

The Way He Used To Do. Sometimes when I come in at night And take my shoes off at the stairs, I hear my pop turn on the light And holler: "William, are you there?"

And then he says: "You go to bed—I knew that stealthy step was you." And I asked how and then he said: "Cause that's the way I used to do."

Sometimes when I come home at six O'clock and hurry up my chores, And get a big armful of sticks, Of wood and bring it all indoors, My pop he comes and feels my head And says: "You've been in swimmin'—you!"

When I asked how he knew, he said: "Cause that's the way I used to do."

Sometimes before a circus comes, When I'm as willing as can be To do my chores, and all my chums They all take turns at helping me, My pop, he pats 'em on the head And says: "You like a circus, too?"

When I asked how he knew, he said: "Cause that's the way I used to do."

And lots of times when he gets mad Enough to whip me and declares He never saw another lad Like I am—well, at last he spares Me from a whipping and he lays His rawhide down: "I can't whip you For that, although I should," he says, "Cause that's the way I used to do."

J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

Sweat-beads formed and froze on the steamer-keeper's face, as he watched the boat passing. He groaned in despair. Just then the boat slowed down and lay panting. Out shot the pale, tremulous beam of her search-light, until the dazzling electric eye fell squarely upon him. Soon a white boat came rowing down the path of light. Ten minutes later Eames was safe aboard the Petrel.—Youth's Companion.

LITTLE CARPENTERS.
Children of Five and Six Make Articles of Value to Themselves.

Boys and girls of five and six years of age busy working at diminutive carpenter's benches with such supposedly dangerous tools as real saws and planes is a sight in a New York school which rarely fails to draw expressions of surprise from visiting strangers. One of these visitors, a woman, said to an instructor: "Aren't you afraid to give such dangerous and complicated tools to little children? Why don't you give them something simple—like a knife?"

"A knife?" said the instructor. "Why, a knife is one of the most dangerous and complicated tools you can give a child. If the knife is sharp enough to work with the child is liable to cut himself accidentally. To cut himself with a saw he must place his fingers deliberately under the blade and saw for some time. And with a plane I don't believe he could cut himself."

This belief that saw and plane are proper tools for little children, girls as well as boys, is the result of long investigations by the manual training faculty of the Ethical Culture School, the first to try the experiment with such children. And the results of the use of "simple" tools have been so satisfactory that bench work has been made a regular feature of the curriculum. In fact, a portion of the large workshop has been devoted to the children, and for them A. W. Richards, the director, has designed and had built a diminutive work bench fully fitted up for the kind of work boys and girls of this age are allowed to do.

At this work bench, as part of their regular school course, these children saw and plane wood and by means of nails make all sorts of toys of real use to them in their games. The articles fashioned in this way are exceedingly simple in construction. To make them the child must plane or saw wood into a given length or width and then nail, without any effort at joinery, the several pieces together. A block of wood with a strip nailed to it becomes a chair; a handle and a flat piece make a shovel; three pieces similarly nailed make a sled; a handle, a cross piece and some nails for teeth give a rake; pieces saved from a curtain pole make wheels for a simple cart which really goes. The children of six and seven years of age in the first grade take an ordinary wooden box, cut windows in it and finally build on the top of it a simple, slanting roof, which makes of it a complete playhouse. All of these things are made without the use of a knife.

The educational advantage of teaching such little children to use these tools, says an instructor, "lies in the fact that only simple broad muscular movements and adjustments are needed by the child and that tangible results can be obtained which are actually of value to the small worker. When the child's work is through he has something of value to himself to show for it, because the process always leads to some concrete object. The motions of sawing, planing and hammering do not require anything like the degree of skill that the simplest use of a knife makes necessary. The saw can cut only in one general direction, the plane cannot shave off more than a certain thickness. In each of these tools the child's hand grasps a large handle, the blade of which is fixed at a given angle. In the case of a knife the child would have to hold on to a small handle and then, in addition to directing the general stroke of the knife, pay minute attention to the angle of the blade to the wood. The slightest variation of angle of this blade varies the cut. The knife is made for all sorts of cutting, curved, at an angle or straight, depending entirely on the nicety of muscular adjustment of the user. Such attention and skill are not to be expected of tiny fingers, and to attempt to secure them is to lay a burden on the child, make impossible any enjoyable products of his work, and to substitute for exercise in broad free movements and broad muscular control minutiae of advanced muscular action. The saw and the plane, with their simple action, do not require, for elementary results, the finely differentiated muscular adjustments."—New York Tribune.

