

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE ROBIN AND THE BEE.
 "I suppose you know it's autumn?"
 Said the Robin to the Bee—
 "And the leaves are getting thinner
 On the most courageous tree.
 You have noticed that no butterflies
 Across the garden rove?
 And that every single chestnut
 Has been scattered in the grove?
 It's a fortnight since the swallows
 Took their passage o'er the sea—
 So perhaps you know it's autumn,"
 Said the Robin to the Bee.

"Old Winter soon gets busy,
 When the feeble sunbeams fade,
 And he turns the flower-beds over
 With a white and frosty spade.
 He rolls the gravel pathways
 Till they ring like iron roads,
 And the twigs on all the bushes
 With a sparkling cloak he loads.
 That's right! Let's both fly Southward
 Until May once more we see—
 When we'll find a warmer welcome,"
 Said the Robin to the Bee.
 —John Lea, in St. Nicholas.

CONUNDRUMS.

What are trying times? Visits to the dressmaker.
 What is the best illustrated paper? A bank note.
 If you put a stone in boiling water what does it become? It becomes wet.—Philadelphia Record.

WHY THE KETTLE SINGS.

Do you know why a kettle "sings" when the water is boiling?
 It's like this: When the water begins to get hot, little bubbles form at the bottom of the kettle and rise toward the top until they burst.
 At first they burst only a little way from the bottom, but as the water gets hotter and hotter they rise higher and higher.
 At last, when the water is boiling, they burst right on the surface—hundreds of them one right after another—and it is the noise of their continuous bursting which makes the sound we call "singing."—Philadelphia Record.

EARS AND TONGUES.

Once upon a time a peasant went to heaven—so runs a story that Japanese mothers and fathers tell to little boys and girls who do not mind their manners—and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange upon it.
 "What is that?" he asked. "Is it something to make soup of?" (The Japanese are very fond of soup.)
 "No," was the reply, "those are ears. They belonged to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard that they ought to do in order to be good, but they didn't pay any attention to it, so, when they died, their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."
 After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it.
 "What is that?" he asked again. "Is that something to make soup of?"
 "No," he was told, "these are tongues. They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do, so, when they died, their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."—Home Herald.

BOY RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the snip, snip of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modest structure which had cost him not less than \$30,000.
 Just beyond the hedge was a public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on the one side of the hedge, they on the other.
 "Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"
 "Only six, Charlie," was the reply.
 "Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"
 "I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.
 "Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given up three dollars for it."
 "You are too late," replied Fred; "I have promised it to Willie."
 "Oh, you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay you for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."
 "I can't do it, Charlie."
 "You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."
 "Of course not," admitted Fred, "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."
 "But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much more, and that will settle it."
 "No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy; "that will not settle it, neither will Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."
 "Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man; you are too punctilious."
 John Brent overheard the conver-

sation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.
 "The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."
 The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. "Fred Fenton was again a participant in it. 'Fred, let us go over to the circus lot,' the other boy said. 'The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance.'"
 "No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.
 "But why?"
 "On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."
 "Did she say you shouldn't?"
 "No, Joe."
 "Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."
 "But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I will not go."
 "That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."
 Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."
 Three of the boys gave their names and residences.
 "What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.
 "Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.
 John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.
 "You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys, and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.
 "Why did you take me?" asked Fred in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."
 "I know you better than you think I do," said John Brent, with a significant smile.
 "But I offered you no recommendation," suggested Fred.
 "My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself; and as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had heard. This is a true story.—Philadelphia Ledger.

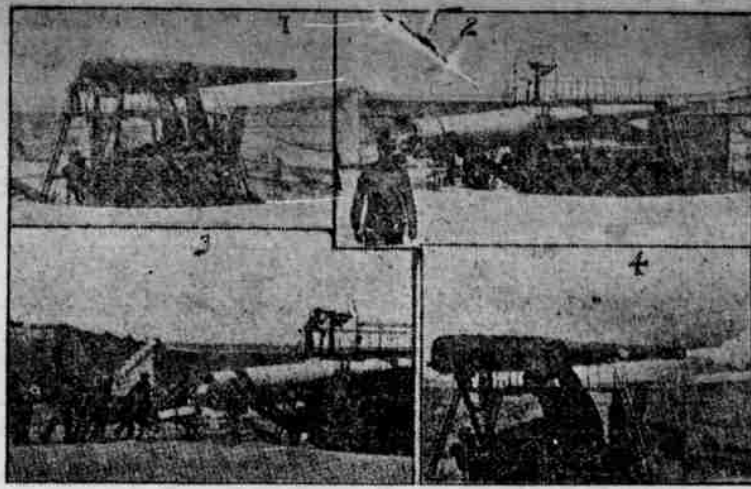
"I WISH."

