

OUR PICTORIAL PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.
CAN YOU FIND THE HIDDEN PICTURE?



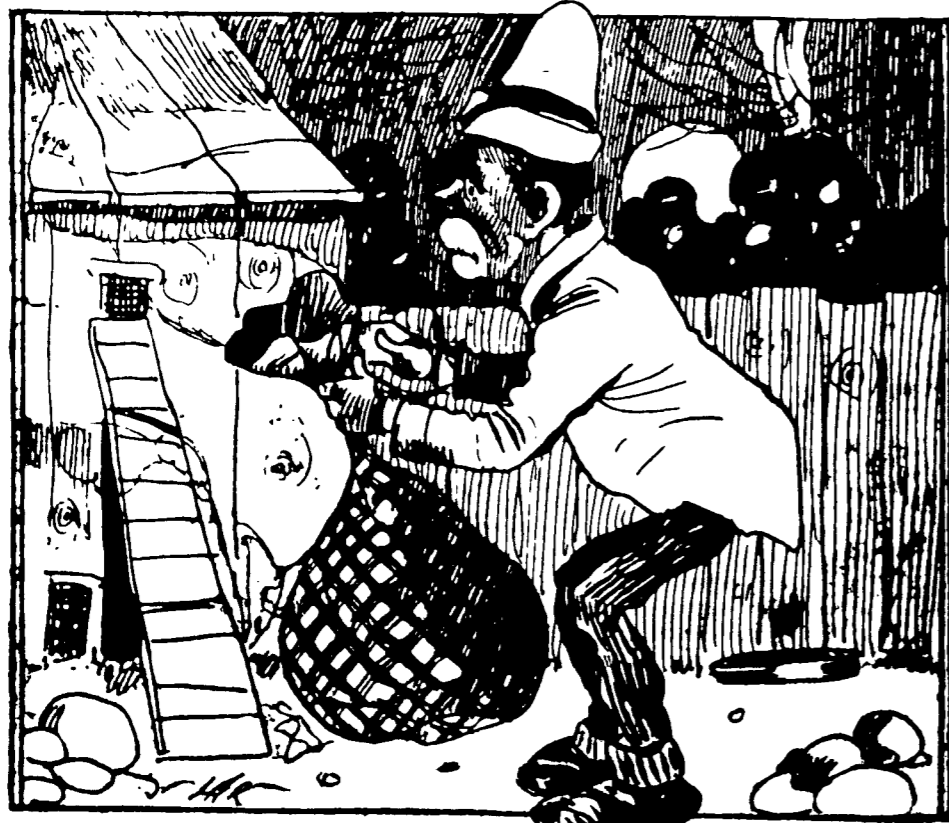
FIND A THIRD PERSON.

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FIND THE BIG CRICKET.

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FIND TWO TURKEYS AND A DOG.

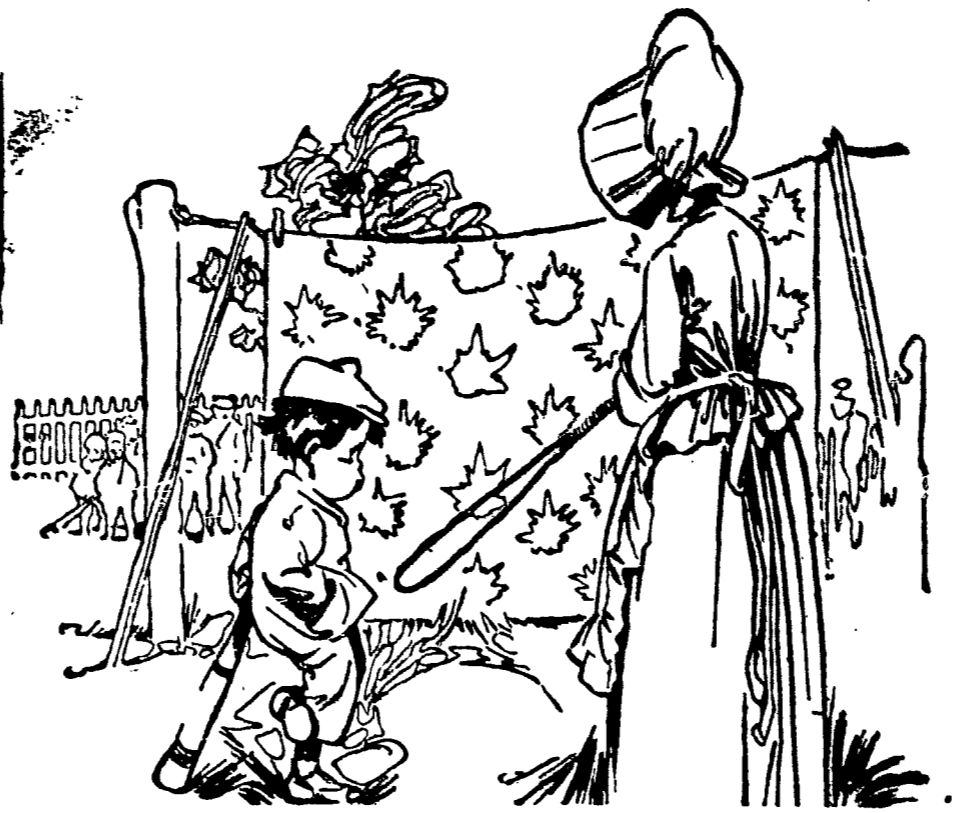
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FIND THE BABY'S MOTHER.