"Only Once." "The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people. Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this and, finally, meeting a weakened old man on the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'" "Only once," the man replied, as he proceeded on his way.—Saturday Evening Post.

The length of the foot should be one-sixth the height of a well formed person.

Great Britain owns more land of North America than the United States.

Just Supposing.
By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.
There is very little doubt that the airship is an accomplished fact. What boots a year or two when time is flying as swiftly as it does nowadays?

But has anyone considered the new dangers that will follow in the wake of the new machines? Does anyone imagine that life for him will be the old, carefree existence that it has been for most of us; that when the air is filled with iron and steel and wood, man will go his way, unheeding upper ether as of old?

Of course, in the very nature of things, the first to equip themselves with aerial racers will be the reckless devils who now run gasoline juggernauts on our highways.

Is it not easy to imagine what they will do when they get up in the air? Will life on the surface of the earth have any semblance of safety while "white eagles" and "red hawks" are careering in upper air, spilling out tools, and now and then an occupant?

In these pleasant days, if a man is walking about New York all he has to think of are the trolleys, the motor cycles, the ordinary wheels, the automobiles, the dear old horse cars and the other horse drawn vehicles, including the fire engines and the ambulances. If he is alert and spry his chance of life is as good as that of a soldier in a secondary skirmish. His adversaries are all on the level, so to speak, and he can see what is coming without raising his eyes to heaven, a thing that mankind fell out of the habit of doing ages ago.

But with the upper air full of ships, and the ships full of people, and many of the people full of the intoxication born of free life in the void, why, I would not write any pedestrian's insurance without charging a prohibitive premium.

Let us suppose two irresponsible in an airship. "Hand me that wrench, Bill. There's something the matter with this nut, and I want to take it off. Look out! Gee! you just missed hitting that chimney. Can't you steer? Oh, you careless idiot! What did you drop that wrench for? It struck the north light in that studio building. Let's get away, quick. I'll bet that you've killed the artist at work—to say nothing of losing the only wrench we have. Hello, did you see that? An old chap fell out of that pink machine, and I'm blamed if he didn't grab the spire of Grace Church, and there he is!"

"Shall we rescue him?" "Rescue nothing. What's the matter with his own people doing it?" "Well, I'm going down after that wrench. I don't see any commotion around that studio building. Guess we didn't kill any one."

The airship turns, goes back, drops until it is about five feet above the ground-glass north light, and then the man who dropped the wrench, making a cone of his hands, calls out: "Say, you artist below there, did you hear anything drop?"

A moment later a skylight is opened, and an excited man in a blue blouse makes his appearance. "Did you drop that wrench?" "Yes, awfully sorry. Did you find it?"

"I came near finding it on my head, and if you were in a balloon, instead of an airship, I'd put you out of commission. Confound you all! Life isn't worth living since you left the highways."

"Let's have the wrench, that's a good fellow."—The Century.

The Net Profit.
A New England man tells of a prosperous Connecticut farmer, painfully exact in money matters, who married a widow of Greenwich possessing in her own right the sum of ten thousand dollars.

Shortly after the wedding a friend met the farmer, to whom he offered congratulations, at the same time observing: "It's a good thing for you, Malachi—a marriage that means ten thousand dollars to you."

"Not quite that, Bill," said the farmer, "not quite that." "Why," exclaimed the friend, "I understood there was every cent of ten thousand dollars in it for you!" "I had to pay two dollars for a marriage license," said Malachi, with a sigh.—Harper's Monthly.

Educated Not Broken.
"Long before sundown I have my wild horse not broken, but educated, so that if he is not afterward abused and spoiled in the handling, he is safe, gentle, kind and a pleasant animal to ride or drive, a true friend in time of need and a faithful servant whom you can love and trust. He has never had a blow, he is not broken-spirited, winded, jaded, discouraged and worn out, but comes away from his first day of education fresh, pleased and proud, with confidence and affection established between himself and mankind, and a long and useful career before him."—From Mary K. Maule's "Breaking Horses With Kindness," in The Century.

