

# For the Children

Princess Marie, Daughter of the King of Belgium.



Probably not many American children will feel envious of Princess Marie, daughter of the King and Queen of Belgium. Until last August she was a care free, joyous little girl, but since the dreadful war broke out the people of Belgium have suffered greatly, as all little folks who are old enough to read already know. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth were forced to flee from their native land, and of course the royal children went with them. Princess Marie is the youngest of the family. She is only eight. She has two brothers, Prince Leopold, who is fourteen years of age, and Prince Charles, who is twelve. Prince Leopold, heir apparent to the throne, has recently joined the Twelfth Belgian Infantry as a soldier. King Albert is fighting with his troops, while Princess Marie and her mother and other brother are living in France.

### Trade Pantamimes.

This is a variation of the old game of "dumb crambo." The players divide themselves into two parties, called "the masters" and "the men." After consultation the men agree upon some trade or occupation which they are to illustrate in dumb show. The masters must guess from their motions what trade they have chosen, and to help them in this they are told the first and last letters of the word describing it.

For instance, the men decide upon the word "gardener," and giving the letters "r" and "t," they stand in line, and each performs a gardener's work—planting seeds, mowing with a scythe, digging with a spade, weeding, watering, etc. Not a word is spoken and but one guess allowed to each master. If one guesses correctly the men "lose their job." If no one discovers the trade the word is told and they proceed to act something else. If the masters fail twice to guess the word the men "win" and "quit work." The masters then become the men and must take their turn at pantamime.

### "What Am I Doing?"

Six, seven, eight or more players take their seats in a straight row. Behind them the person chosen to lead the game takes his stand. Placing his hands behind his back he sits on the top chair. He then begins to conduct himself in the most absurd manner possible—for instance, making some ridiculous grimace, shaking his hat or any other comical act that may suggest itself to him. After doing this for a minute or two he says to the player seated before him, "What am I doing?" Should the unfortunate individual be unable to answer correctly he must stand up and, until permission be given him to do so, must imitate in silence the antics of the nature of which he was unable to discover. More frequently than not the guesses are quite wide of the mark, consequently the spectacle is most laughable when five or six of the company are all occupying the enviable position above described.

### To Take Impressions of Plants.

Burn a common cork till reduced to a powder, add a teaspoonful of olive oil, mix into a thick paste. Now paint the vein side of the leaf with camel's hair or black sable brush, lay the leaf carefully on a piece of clean paper, painted side down, subject it to a strong and even pressure by placing it in a book under a weight for about a quarter of an hour then remove the leaf carefully from the paper. Very velvety leaves are the best.

### Heard in the Nursery.

"I thought you were very much attached to the book," said the stuffed dog to the picture that had once ornamented the cover of the book. "I was," said the picture, "but Doris cut me out."

### Losses.

Little Boppep Has lost her sheep And cannot refrain from yawning; Leave her in bed, The sleepy head, To slumber all the morning.

Little Boy Blue Has lost his shoe And cannot tell where he dropped it. He must have come back With his foot very black, Unless peradventure he hopped it.

## YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

### Game of Medicines.

This is a card game in which each player chooses the name of some patent medicine, such as "Red Pills," "Tony's Tonic," "Harry's Hair Saver," etc. Any number can play. When all have declared their names the cards are dealt around, one at a time, till the pack is all dealt out, each player keeping his share in a pile, face down, in front of him. The player at the dealer's left begins by turning up a card and placing it in front of him. The next does the same, and each one in turn, making a pile before him, until a card is turned up having the same number of spots, or of the same rank as one previously turned. The players of the duplicate cards must then shout the name of each other's medicine as quickly as possible, and the one who gets out first and correctly the name of the other wins all his front pile. The object is to win all the cards. The game is sometimes played the reverse way, when the object is to get rid of the cards, and the one who fails to shout the other's name correctly, or first takes the whole pile.

