

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Useful and Handsome Bird.

THE DROP OF MAGIC BLOOD.

How It Came to Ornament the Crest of a Little Feathered Friend of Mankind—Battle Between the Knight and the Wicked Wizard.

Tonight, said Uncle Ben to Little Ned and Polly Ann I am going to tell you a about—

THE WOODPECKER.

The woodpecker bores right through the bark of trees to get at the bugs that otherwise might injure them. You have often admired doubtless the gay little crest on the woodpecker's beak. It is not only a faithful worker, but a handsome fellow.

There is a story about the woodpecker that may please you. The first woodpecker, according to the fairy stories, had some gifts that other woodpeckers seem to have lost. For instance, he could talk with man. He wished very much to be friendly with the human race.

It happened that near the home of the woodpecker there lived a fierce wizard. His castle was in the middle of a big black swamp, and whenever he walked abroad his breath poisoned every one whom he chanced to meet.

Many brave men went out to meet the wizard, but no one was able to fight against him. Whenever a stranger came along the wizard would blow his poisoned breath and kill him.

One day a knight, a very brave soldier, began to fight the wicked old wizard. He shot once, he shot twice, but still his arrows failed to do harm. The wizard roared and laughed at the knight's poor marksmanship. The arrows glanced off the wizard's skin as if they were steel.

At last the knight had only three arrows left. He had vainly sent several dozen at the wizard. He was almost ready to give up, which would have meant his death, for the bad wizard would then have certainly killed him.

Suddenly a wee small voice called down to the knight: "His heart is too hard to pierce. Shoot your arrows at his forehead."

The knight looked up, and, lo, it was the friendly woodpecker who had spoken. After thanking the bird the knight fixed an arrow to his bow and sent it straight at the wizard's head. It gashed the flesh, and the blood began to flow. A second time the knight shot, and the arrow went still deeper. At the third shot the wizard fell dead.

Then the knight called the little woodpecker down from the tree. A drop of blood from the wizard's forehead fell upon his feathers—right on top of his head. It was magic blood, and ever since all birds of his family have had red head feathers.

Boy Scout Farmers.

More than 2,000 boy scouts of Washington, D. C., recently mobilized, and marched with rakes and hoes over their shoulders to a tract of 300 acres in East Potomac park, which their Uncle Sam had donated to them for a monster vegetable garden. As they marched past the White House thus "in battle array" they were reviewed by the president and War Secretary Baker.

Dame Nature's New Suit.

Dame Nature is out in her gayest of clothes of emerald green. With a touch of the rose. Her gown is the daintiest ever seen. With its billowy ruffles of feathery green. —Philadelphia Record.

The Almond Tree.

Almonds growing on the tree have hard green shells. If they are allowed to ripen naturally this shell dries, bursts open and drops the fruit upon the ground.

A Young Patriot.

The little patriot here pictured has been very much interested in soldiers and the flag since she saw a company



Photo by American Press Association. TRUE TO THE FLAG.

of soldiers marching along the street with flags flying and band playing. Now she is out every pleasant day with her flag. Her name is Bertha Harris, and she lives in the Bronx, New York city.

Unbelievable America.

In the chapter of Hugo Munsterberg's unfinished autobiography, published in the Century under the title, "Twenty-five Years in America," the Harvard professor tells some of the amusing misconceptions of America current in Germany a quarter of a century ago.

"The one, however, who brought me nearest to America was the historian Holst," wrote Professor Munsterberg. "In the lecture room his real life work was silenced. Who would care to study American history? But in the drawing room he did not talk of anything else: America and America again. Sometimes we had to listen to American stories through whole dinner parties. I do remember that at my first Freiburg party he reached his climax when he told the fascinated company that he had been in a hotel in New York where his room had a private bathroom in which he could have a hot bath at any hour of the night. The lady next to me relieved the dramatic tension by whispering, 'I do not believe it.' Well, no one believed much of what he heard concerning America."

Length of Wireless Waves.

