

For the Children

Accomplishments of a Clever Chimpanzee.



Busta, a chimpanzee recently brought to this country by Professor Garner, eats her bread and milk with a spoon just like real children. She is very accomplished for a monkey, and the professor says she can talk and understands English. The professor has been making a study of the simian family for many years and knows a great deal about them. He says that Busta can distinguish red from blue and both colors from white and she understands about twenty words of English. "She is only about eight months old," said Professor Garner. "and I bought her when she was only five weeks old. I raised her like a baby on milk. She is the most intelligent ape I have so far found, and I can distinguish about twelve words of her own language and hope to be able to interpret them all before long."

"We Are Seven."

So said the little girl in Wordsworth's well known poem. Many things, if they could speak, might tell the same answer—the days of the week, for example, the notes of the musical scale, the colors of the rainbow. The German says that "all good things are three," but seven also is certainly a remarkable and distinguished number. There were said to be seven kings of Rome and seven sages of Greece. In ancient times men said that there were seven wonders of the world, but we have more than seven now. Those "wonders" of antiquity were the Colossus of Rhodes, a huge statue striding across the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes; the pyramids, the Egyptian temple of Denderah, the mausoleum of tomb of King Mausolus, the remains of which are now in the British museum; the hanging gardens of Babylon, the statue of Nero and the Pharos. The Colossus, the catacombs, the Great wall of China, the porcelain tower of Nanhai and the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople have been called "the seven wonders of history." There are seven famous cities of antiquity—Rome, Antioch, Nineveh, Babylon, Athens, Tyre and Carthage. Rome sits upon seven hills, and London city has seven hills also—Cornhill, New hill, Ludgate hill, Fish street hill, Bread street hill, Holborn hill and Coventry hill.

They Didn't Bag the Birds.

Two New Jersey boys found a woodcock's nest with four eggs in it and laid a plan to capture a pair of woodcocks as well as the eggs. John was going to place a bag over the female bird while she sat on her nest. Will was going to do the same to the male when he came to take his mate's place on the eggs, and then the boys intended to carry the nest and birds to the barn and see the birds raise their young. The boys found the female on the nest, and John was about to bag her when she shot into the brush so suddenly that two little fledglings fell out of the nest. John's about of surprise brought Will to the spot, but before they could replace the birds the parent woodcocks came whirring through the bushes and started at the intruders. They aimed at the boys' faces with their sharp bills, and the boys were incapable of defense. After trying in vain to shield themselves, they ran away in a panic. The next day they recovered their courage and stole up to the nest again, but found that the woodcocks had taken the little birds away.

Conundrums.

Why is a thunderstorm like an onion? Because it is peal on peal.
What did the potter say to the city? Ware.
When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is rung for dinner.
What is the difference between a fool and a looking glass? A fool speaks without reflecting, and a looking glass reflects without speaking.
What is there that the fewer there are to guard it the safer it is? A secret.

A Raisy Day Game.

Lots of fun can be had with a peanut tournament. Have four people at each table and in the center of each table have a large bowl of peanuts and a pair of tongs, such as come in candy boxes. Each person must try to remove the peanuts one at a time without stirring the other nuts. At the end of twenty minutes a bell is rung, and the one having removed the largest number of peanuts is awarded a simple little prize.



Points For Mothers

Marcel Braunschwig, who has written on "Art and the Child," makes a special plea for the artistic decoration of the nursery. He wages war against ugly toys, such as the pollywog, the jack-in-the-box and other grotesque playthings. He wants everything with which the child plays to be lightly beautiful and artistic. He wants the illustrations on the nursery walls for that reason to be artistic. He points out that the child's mind is impressionable and that everything which it sees, touches or comes into contact with leaves its impress. Such decorations, he points out, are necessary in teaching the child cleanliness and morality. He says "The objects in a home have, besides their market value, a more secret and quite as important value—they are discreet witnesses of our existence. Intimate confidants of our thoughts. They gradually assume an expressive value because of the recollections and associations connected with them. Our hands by touching them leave on them a little of our physical being, and our eyes, so often reading on them, transfer to them some of our inner being. Again, these objects pass through various periods. They have their youth and old age and thus acquire an element of poetry. It is our duty to extract that poetic charm from the objects among which we live and to make our children appreciate that charm. Since it is chiefly for the sake of the aesthetic education of children that we advise parents to enhance their home, it is evident that they must take a peculiar care in adorning the nursery."

