

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Most Unusual Happening.

FAIRY TALE FROM FAR JAPAN.

How Good Luck Came to a Kind Hearted Farmer—Gift That Came Strangely on the Wings of a Storm—Wonderful Ending of a Birthday Feast.

Well, said Uncle Ben to little Ned and Polly Ann, tonight I am going to tell you about

THE THUNDER CHILD.

It is a fairy tale that Japanese fathers often tell their little ones as they sit out at evenings beside the doors of their straw cottages and see the rays growing in the little fields above which rises the beauty of mountain, which no Japanese love, the story I tell you.

Once upon a time, say the Japanese, there lived in one of their valleys a good couple who, after spending their lives in hard work, were growing old without having earned enough to keep them when they should no longer be able to toil.

One day the old man was hoeing his field when a dark storm gathered. It was only when the rain began to patter down heavily that he stopped his work. Just as he turned to the house there came a terrible crash of thunder and a bolt of lightning seemed to strike the ground directly in front of him.

When the cloud of dust had cleared away the old man was amazed to see lying on the ground a dear little rosy checked child.

Delighted, he picked it up and ran to the cottage, crying: "See, wife, what the storm has left us!"

His wife was not less pleased than he was, and the little one grew up in their home tenderly loved and cared for.

He was a wonderfully good boy. He never cared to run about and play with the other children, but followed his adopted father about the fields trying his tiny best to help.

And though they had been so very poor before, now everything seemed to come their way. They were pointed out as the luckiest people in that part of Japan.

When their dear boy was eighteen years old they made a birthday feast for him, but although the old couple were now rich enough to feed the whole country if they had wished, the lad asked that the feast be just for themselves.

When it was over, he rose and said: "Dear parents, you have made me very happy, but I am, as you know, not your child, but the child of the thunder, and the time has come when I must go back to my own. May you always be happy as kind hearts deserve to be."

And then where he had stood was a little white mist that floated out of the door and grew and grew until it was a tiny cloud before it reached the top of the mountain, where it melted into another snowy white cloud.

The Bachelor's Cat. Any number may play this game. The first player says, "The bachelor's cat is an active cat," using an adjective to describe the cat, which begins with "a." The next player uses some other adjective to describe the cat beginning with "b," and so on to the end of the alphabet. The player unable to respond must pay a forfeit.

A Cold Water Girl. Nothing stronger than milk and pure cold water for this very young lady.



Photo by American Press Association AT THE PUMP.

Though small, she is able to work the handle enough to fill her glass. The camera man caught her just as she was about to take a drink.

Riddles. "What is it occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute and not once in a thousand years? The letter M. Why is a milkman like a mill horse? Because he goes his rounds."

Mapping the United States.

Beginning nearly forty years ago to construct accurate topographic and geologic maps of both the known and the unexplored regions of the United States, the United States geological survey has speedily progressed with this part of its work until topographic maps of so per cent of the country are now published, besides maps for large areas in Alaska and Hawaii. Extensive areas have also been covered by geologic maps, and all the work from the beginning of the field survey to the printing of the finished map is done by this government bureau. Other activities of the survey are the classification of public lands, the annual collection of mineral statistics of the United States and investigations of the nation's water resources all involving the publication of scientific and technical reports containing over 200,000 pages annually.

During the last thirty years over \$15,000,000 has been spent by the geological survey in geologic and topographic surveys in the United States.

Seeing Distances. About 200 times in every direction is the distance a man can see when standing on a clear day on the peak of the highest mountain—say at a height of 20,000 feet, or a little over five miles above the level of the sea. An observer must be at a height of 6,000 feet above sea level to see objects at a distance of a hundred miles. The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one and one-half times the height of the observer in feet above sea level. Some allowance has to be made for the refraction of light, but as the refraction varies at different heights and is affected by the various states of the weather no precisely accurate figures for general purposes can be given. Probably from one-fourteenth to one-tenth of the distance given by the formula would have to be deducted owing to the refraction of the atmosphere.

