

Boys And Girls

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

Soldier Beetles.
There are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as Telephoridae) that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter. These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other. They are as ready for battle as game cocks, and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.—Nicholas.

Frank Lowell's Reference.
Aunt Martha, young Dr. Snow's maiden sister, sat by the north window knitting and watching the boys come and go. Dr. Snow had advertised for an office boy—a boy "honest, kind and capable." A dozen or more boys had come and gone, but at last one came, smaller than any of the others. His blue eyes were frank, his face smiling, his whole air hopeful; but he,

Arlington a few days ago waiting for a friend. As I looked out of the window I saw my friend. Her hands were so full of packages that she dropped one, and with it her purse. She did not know it, but a boy picked up the package and purse and gave them to her. She wanted to reward him, but he wouldn't accept anything. Did you know that boy, Frank?" Aunt Martha continued.
"Yes," he said, his face flushing with embarrassment.
"He was honest, wasn't he?" she questioned.
"All boys ought to be," said Frank, meekly.
"But all boys are not," she answered. "That is what my brother wants—an honest boy."
Dr. Snow realized that after all his sister was not crazy. But by this time she was telling another story.
"It was last week, one windy day," she was saying, "and I had just stepped out of a store, when I saw an old woman standing on the corner.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.



The Junior—If President Roosevelt can get along without tobacco, I guess I can.—Minneapolis Journal.

too, was rejected. He was too small, and had no reference. Aunt Martha dropped her knitting and started to her feet when she saw him go out.
"Call that boy back, Arthur!"
Her brother went to the door obediently, and whistled, for he did not know the boy's name. When the latter turned his pale, disappointed face Dr. Snow beckoned to him.
"Come in," he said, shortly; "my sister wants you."
"Sit down, my dear," she said kindly. He sat down near her. "What is your name?" she asked.
"Frank Lowell."
"Well," she continued, "I was at the