A Sensible Mother.

In these delightful days of free afternoon lecture courses, demonstrations, household economics exhibits and song recitals it comes hard for a woman to stay at home because she has one or more little ones and no maid. If, however, she follows the example of a certain enterprising young house-mother she may very comfortably take in many a treat of this sort. The mother in question takes her set of happy, healthy and very active little twins with her—not only to concert and lecture, but every second or third Sunday to church as well—without any trouble to herself or any annoyance to the rest of the audience or congregation, because she also always carries with her a large stiff covered copybook and two well sharpened pencils. She always sits between the two little ones, and just as soon as they become restless she spreads the book a pencil and then is able to give her attention to what is going on on the platform or in the pulpit, while the small boy and little lassie are busy printing out nursery rhymes and drawing pictures.

Training the Nervous Child.

This bit of good advice on taking care of nervous children is found in the last number of the Healthy Home: Inflexible regulations are essential in the training of the nervous child, because it is only by them that a habit can be gradually formed which shall serve as a barrier to shelter the child from its inheritance. Iron rules should prevail as to regularity of meals and bedtime. Displays of temper or of oversensitiveness or of morbid emotionality should be met with firmness in the one case and kindly indifference in the other. They do not call for nagging or admiration or panic on the part of the elders. There may be a good deal of common sense in the idea that strict rules are kinder than lax ones when nervous, high strung children are to be dealt with. When once the fact is learned that a regulation must be adhered to a child accepts it as a matter of course, and innumerable little struggles, as wearying to the child as to the parent, are avoided.

Schoolbooks a Heavy Load.

"Don't let the children carry heavy books to and from school" is the advice of a physician who has had much experience in children's hospitals. A mother testifies that she believes the heavy bag of books which her daughter carried to school every day had much to do with her nervous breakdown, says the Chicago News. The habit tends to make one shoulder higher than the other, to lengthen the arm or enlarge the hand disproportionately. When "home work" cannot be avoided let the child have one book at school and another copy at home. It will pay. Or, if that is not possible, at least do not let him carry his books always on the same arm or slung over the same shoulder.

A Sand Pile.

A sand pile is a good thing for the active child. A dollar's worth of building sand placed in a corner of the yard and confined by a few boards will keep the children from digging up the flower beds. That they must dig is a fact demonstrated by more ages of human life than any of us can look back over. This sand pile in some back yards can be protected from the sun and rain by a square of canvas stretched over it in the shape of a tent, or the pile can be put on the shady side of the house.

Metamorphosed

By DOROTHEA HALE
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The manager of burlesque opera sat at his desk. He had given out that he needed one who could take a woman's part to act, dance and sing. A girl about twenty years old, comely, with a good figure and a bright face, entered. "Dance?" asked the manager. The girl replied by pirouetting about in good style. "Sing?" She ran the scale. Her voice was a full, round soprano and very sweet. The range was remarkable.

She recited a passage in a well known play. "You are engaged." Miss Fredric Harrow proved a success. She had in her a certain spirit of delivery that was especially appropriate to the parts she took. One role she played was that of a female Mephistopheles. When the audience left the theater after the performance they felt that they had been under the influence of a deliciously bad girl. One Sunday morning the manager went to church. It is possible for a manager of a burlesque troupe to go to church and with religious motives. But this manager did not go with such motives. He went because he had heard that in the choir was a remarkably fine tenor. The services opened with a tenor solo. The manager was astonished. There was Miss Harrow in man's clothes. He not only recognized her by her face, but through her voice, which was Miss Harrow's lower notes.

But there was one difference between Miss Harrow soprano and Miss Harrow tenor. The latter was as heavenly as the former was devilish. She sang an "Ave Maria," and it seemed that an angel rather than a mortal was praying to the Virgin. The manager did not wonder that the tenor was exciting attention. But he had no use for him in burlesque opera. He expressed the good, and with that the manager was not concerned. "Where were you last night?" asked the manager the next day when Miss Harrow came to rehearsal.