A dog saw a cat on top of a high wall, and said: "I wish I could get up there! It must be so nice to sit up so high; but I cannot climb." And he was cross, and would not wag his tail.
 Then he came to a pond, and saw a fish in it. And he said: "I wish I could live in a pond all the day! Then I should not be so hot as I am now." And he would not look at the fish, but shut his eyes, and lay down on the grass.
 Then he heard the fish say: "Oh, I wish I could lie down on the fresh, green grass, like that dog. It does look so nice and warm out there!"
 The dog sat up, and went back by the road he had come.
 As he went, he saw the bird, and he heard it say: "I wish I could play all day long like that dog, and have a house made for me to live in! I have to make a nest, and my wings are so tired! Yet I must fly to and fro, day by day, till it is done."
 Then he saw the cat on the wall, and heard her say: "There goes that spoiled old dog home to get his plate of meat. I wish I was as well off, and could get meat like him! I have had no food all this long day. I wish I was like that dog!"—The Nursery.

POOR BESSIE'S EYES.

Little Bessie, three years old, looking around for something to amuse herself with, found a large onion, and then she found a knife. So she sat on the floor with her back against the wall and began to hack away at the onion. Pretty soon she began to wonder what was the matter with her eyes. She rubbed them with the back of her little fat hand, but that did not seem to help them any, so she kept on hacking at the onion. But, oh, how her eyes did smart! and how the tears did run! She wondered what she was crying about.
 Finally, overcome by self pity at this unknown grief, she got up off the floor and trotted into another room, where her father was sitting. She stood before him with a most woe-begone expression, and the water running in a stream down her cheeks, and wailed out earnestly, "Poor Bessie!" "Poor Bessie!"
 Her father—with a twinkle in his eye—reached out his hand and took the onion away from her, and sent her to her sister to have her face bathed and to be comforted.—Seabath Reading.

HANDLING THE GIANT GUNS OF OUR COAST DEFENSES.

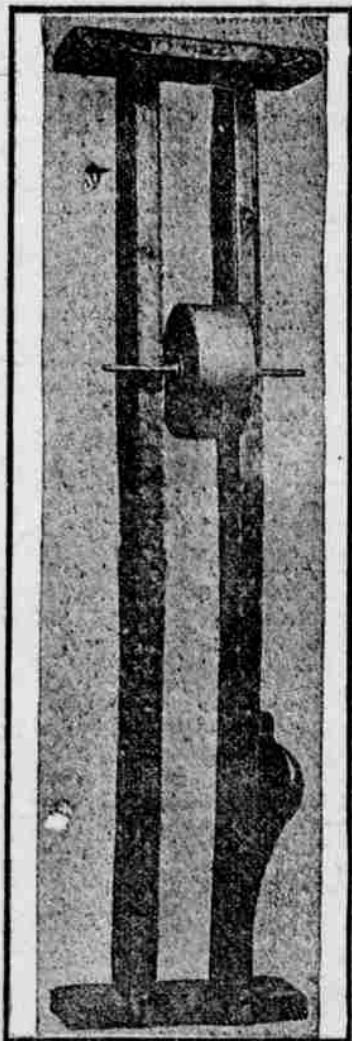


FOUR STEPS IN THE PRACTICAL USE OF A TWELVE-INCH PIECE, WITH DISAPPEARING CARRIAGE.

1—Gun raised on its massive carriage in position for firing. 2—Lowered for loading, out of sight of the hypothetical enemy. 3—Gun-crew thrusting home the shot. 4—The discharge.—Photographs by W. E. Adams, in Leslie's.

Ye Water Clock.