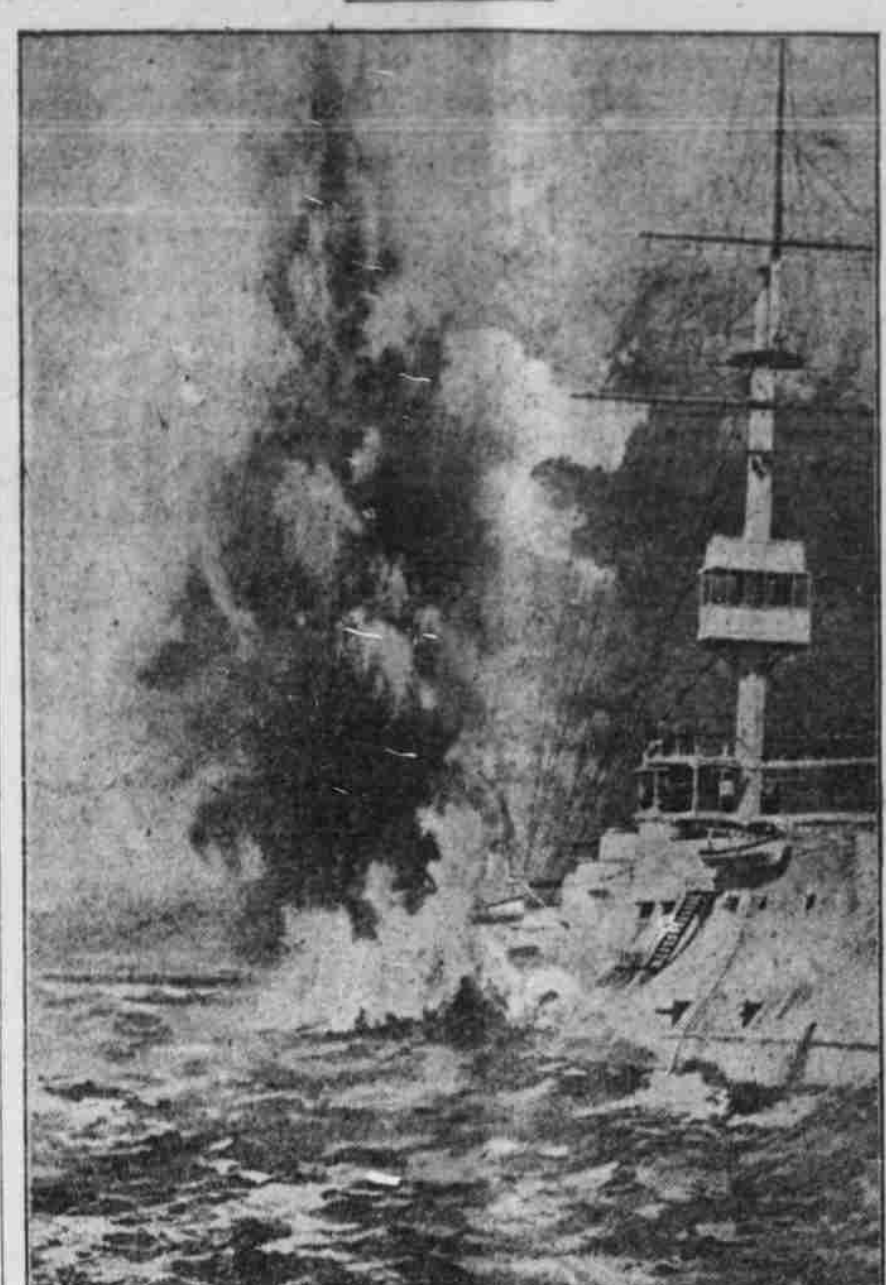
Just then there appeared the boy who had picked up my friend's purse. I heard him say, 'I'll help you across the street, ma'am,' and he did."
Frank rose as if to go, but Aunt Martha said:
"Just wait a minute. I've found out that the boy has been taking care of his mother, who is a widow, and is sick. He has kept the wolf from the door for two years."
"Well, liddle," said the doctor, smiling down into the small face, "my good sister is your reference, I see, and I could not ask a better one. If you'll stay with me, consider yourself engaged."—Morning Star.

OLD SCHOOL DAYS.

Any boy of to-day who labors under the impression that his life is a hard one should make it his business to learn something about the methods practiced in the schools of long ago. As late as 1834 the pupils of the great schools of Eton and Winchester were forced to rise at five in the morning, to make their own beds and to wash at the pump in the courtyard. They had nothing to eat until nine o'clock. Their chief diet consisted of poor mutton, potatoes and beer. Starving, freezing and fogging were an expected part of the daily routine, with the additional miseries entailed by the fagging system. Sidney Smith says that he suffered so many years of starvation and misery at Winchester that he never could blot out the memory. Harsher still was the treatment in the more ancient schools, aided by the stern home discipline.
Peter, the son of the worshipful Sir William Carew, was sent to lodge with one Hulte while he attended a grammar-school at some distance from his home. A servant brought the lad and delivered him to his host as if he were a criminal.
"My master says, 'Keep a sharp eye on him, and flog him if he does wrong.'"
Freer, the schoolmaster, was a hard man. Daily he showered the boy with cruel blows. No marvel that Peter liked the safe retreat of the woods better than the schoolroom. In vain Hulte lectured, and in vain Freer flogged. The boy constantly played truant and would not learn. Once Hulte, hunting for him, found him established by a buttress of the city wall, reading.
"O varlet, I have caught you!" he exclaimed. But Peter bounded up and climbed to the top of the wall.
"Let me be!" he cried. "If you press me I shall surely cast myself headlong over the wall, and then I