The manager said no more. He had slept over the tenor's identity and had come to the conclusion that he could not be Miss Harrow. Not long after that a man in his troupe fell sick, and there was no one to take his part. "How low are his lowest notes?" asked Fredric. The manager told her, and she said that she thought she could take the part. He also asked her to sing the lower notes, and she said she couldn't jump right into them, she must get it by practice. She left him, agreeing to be ready for the part when required. Miss Harrow in man's clothes was a very different person from Miss Harrow in woman's clothes. In the first place, instead of singing the part in a low soprano voice, she sang it as a tenor. In the second, she made a failure in her action. Instead of being adapted to burlesque, she sang as if she were in oratorio.

"What the dickens is the matter with you?" said the manager after the first act. "Your singing is all right indeed, it's a wonder for a woman, but you act as if you were preaching a sermon." Miss Harrow hung her head and looked hurt. However, she finished the performance, and before the manager could catch her to find any more fault with her she had gone home. But the next day when she went into the theater he tackled her.

"There was something funny about your work last night. How did you get down to a real baritone, and what made you act like a clergyman?" "I told you that with a little practice I could do the low notes, and, as for my acting, the part is different from those I've been playing. It is not a rollicking role." "And it wasn't taken out of a hymn book, either?" "I'm sorry. I thought I could take baritone parts sometimes."

"So you can, but not where there's any devilry in them." In a few weeks the regular baritone was down again. "I think," said Fredric, "I can take that role. It's more serious." "Who'll take your part?" "I think I can take them both." "Nonsense!" "I'll show you how it can be done to-morrow at rehearsal." And she tripped away.

When the rehearsal came and the manager went on to the stage to conduct it he was more bewildered than ever. There were two Fredric Harrows, one and a superfluous. "How's this?" asked the manager, staring from one to the other. "Permit me," said Fredric, "to introduce my twin brother, Frederick Harrow. He has a tenor voice." Then she admitted that she had substituted him for herself in the man's part; that while she was all frolic he was religiously emotional.

"Well," said the manager, "I want you two. I have a scheme for an opera involving a transformation scene, man metamorphosed to woman and woman metamorphosed back to man. You two will do it to perfection."

And so it was that the twins appeared in a part prepared for them and reaped a harvest. The opera was called "The Devil and the Saint."

IT'S UP TO YOU.

Ways of Remodeling Your Last Season's Suit.



A SMART SUIT OF BROWN HERRING.

Overhaul your wardrobe and find out just what you have. There is your winter suit. You feel as though you could not wear it another season. But how can you afford another? Let's look it over carefully. The skirt is frayed in the first place. Well, that can easily be remedied. This is a plan which will serve many times. When the hem of your cloth gown cuts out take a very sharp pair of scissors, insert at the largest hole and cut the edge of the hem through very exactly, so that there will be no jagged spots. Turn both the edges this gives in toward each other, the inner ones a little more than the outer or dress edge, and baste carefully. Then slip stitch by hand, dampen and press. Remove the basting threads before the final pressing, cutting them frequently so that there will be no pulling. After pressing sew on a good quality of spool silk braid, letting it come below the edge, and be sure that this braid has been shrunken, or at the first wetting the hem will not wrinkle. But before going any further it will be well to clean all spots from the suit before attempting any further renovation. The coat is perhaps the most difficult matter. It is doubtless too long and has the long shawl collar of the past season, but it is not hopeless. Out the coat to a becoming length, a little below the hips. Fit closely about the hips, then use the material cut from the coat to make the new sailor collar and wide lapels. Have the entire suit pressed thoroughly by a tailor, and, lo, you have a new and fashionable garment. The smart suit picture offers excellent suggestions for remodeling last year's finery. It is a three piece affair, and the coat is lined with a brown and tan silk which makes the upper part of the skirt and peasant bodice. A cream lace yoke veiled with brown chiffon brings the waist right up to date.

Latest Paris Hairdressing.

This eccentric coiffure arrangement is the latest cry of Paris. The front hair is softly twisted back from the face and braided in two braids. The braid from the left side is brought at the back to the right side and there



AN ECCENTRIC STYLE OF COIFFURE.

arranged on to a cabochon over the right ear, and vice versa. Then the remaining hair at the back is made into finger puffs. Some women to whom the bang is becoming may bring it into play, as suggested by the photograph.