The first five correct answers to the Puzzle Pictures will receive a Prize.—For winners of last week's prizes see page 5.

THE BLASTED HOPES OF TOMMY TUFF



Tommy Tuff—Say, mamma, the boys all say that if I handle the stick in the baseball game this afternoon we'll beat the Hilltops 14 to 1.
His Mother—I don't doubt it, but you are going to stay at home this afternoon and handle the stick for me, and we'll beat the carpet worse than that.

A LESSON IN PHYSICS.

Boiling Water That Can't Be Made Hot Enough to Boil an Egg.

Most boys and girls have heard, no doubt, that, although water may be made to boil at the top of a high mountain, it cannot be made hot enough to boil an egg. Perhaps they have puzzled over this a good deal, wondering why the egg will not boil if the water does. They know very well that if an egg be dropped into boiling water in the kitchen at their house and allowed to remain five minutes it will be boiled nearly as hard as a stone. Why, then, will it not do the same on a mountain top?

The reason is that it requires less heat to boil water on a mountain top than it does down at the sea level, and the water, therefore, does not get hot enough to cook the egg. Water boils on a mountain, say, three miles in height at a temperature of about 185 degrees, but it will not boil at sea level at less than 212 degrees. Now, as it requires a heat of 212 degrees to cook an egg, it is very plain why the water that boils at 185 degrees will not do the work.

But why will water boil at a temperature of 185 degrees on a mountain top?

When you put a kettle of water over a fire, the water in the bottom of the kettle soon begins to get hot, and as it gets hot it rises to the top of the kettle, colder water coming down to take its place at the bottom. This goes on until all the water in the kettle becomes hot, and then, as it gets hotter and hotter, little globules or bubbles of steam form at the bottom and ascend to the top, where they escape into the air.

Now, you must remember that the pressure of the air on everything around you is fifteen pounds to the square inch, and that pressure therefore is on the surface of the water in the kettle and has to be overcome by the bubbles of steam before they can escape from the water. They have force enough to escape when driven upward by a heat of 212 degrees, but not until then.

On a mountain top, however, the conditions are very different. There the air is much lighter than it is at sea level, and the pressure is less than fifteen pounds to the square inch. Hence the steam bubbles do not meet with so much resistance in escaping from the water, and a heat of 185 degrees is generally sufficient to drive them out. In other words, a heat of 185 degrees will boil water on the mountain top, and as water cannot be made any hotter when the steam begins to escape you cannot make it hot enough there to cook food.—New York Herald.

The First Whistle.
Is that a blackbird's note so clear
To welcome in the spring
Or thrush's call, a tender thrill
That makes the woodland ring?

'Tis sturdy Dick, with sturdy step;
No rarer joy he knows.
For see—ah, wonder of the year—
A whistling blue-bird!



With crimson cheeks and shining eyes,
What fun to be a boy!
Now loud and long, now soft and low,
He tries his cunning toy.
A second Pan, he roams afield,
This April sunny day,
And saucy Echo answers him
And follows all the way.
—Youth's Companion.

THE AUTOGRAPH NEST.

How Aunt Mary Prepared a Pleasant Surprise For Dorothy.

"Now I'm ready. Bring out the writing desk. I believe my indelible ink's in it," said Aunt Mary mysteriously as she bent over her workbasket for a small roll of strong white linen.

"But—but before we begin" Dorothy's voice betrayed unusual curiosity—"please, auntie, tell what you're going to make."

That morning at breakfast Aunt Mary said as soon as she got her work done she and Dorothy would assist some little strangers—she had noticed while opening the doors and windows for the bright morning air that they were just setting to work—in their homemaking task.

"Is it to be ink pictures?" asked Dorothy.

"No," replied Aunt Mary. "Just wait and 'twill be all the more interesting. Bring the writing desk and scissors."

Aunt Mary took her lapboard and roll of linen out on the wide veranda. "Hope this will be as good as Aunt Mary's other secrets," thought Dorothy, sitting down beside her aunt.

Aunt Mary cut the linen into small, narrow pieces, leaving attached to each a bit of string that looked over so much like a tiny tail.

"Now, what are the names of your very best friends?"

Dorothy thought a moment.

"Papa, mamma—they're the best—and you."