Good Use For It.
Two Irishmen were passing a big jewelry store, in the window of which were displayed a lot of loose diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones.

"Ah, Pat," said Barney, "they be foine stones. How would you like your pick?" "Och, be jabers!" replied Pat, "I'd rather 'hoy me shovel!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A SPEAKING SILENCE

Up from the eastern horizon, where midnight sea met starless January sky, a sharp, silent, fiery line leaped zenithward, until it ended in a burst of flaming blue balls. The portent caught the watchful eye of Boat-keeper Silas Eames, busy over the halyard-coil in the spray-iced box about the mainmast of pilot schooner Number 1, which for four days and nights had been cruising between Bulwark Shoal and Half-Way Rock.

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Whish! Skyward shot the projectile, drawing a long trail of sparks. At thirty-second intervals Eames sent off the white and the red. Having thus replied to the approaching liner, he glanced at the compass to note the bearing of Western Head Light, and went below for hot coffee with the drowsy Somers, leaving the wheel still "chalked" and the schooner in charge of Lookout Zenas Horne.

Half an hour later, when the two came on deck, the steamer's lights five miles away sparkled red and green through the night-glass. A strong breeze from the north had rolled up a heavy sea, and whistling snowflurries harbingered a winter storm.

Larger and brighter shone the lights, until beneath them loomed a ghostly prow, white-sheeted with ice. Then from the lee of the liner's bridge a blue flare told she had slowed down to await her pilot.

Eames had already placed a lighted lantern in cleats on a temporary air-tight of the dory, which was now swung over the rail. He sprang aboard and held the boat for Somers. A stout pull with two pairs of oars through a choppy half-mile brought them to a windless haven under the lee bow of the Saxon.

"Below there!" yelled a red-faced, pea-jacketed officer behind the icelined barrier above, and into the bottom of the dory between the two rowers whisked a rope coil. Somers grabbed it, and paid the boat back, until she was under the ladder end amidships. He then took two or three turns with the line about the bowcleats, while his companion shipped an oar in the scull-hole astern.

Watching his chance, the pilot seized the man-ropes and scrambled up the icy side. "Get back to the schooner as quick as you can!" he shouted to Eames. A sailor on the bow of the Saxon dropped the rope overboard, and the dory was free.

As the boat-keeper sheered away from the side of the steamer, a bull's-eye light above suddenly opened with a cheerful burst of talk and laughter. The occupants of some stateroom were celebrating their approach to port. Out whirled an empty pickle bottle, and dropped squarely on the lantern, smashing the globe to splinters and putting out the light.

The unconscious mischief-doer with in closed the bull's-eye again and Eames jumped to his oars in the darkness. The breakage of his lantern, although annoying, caused him no serious alarm. It would probably mean

a longer row, however, for he now had no means of attracting the notice of the pilot-boat. He had plenty of matches, but without a globe his lantern was useless.

As he passed out from the shelter of the stern he looked to leeward for the light of the schooner, which he knew had run down in that direction after dropping the dory. But a shrieking blast, thick with snow, blinded him; he could not see ten feet. Already the steamer had disappeared; he was alone on the stormy midnight sea.

It was no time for aimless drifting. Eames pulled sturdily to leeward, hoping that the squall would soon be over and that then he would find himself close to the pilot-boat.

Gradually the squall went by. As the flakes thinned, the oarsman, who was facing seaward on his thwart, looked from right to left for the cheering light. It was nowhere visible. He glanced over his shoulder. Fully two hundred yards straight behind him a faint greenish blur was travelling rapidly across the face of the wind. It was the port lantern of the schooner.

With all his strength the boat-keeper bent to the oars. But his efforts were futile. Wind, waves and tide, his former allies, were now united in a hostile coalition that he could not overcome. He fought gamely, although all the while conscious that he was losing ground. He knew that Zenas Horne was anxiously striving to pick up his lantern glimmer; but there was absolutely nothing the doryman could do to make his position known. He might split his throat with shouting, but against the gale his voice would not carry a hundred yards.

The flakes ceased, and the light from the schooner brightened. She was now some distance to the northwest. The green glint disappeared for a moment, and was then replaced by red; she was returning on the other tack. Swiftly the single eye shot across the wind.