A GAME OF BLUFF

By MARGARET BARR
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"Well, sweetheart, what's the trouble?" "George has lost \$1,500.00 to that horrid Shapiro. I have just drawn a check for it." Worsley thought. Mrs. Helen Dana, a widow, who doted on her son, was his fiancée. He knew what sums she had given George to pay gambling debts already. Finally Worsley said to her: "Give me the check. I will give it to Shapiro."

"What good will that do?" "I don't know that it will do any good." She wrote the check and made it payable to Shapiro, as Worsley suggested. He put it in his pocket and left her. This scene took place in New Orleans near the middle of the last century. The best people of that gay city gambled, fought duels and did a great many other things that are now obsolete, though most of them have survived in some other form, except dueling, which is a thing of the past even in the Crescent City. Worsley went to the club, where he expected to find Shapiro, and he did. Shapiro was not playing at the time, and Worsley beckoned him to a room where no one else was present and handed him Mrs. Dana's check, saying: "A man who will win money from a boy and accept the winnings from that boy's mother deserves to be expelled from respectable society."

Shapiro's brows contracted. He stood with the check in his fingers scowling at Worsley. "It seems to me, Mr. Worsley, that you have deprived me of the power of declining this check by your words. Therefore I shall hold it while I am considering what to do in the matter."

"You can't present it till bank hours tomorrow morning; meanwhile I shall consider for you."

"Indeed?" "Yes. Go into the coffee room and order a glass of wine. I will be with you directly."

"And suppose I decline to do your bidding?" "It will do no good. My purpose is to make a pretext for what is to take place between us in order that neither your young Dana nor his mother will be brought into the affair."

Shapiro, seeing that he was in for a meeting with Worsley, yielded to the plan of concealing the true cause, went into the coffee room, took a seat at a table and called for wine. In a few minutes Worsley passed him, pretended to stumble on Shapiro's foot and, setting the glass on the table, threw the contents in Shapiro's face, saying, "I'll teach you to trip me!" Then Worsley walked away.

There was nothing for Shapiro to do but send a challenge at once, the affair having been witnessed by half a dozen men. Worsley accepted, chose Derringer pistols, appointed the time at sunrise the next morning, in a wood where the duels were usually fought.

Worsley was not a professional duelist, but was known to be a man of wonderful nerve. Shapiro, who made his living at cards, had recently appeared in New Orleans with letters sufficient to secure his admission among gentlemen and had not yet been detected for what he was. When the two parties were on the ground Shapiro's second asked Worsley's distance and received the reply, "Over a handkerchief." This he reported to Shapiro, who saw that it meant death to both principals.

After a conference between Shapiro and his second the latter asked if there was any way by which the matter could be settled in honor to both parties.

"Tell him," said Worsley, "that if he will return the check I gave him this evening with a receipt in full for the debt for which it was intended I will apologize to him for what I have done on the ground that his tripping me was unintentional."

Shapiro was disposed to regard the whole affair a bluff by which to regain possession of Mrs. Dana's check and that by standing firm Worsley would withdraw at the last moment. But his second warned him that Worsley did not bear any such reputation. Nevertheless Shapiro, who was anxious to retain the money, concluded to bluff, and not till the two seconds, each holding a corner of a handkerchief, instructed their principals to advance were on a line with what separated them did he throw up the sponge. Then he accepted Worsley's terms.

The check and a receipt for the amount of its face passed, and Worsley intimated that he would state at the club that he had been mistaken in Shapiro's intention and had apologized to him. But Shapiro said he might spare himself the trouble, since he would leave New Orleans that day and such a statement would be of no use to him.

Worsley took the check and the receipt to Mrs. Dana.

"How did you get it?" she asked. Worsley told her, and she, palming, said: "Suppose he had preferred to die rather than yield?" "I knew he would prefer nothing of the kind."

His One Mistake

By F. A. MITCHEL
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"Do you wish to see any one here?" "Savin' yer prudence, Oi come to get a squint at the ex-president." "Why do you wish to see the ex-president?" "Because every one wants to see 'im, to be sure—because he's the greatest man on earth."

