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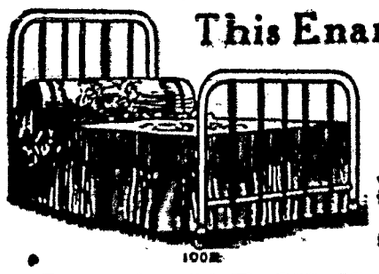

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For the Children

Jess Willard, Jr., Son of a Famous Athlete.

Photo by American Press Association.

The handsome and wholesome little boy shown in the picture is Jess Willard, Jr., son of the famous athlete, champion prizefighter of the world. Prizefighting is a sport that is abhorred by many thinking persons, because it is regarded as brutal and has a tendency to lower those who engage in it. Boxing, however, is considered an excellent exercise and is practiced in gymnasiums and at the various colleges. Boxing is said to teach self reliance, quickness of eye and brain and when indulged in with soft gloves for points of skill only is healthful and beneficial. To become a champion requires steady nerves and great stamina as well as mighty strength. Only those succeed who live clean lives—that is, avoid the use of alcohol, tobacco and excesses of any sort. This is true of almost any undertaking. The boy who wishes to reach the top might follow the example of Jess Willard in his mode of life. He neither drinks nor smokes. Little Jess is still a baby yet. He is but two years of age.

Catching Monkeys.

In the Philippine Islands the natives catch monkeys in such a funny way!

The monkeys are very fond of the meat of cocoanuts, which grow as plentifully there as apples do in our country. They are very lazy, though, about gnawing through the outer bark and will only do so when very hungry. The natives take advantage of their greed and indolence by cutting a small opening through the shell, just large enough for Mr. Monkey's long, thin hand to penetrate.

When he once gets inside he gets his hands full of delicious, dainty meat, and his hand is naturally wider in this act than when it entered. Finding his hand will not come out, the monkey chatters and scolds, plainly showing his indignation at the way he has been trapped, but never thinks of loosening his hold on the cocoanut and withdrawing his hand as easily as he put it in. There he stands, an angry monkey, until the man who set the cocoanut trap comes and takes him captive.

Pure Drinking Water.

There is a common belief that clear water is pure water. Boy scouts who are going out camping during the present summer should be very careful over their drinking supply.

While water which looks dirty is sometimes harmless (peat colors water considerably, but does not harm it to any great extent), danger may exist although the water is sparkling and clear.

As it is often impossible to carry a filter, scouts should always bear in mind that a very simple and effective safeguard is to boil the liquid for from 5 to 10 minutes before using it for drinking purposes.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a funny fellow and a butcher? One deals out wit, the other wit-ties (victuals).

Why have turkeys no fear of a future state? Because they have their next world (necks twirled) in this.

Why is a deceased poor doctor like a dead duck? Because they both have done quacking.

Why was Shakespeare a good broker? Because he furnished many stock quotations.

What instrument of war does an angry lover resemble? A cross-bow (beau).

Charade.

The answer to this is one of the United States.

The first, in a great flood, saved many.
While two, just try—is part of any.
The next leads always in stripes and in stars,
While the last two letters are half of Mars.
Placed correctly together, find a state
Whose people are, beyond all doubt, first rate.

Answer.—Ark, an, sas—Arkansas.

THE NATION'S CAPITOL.

Main Dimensions of One Beautiful Building in Washington.

One national monument of Washington is a beautiful and impressive building. It towers aloft and stands on a pinnacle eighty-eight feet above the level of the Potomac. The entire length of the building from north to south is 751 feet 4 inches, and its greatest dimension from east to west is 320 feet. The area covered by the building is 156,112 square feet.

The dome of the original central building was constructed of wood, and was with copper. This was replaced in 1863 by the present structure of cast iron. It was completed in 1868. The entire weight of iron used is 8,909,200 pounds. The dome is crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom, which is 19 feet 6 inches high and weighs 14,985 pounds.

The height of the dome above the base line of the east front is 287 feet 5 inches. The height from the top of the balustrade of the building is 217 feet 11 inches. The greatest diameter at the base is 135 feet 5 inches. The rotunda is 97 feet 6 inches in diameter and its height from the floor to the top of the canopy is 180 feet 3 inches.

The senate chamber is 113 feet 3 inches in length by 83 feet 3 inches in width and 36 feet in height. The galleries will accommodate 1,000 persons. The representatives' hall is 139 feet in length by 93 feet in width and 36 feet in height.—Philadelphia Press.

PLANETS AND OUR WEATHER.

Despite Popular Belief There Is No Connection Between Them.

That the planets and the moon have an effect upon the weather on the earth is a common belief. This belief is baseless, for all changes of weather depend upon differences in temperature.

Rainfall is due to the accumulation of water in the atmosphere. This water can accumulate only by being evaporated from the surface of the earth. And evaporation requires heat. Winds also are due to heat—greater warmth in one place than in another causing the air to rush toward where the warm air is rising.

If the moon and the planets could furnish heat they might affect the weather. But the heat they furnish is so infinitesimally small that it is not enough to change the temperature an appreciable fraction of a degree. The amount of heat they send us has actually been measured, but it needed the most delicately sensitive of instruments to perceive it.

Another proof that neither the planets nor the moon have any effect upon our weather is that careful comparisons of the weather with the positions of the planets and the moon show that there is no relation between them. If there were we should have the same weather when the planets were in the same position, which is not the case.—New York World.

Japan's Good Roads.