### Chinese Chicken.

A good outdoor game for boys or girls, said to be played a great deal by Chinese children. Shells or stones or any other small objects should be laid in a row about a foot apart, ten or twelve objects in a straight row. The first child hops on one foot like a name chicken over each object until the last in the line is reached. This last one must kick with his other foot, then pick up the object and go again, hopping on one foot as before, until he has reached the last object at the end of the line where he started. He kicks and picks this up and goes down the line again until he has in this way, one at a time, gathered all the objects. Each player does this in turn. He must never touch the ground with his lame foot, not even when picking up the objects, and should make but one hop between them. If he touches the ground with the lame foot he loses his turn and makes way for the next player. The one who is in a given time has picked up in this way the largest number of objects.

### Odd Animal Combat.

A gentleman who lives in Georgia, up the Ocmulgee river, tells of a peculiar occurrence of which he was an eyewitness. He was fishing in the river when he saw a large hawk fly down and alight by the edge of the stream. It was on a sand bar, and the hawk waded out a few feet in the shallow water. The man then observed the hawk engaged in a desperate struggle, as if held by something. Finally, with a great effort, the bird rose in the air and flew out into a field, carrying with it a large turtle which it had attacked, but which instead of being caught had clutched one of the hawk's feet in its powerful jaws and held on. Out in the field the hawk tried in vain to get away from the turtle, fighting with back, wing and claw. The turtle held on grimly, however, until the hawk sank down exhausted, and then the man killed both with a hickory club.

### Making a Needle Float.

It is an accepted theory that a solid metallic body cannot float on the surface of water, but this can be disproved by causing an ordinary steel needle to remain on the water and not sink. Take a needle and make sure that it is devoid of moisture and perfectly dry. Gently place it on the surface of the water. Remove the hand just as carefully and if you are fortunate the needle will be seen floating as if it were a bit of wood instead of steel. If the hand is not steady the needle can be lowered to the water by two loops of thread or on the prongs of a fork. Failing in either of these methods, place the needle on a piece of tissue paper, which you place on the water. As soon as the paper becomes saturated it sinks to the bottom, but the needle remains floating placidly on the top.

### Antiquity of Advertising.

Advertising is not an outcome of modern necessity but is an ancient practice. The British museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates. The Egyptians were great advertisers. Papyrus leaves over 3,000 years old have been found at Thebes describing runaway slaves and offering a reward for their capture, and at Pompeii ancient advertisements have been revealed on the walls and deciphered.

### Arithmetical Enigmas.

I am composed of ten letters. My 6 8 2 is an animal, my 6 7 3 1 10 is a garment, my 2 4 7 3 is a metal, my 9 3 1 1 is a kind of fuel. My whole should be in every house.  
Answers—A good clock. Words: Dog, clock, gold, coal.

### Overheard in the Hall.

"That soft hat is cross today," said the one. "I don't wonder at it," said the other. "The brush rubbed him the wrong way and he's all ruffled about it."

### Remed Numerical Enigma.

His 1 2 1 4 was sad, his garments poor. He showed me 2 1 the pavement wet. He showed me 3 4 1 one fish, he said. He'd caught that morning with his 1 4 3. "And 1, 2, 3 4, how fine they are!" he cried.  
"Will you 1, 2 3 buy 2 1 4 miss?" I sighed.  
"Not if you had a 3 4 1!" I said. "And 1 2 my home I quickly sped. (I had 1 2 money, you must know, And that was why I left him so.)"  
Answer—Keywords—Note. Words—Tone, on, ten, net, note, not, one, ton, to, no.

## HIS SUMMER OUTING

### How He Saved a Girl From Drowning.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

On Lake Winnepogo in New England is a camp where in summer several hundred girls of all ages from twelve to twenty are congregated. They are housed in bungalows and eat on a long, broad portico, an extension of the central building, and dance in a hall built expressly for that purpose and for sundry exhibitions. There are six and a half acres of water, and swimming masters, which of course involves horses and paraphernalia for both—and canoes and skitrum. A number of tennis courts complete the equipment for summer exercises.