"Perhaps we'd better use another name too." Aunt Mary wrote very carefully on three of the little linen slips, "Papa Mason," "Mamma Mason," "Aunt Mary."

"Now we want some other names—those of your little friends."

"Cousin Beth—that's one, and—and—oh, Willie Baxter, Alice Kilgore and—and Annie Stanley."

Aunt Mary wrote each name on a separate piece of linen.

"Now I think the little builders are ready," said Aunt Mary, cautiously pointing to Mr. and Mrs. Oriole, who were just flying into the tall elm on the Masons' broad lawn, with their bills full of wool.

"Oh, and are these for them?" exclaimed Dorothy. "I—I—thought—"

"They were for something else?" interrupted Aunt Mary. "No; they are for their nest." And Aunt Mary took the little slips and carefully scattered them over the well trimmed hedge, where the birds could see them in their search for building material.

Presently, while Aunt Mary and Dorothy were watching from the veranda, Mr. Oriole hopped near a tempting piece of linen and began eyeing it critically.

"He's trying to read the name," whispered Dorothy, delighted. "Is that what you wrote them for?"

"No. There—look!"

And away flew Mr. Oriole with the slip of linen on which was written "Papa Mason."

Soon Mrs. Oriole carried a piece into the elm. This was "Cousin Beth."

"Is—is this all?" asked Dorothy as Aunt Mary closed the writing desk.

"No; but we'll have to wait for the rest till the little birds are hatched and grown."

During the weeks that followed Dorothy patiently waited till one morning in midsummer Aunt Mary said she guessed she could send Joe—Joe was the stable boy—into the tree for the nest.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Dorothy in delight as Joe handed it to her. "Won't they be surprised—papa, mamma, Cousin Beth and all?"

For there were the little linen slips, sticking out all around the nest, with the names of Dorothy's friends plainly to be seen, written in indelible ink.

"I—I didn't know that's what 'twas going to be!" exclaimed Dorothy gaily.

"And it's worth waiting for?" asked Aunt Mary, her eyes twinkling.

"I—I guess it is—for an autograph nest! Won't Cousin Beth be surprised?"

—Adelbert F. Caldwell in Sunday School Times.

Good at Figures.

"See how I can count, mamma," said Kitty. "There's my right foot. That's one. There's my left foot. That's two. Two and one make three. Three feet one yard, and I want to go out and play in it!"

Had Reached the Limit.

"Only fancy, grandpapa, I made fifteen mistakes in my French exercises," announced Teddy one day after school.

"Oh, I dare say I should have made more, my darling."

"Oh, my grandpapa, there were only fifteen words."

AH GRIM and HIS PRIZE LETTUCE

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Ah Grim had a garden surprise
In shape of a lettuce the size
Of a big poplar tree,
And a marvel to see.
It won him at fairtime a prize,
There were some bad boys in that land
Who thought it would be simply grand,
With axes to toll,
That lettuce to spoil
And shatter its leaves on the sand.



Just then big Ah Grim hurried out,
The boys ran with squeak and with shout:
"Here he will get our prize!
We'll hide in the lettuce!"
Its leaves are both ample and stout!
But when the sharp dressing was made
Oh, my! Were those bad boys afraid?
With sputter and groan
They made themselves known
And humbly for garden they prayed.

The Dancing Pea.

Push a pin half way through a green pea, making the two ends as nearly as possible the same weight—i. e., let the point come a little more than half way through. Then break off the stem of a common clay pipe, and the toy will be completed. To make the pea dance put it on top of the pipestem, the point of the pin sticking down the bore.

Throw your head back with the pipe in your mouth, so that the stem may be held vertically, and blow gently. This will make the pea rise. Keep blowing harder until the pea rises entirely from the pipe and is supported in the air. It will now begin to spin round and round and turn over and over, all the while bobbing up and down as long as the current of air is kept up. The dance may be changed by pushing the pin up to its head.

The pea will now rise to the top of the pipe and dance slowly and with great dignity around the edge. If the blast is a little stronger it will spin rapidly unless the blower stops to laugh, when it is likely to fall into the open mouth below.

Dolls For One's Daughter.

It is doubtful if there are anywhere two dolls quite as beautiful as those that are to be presented to the daughters of the czar.

It is not, however, for their personal beauty that they are distinguished so much as for the fact that their costumes have been procured by all connoisseurs who have seen them. One of the dolls is dressed in "colored silk," which is fully ornamented with embroidered garlands of flowers, and the other in her white lace robe, white silk stockings and white leather shoes, is really a faultless symphony in white.

The head-dresses of each doll cost \$50, and it is estimated that the cost of fashioning and dressing up these fashionable little beauties is between \$200 and \$300.

Naturally these costumes will be guarded at least for a season, and correct style in the world of dolls is very doubtful if some one does not dress in this manner will be guarded by fashionable society.

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