shall break my neck, and thou shalt be hanged!"
Reports were sent to Sir William of his son's wilfulness. The father came at once, accompanied by a servant having a collar and chain. No word passed between the father and son. The collar was put about the boy's neck, and he was led by the servant like a dog through the streets. When home was reached he was not allowed to enter the house, but was chained in a kennel with a hound, and kept there for days and nights. What wonder he was "still more desirous of liberty than of learning!"
It is pleasant to know that the next master in whose charge Peter was placed was a sensible and kindly man, who kept the boy so busily and happily engaged that he became a docile lad, and grew up to be a fine man. In after years he was Sir Peter Carew, a gentleman of worth and mark, a friend of King Henry VIII.
Not What She Expected.
An English lord was recently dining with a family in New York. The hostess' little girl sat opposite the lord and stared solemnly.
"Are you an English lord, really and truly, sir?" she said at last.
"Yes," he answered, laughing, "really and truly."
"I never saw an English lord before," she said. "I've always wanted to."
"And now you're satisfied, aren't you?" said the young man, gayly.
"No, I'm not satisfied," responded the little girl. "I'm disappointed."
Real Friend of Ireland.
Teacher—Who was the best friend Ireland ever had?
Irish Scholar—O! don't just new remember, but he discovered Ameriky.—Town Topics.
When the leap-year girl achieves a husband she seldom achieves anything great.
When a man is in the right he can afford to remain silent.

EXPLOSION OF SUBMARINE MINE.



In all the annals of conflicts between nations there is recorded no more deadly or inhuman instrument of warfare than the submarine mine such as blew up the Russian flagship Petropavlovsk and the Japanese battleship Hatsuse.
The submarine mines in the Port Arthur roadstead are innumerable, and if placed there by the Russians to prevent ingress of the enemy's ships to their harbor have proved a dangerous preservative. That the late Admiral Makaroff realized this is indicated by the thorough examinations of the harbor which he caused to be made shortly before the terrible fatality which befell him and the crew of his flagship. As his report showed, he was not certain of the location of mines placed by his own order.
Neither the Russians nor the Japanese feel secure in the movements of their ships in and about the faithful locality of the submerged mines in the roadstead before Port Arthur and that part of the Yellow Sea contiguous to it. The danger to merchantmen sailing in the Yellow Sea is obvious, but seems not to have been considered by the combatants.
When hostilities between Russia and Japan are over an effort will be made undoubtedly to clear the mines from the paths of navigation, but this can never be accomplished with any guarantee of security to vessels. So far do the mines extend that it may not be possible to account for all of them, and those that have gone adrift will remain as a menace to navigation for an indefinite time.

NEW WAY TO TELL TIME.

This Clock Will Show the Exact Hour and Minute in Figures.
With all the modern products of the twentieth century clockmakers before the world and clocks and watches no longer a luxury, it seems somewhat surprising, as well as audacious, for any one to declare that he will pronounce all clocks "back numbers" and revolutionize all systems of recording the hours, minutes and seconds as they go flitting past.
Yet a man from Connecticut, the home of the clockmakers and the land of clocks, has the precocity to make such an announcement. He is not a clockmaker, but just a plain Yankee genius.
Samuel Powers Thrasher, of New Haven, Conn., has an invention that bids fair to make Yankee clockmakers



CLOCK SHOWS TIME IN FIGURES.

green with envy. In fact, Mr. Thrasher proposes to tell time in figures the same as we read on the time tables of every road in the country. No longer would he have us say it is "quarter of 3" or "half-past 2," but as we look at his invention he proposes and insists that we must say 2:45 or 2:30. In the twentieth century bustle and bustle this proposal seems likely to meet with more than mere approval. Mr. Thrasher proposes to reconstruct the familiar face with which Father Time has been wont to remind us of the passing hours and do away entirely with the quaint old dial with its Roman numerals in use from the middle ages, and likewise take away the old clock's hands. Instead of pointing the way and letting us figure out the time for ourselves, Mr. Thrasher's new time-piece will tell us in plain figures at a glance just what time it is. It will be no more trouble to tell the hour, the minute and the second than to read the A. B. C's or see at a glance in the time tables the hour and the minute. Any one with eyes and the ability to use them can tell time, and a mere comparison with a time table and a knowledge of figures and the ability to read them will be the only essential to know the precise moment when a train is supposed to arrive or depart or any event is to take place.
Three sets of figures, one each for the hours, the tens and the units of minutes, revolving on separate rolls with measured accuracy and appear-