Camp Wocomoc is located on one end of the lake, which is several miles long and from a half to a mile wide. A newcomer is not allowed to go out in a canoe until she can swim continuously a certain distance and keep afloat for fifteen minutes. Having passed this test, she may thereafter go canoeing at her pleasure. She is not hampered with skirts, for every girl must wear the camp uniform—a blouse, bloomer, knickerbockers and stockings to the knees. This dress is also worn by the ladies in charge, and when they are short and tatty it gives them an appearance of a waddling fat hen. As to the young ladies in camp costume, they all look about the same age—that is, anywhere between twelve and fifteen.

Nicholas Brewerton, a young lawyer of promise, having worked very hard during the winter till late into the spring, inquired of friends in New England for a place to spend a few weeks where he could be quiet. There must be no hotels, no casinos, nobody, in fact, except himself. The best that could be done for him was Lake Winnepogo. The person who recommended Miss Webster—forgot to say anything about the girls' camp. It may be that she left it out of her description of the location intentionally, thinking that the sight of young girls paddling about in picturesque costumes would be a pleasant sight for the young man. She may have had a sinister intention. Be this as it may, the young man was recommended to go to Lake Winnepogo, but to the other end than the girls' camp.

Brewerton went to Lake Winnepogo and found at the end where he had been advised to settle several cottages, one of which was to rent. After learning that the occupants of the others were couples with small children who desired quietude he took the vacant cottage, getting his meals at a farm house near by. There was a rowboat in an outhouse which was rented with the house. Being settled, Brewerton prepared to live an uneventful life and rest.

But "man proposes, God disposes." One morning—the next after his arrival—Brewerton got out his rowboat and started out to row lazily on the lake. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the hills on one side were reflected in the water. Light clouds floated above as indolently as Brewerton floated on the lake. He was much pleased that this was the only boat within sight. Truly this was just what he had come for. He thanked in his heart the lady who had recommended it.

Hark! Brewerton had pulled up near the shore where there were overhanging trees. From under the branches came an exclamation of dissatisfaction. The voice was feminine and seemed to be that of a child. From a disturbance of the branches he inferred that someone in a boat had become entangled in them. A few strokes brought him to where he could see what was going on. First, there was a canoe with the word "Wocomoc" painted on the bow. Second, there was a girl in the boat, who might have been twelve, thirteen and perhaps fourteen, dressed in a costume Brewerton had never seen before. The navy blue material of her apparel from her waist to her knees might have been a skirt or something else, he could not tell. Judging from its length she should be about six years old, but Brewerton was sure she was not as young as that.

"Can I do anything for you, little girl?" he asked.  
"I'm not quite so familiar with canoeing as I should be. I came under the shade of these branches, and in getting out I am afraid I shall upset the canoe."

Brewerton reached forth his hand, took hold of an end of the unsteady shell and withdrew it from under the branches.

"Can you manage it now?" he asked. The girl put her paddle in the water, and the canoe careered on one side. She gave a little shriek.

"Your mother should not have let you come out in such a topple boat without your being accustomed to such sport. Look out! You'll go over."

"Oh dear, I'm afraid I'll be drowned!" Brewerton was perplexed. He did not like to leave the child in her perilous position and did not know what to do with her. Finally he told her that if she would get into his boat he would take her home with her canoe in tow. She gladly accepted the invitation, taking a seat in the stern facing him and holding a line attached to her canoe.

"Where do you live?" asked Brewerton.

The girl looked in several directions, then pointed to a house on the opposite side of the lake. But half the distance had not been traversed when she pointed to a house in another direction. Brewerton looked at her in surprise, and she said she had "got turned around." But she soon confessed herself mistaken again and said she thought she would go to the camp.

"What camp?"  
"Camp Wocomoc."  
Then for the first time Brewerton learned that around a bend in the lake there was a girls' camp.

"For kids?" he asked.  
"Most of us are kids, but there are some older girls."