The measurement of time by the trickling of water or sand from one vessel to another dates as far back as the days of the Babylonians. The clepsydra, or water clock, was in common use both by the Athenians and Romans, and was employed in courts of law to limit the length of the pleadings. Thus, a counsel was allowed so much water, instead of, as we should say, so much time, to address the court. Clepsydrae were also used by the Romans in their camps, chiefly for the purpose of measuring



accurately the four vigillae into which the night was divided. It is believed that the first water clock was brought into Paris about the year 1695, from Burgundy. The one illustrated will probably be a relic of those days. It is dated MDCCX.
 It is three feet one inch in height, and the framework is made of oak. The cylinder and dial plates on the upright posts are of brass. The hours are marked from VI to the following but one IX, twenty-seven hours, so that the cylinder requires to be wound up once every twenty-four hours. It

is hardly a very trustworthy time-keeper, but, as an exceedingly interesting old curio, it has a very prominent place in a certain hall.

The small cooper-jug hanging on the right-hand side is used for filling the cylinder.—Philadelphia Record.

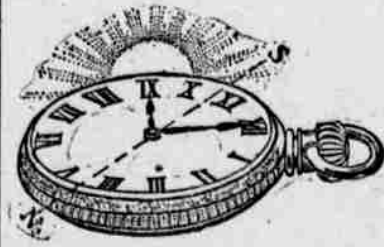
Larch 2000 Years Old.

Italy can boast of a larch tree the age of which is estimated to be 2000 years. It is situated on the northern flank of Mont Cettif, in the direction of the huts of Pian Veni above Courmayeur, a few steps from the footpath that skirts the limit of the meadow land.

Due allowance being made for the extreme slowness with which the larch grows, for the altitude above sea level (1650 meters) at which it is rooted and for its northerly exposure in the near neighborhood of the glacier, where the cycle of its development is barely five months every year, this venerable larch, untouched alike by woodman's axe and thunderbolt, cannot be less than 2000 years old.—Scotsman.

Every Watch a Compass.

That every watch is a compass is a fact probably unknown to most people. To prove that such is the case, lay your watch flat on the palm of your hand, with the hour hand pointing to the sun, as shown in the ac-



companying sketch. The point exactly midway between the hour hand and the figure 12 will be due south.
 It is well to remember, however, that during the time from 6 in the afternoon to 6 in the morning our rule gives the north point instead of the south. In the southern hemisphere the rule will be reversed.—Good Literature.

The Spanish Main.

The Spanish Main meant the circular bank of islands forming the northern and eastern boundaries of the Caribbean Sea, beginning from Mosquito, near the Isthmus, and including Jamaica, St. Domingo, the Leeward Islands and the Windward Islands, to the coast of Venezuela, in South America.

There is a lot of poverty in Manhattan Island, but the assessment rolls give \$2000 in taxable property to each inhabitant.

THE TRIUMPH OF FEMINE ARTIFICE.



Husband—"Oh, I say, Hilda, your dressmaker has charged a pretty figure for your new ball dress."
 Young Wife—"Now, dear, don't say anything about pretty figures until you see me in it."—London Weekly Telegraph.

The New Healing has Conquered Science

The Truth That Thought is a Dynamic Force is Now Universally Accepted
 By Mabel Potter Dagget.

It is psychology that shows clearly why psychotherapy works: why it has worked through the ages. The fundamental facts of the revelation are these: In the soul of man there resides a curative power.

The Creator evidently placed it where it is for our use. There is reached the triumphant conclusion that it can make us well and keep us so. And prayer, expressed in the psychological terms of auto-suggestion and telepathy and cosmic demand, becomes one of the mightiest scientific forces in the universe. Long ago from the most orthodox of humans we sang:
 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed.

Proof of the power of thought to produce physical results is common. How long have we heard of the fear that turned a man's hair white in a night? Every doctor knows that anger has so affected a mother's milk as to cause the death of an infant. And the United States government in experiments at Washington awhile ago demonstrated that each bad emotion produces a corresponding poison in the human system. If there is in the mind, then, this very evident power to create adverse physical conditions, may it not also create favorable conditions?

By this reasoning, the principles of the new-old healing are sufficiently founded on every-day experience to remove it from the domain where it used to be lightly disposed of as the idle mouthing of fanaticism. Today the scientist reverently admits them, for at the shrine of the soul he has learned that there is no more potent suggestion known to psychology than religious faith.—From the Delineator.

High School Boys and Girls Must Be Separated

By Dr. William Lee Howard.

FIRST, get this clearly in your mind, no matter what the cost, the sexes must be separated. Not mere separation in the buildings, separate entrances and class-rooms, but segregation—school buildings far apart from each other. Baltimore has a common-sense plan. The boys' high school is near the center of the city—male teachers—while the girls' high schools are distributed in three or four sections of the city.