Caustic Criticism. A young New York man, a member of one of the first families as far as wealth is concerned, had been in the habit of writing poems, which, unable to dispose of, he managed to get printed in certain publications by paying, therefor at advertising rates. He attended a social gathering at which a cynical old fellow named Timble, who despised the would be poet, knowing of his manner of obtaining publicity, chanced to be present. The rich young man lost no chance of referring to his "works," and finally remarked, ostentatiously, that he was born on the same day that Washington Irving died.

"Both of which occurrences," snapped old Timble, "have had a very depressing effect upon American literature."

A Left Handed Compliment. "Ma," said little Harry, "I'll tell you what you ought to do."

"What, dear?" his mother asked.

"You ought to go over to live in some country where the people are Mohammedans."

"What on earth ever put such a thought as that into your dear head, darling?"

"Cause over there they think all fat women are beautiful."

"Harry, if you dare to open your mouth again this evening you will be sent to bed with nothing to eat!" Chicago Herald.

Non-sinkable Safes for Ships. Non-sinkable safes so placed that they will rise to the surface as soon as a ship sinks, are the invention of Menotti Nanni. The Popular Science Monthly in describing them tells of the hundreds of millions of dollars now at the bottom of the sea that might have been saved by their use.

A Housewarming. "I want a dress to put on around the house," said the lady in the department store.

"How large is your house, madam?" inquired the fresh clerk.

Sure Cure. Patient—What would you recommend for somnambulism? Doctor—Well, as a last resort you might try Insomnia—Indianapolis Star.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Helping Digestion. Many persons do not eat what is ordinarily considered a good dinner for fear of the resulting after-effects. Foods that are well assimilated and eaten slowly are not apt to cause indigestion, particularly if an acid dessert is taken at the end of the meal instead of a sweet dessert. Puddings and pies are sweet and not well digested by persons disposed to have dyspepsia. Too frequently the dessert is hurriedly eaten and not well masticated. This neglect makes such instances of greater indigestion.

The best thing to eat and full feeling so recently complained of after meals will be cured and prevented by eating acid fruits for dessert. Apples, currants, grapes are excellent for this purpose. The grapes are excellent too. The grapes juice in its stomach is naturally contains about 2 per cent hydrochloric acid. If this acid is insufficient for any reason a 14 health digestion is interfered with. It is therefore easy to aid digestion by eating acid fruits.

Spring Fabrics. Taffeta is quite strongly in the fore in the advance spring dresses, in stripes and in figures, as well as in solid colors. For high class gowns beautiful florals in floral patterns are being worn.

Paperhanger's Paste. Five lbs. of good quality of water. Dissolve in it one lb. of flour then when it is smooth and pour over it a quart of water. Gradually stir in the flour. Then when the thick paste is made, add a quart of warm water and gradually add this.

TRIM SUIT

One of the Latest Models is This Smart Check.



GOOD LINES.

Black and white shepherd's plaid gives us this suit of marked distinction. Plaid insets fill cores of both peplum and skirt, and nothing could be tricker than the white plume vest. Almost every late model has some sort of vest. The seroll veil is also ultra.

LUNCH BASKETS.

What to Pack in Them and How to Pack Them.

The basket lunch is harder to plan and also to prepare than the lunch at home. To begin with, there are many foods which cannot be included in it either because they are not good food or because they cannot be conveniently packed or easily carried. This leaves fewer foods to choose from, and so extra care is necessary to prevent sameness. Extra care must also be given to the preparation of foods that must be packed in small containers and kept for several hours before being eaten.

Variety in breads, too, is more important than at other meals because of the danger of monotony. Wheat bread, whole wheat bread, corn meal or oatmeal bread, nut, raisin and date bread, beaten biscuit, rolls, crisp baking powder biscuit or soft biscuit and toast, zwieback and crackers may be used in turn to give variety. Rolls hollowed out can be made to hold a large amount of sandwich filling, which is an advantage at times.

In packing the lunch basket put at the bottom the things least likely to crush and wrap the sandwiches, etc. into neat parcels, not all in one. Paper cups, jelly tumblers with covers, which can now be bought in several sizes, bottles with screw tops, such as those in which candy and some other foods are sold, and small jars such as those in which some goods are sold by drug stores can all be used for packing jelly, jams and honey as well as the foods mentioned above. When clean and in good condition empty receptacles of this kind can be saved for use in the lunch basket.

