

# Young Folks

## HINDOO JUGGLING.

Wonderful Feats of Balancing Performed by an Acrobat.

The Hindoo jugglers and acrobats are the most skillful in the world, and we are always hearing new stories of them, says the Chicago News. One of the latest stories is about a performer who went through many wonderful feats perched on top of a single bamboo stick about fifteen feet in height. The top of the stick was tied to a girdle around his waist, and a leg rest was provided by a cushion a few feet down the pole. Perched on this slender stick, he hopped and danced around in the liveliest way, accompanied by the tapping of a drum. It would be considered a skillful feat to walk about with ease on a pair of stilts fifteen feet in height, but this Hindoo showed a marvelous power of equilibrium on a single stick.

He did other things even more wonderful. For example, he balanced a light stick on his nose and a heavy one on his chin and then threw the heavy one into the air with his head and caught it on the end of the light one. While balancing the two sticks thus, end on end, he made one revolve in one direction and the other in another direction. Another feat was to place his hand on a flat circular stone, throw his feet up into the air and balance a stick on each of them, at the same time revolving rapidly on the pivot made by his arm and the stone.

Who's Who.



Youth's Companion.

**Writing Games.**  
When you are tired of romping play "story teller." All agree upon a title to the story. Each writes a few lines, turns down and passes it to his neighbor, telling him the last word. So on it goes around the circle, when the last one reads the story.

Have you ever tried this? Each takes a letter, beginning with the first letter of the alphabet, and writes a line in any meter chosen all the words of which must begin with that letter (A). The papers are pressed, and the next in turn writes a line, beginning every word with "B" to rhyme. Every two lines should rhyme, and the game kept up as long as possible.

The critic is played thus: Each writes the name of a book, turns down the slip and passes it to his neighbor, who writes a second title; then the author's name is written and then a review.

**Meaning of Fabian Policy.**  
A Fabian policy in war consists in wearing out the enemy by delays, misleading movements, feints of attack, etc. It is called Fabian because it is the policy that was adopted by Fabius Maximus, who commanded the Roman army in the second Punic war. He was appointed to the command just after the army had suffered a defeat, and he knew that in its disheartened condition and with its complement of raw recruits it could not successfully oppose troops flushed with victory and led by their great commander, Hannibal. He therefore attempted to tire out the enemy by countermarches, ambuscades and skirmishes, avoiding a pitched battle. This he continued until the Roman senate interfered.

**Two Bird Problems.**

There were sixty-seven blackbirds sitting in an oak tree. Willie shot into the flock with his new shotgun, killing nineteen. How many were there left? (None, because the rest flew away.)

On another occasion there were also sixty-seven blackbirds in a tree (but this tree was a maple), and nineteen flew away before Willie could get his gun. How many left? (Nineteen "left" at first, and the rest left when Willie came with his gun and shot at them.)

**Emblem of Turkey.**  
When Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium the moon, then new or in crescent, shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was after that adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium they found the crescent in every public place and, believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves.

**Where Women Are Wanted.**

What strikes you about Auckland is the dearth of women. It is said to be the same all over New Zealand. There are far more men than women, and lots of men have to go without wives.—New Zealand Herald.

**Not Sanguine.**  
Majestic Person—Do you know, my lad, that every British boy has a chance of becoming prime minister of England? Youngster (thoughtfully)—Well, I'll sell my chance for a shilling.—Tit-Bits.

## MEAT IN ITALY.

**The Way the Slaughter Houses Are Operated by Law.**

Slaughter houses in Italy are public institutions. The law prescribes that every town of more than 6,000 inhabitants shall build and maintain a municipal slaughter house, where all butchers are compelled to bring their live stock to be killed. The slaughtering itself is done by the individual butchers and their assistants. The conveyance of the cattle, the removal of the carcasses and the dressing of the meat are likewise the affair of the butchers. The city provides the building, keeps it clean and furnishes veterinary inspectors to examine and pass upon the carcasses.

The Milan slaughter house is situated within the city and occupies several acres of ground. It consists of a number of long, single story buildings made of cement and stucco. The buildings consist of either a single large hall or else a row of small box stalls about twenty-five feet wide and either fifteen or thirty feet deep. Each stall has a wide double door in front and a window behind. The buildings are arranged in parallel pairs, each pair being connected by a covered passage thirty feet wide, whose roof is raised many feet above that of the buildings, being supported by pillars rising from the roofs on either side. The air thus circulates under the roofs of the passages or corridors and over the buildings.

## WHEN LOST IN THE WOODS.

**The Chief Dangers Lie in Panic and Overexertion.**

Let the man who is lost in the woods be very careful not to overexert himself. His chief dangers lie in panic and overexertion, and, though he may be in a great hurry to find shelter, I must warn him to go slowly. Two miles an hour, on an average, through the snow in the woods is all that a man in his condition will be able to stand without overfatigue and its attendant dangers, overheating and perspiration. By exercising caution a man may live through a week of what he is undergoing.