In articles on wireless telegraphy such expressions as 200 meter wave lengths, 600 meter wave lengths, 15,000 meter wave lengths are constantly used. In reply to a correspondent who asks how the length of the waves is measured the Scientific American gives the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric wave is determined by a wave meter. The natural wave length of an aerial is four times its linear length, just as the wave length of a note of a closed organ pipe is four times the length of the pipe, and the wave length of the note of a tuning fork is four times the length of the box which is resonant with the note. However, other considerations make it difficult to measure the wave length by a rule, and the wave meter gives a more correct result than can be found by measuring the length of the wire."

Through Customer's Glasses.

"How much experience have you had behind the counter?" asked an electric shop manager of a young man who had just applied for a job as a retail clerk.

"None," admitted the applicant, "but I've had a heap of experience as a customer."

"The ability to put on the customer's glasses and see windows, cases and prices from the buying side of the counter is an asset that cannot be too highly valued. Every electric store salesman is also a buyer. He must purchase clothing, neckties and shoes. The electrical man who can remember how other salesmen and clerks showed him their merchandise in a way that invited his interest and encouraged him to buy and who can apply these methods in his own everyday selling is the man who will contribute to the building of a clientele of satisfied patrons for his store.—Electrical Merchandising.

Fragrant Wild Flowers.

Readers of the American Botanist have been trying to decide which is the most fragrant American wild flower, and their opinions on the subject exhibit remarkable diversity. In New England the majority give first choice to the pink azalea, with the white water lily second. There are many votes for the trailing arbutus; but, as the editor suggests, its fragrance is doubtless overestimated owing to the fact that it is the earliest fragrant wild flower of spring. Other candidates for the first place are the partridge berry, the common locust, horned bladderwort (of which John Burroughs says, "In a warm moist atmosphere the odor is almost too strong"), yellow jessamine, spotted wintergreen and some of the magnolias.

Village Life in China.

Chinese village life is essentially democratic, almost communistic. There are not today—have not been for centuries—feudal lords or even great landlords. It is a country of peasant proprietors, clan government, with practically all the men of middle age and over in a community having equal voice and authority in local affairs, with land split up smaller and more equally than in any other country in the world.

Revising an Old Saying.

The old saying that where there's a will there's a way still holds good, with certain restrictions, but the modern way of doing things demands both will and skill. The individual who possesses both these virtues will find the road to success comparatively thornless.—Bakers' Weekly.

Doing Your Duty.

Those who do it always would soon think of being contented of eating their dinner as of doing their duty. What honest boy would pride himself on not picking a pocket? A thief who was trying to reform would.—George Macdonald.

Contradictory.

"What did Blank say about me?" "That you owed him \$10." "Why, the lying scoundrel! Well, he can just whistle for his money now. I won't pay him one cent till I get good and ready.—Boston Transcript.

A Household Jewel.

"Is your new maid competent?" "Very. She can even fool agents and peddlers into believing that she's the mistress of the house."—Pittsburgh Press.

January Wheat Crops.

Only two countries, Chile and New Zealand, usually harvest their wheat crops in January.

Life doesn't consist in playing a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well.

SUMMER FROCK.

Neat Model For Morning Wear at Home.



BASILY MADE. Blue and white striped voile cleverly used so the stripes intersect each other on the waist gives an attractive frock for simple uses. White voile is used for collar, cuffs and the end of the plaited apron front.

ABOUT ROSES.

The Soils and Fertilizers That Best Suit Free Bloomers.

Prepared by the U. S. department of agriculture.

THE roses classed in the lawn and border group are adapted to a wide range of soil conditions and may be counted on to succeed in any but extremely heavy or very sandy soils. Many of them will do well even on such soil types. The principal essentials are thorough drainage and a plentiful supply of organic matter, with a reasonably constant water supply during the growing season. In general, a soil capable of growing good garden or field crops is suitable for roses. The deeper the soil and the better the preparation at the beginning the more satisfactory will be the results.