Here are some bills of fare for the lunch basket:

- 1. Sandwiches with sliced tender meat for filling, baked apple, cookies or a few lumps of sugar.
- 2. Slices of meat loaf or bean loaf, bread and butter sandwiches, stewed fruit, small frosted cake.
- 3. Crisp rolls hollowed out and filled with chopped meat or fish moistened and seasoned or mixed with salad dressing, orange, apple, a mixture of sliced fruits or berries, cake.
- 4. Lettuce or celery sandwiches, cup custard, jelly or jam.
- 5. Cottage cheese and chopped green pepper sandwiches or a pot of cream cheese with bread and butter, sliced whole, peanut sandwiches, fruit, cake.
- 6. Hard boiled eggs, crisp baking powder biscuits, celery or radishes, brown sugar or maple sugar sandwiches.
- 7. Bottle of milk, thin corn bread and butter, dates or pie.
- 8. Raisin or nut bread with butter, cheese, orange marmalade, sugar.
- 9. Baked bean and lettuce sandwiches, apple sauce, sweet chocolate.

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Transplanting Palm-Trees.

It is almost impossible for even a lettuce slip to be removed from the spot where it has taken root without a consequent drooping and period of suspended growth. But nowadays palm trees are uprooted and carried hundreds of miles from their native soil and climate with scarcely a wilted leaf.

The secret of the success of transplanting such trees lies in the preliminary work. This is begun fully six months before the time for the moving of the tree. First the roots are dug around and carefully cut, and the plant is boxed. Three inches are placed between the balls of roots in the boxes. This space is next filled with earth, which is well tamped down. Thus the tree is made to stand in the box in which it is to be moved, without tilting it from the earth. Here it remains during the six months of preparation. It is thoroughly mulched and given the best of care, so as to induce a plentiful side growth of roots. At the end of the six months it may be lifted and shipped. It will show no signs of fatigue at the end of its journey, however far it may travel. Popular Science Monthly.

Japan's Narrow Railways.

When the railways of Japan were first planned the narrow gauge of three feet six inches was selected for them, because it was cheapest to build and equip and was thought best suited to the country's narrow highways and steep grades. Now the 6,000 miles of Japanese railways, all of narrow gauge, are found to be sadly behind the times, and a movement is on foot to rebuild them to standard gauge, although the cost is estimated at nearly \$150,000,000. At present the trains are slow, the fastest expresses making less than thirty miles an hour, the coaches are low and narrow, and the sleeping cars are cramped and inconvenient, while most of the railway inventions of other nations cannot be used because of the difference in track gauge and size of cars. The director of the imperial railways favors the change, in spite of the cost, and estimates that the main Tokaido line could be converted to broad gauge in twelve years and the other lines on the main island of Japan within twenty-five years.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Too Busy.

When a thing that really ought to be done presents itself, take it and work it out somehow without hurry or nervousness, even though your hands are already full. Don't think "I am too busy." And, above all, don't say it aloud where any one can hear you. Being too busy carries an implication of fussy activity as contrasted with efficient effort. To be too busy is necessarily an admission that your job is itself too big for you or that you are doing things which do not necessarily belong to your job or that you are not working wisely and efficiently. Pathless logic inevitably drives your hearers to one of these three conclusions. If you are "too busy" you ought to resign or reorganize.—Publishers' Weekly.

What's in a Name?

His grandfather is in the employ of Uncle Sam, engaged in passing back and forth mail for dependent humanity. His father, Mr. D., also earns his bread by the same useful work in the Indianapolis postoffice. Since these of two generations are connected with the mail service, they doubtless expect little Dick to follow in their steps. Friends of the family are sure that this is the intention of the parents, the child's name being the proof. The mother liked Richard, and the father liked Franklin, so the child became Richard Franklin D., or short R. F. D.—Indianapolis News.

Ancient Fishermen.