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Longingly following her course, Eames spied, almost due east, three glimmering points, like stars hung on the corners of an isosceles triangle, yellow above, red and green below. Familiar with the movements of coast craft, the doryman felt sure that this was the government buoy-tender, Petrel, returning to port from one of her trips of inspection. As nearly as he could judge, she was about three miles off; it would be twelve or thirteen minutes before she passed. There was not one chance in twenty that she would come near enough for him to hail her. How could he attract her attention?

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Soon only a few feet separated the nose of the dory from the pitching cylinder. Eames, now alert in the stern with his steering-oar, held her course true. Just as it seemed as if the prow were about to splinter on the steel, splitting his craft from stern to stern, he gave a skillful twist. The boat shot by. At the same instant he sprang forward, painter in hand; and as the gunwale rubbed the icy side, he leaped for one of the bell supports.

He caught it with one hand as the buoy rolled down. His fingers slipped. Clutching with his other hand, he grasped the support. Just then the dory painter twitched away, and the boat was swept off into the gloom. Eames cared little that the loss of his craft fastened him on the rocking buoy for better or worse. If his plan succeeded, he would not need the boat. If it failed, nothing else could save him. Close to his ear swung the bell, almost deafening him with its clangor.

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With all his strength the boat-keeper bent to the oars. But his efforts were futile. Wind, waves and tide, his former allies, were now united in a hostile coalition that he could not overcome. He fought gamely, although all the while conscious that he was losing ground. He knew that Zenas Horne was anxiously striving to pick up his lantern glimmer; but there was absolutely nothing the doryman could do to make his position known. He might split his throat with shouting, but against the gale his voice would not carry a hundred yards.

The flakes ceased, and the light from the schooner brightened. She was now some distance to the northwest. The green glint disappeared for a moment, and was then replaced by red; she was returning on the other tack. Swiftly the single eye shot across the wind.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Faintly a mile to leeward clanged the bell on Grindstone Ledge. The melancholy notes gave Eames an unpleasant thrill, for they told how rapidly he was drifting out into the Atlantic. Hitherto he had felt no real doubt about getting safe aboard at last. Now, as he saw how far to windward the pilot-boat persisted in searching, a chill not wholly from the January night stole over him. What if Horne, after vainly cruising back and forth, should abandon his quest!

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! A little nearer and louder. How fast he was drifting! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ever louder, ever nearer, pealed the melancholy bell. Horne had not given him up yet. Far in the northeast the pilot-boat had tacked again, and the green light still to windward!

Longingly following her course, Eames spied, almost due east, three glimmering points, like stars hung on the corners of an isosceles triangle, yellow above, red and green below. Familiar with the movements of coast craft, the doryman felt sure that this was the government buoy-tender, Petrel, returning to port from one of her trips of inspection. As nearly as he could judge, she was about three miles off; it would be twelve or thirteen minutes before she passed. There was not one chance in twenty that she would come near enough for him to hail her. How could he attract her attention?

On Eames's reply to this question his life probably hung. He reviewed all his sea-lore, gathered from twenty years of piloting, and hit upon a single feasible expedient, bold, novel, desperate.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The boat-keeper swung his dory straight toward Grindstone Ledge, a course exactly opposite to that he had so painfully striven to hold. Wind and tide reinforced his powerful strokes as he drove down on the clinging bell. Soon the buoy appeared, rocking white with ice-glaze. Beyond it the heavy surf boiled over the black rocks.

Soon only a few feet separated the nose of the dory from the pitching cylinder. Eames, now alert in the stern with his steering-oar, held her course true. Just as it seemed as if the prow were about to splinter on the steel, splitting his craft from stern to stern, he gave a skillful twist. The boat shot by. At the same instant he sprang forward, painter in hand; and as the gunwale rubbed the icy side, he leaped for one of the bell supports.

He caught it with one hand as the buoy rolled down. His fingers slipped. Clutching with his other hand, he grasped the support. Just then the dory painter twitched away, and the boat was swept off into the gloom. Eames cared little that the loss of his craft fastened him on the rocking buoy for better or worse. If his plan succeeded, he would not need the boat. If it failed, nothing else could save him. Close to his ear swung the bell, almost deafening him with its clangor.

He looked northeast. The steamer was coming on rapidly. The rushing lights were due north. He could see the "bone" under her prow. The moment had come.