"Why is he great?" "Isn't he the frind of the workin'-man, besides countin' among his acquaintances the crowned heads of Urap?" A sturdy gentleman in glasses smiled. "Pat," he said, "you are right in placing the ex-president's friendship for the workin'-man ahead of his acquaintance with the crowned heads. Come with me. I'll show you around the ex-president's place, and perhaps you may get a sight of him."

Pat accepted the invitation, and the two strolled about the grounds. "Oi'm wonderin'," said Pat, "where he takes the wild animals he brought from Africa?" "He didn't bring any wild animals alive from Africa. He brought their skins. They are to be stuffed for different museums. But tell me more about why you admire him."

"Well, Oi'm thinkin'," Pat replied, scratching his head, "that—that as I told ye, he's the frind of the workin'-man, and Oi like him because he don't nothin' tellin' them forgers what he thinks of 'em. But he made was mistake in talkin' to the Brits."

"What's that?" "He told 'em to get out o' Egypt. It would 'a' been all right if he'd made it Otriland."

The gentleman smiled. "What's the valy o' them Egyptian mages anyway? And Oi'm hearin' their country's nothin' but sand and hot enough to roast eggs in, savin' the spalpeens haven't got the eggs. But Otriland! The beautiful land that it is, and the fine population of silken men and women. And them livin' the feet o' England on their backs. If the ex-president had said, 'Aller govern Otriland right or git out,' it 'ad 'a' been like sayin' 'git out o' Otriland,' case an Englishman can't govern any one but nagers."

"You've a good head on you, Pat," said the gentleman. "What other fault have you to find with the ex-president?"

"Well, sorr, I was lookin' while he was in the White House for 'em to take of the duty on tay. 'Tay's a fine drink, and the only people that get it free are the Chaney nagers."

"But the president doesn't put the duty on tea, congress does that, and the president has no power to take it off."

Pat, thought a moment, then said: "Thin what's the use o' makin' such a fuss at electin' 'em?" "Tell me some more faults of the ex-president."

"Well, sorr, Oi'm thinkin' he wasn't born in the right country."

"What country should he have been born in?" "Otriland. Oi never think of 'im but Oi see in me mind a beautiful picture of 'im at an Otrish fair, brandishin' a shillab over his head, jumpin' up and crackin' his heels together, swearin' he is whin' the biggest man in the crowd. He's mighty—what d'ye call it—strenuous—that's the word, strenuous."

"Another way I like to pictur' 'im is stirrin' up all them kings, tellin' the spalpeens how to govern their people just like an American president 'ad it. Oi can see 'im if he had the power jumpin' around among 'em, knockin' off their crowns and givin' the poor devils they've oppressed a chance to live in their palaces awhile."

The gentleman led the way to the house on the top of the hill and motioned Pat to go in. "I'll introduce you to the ex-president," he said.

But Pat demurred. "It isn't for the likes o' me in these dirty clothes to go into the house of the great man. Besides, I don't need an introduction."

"You don't?" "No; I've been talkin' to 'im." "How did you know me?" "By the windy glass over yer old and yer beautiful white teeth I seen in the newspaper pictures."

"Good for you! You Irish are a clever race!" "Not so clever as you Amerikins."

"How do you make that out?" "Well, sorr, when I seen 'y' walkin' about here, the cock o' the walk, I had enough pictur's of ye in me mind to cover the ceilin' of a church. It was no credit to me to know ye. But didn't ye call me by me name without ever havin' seen even a photograph o' me? Ye called me Pat at once. Now, Oi wonder, sorr, if ye kin guess me ole woman's name."

"Bridget." "Right ye are! Any man as smart as yees should be elected president for life."

"Tell me, Pat, did you come in here from curiosity, or had you a purpose?" "A purpose is it? An' yer sakin' me me purpose? Had ye a purpose why ye was president in not rememberin' the coffee sakers?"

"I couldn't remember them all, Pat." "Well, sorr, I had a purpose in comin' in here. It was to tell ye ye made a mistake in tellin' 'em to git out o' Egypt instead of Otriland."

Pat had another, an inferior purpose; he wanted something to buy "ay" whiskey, and he got it.