's nothing to do but to cover my head Under snow. Ah, poor little me!" But it fell on a flower and kept it from frost The whole long winter through. So that down on the ground as way up on the trees The little leaf spent its life cheerfully, Doing the best it could do. —Youth's Companion.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THE political heeler can not only serve two masters for a certain consideration, but has even been known to daily with a third.

We have heard of people living on hope, but it is dollars to doughnuts that they didn't need anti-fat.

Cheer up! If you had all you want nobody would take the slightest interest in you.

You can't judge a man's income by the clothes his wife wears. She may earn them herself.

There are men who think a woman is extravagant if she buys a saucepan when she has a perfectly good skillet.

A woman may take a husband on faith, but she requires a guarantee with a watch.

Isn't it queer that getting into hot water generally makes a man have cold feet?

If we had everything we want we should then want something to want, so what's the use?

### Kicking as a Trade.

Without method, without plan, Faults and flaws forever picking From Beersheba up to Dan; Chewing as a steady habit On the tough and time worn rag, In a very verbal riot, And a regular language jag?

Kicking will not pay expenses On a trip to Timbaktu; Kicking will not build up fences That the boss cannot push through. Neither will it make the neighbors Bring in bread to feed your face, Lessening in part the labors That accrue about the place.

Kicking will not cause the weather To be chary with its frown. Neither will it lift a feather From the weight that bears you down. Kicking will not purchase pickles, Prunes, potatoes, pumpkin pies, Nor the other grub that tickles When it comes as a surprise.

Give your grouch a long vacation. Do not try to show the way To improve upon creation: It's a thing that does not pay. Chuck this most unlovely acting That can never raise your grade. Kicking isn't worth contracting As a habit or a trade.

### What He Needed.

"Where is the old fashioned man," asked the reminiscence person, "who used to eat his soup out loud, with the sound of running water escaping through an opening into a hollow cave?"

### Expensive Sarcasm.

"He was taken aside, if you care to know," said the village historian, "by the old fashioned woman and given a talking to on the subject of table manners that curled the fringe on his trousers leg. That broke him of the habit."

"What is that dog worth?" "Fifty dollars."

"I'll give you 50 cents for him."

"He's yours."

"Of Course She Couldn't."

"Did you say you no longer love Jack, Ethel?"

"Yes, I did."

"You cruel girl!"

"Well, I don't care!"

"But why don't you love him now?"

"Because I just won't care anything about a man that will go and fall in love with a silly girl like Mabel."

### A Good Thing.

"If I should work long and diligently at my job do you think it would do any good?"

"Do any good?"

"Yes. What do you think I would become?"

"A source of profit to your employer."

### Junk in the Back Yard.

"What is bobby howling about?"

"He hasn't got anything to play with."

### Nothing to Play With.

"No."

### And so soon after Christmas.

"These chocolates are from Jack, aren't they, dear?"

"How do you know?"

"Oh, he generally sends this kind when he is in a hurry."

### The Measure.

"Is he a successful attorney?"

"Hardly. He has never been fined for contempt of court."

### Unnatural.

The trees have shed their summer leaves. I cannot understand it all. They put on overcoats in spring. But to remove them in the fall. Was ever anything so silly? It serves them right if they get chilly.

## WHEN THE TIME CAME

By M. QUAD

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Mrs. Sarah Drew was a New Hampshire widow. She owned a farm, and Jake White was her hired man. He was a good man and a good worker and had been with the family for three years when Farmer White died. It will never be known to outsiders whether Mr. White, when told that he was to be gathered to his fathers, called Jake to his bedside and said:

"I must go, but I am consoled by the thought that I leave Sarah in good hands. Give her a year or so to mourn my loss and then propose matrimony."

Three years went by and Jake had not spoken. There were times when he thought he was encouraged to speak out and other times when he was prepared to come in from the field after a hard day's work and learn that the widow was engaged to the sewing machine agent who had that route.

The widow, too, had thoughts. It was more than once whispered about that Jake was in love with this or that farmer girl, and she had come to feel that his loss would be a double one.

Mrs. Drew had been a widow for four years and Jake White had done bushels and bushels of thinking when winter came on. When the foot or more of snow which heralded the change of season had got packed down on the highway Providence put it into Jake's head to get out the big hand sled and propose a ride down the long and winding hill. Providence didn't go so far as to put the widow next as to what would happen, but it meant well by both. It had been a long time, and Providence meant to hurry things up a bit. Half a dozen of the neighbors were to take part in that moonlight sleigh ride, but for one reason or another all backed out, leaving the two alone. Probably this was another trick on the part of Providence.

About the time the sled was drawn out for the gliding Elder Henderson, who lived just beyond the foot of the hill, was saying to his wife:

"Martha, I bought ten bushels of taters of the Wilder White yesterday."

"We'll need 'em all before spring," was the reply.

"I was going for 'em tomorrow, but it's such a nice night that I dunno but I'll yoke up the oxen and jog along now."

"Might as well, I guess, but look out that the taters don't get frostbit. You know how nighsighted you are in the moonlight. If you hear sleigh bells you'd better give 'em the road."

"Nighsighted!" he indignantly sniffed. "Don't you go to makin' out that I'm a hundred years old. Why, I could pick up a pin on the darkest night you ever saw. I've got just the same rights as anybody, and I'm dinged if I give 'em n half the road."

The oxen were yoked in due time and started out. There were bags to hold the potatoes and blankets to cover the bags, and any old sport would have given odds of two to one that the elder, the oxen and its cargo would arrive at the top of the hill right end up after a climb of twenty minutes. The wager would have been made without taking Providence into consideration, and the old sport would have lost.

The Widow White was bundled up and seated on the sled. In fact, she was strapped on. Jake sat close behind her, dragging the foot that was to steer the sled a straight course. As they were ready to start it came over him to speak of his love. A feeling came to the widow that he was going to, but the time was not ripe. Providence figures those things down to minutes and seconds. As Jake shut his mouth on his words and started the sled Elder Henderson, near the foot of the hill, started singing a hymn. He not only loved the sound of his singing, but he thought the oxen ought to be encouraged. His voice came floating up the hill, and as Jake caught it he said:

"Mrs. White, that's Elder Henderson."

"Yes."

"He's probably coming after those potatoes with his oxen and sled."

"Well?"

"He'll be in the middle of the road, and as our sled is already getting away from control there's going to be a smashup. I want to say to you that I have loved you for the last three years and to ask you if you will marry me?"

"Oh, Jake!"

"It's the elder and the oxen for sure. Yes or no?"

"It's no sudden!"

"Right in the middle of the road, and we'll be into them in ten seconds."

"Must I?"

"Five seconds more!"

"Then—yes!"

Elder Henderson was marching ahead of the oxen, a hero lending the way. He was struck and sent flying and his tune cut short. Then the sled struck the oxen and flung them into the ditch and made a long jump over the other and a minute later was at the foot of the hill and Jake was saying:

"We might say the first of next week for the wedding!"

It didn't come off quite as quick as that, as they waited for the elder's cuts and bruises to heal so that he could be a guest, but things came all right in a little time, and a favorite saying of the elder's is:

"All the hand of Providence, sir. If I hadn't set out to sled them taters home that night there might never have been a marriage."

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