The best fertilizer for roses is rotted cow manure, though any other well rotted manure or good compost will serve the purpose. Fresh manure, especially horse manure, should be avoided, though if no other manure is available it may be used with extreme care. It must not come in direct contact with the roots when planting, nor should any quantity of it be used immediately beneath the plant to cut off direct connection with the subsoil and the water supply.

Of the commercial fertilizers ground bone is excellent as additional food. It will not, however, answer as a substitute for an abundant supply of compost. Cottonseed meal, where it is cheap enough, may be used as a substitute for bone. Wood ashes are sometimes a helpful addition, or when they are not available lime and muriate of potash may be used and should be applied separately. Rose growers having only sandy soils should make more frequent applications of manure than those dealing with the heavier soils, since the organic matter burns out more rapidly in a soil rich in sand.

Your Figure.

One hears a great deal about the "perfect 36," and it really isn't 36 at all. Here are the alleged measurements: Neck, 13 1/2 inches; bust, 37 inches; waist, 26 inches; hips, 40 inches. The length of the skirt from the waist line to the floor is 42 inches.

The perfect 36 should measure 19 1/2 inches inside the sleeve measure. The line down the back from the base of the collar to the waist line should be 15 1/2 inches. These figures are for the average, but the measurements, of course, can vary. For instance, the perfect 36, according to tailors and dressmakers, range from 36 to 38 inches, although 37 is the ideal.

Seventy-five per cent of women are below the 36 standard, and most of the rest are over. This is because they have permitted their muscles to become flabby and loose from lack of exercise and have either taken on weight or lost it.

Antonio's Job

By F. A. MITCHEL

Antonio was a very poor man, who lived in the outskirts of Madrid, Spain. Antonio was a mason, but unfortunately was out of work. He was usually out of work, for he was in poor health and could not do as much as other men. The truth is, he had become so poor that he could not buy sufficient food to put strength into him. He also had a wife and several children to provide for.

One evening Antonio was sitting beside his door, trying to alleviate his despondency with his pipe, when a man came along and, seeing Antonio's sign "mason," asked him if he would like a job. The stranger was neither well dressed nor well favored, and the poor man feared that he would not be paid for his work, but he asked the nature of the work, whether it required much strength and what would be the pay. The stranger replied that an hour would be required to go and come to and from the work, a half hour to do the job, and the pay would be what he held in his hand. Opening the hand, he displayed a large gold piece.

Antonio agreed to do the work and received his pay in advance. The stranger blindfolded him and led him away. It happened that Antonio's son, Jose, twelve years of age, who had been apprenticed to a shoemaker, was coming home and was astonished to see his father led along blindfolded by a stranger. The boy followed the two for awhile, but finally lost them in the crowds of people on the streets.

Jose went home and told his mother what he had seen. She knew that her husband had gone to do some work for a stranger, but nothing more. She was very much worried, but could only wait Antonio's coming home. Jose ate his supper and went to bed. In less than two hours after the mason started to his work he came back and told this story:

He had been led by his employer to a place he knew not where and heard a door close behind him. Then he descended a flight of steps into a cold atmosphere. The bandage was taken off his eyes, and he found himself in the basement of a large building. He was before a brick wall, and on the floor were mason's tools and brick and mortar. There was a niche in the wall and a box in the niche. Antonio was ordered to close the niche with brick. He did so, leaving the space closed as a part of the wall. When the work was done Antonio was again blindfolded, led up a flight of stairs, conducted by a tortuous route to a point near his home and left standing there. Taking off the bandage, the stranger had disappeared, and Antonio went home.

Some months after this adventure Antonio's wife, hearing a knock at her door, went to see who was there and found two nuns, who asked a contribution to aid in buying a communion service for a church. The good woman produced a few copper coins, which she gave the nuns. She asked what church they were soliciting for, and when told she said that she supposed it possessed a communion service, since it was a very old building. To this they replied that it had possessed a fine service, but it had disappeared. Every effort had been made to find it, but had failed, and now the church authorities had ordered that money be raised for a new one.