ing in a given space at the proper time, give us the hours and minutes on this wonderful new clock. A pointer constantly traveling in a half-graduated circle tells the exact seconds. The pointer and the rolls interlock and the whole is impelled by a device which is simpler than the simplest clock mechanism ever made, which seems impossible to get out of order and never needs-winding.

Handicapped by Ignorance.
Andrew Lang has read a book by George Ade, which, he says, was given him by a scholar of more than European reputation to fill a gap in his philological knowledge. He complains about it in the London News, assuming that some of the language in the book does not convey ideas to him. The book is "Fables in Slang." Mr. Lang professes not to know what a "steamer rug" is, nor what Mr. Ade's young man meant when he warned a waitress in a restaurant that unless she was careful "some one would sign her as a spotted girl." Why are spotted girls signed? asks Mr. Lang. Among other words and phrases that perplex him he mentions "joshier," "graft," "cinch," "a one-night stand," "rube town," "a four-flush drummer," "a rooter from the days of underhand pitching." In the last expression he suspects an ingredient of baseball, and professes to wonder if a "rooter" is equivalent to a "daisy-cropper." He quotes from Mr. Ade: "She could get away with any topic that was batted up to her, and then slam it over to second in time to head off the runner," and makes surmises about what is meant. Reading of a lad who learned to shoot craps, he balks at "craps," and wants to know what they are. So he goes along, and finally declines to admit that Mr. Ade's deliverances have amused him. But by his own admission they were given to him to increase his learning rather than his joy.

An Organ Without Stops.
There is a man living in an Eleventh street flat who has no music in his soul, and there is a man on the lower floor whose soul is full of it. The lower floor man not long ago added a four-lung parlor organ to his larder and penates, and two healthy daughters of his began to practice on it. Several nights later a friend paid a visit to the first man, and as soon as he got inside the apartment he heard the parlor organ on the lower floor.
"Fine-toned instrument that," he said, because he, too, had some music in his soul.
The musicless man grunted.
"Whose make is it?" the visitor asked.
"Don't know," was the ungracious answer.
"How many stops has it?"
The host pulled himself up for a powerful effort.
"Well," he replied, "it's been in the house for about a week now, and in that time it hasn't had any that I have been able to discover."
Girls, brace up and get busy; it's a long time between leap years.

WOMEN

Woman in the Middle West.
The social picture of the middle West as a whole, however, presents the sexes occupying different intellectual and moral planes. There the woman is indisputably the mistress in all that makes for culture—culture in letters and in art; the man is king in his own active realm. Each is most deferential to the other in that other's sphere. The books on the shelves, the pictures on the wall, are of the woman's choice or selection. The man speaks of her literary or artistic tastes, usually of both combined, with the reverence that is due to her superior intellectual and spiritual gifts and acquirements. She is the hostess, and the host stands appropriately behind her. She is the instructed and leads the intellectual movements of her town. The book club, the Dante club, the entertainer of the lecturing or the traveling lion, is the woman. Often the clergyman assists; but she, through her influence over the surrendered man, has selected her clergyman, and on her he must count for the success of himself and of his work. She is, indeed, generous and gracious, and welcomes with joy every man who strays from business into the company of books and pictures, into homes which she has made. They call their houses homes, oftener than the East, and these homes bespeak the finer taste of the woman. Her education is likely to be more virile than that of her Eastern sisters, because it is acquired at schools and colleges where co-education of the sexes is the rule. Her domination in the home and her primacy in the higher life, as we are inclined to call it, are seen not only in the more obvious social affairs, but in the element of seriousness which marks most life in this midway of the country.
As the man pays her high respect by recognizing her superiority in the kingdom of taste, of feeling, of the imagination, of the knowledge which comes from books, she returns his deference by venerating him as the active ruler of the world of affairs. This attitude was well expressed by a young woman student in one of the great education universities of the West. She was asked to write her view of Thomas Jefferson, and this was her response: "Thomas Jefferson was timid and shy, but lovely in his family." She could judge him as one of the "world of men," because she was not of his family; if she had been, the last part of her description alone would have sufficed.—Henry Loomis Nelson in Harper's Magazine.