To make this article brief, however, we shall suppose that he regains the road by the afternoon of the first day. He doesn't yet know, of course, just where he is. He should examine the tracks of the person who last passed that way. If it is afternoon, he must follow in the direction taken by the last passing vehicle or team, as shelter will be nearest in that direction. Had it been morning he would have taken the opposite direction, as whoever made the tracks must have come from the place where he obtained shelter the previous night.—A. B. Carleton in *Outing Magazine*.

### The Cure.

He talked too much—far too much. Already he had driven his taciturn companion nearly wild. He had touched on subjects innumerable, discoursed with volubility on anything and everything. Onward went the unending stream of speech. And all the while the volatile one danced about and fidgeted and squirmed until the host was well nigh beside himself with disgust.

Finally the walking dictionary took from his pocket a cigarette.

"I'm a great smoker," he remarked.

"Yes, I'm a great smoker—great smoker. I'm one of those nervous men you know; one of those high strung, restless fellows who always have something in their mouths. Yes, you see, I'm so nervous, as I said, that I simply must—yes, must—have something all the time in my mouth."

"Try a gag," suggested his companion.—New York Times.

### Hairs and Feathers.

Hairs are found on almost everything that grows, and, if we may so call the fine fibers of asbestos, they even invade the mineral world. From even asbestos quarried from the earth and looking like a stone with a satiny fracture the silken fibers can be rubbed with the finger till the lump is worn away.

Secure a feather somewhere—it will be much better than a picture—and you will see that it has a main stem or midrib. Along each side of this extends the thin part known as the vane. Look closely and you will see that this vane is composed of tiny feathers, called barbs, fastened together throughout their whole length from where their bases join the midrib to their tips. You can easily separate one of these from the rest, when you will see how like a tiny feather it is, with what seems a fine fuzziness along each edge.—St. Nicholas.

### Astronomy.

If there were any money to be made in astronomy everybody would be studying it. About all we can see is figures, and these are so big that they stagger the understanding. Every child in the United States knows how to find the north star (Old Polaris) from the pointers of the dipper, but no child can appreciate the statement that this star is distant from the earth 210,000,000,000 miles—two hundred and ten trillion! The Twentieth Century Limited, travelling at one mile a minute, would have to run without stopping for 47,000,000 years in order to traverse this distance. If light really travels 187,500 miles a second, a ray from the north star would be thirty-six years in reaching the earth.—New York Press.

### The Head of the House.

It is folly to call the husband the head of the house; he is not. It is but a courtesy title at best, since in truth he is but an incident in the home life, while the wife and mother is its whole existence. Literally the sun of domestic happiness rises and sets in the face of the wife and mother.—Clara Morris in *Housekeeper*.

### Not an Advertiser.

"Did you hang up any mistletoe last Christmas?" asked Erastus Plunkley.

"Deed I didn't," answered Miss Miami Brown. "I've got a little too much pride to advertise for the ordinary courtesies dat a lady has a right to expect."—Exchange.

### Isn't This Rough?

Ella—A poet wrote a sonnet on my face the other day. Stella—Did he write it on the lines?—Bohemian.

## COSTUME SUPPER.

**Guests Come in Character and Act It During the Evening.**

An old fashioned supper, served at 8 o'clock by candlelight, makes an interesting change from conventional dinners.

Ask your guests to come informally and in old fashioned attire. The women will don their grandmothers' clothes for such an occasion and look lovely.

A man, alas, usually hates "dressing up," but suggest that he wear a jacket of lace over his immaculate white, stiff bosomed shirt and new lace ruffles in his sleeves, and he will be pleased with his appearance at once. But, mind, this is only in confidence in case one or two truly object. Otherwise beg them to come in the picturesqueness, romantic dress of long ago.

It adds greatly if the guests come in character and act it throughout the evening. But it must be borne in mind that the guests must not number more than twelve or fourteen if a single table is to be used. The chance for real fun and informality lies in a small party. If a large costume supper be given on the small tables should be used.

Have no light but candlelight, always the most becoming, and a bare table. A large bowl of old fashioned flowers may adorn the middle of the table on a plain linen centerpiece, showing as little as possible.

Large wooden plates of bread cut thickly, butter made into small flat pats, dishes of apples and nuts and homemade candies complete the table furnishing. Coffee and tea should be served by the hostess, the guests helping to pass the cups.

For the supper:

Broiled Oysters on Toast.

Baked Potatoes.

Cold Slaw.

Vegetable Salad.

Hot Waffles with Syrup.

After supper the guests may enjoy old fashioned games, either quiet or romping, and in the middle of the evening, if an open fire is available, popping corn is a simple pleasure, and while eating it hot lemonade may be served.

## LOVE YOUR WORK.

**A Kind of Affection That Carries No Danger of Idolatry.**

Try to find work that you like. If you are not indolent there is some useful employment that will give you pleasure. Seek your work and find it. That way lies abiding happiness. A man who had tried every other road concluded at sixty, "Happiness is complete absorption in some effective form of work."

Our closest friends are liable to disappoint us. Those whom we love best may grieve us most. But work never disappoints us. Its reward may be inadequate, but the work itself, if it be the work for us, never disappoints.