When Antonio returned to his home that evening and asked his wife for money to buy a loaf of bread—there was none in the house—she told him that she had given the only money they possessed for a new communion service for a church. Antonio asked some questions about the matter, and she told him what the nuns had told her.

An idea popped into Antonio's head. Might not the box he had walled up in the niche have contained the lost service? He remembered that the basement in which he had done the work was very large. Straightway it occurred to him that it might have been the basement of a church. The box was large enough to hold a number of pieces. The air was that of an underground place.

Antonio called Jose and told the boy to lead him over the route he had gone on the night he had done the work so far as Jose had kept him in sight. Jose led him a winding route, but the trend was toward the church that had lost the communion service.

The next day Antonio went to the priest who was pastor of the church and told him his story. The priest took him down into the basement of the church, and Antonio found the place he had walled up. It was in a dark corner where the difference between new and old brick would not be noticed without artificial light. Then mason's tools were brought, the wall that Antonio had put in was demolished, and the communion service was found in the box.

Antonio confronted the caretaker of the church, but he was not the man who had hired him to do the walling up of the niche. However, it was proved that he was a confederate, and he was punished.

The members of the congregation made up a fat purse for Antonio, and he was given the position, with a good salary, which he continued to draw so long as he lived.

The thief who stole the communion service intended to leave it walled up till efforts to find it had ceased, then take it out and turn it into money.

FEEDING TODDLERS

Menus For Two and Three Year Olds in Summer.

BEST INTERVALS FOR MEALS.

Expert Points About Regularity, Combination of Foods and Balance of Growth Builders For the Small Members of Your Family.

[Prepared by Ohio state department of health.]

After the first year a child should in most cases have three regular meals a day. Two very light lunches, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, may be permitted in certain cases. The hours would be breakfast at 6 a. m., lunch at 10 a. m., dinner at 12 m., lunch at 3 p. m. and supper at 6 p. m. Some children never need the light lunch between meals, and it should be abandoned if not required. When used the single small glass of milk or milk and a bit of cracker is all that the child requires. The hours for meals should be scrupulously observed, as it is of prime importance that the food be given at regular intervals and that the hours of rest between the taking of food be sufficiently long to give the stomach an opportunity to recuperate after its last period of work. Proper habits at the table are not merely a matter of courtesy. Food should be properly chewed, because it can only be properly digested in the normal length of time under such conditions.

Milk.—Remember that during this period milk is the chief article of a child's diet, and for this reason the mother should know her dairyman and be sure that she buys the best and cleanest milk available. Cereals.—Cereals form another large portion of the diet. They must be very thoroughly cooked, the freest cooker being the easiest and best means of preparing them satisfactorily. Oatmeal, the heaviest of the cereals, should not be used in large quantities. Farina, cornmeal and rice may all vary the diet. The dry cereals are often appealing, but their food value is small except for the milk or cream which is used with them.

Meats.—Meat should be very sparingly used. A small scraped beef patty, using a tablespoonful of meat, a bit of mutton stew or white meat of chicken, if very finely divided may be used. Never should more than one feeding of meat a day be given, and eggs are to be substituted for meat with very little children.

Fruits.—Thoroughly stewed or chopped fruits are permissible. Baked apples, apple sauce, stewed prunes or dates may be given. Orange and lemon juice are both invaluable. Orange juice is used to advantage each morning. Bananas are prohibited. Vegetables.—Spinach, lettuce, string beans, peas and carrots, if given in finely minced or strained fashion, may be used; also macaroni and cauliflower. Be careful not to overcook cauliflower, as it may be made partly indigestible.

Breads.—Breads should never be fresh. Zwieback and toast are the forms in which they should be used. Crackers may be given in moderate quantities if they are plain kinds. Desserts.—Junket, custard, chocolate blancmange and simple gelatin if heppened may be used as desserts at this age.