Japan is peculiarly well off in respect of good highways. The Tokaido, which runs from Kioto to Tokyo, is over 300 miles in length and, as the writer can testify, is admirably constructed. There is also the Nakkendo, which is even longer and passes through some of the finest scenery in the world. The reason of Japan's excellence in the matter of roads is that in the old days, not so very long ago, the daimios, or territorial nobles, had to journey to Tokyo once a year in order to pay their respects to the sovereign. They traveled by road, with great retinues, and if the highways were not in perfect condition, feudal justice was meted out to the delinquents.—London Spectator.

Good Company.

As friends and companions, as teachers and counselors, as recreators and amusers, books are always with us and always ready to respond to our wants. We can take them with us in our wanderings or gather them around us at our firesides. In the lonely wilderness and the crowded city their spirit will be with us, giving a meaning to the seemingly confused movements of humanity and peopling the desert with their own bright creations.—John Alfred Langford.

Rescued by Nature.

"Were you ever lost in the woods?"

"Almost."

"Who rescued you?"

"Nature."

"What do you mean?"

"The wind was blowing so hard that the girl didn't hear me when I proposed."—London Standard.

Smoked Ceilings.

Smoke from a lamp or gas often soils a ceiling in the one particular spot, while the rest remains beautifully white. It is useful to know that soiled ceilings caused by lamp and gas will be rendered less conspicuous if rubbed over with dry whiting.

Just What He Meant.

"Is the rain still keeping up?"

"Why, what d'ye mean? I haven't seen any rain."

"That's what I asked you, if it was still keeping up?"—Exchange.

Cheap.

"Mrs. Gabby just loves to indulge in cheap talk."

"Then let her try a little conversation on the line between New York and San Francisco."—New York Times.

Children of Today.

"If you don't give me a piece of your chocolate, Edith, I'll tell mamma that you are secretly engaged."—Fliegende Blatter (Munich).

A SECRET SERVICE FAILURE

A Story For Memorial Day

By E. A. MITCH.

In the year 1863 I was a lieutenant in the 7th Ohio cavalry, in middle Tennessee, and a part of my duties was to carry dispatches. I was one of three who had been selected for the work because of my supposed knowledge of the roads, and because I was a good horseman. I was one of them, and my principal duty was to carry dispatches wherever the service demanded, for the country was so full of guerrillas that telegraphic communication was not available.

One day the general handed me a dispatch and told me I must not on any account permit it to fall into the hands of the enemy. I promised him that I would defend it with my life. It was contained in a long official envelope, and I tucked it into my saber belt, where we couriers always carried our dispatches, intending when I got without our camp to put it in a less conspicuous place.

I was riding down a turnpike southward when I saw a young soldier on foot a short distance ahead of me. It occurred to me that he had a peculiar walk. When I reached him he turned and looked up at me. He was the youngest looking soldier I ever saw, except a boy in the drummer here. His cheeks were rosy as a girl's, and there wasn't a sign of a beard.

"Like to ride, sonny?" I asked. "If so, I'll take you up behind me."

I noticed his eye turn upon the dispatch in my belt, but only as it might rest on anything about me, and he said he would like a lift if I didn't mind, since he had several miles to go before reaching camp. I noticed that his accent had the southern flavor in it and asked him what regiment he belonged to. He said he was one of an east Tennessee cavalry regiment that I knew all about. This accounted for his accent. He put his foot on mine, and, giving me his hand, I lifted him up to a seat behind me.

I chatted with him on the way, though I could not get him to say much. All of a sudden when we came to a part of the road where no one was near I felt my revolver being drawn out of my holster, and the first thing I knew after that I heard a click and felt the muzzle against the back of my head.

"I'll take that paper in your belt," he said.

It didn't take me long to form a theory of what all this meant. He was a Confederate who had got hold of a Federal soldier's uniform and came into our lines on secret service. But I didn't let on that such was my opinion.

"Oh, stop your fooling," I said, "or I'll put you down."

I knew he was more frightened than I, for I felt the muzzle of the pistol shake against my head, which indicated that his hand was trembling. However, he managed to control his voice sufficiently to say, quite sternly for a mere boy:

"You give me that dispatch or I'll make a hole in your head."

"Are you in earnest?" I asked.

"You'll find that out pretty quick if you don't do as I tell you."

He was so excited that he endeavored to put a masculine tone into his voice and gave himself or herself dead away.

"Come, little girl," I said, "don't you think you have embarked in a pretty dangerous business?"

"Girl, or no girl, I want that dispatch."

"Well, if you want it why don't you take it?"

There was no immediate reply to this. She was evidently thinking what to do. A man would have reached for the dispatch with one hand while he held the pistol in place with the other. I didn't believe that the girl would kill me intentionally, but I confess I was mightily afraid that in her agitation she would pull the trigger without knowing it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "Lower the revolver and I'll give you the dispatch, on the honor of a soldier."

"Give me the dispatch or I'll fire."

I didn't believe she could bring herself to shoot me in cold blood. I resolved to risk it.

"You're welcome to it, my dear," I replied, "but you'll have to take it yourself."

I knew she was afraid that if she reached for it I would adopt some method to circumvent her.

"Suppose," I added, "I give you the dispatch. What will you do next?"

"You'll dismount, and I'll ride away on your horse."

"How do you know but I have a revolver in my bootleg?"

She didn't know, but I knew I hadn't. She made no reply, but I felt her trembling.

"If you're going to succeed in this job you'd better reach down and pull out the other weapon, for if you don't I can shoot you as soon as I've dismounted. I could give you the dispatch, get down and put a bullet through you as soon as I touched the pike."

"Why don't you?" she asked in a voice that had perceptibly broken away.

"Because I wouldn't hurt you, my dear girl, for the world."

This was too much for her. She broke down and put my revolver back in my holster.

I'm sorry I haven't time to tell the rest of the story. I can say, however, that after the war I took her north with me.