You can readily recognize the girl who loves her work by the way she lifts the lid of her desk or takes her sewing chair or opens her ledger. If she does these with a drawn face or a sigh there is one of two reasons—either she hasn't found her work or she has chosen to be a drudge.

If in her face, no matter how physically weary, there is the glow of satisfaction, the pleasure of the congenial task, she is indeed a happy girl.

Happy is the man who has found his work, and thrice happy the girl.

There is no trouble too great for the work you like. Artistry is doing a thing as well as you can and afterward trying to do it still better.

Work is the grave in which you can bury your griefs. It is the mantle that covers the ugliness of life. It is the great absorber of the humors and moods of the moment. No matter how hard the work—all work worthy of the name is hard—it is a bright jewel, whether in the dull setting of dismal or the bright frame of splendid surroundings.

Find your work! Be sure whether you have not already found it, for what you think is dislike for your work may be the consciousness of having slighted it.

Having found it, perfect yourself in it. Never fear that you love it too much, for love of work is the only kind of love that carries with it none of the dangers or penalties of idolatry.

DIANA OF THE DIRECTOIRE.

Bring me my new fur hat, mamma, for I want to put it on.

It is wider than the widest hats we wore in years ago.

In these are good sides, and the brim is thick, and it has a lot of weight.

And it makes me wear three heads at once just to keep it sitting straight.

My shoes? Ah, yes! I have put them on, and they are good and high.

And they press against my tender feet till I feel that I must die.

Yet I wear them so as I come and go, and I force a pleasant smile.

For one has to be in style, mamma—one has to be in style.

And now my direc-tory gown, mamma.

I've managed to don my stays.

You will have to slip me into it, for my arms I cannot raise.

And I'm willowy, as you may see, with the willowiness of steel.

It will be tonight ere I take a bite, for I cannot hold a meal!

And now I go for a little stroll, and I go to make a call.

I shall not sit upon a chair, but shall lean against the wall,

For my nice new gown, for I know that if I do I'll be certain to break in two, mamma.

I'll certainly break in two!

—Wilbur Nesbit in *Chicago Post*.

### Preserving Lingerie Waists.

The lacey lingerie waists so popular late are "things of beauty," but, alas, not "joys forever" by any means, says Housekeeper. They are easily ruined in the laundering, and the broken lace is difficult, well nigh impossible, to mend. To greatly prolong their usefulness buy common waist nets, cut in strips or the shape of the insets, and sew upon the underside of the inserted lace when the waist is new or as soon as it begins to break. Even badly torn pieces may be mended in this way, the pattern being darned down invisibly upon the net. Many very open patterns are really improved in looks by the addition of the net.

"He draws from real life."

"Artist?"

"No; dentist."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Editor (in daily office)—Say, Buck,

have you read my last editorial?

"I hope so," was the crusty reply.—Minnehaha.

## WHITE PLAGUE SHOW

**Tuberculosis Exhibition an Object Lesson in Cleanliness.**

## NOTABLE FOREIGN EXHIBITS.

A room that is dark and dirty, containing a rickety wooden bed with heavy, musty coverlets; a smoky oil lamp in a bracket upon the stained walls; a ragged, grimy carpet tacked to the floor; an old trunk and broken chair, with threadbare garments hanging over it; a dingy table, with stale bread and sour milk. In unclean dishes; a single window, with a black cloth shutting out the sunshine and an atmosphere that is heavy and dangerous; another room of the same size wherein all is sweetness and light, neat iron bed and clean sheets, incandescent lamp and snow white walls, a rug on the floor, furniture that is sanitary and light and air that is healthful and pure.

This is the sermon without words, prepared in a manner worthy of a master of stagecraft, that will be preached until Jan. 15 at the international tuberculosis exhibition, which was recently opened in the American Museum of Natural History at New York.

The main theme of the fighters of the "great white plague" who have raised aloft their standard of the "double red cross" in New York is to put to rout the old fashioned vendors of potions and instead let care and sanitation stamp out this "preventable" disease, which claims more victims annually than typhoid fever, scarlet fever and diphtheria combined.

The two rooms that typify the old and the new methods of caring for patients in the Rhode Island exhibit on the third floor, says the New York American. The same idea is used also in the displays from several other states and foreign countries.

The exhibit that will first attract the attention of the thousands who are expected to visit the exhibition is the model cow barn that has been built outside the Seventy-ninth street entrance. Here two fat, well fed cows, mute sentinels of the plague fighters, stand peacefully in their stanchions eating the best hay the market affords, chewing their cuds, waiting for the evening milking that will illustrate to the dealers and consumers of New York how tuberculosis can be prevented by a proper handling of the milk in the barns.

Both of these animals are carefully groomed before milking, their tails are partially shaved and the remainder done up in the semblance of a marcelle wave—all this to prevent germs from entering the pails, which, by the way, are not the large, old fashioned variety, but small topped affairs that no dirt can enter. The floor of the barn is cement, with proper drains, while the place is ventilated with cold air drafts that would do credit to a well regulated flat.

Another exhibit that will prove of interest to the out of town visitors is the arrangement