A codfishery about Newfoundland was conducted by Normans and Bretons as early as 1504, and there is a tradition among the fishermen of Bay of Biscay that one of their number, who had been fishing in the western Atlantic, informed Columbus of the existence of land in that region before the illustrious explorer had begun his memorable voyage.—National Geographic Magazine.

Pelicans Pouches.

The pelican is commendably regular in his habits. The parent birds catch their food and after eating their fill deposit the rest in their pouches under the wings and carry them to their young. These pouches will hold from three to eight pounds of fish.

Getting Experience.

"Is your boy Josh doing well?" "Of course," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "Josh has managed to be so patient with me that I'm kind of hopeful he'll be able to come back to the farm and get along with me."—Washington Star.

Seizing the Opportunity.

Cornshaw—If you insist on this new gown I'll have to get it on credit. Mrs. Ing from either, spiritual and get re-Cornshaw. As long as it's going to be quiring rhythm, material and get in credit, dear, I may as well get a more dependent of space. Heinrich Heine.

Some Shock.

Bill That man is a live wire. "Gill—How do you know?" "I'll bet he'll be a little while ago."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Difference of Opinion.

It were not best that we should all think alike. It is difference of opinion that makes horse races possible.—Mark Twain.

Turn About.

Mrs. Crawford—Her mother slave all her life in order to give her an education. Mrs. Cornshaw—Now she's turned around and is trying to educate her mother.—Life.

THE PEOPLE TRIUMPHANT.

They Always Conquer When They Are Resolved to Be Free.

In the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man and heart for heart, there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination and brave the flaming lines of battle without in-trenchments to cover or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home where his mother and sisters sit waiting with feverish eyes and aching hearts to hear good news from the wars. No long service in the ranks of the conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the lives of others, but in the spirit and the strength of the cause about they act, contend and bleed. In this they conquer! The people always conquer! They always must conquer! Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties be imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race that came not in what language the exponent of their subjugation runs nor in whose the deed of their bitter and sad is made out. But the people never invade and when they rise against the invader are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles, the tangled, pathless thickets their palisade, and nature, God is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them under a falling atmosphere of polar snows. He lets loose his tempests on their fleets. He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders, and he never gains—and never will give a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people resolved to be free.—Edward Everett.

WORNOUT FLAGS.

Naval Rules Require That They Be Destroyed by Fire.

What should be done with an American flag, old, worn out, soiled or tattered, that is no longer serviceable as the national emblem? Should it be destroyed? How should it be destroyed without desecration? There appears to be no law to point the way. But there is practice. And the best practice seems to point but one way. Burn the unseaworthy flag. Perhaps make a rite and ceremony of this destruction by fire. Total destruction seems the proper measure, and that is to be accomplished conveniently and quickly only by fire. To bury the flag has been suggested, but it is stated, on the other hand, that caskets may be brought to light and the method is not considered good practice. To throw the discarded flag into the waste might be considered a desecration of its sacredness. Fire appears the only sure way of satisfactory destruction. To apply the flag to any further purpose after its usefulness as a flag has ended would be considered desecration, even if not punishable by law as a public offense. It should never become a sign or a part of patchwork or serve any other use thereafter, in the general opinion of those who would give it proper honor. None of the flags whipped to ribbons in the breeze from the stiffs over the treasury building ever has been destroyed. They have been carefully folded and put into storage under the regime of Chief Clerk Wilmett. Reluctant to destroy them, the necessity may some day confront him as custodian of the building, and he will destroy them by fire. In the navy and the coast guard regulations require that useless flags be destroyed by fire. This regulation is strictly enforced.—Washington Star.

Lubrication Saves.

You may ask why it is if the lubricant is supposed to prevent contact the surfaces should ever wear out. If run without a lubricant your motor would be ruined in five minutes. If properly lubricated it should run five years. If no oil matter became mixed with the oil, it might reasonably be expected to last more than twice as long. The lubricating system should therefore continuously replace the film of oil on every bearing or sliding surface as fast as it is worn out.—Professor Richard A. Lamm in American Farming.

Flies and Filth.