Remember quantities should be small, variety is very desirable and that the child's taste should be catered to to a certain degree. Children must be taught to eat the different kinds of food, and this is often accomplished in special favorite, is withheld until the one which is distasteful has been eaten.

FRUITY MODEL.

A Kneecap Model Hat on the Modish Lines.

A tall trimmed sailor of novelty hemp straw is trimmed with perpendicular stripes.



FOR MOURNING. A tall trimmed sailor of novelty hemp straw is trimmed with perpendicular stripes of narrow blue velvet ribbon. Running around the top of the crown are gold strawberries so innocuous that we are tempted to eat them.

An Unaccountable Prosperity

By ALAN HINSDALE

I had reached the age of thirty and had not made any success in life. Indeed, I was out of a position and had nothing in the world to prevent starvation. To add to my misfortune I was in love with a girl who was supporting herself by teaching. She loved me, but of course marriage between us was out of the question. One afternoon I was sitting on a bench in a park with other homeless, wretched men. A man sitting beside me got up leaving a newspaper behind him. I took it up mechanically and tried to read some of the items in it, principally to relieve my mind from gloom. Suddenly my eye caught sight of my own name. It was among a few sonnets. It said that if I would send my address to Murray & Field, I would hear something to my advantage. I would have concluded that the ad. was for some other person of similar name, but my name is an odd one and my two surnames are also unusual.

I lost no time in calling on Murray & Field and found that they were agents for a woman mill in New Zealand. I handed in the ad. which I had taken from the newspaper and was shown into Mr. Field's office. Without saying anything to me he took down a letter file, withdrew a letter and read it over. Then he put it back in its place and said to me:

"Do you want a position?" I said that I most assuredly did and a position very badly. He told me that he had been directed by an agent of the mill to represent to me an offer of employment. He said that the mill was looking out \$20 and wanted to know if I gaped some questions, but he knew nothing about the matter, so that he had been instructed to refer to me. I took the first of them for a "best thing" and he said I had my way to the mill. When I got there I was met by the secretary and put in a room, awaiting there about half an hour. I was conducted to the mill, a very neat, factory, who told me that I had the work I could have it. I had some questions, with the same result as before.

I was given a job in a small mill, the salary was \$200 a month. Within six months I was employed. I was receiving \$100 a month and then my salary was doubled. I had all I could to earn it, but I am not unbalanced judge, as to whether I needed. However, I liked my work and felt that I was fitted for it. I asked if I might possibly have any permanent, and as being paid \$200 a month it was a very good thing. It was ready to marry her. She replied she was ready to marry me. She replied she was ready to marry me. She replied she was ready to marry me.

Before leaving I was handed a check for \$1,000 which I was told was my salary for the first six months. I was told that I was to receive an accumulation of \$1,000 for my first six months. I was told that I was to receive an accumulation of \$1,000 for my first six months. I was told that I was to receive an accumulation of \$1,000 for my first six months.

My wife advised that there was a lady gentleman who was looking for me all these things, but I did not believe any such thing. One day the secretary of the company called on me and I was told that I was to receive an accumulation of \$1,000 for my first six months. I was told that I was to receive an accumulation of \$1,000 for my first six months.

"I am your father's brother. You probably never heard of my existence, for I ran away from home when a boy, and I have understood that my name was never mentioned in the family. You are the only living person sprung from that stock, I am unmarried and have no children. I advertised for you, through you to make some atonement for my desertion when a boy. I own the controlling interest in the mills where you are employed. I have but a short time to live, and at my death you will inherit my stock in the company. It occurred to me that you should be trained to manage the property, and I took my own way of training you."

I have no remembrance of what reply I made to this announcement. I was so full of so many emotions that I doubt if I said anything to the point. My uncle had exhausted himself in saying what he did to me and as soon as he had finished a nurse hastened to me that I was to retire.

My uncle died in a few weeks, and at his death, holding a copy of the testament, I elected myself president and general manager of the company. The directors were willingly constituted. Having worked up from the bottom round of the ladder, I found myself well equipped for my work.