Collar and Cuff Set.
A pretty collar and cuff set, to be worn with one's silk shirt waist suit, or dainty blouses, is made of flannel net—similar to wash blond, or "footing." The flannel net comes by the yard and is just the right width for turnovers. Five-sixths of a yard is sufficient for a set. The edges are bound with tulle silk binding ribbon, of some shade to harmonize with the suit. About an eighth of an inch above this another row of the binding ribbon is placed (both rows are machine-stitched to the net), the two being connected by fagoting in embroidery silk.
A Noble Woman.
An unusual ceremony took place in New Orleans, when many thousands of persons from every walk of life gathered to do honor to a woman. A loving-cup was presented to Miss Sophie Wright, whom her fellow townspeople love to call "The First Citizen of New Orleans," and the presentation was made the occasion for a public demonstration of affection.
Miss Wright is a little, crippled woman, white-haired and sweet-faced. All her life she had been struggling against poverty and against the never-ceasing pain of a spinal trouble. Able to go about only with the aid of a steel harness and a cane, she still has the strength of a multitude in doing good works.
Twenty years ago she was but a girl of eighteen, yet she had already established a prosperous and growing boarding school, and was beginning to see ahead an end to poverty. One day a young mechanic asked her to teach him to read and write. Suddenly brought face to face with the fact that thousands of boys were growing up in New Orleans unttaught and without hope of advancement, she threw her school open to them in the evening, and called for volunteer teachers from among her girl pupils. Thus was established a free night school, to which thousands of men to-day owe all their education. This year it enrolled fifteen hundred pupils, and three hundred were turned away for lack of room.
Fighting weakness and pain which would render another a helpless bur-



den, she spends her days earning money to support herself and her charity, and her evenings teaching her "boys." Yet with it all she finds time for the countless other demands on her. There is scarcely a charity in the city but feels the inspiration of her aid. Last winter she engineered the raising of seventeen thousand dollars to build a home for crippled children. Her reward is in a love from the people of New Orleans such as few have earned. Her life is an example of what a noble woman can accomplish.—Youth's Companion.

Furnishing a Home.

It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home and has a sum of money to spend for its furnishing cannot be persuaded from laying it out all at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which to-day she buys a chair, and next week, seeing there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds a table which is exactly what she was looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a bookcase or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt, and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and bookcase in the city.
Such a room is a growth, a gathering together, of household treasures little by little, and piece by piece. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph. Such a home, built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a meaning far deeper than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinet-maker.—Housewife.

Taking Life Too Seriously.

Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true, but judging from appearances, it would seem to be world wide, for, go where one may, one will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner," and if "the present is the fullness of the past and the herald of the future" (and how can we doubt it?) how many sad histories may be read in the faces of those we meet every day? The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self-woven garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says, "Girls should be sunbeams, not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of us be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty-five years and under to eighty-five years and over?

Home Life.

The home life may change, but it will not be disrupted. Nothing can destroy the home life. The more women become the equals of men and the more they are considered and treated as equals the stronger will the home life become. Women in the home used to be considered as dependents; I might say as incumbrances. Now, with their increased education, ability and opportunities, they are better able to make the home life what it should be. It is not simply breadmaking, mending and dishwashing that make the home, women of to-day are being trained to preside in the home with skill and science, and naturally they are better able to improve the home life, to raise its standard, to make it ideal.—Susan B. Anthony.