The fly is born in filth and thrives upon filth. If no filth is allowed to accumulate in a house or its neighborhood it will not be troubled by flies for they do not ordinarily stray far from their breeding places and their sources of food. In a thoroughly clean neighborhood they cannot live in the face of screens preventing their access to food and to the absence of manure heaps and other receptacles for filth in which to deposit their eggs.

A Matter of Change.

"What a change a woman can make in a man's life!" sighed the very young man.

"Right you are, my boy," sighed the scanty haired man who had been up against the matrimonial game for many years, "and what a lot of change she requires while doing it!"

Puffed Up.

Post—Thinks he's the whole thing, doesn't he? Parker—Well, I'd hardly go as far as that, but he certainly considers himself a quorum.—Smart Set.

Ropes Made of Human Hair.

In building the Nishi Hongwanji temple of Japan the heavy beams of the roof were hoisted into place with ropes made of human hair.

No one can have peace longer than his neighbor pleases.—Dutch Proverb.

GASOLINE HAZARDS

The Safety and the Danger of This Widely Used Liquid.

DEADLY PERIL IN ITS VAPOR

When it Accumulates in a Closed Room Its Explosive Power is Tremendous, but it Takes a Naked Flame or an Electric Spark to Ignite it.

Gasoline is a wonderfully safe liquid if handled properly, says William H. Stewart, Jr., the automobile expert. The real danger comes from the fact that some people do not realize how dangerous it is and others do not realize how safe it is and so give way to some of its characteristics. A few moments for handling it will go far toward reducing the danger attendant with its use. Gasoline is a mixture of several liquids obtained from crude petroleum by distillation. It is water white in color—that is, colorless except in large masses, when it has a bluish tinge. It boils at a temperature of 115 to 150 degrees F., giving off a heavy vapor which is quite colorless, although possessing a characteristic odor. As this vapor may readily accumulate on the floor of a closed room, it constitutes one of the real dangers of gasoline. All it needs is a flame to cause it to spread destruction on all sides. For the present note how safe gasoline really is. It cannot be set on fire by the glowing end of a cigarette or cigar, although if the cigarette paper catches fire the gasoline will take fire from that. This matter of safety may easily be proved by pouring a small quantity of gasoline into a tumbler and putting the lit end of a cigarette into the vapor while pulling it vigorously. Having satisfied yourself that it will not ignite, dip the glowing end into the gasoline, and it will be instantly extinguished. Evidently the vapor needs the intense heat in order to ignite. A popular error is to the effect that gasoline is highly explosive, some imagining that it is only necessary to touch a match to it in order to have it explode like gunpowder. Nothing could be further from the truth. Pour a dram or two on the kitchen table and set fire to it. It burns quietly with a characteristic yellow flame and black smoke. Even if heated in a closed tank it will not explode if a vent is provided. Of course water will explode if heated too much in a tank without a vent, and so will gasoline. The bursting of the tank is due to vapor pressure and not to an explosion such as is produced in an engine. But the most unreasoning fear comes from the idea of setting fire to a tank at the alter opening. Most people in imagination see the tank torn to pieces and the explosion blow a high in the air. Nothing of the sort happens. The vapor takes fire at the surface and burns quietly without any demonstration of any kind. This is only true, however, in case the tank has been filled several hours. A tank just emptied of gasoline or one freshly filled will give as good an explosion as one could wish. To see why a full tank does not explode pour a few ounces of gasoline into a preserve jar. Shake it up and set fire to the vapor at the top. No explosion takes place because gasoline vapor is not explosive except when mixed with air in the right proportions. Probably the greatest danger from gasoline comes from the fact that the vapor is very heavy and colorless. Since it cannot be seen there is little indication of its presence. It may accumulate at the bottom of a closed room or on the floor of a garage until some one drops a lighted match and sets fire to it. When allowed to accumulate in this manner its explosive power is tremendous. I have seen the wall of a brick building blown out as the result of an accumulation of gasoline vapor in the cellar. A lighted match caused the trouble. It is evident, then, that care must be taken to avoid such accumulation. Keep the premises ventilated so that the vapor will be dissipated as fast as it is formed. Do not spill gasoline being especially careful while filling tanks.—New York World.

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