The women teachers in the mixed high schools attempt to give their disinterested scholars academic fancies regarding the physiologic effect of a glass of beer meanwhile oblivious to the adolescent's silent appeals for some true statements concerning the laws of nature. We need a new code of ethics of the sexes. A science of sex is necessary to a proper understanding of Christian sexual ethics. We can mature a perfect ethics of the sexes amid moral innocence, but not amid physiologic ignorance.

The boys must be instructed by virile men, and each adjusted to his capabilities. Under these conditions the boys will be happy in their work, and we shall turn out useful citizens.

What kind of an interested boy are you going to get when his pride of a New England old-maid teacher tells him he must stay in after school for saying "leg, for limb? How often have I told you that the other word is indecent? Now, you stay in until you learn to remember what I say."

I heard a female teacher say to a sixteen-year-old lad who stood in a class of young women: "Jones, you should be whipped for coming before ladies with your shirt torn like that. Go home at once, and don't come back until you are properly dressed. The 'idea!'"—American Magazine.

Says Woman Is Only a Pawn

By Professor Thomas.

WHILE woman's demands occupy so large a place in the industrial world, it is noticeable that she is herself only a pawn in the industrial game played by man. Her individual possessor uses her as a symbol of his wealth, and the captains of industry make her and her changeable and expensive fashions the occasion of a market for the costly and changeable objects which fashionable habits force her to accept. New fashions are not always beautiful; they are even often ugly, and women know it; but they embrace changes as frequent and as radical as the ingenuity of the mode-makers can devise. Women do not wear what they want, but what the manufacturers and trader people want them to wear. The people who supply them also control them.
 This does not, however, alter the fact that the general tone and pace of social life are deeply influenced by woman's emphasis of finery and form. There is an old story of a lady who purchased a pair of brass andirons and then by degrees persuaded her husband to furnish the whole house to match them. Just so, when silks and furs and gams and lace and the unmined gold are attached to the person of woman, it follows also that the household and the world in which she moves are transformed to harmonize with her showy taste and appearance. Beginning with the rugs, tapestry, porcelain, silver plate, fine linen and the rich and gaudy furnishings of the home, the factitious personality of woman pervades and bedizens everything. The baffling array of silver at the twelve-course dinner and the costly brock at the costly array are equally a part of woman's dress. This situation is the despair of men, but it is "society."—American Magazine.

The Enormous Bill For Women's Dress

By Professor Thomas.

THE dress of woman has, in fact, become so incorporated in business that, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, the greatest calamity which could be conceived as befalling great populations would be, not a sanguinary war, a desolating famine, or a deadly epidemic, but a revolution in fashion under which "women should dress, as men practically do, in one material of one color. There are many flourishing and opulent cities in Europe and America which would be condemned by it to bankruptcy or starvation, and it would be worse than a famine or pestilence in China, India and Japan." That is to say, any great change in our industrial system must be gradual not to be calamitous.

An inventory of the activities of the world will show the extent of business carried on by man largely as a means of supplying woman with those accessories which she uses to charm him. The materials which she demands are rare, costly, varied and changeable, and the members of the learned, professional and artistic occupations combined are outnumbered by those whose business is to manufacture and sell objects relating to woman's dress. In France alone there are more than two and a half millions of workers on clothing and the materials of clothing, and about a million of workers in textiles. The annual silk output of the United States and Europe is valued at four hundred million dollars and the textile output at nearly four billions—all mainly for women.—American Magazine.

Why Do Boys Leave The High School?

By Dr. William Lee Howard.

THE question, "Why Do Boys Leave the High School?" is frequently seen in educational journals. The answer is plain to a man of the world.

I know a young woman of twenty-four years of age who takes a position this year as teacher in a public school. Her knowledge of boys—of adolescent outbursts—is absolutely nil. Her mother is one of those injurious Puritans who deny their daughters the right to understand the biologic and physiologic laws of life and their direct effect upon the physical and moral growth of every living thing. Consequently this girl's assumed knowledge of man and things is twisted in formation, and her fancies morbid and curious—all the misinformation she received from classmates at the normal school. Think of sending a youth to be under the misconstructive control of such a person!

Women teachers do not appeal to boys' spirits. A boy who prefers to talk with his woman teacher rather than fight grows up to be one of those disgusting individuals all men despise—yes, and all true women. Unconsciously the female trains such a lad along her own psychic lines, and such training is found to be injurious to the budding man.—American Magazine.