For a kid she was quite entertaining. Brewerton was amused to hear her at times talk like a grown person. She had a sweet smile, a pair of dimples in her cheeks and pretty eyes. Brewerton was inclined to think that when she became a woman she would be quite an attractive one.

Presently they turned the bend, and the oarsman, turning, caught sight of the camp. He was much astonished. There on the margin of the lake was a congregation of boats about a large boat for swimming purposes, equipped with diving apparatus. Brewerton pulled up to a landing where stood a number of girls, all in camp costume. A passenger got out of his boat, thanked him and, having tethered her canoe, went up to the camp.

Brewerton pulled back to his cottage, not knowing whether to be disappointed or not with his discovery. He rather thought that he would like to have the little girl go boating with him occasionally. Her prattle rested him. Indeed, during the next few days he found himself wishing he would meet her again on the lake. It should be so, he would inquire her name and address and ask her mother if she would not let her little girl go out with him.

One afternoon Brewerton got into his boat for a pull to explore the lake from end to end. He pulled up past Camp Wocomoc till he could go no farther by water, then turned and pulled back. Noticing that the swimming boat was covered with girls, while others were splashing in the water, he concluded to go to it and watch the aquatic performance. At a point about a hundred feet from the boat he paused. Some of the girls were diving from a springboard. One girl climbed a ladder, and stood on a platform about twenty feet above the lake. Presently she gave a jump and plunged head-first. The water closed over her, and she did not appear again for half a minute, and when she did she popped up within a few yards of Brewerton's boat and facing him.

Great heavens! She was the kid he had rescued from under the branches of a tree and had taken into his boat to save from drowning!

The water was cool, but not cool enough to keep the blood from rushing in a torrent to her cheeks. Though out of breath, she ducked and came up with her face the other way and swimming inally to the boat.  
Brewerton's eyes were opened to the fact that he had been fooled. Indeed, he had been fooled in more than one respect. He had by this time seen a number of the girls of the camp and had learned that he could not judge of their age when in camp costume. But why should this girl have deceived him, resigning to be afraid of the water? Quite likely she was one of the most expert canoers on the lake. Doubtless she was one of the demurest of the camp. All this was unintelligible to Brewerton, and, being unintelligible, it occupied his mind during the rest of his sojourn at Lake Winnepogo. One day in September, after the fall began back to the city, Brewerton received a message from his friend Mrs. Webster, asking if it would be convenient for him to dine with her the next evening. She was anxious to hear how he liked Lake Winnepogo. He replied that it would be convenient, and he was desirous of learning why she had not told him that there was a girls' camp on the lake.

Brewerton had been admitted to his hostess' house and was telling her about how he liked the lake when the doorbell rang and another guest was admitted. Mrs. Webster left him to receive the newcomer and presently returned with a stately young woman in dinner dress. Brewerton's eyes were fixed on her for a few moments before he recognized in her altered costume the girl he had saved from drowning. There was on the young lady's face an expression of mingling emotions. There was some blushing, some shrink from some sign of a guilty conscience. The whole topped with a dash of amusement. On Mrs. Webster's face it was all amusement. On Brewerton's face—Brewerton's face was indescribable.

"This is my friend Nick Brewerton," said the hostess, "and this is also my friend Miss Eleanor Tibbits. I believe you two have met before. Be seated."

It was not till long after this, when Brewerton had become the husband of Miss Tibbits, that he learned what a nefarious conspiracy had been concocted against him. Miss Tibbits had been with Mrs. Webster when he asked to be recommended to a restful summer spot where there were no women. Miss Tibbits—she was twenty years of age—thought it would be a good scheme to impose herself on the gentleman in camp costume as a little girl. She had engaged to go to Camp Wocomoc and when Brewerton arrived was posted as to the fact. She had "held" for him and caught him the first day, after his arrival. Her husband, referring to her popping up before him after having taken a twenty foot dive, declared that it was more surprising than if he had seen a veritable mermaid with a fish's tail.

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