

# Entertainment and Instruction For the Young Folks

## Monster Beetles Of the Tropics

By  
Alberta  
Platt

**A** VERY interesting order of the insect kingdom are the beetles. All insects are invertebrates. An invertebrate is a creature having no backbone. Some boys and girls and even grown people do not appear to have any backbone to their



HERCULES BEETLE.

characters, however large may be the one in their bodies.

Though beetles have no spinal column, they are well provided otherwise, having two pairs of wings and no less than three pairs of legs. The beautiful shining blue insects you see flying about among plants and flowers in summer are beetles. So is the pretty little red creature to which whenever children in the country see it they always call out:

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home; Your house is safe, your children are alone!"

In our country the ball rolling beetle is one of the most common of all. Children in the country see it every May and June trundling its ball, often larger than itself, through the fields along roads. It does not build and trundle this ball for pure amusement.



GOLIATH BEETLE, WINGS SPREAD.

however, or merely for its health. The big ball contains the beetle's eggs. It deposits them therein, then rolls the ball to the place where the beetle makes its burrow. You would never imagine a common tumblebug could have so much sense as this creature displays. After shoving the ball to where it is wanted the beetle digs a tolerably deep hole in the ground, then rolls the ball into it. After that it covers the whole with earth and leaves the eggs to hatch in due time.

Beetles pass through three stages of existence. First a worm, called a grub, is hatched. It remains in this state for a considerable time, then turns into what is called the pupa. In this stage it looks much like the full grown beetle, but cannot fly or even move about. Next, after a considerable time has passed, the pupa turns into the perfect beetle. Some beetles require four or five years to pass from egg to perfect insect.

In tropical countries are beetles of immense size. They feed upon the decaying wood of trees, and since there are so many trees and so many rotting trunks and branches in hot, moist countries the beetles get plenty of food to grow on.

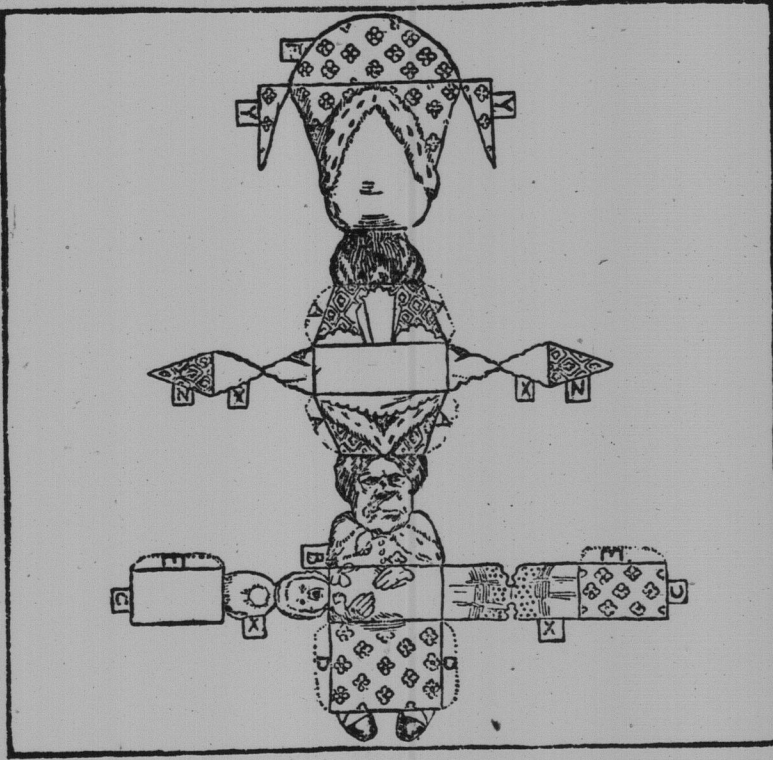
A large beetle found in the West Indies is the Hercules, which from the tip of its horn to the end of its body is five inches long. You see this odd creature in the picture. You would naturally suppose the long, projecting horn to be the beetle's upper jaw and its mouth to be directly beneath. This is not the case, however. The big horn is quite above the head and apart from it. The projection springs from what would be the beetle's shoulders, if it had any. The second horn, the small one turning upward in the picture, projects from the top of Mr. Hercules' real head, and his eyes are at each side of it, near his front legs. Only the male Hercules has the projecting horns.

In tropical Africa is found the Goliath, the largest of all this tribe, for a beetle a veritable monster. It is seven inches long. In the picture you see a Goliath with its wings spread to fly. But it lives mostly upon trees and then shows what these long legs are for. It grasps twigs with them, lets its body go and swings to and fro like a monkey. The harlequin is found in the tropical regions of South America, particularly in Brazil. For food it sucks the juices of the bagasse tree.

Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

Why is a man twice married like a ship's captain? Because he has a second mate.

## A CUT OUT OF THE DUCHESS.



All of you children who have read "Alice in Wonderland" will remember the duchess. If you want to know how the duchess really looked you may cut her out and paste her up, and there she will be. All you have to do is to observe the following directions: Cut out the duchess and paste every section X on the reverse of the neighboring section of the same shape. Fold back the sections Y and paste them where they naturally fall on the reverse of the back view. Fold down the front and back of the crown and paste the sides of the crown Z to the tabs A. Paste the back and front of the duchess together as far as the line B. Fold her lap out and her skirt down, folding the feet out at right angles to the skirt. Paste the sections C to the tabs D and the tabs E to the back view. Fold down the lapels of the crown, fold the baby's head upward and its skirt downward and fold the train F out at right angles to the back.

This huge beetle contains so much animal substance that travelers say it is used for food by African natives. They cook it into soups and stews and seem to consider it a great delicacy. Queer taste some people have.

One great tropical beetle is a curious creature, very beautifully colored. Because of its varied tints it is named the harlequin. It is striped and flecked with red, yellow and black. Its six legs are black with red rings around the upper part. The body of the harlequin beetle is not so large as that of some of the rest of the tribe, but its front pair of legs, considering its own size, are tremendous in length. When they are stretched out forward full length the beetle is nearly a foot long.

In the picture the harlequin's legs protrude ahead of it. The threadlike appendages that turn backward around its body and come close together in sort of oval shape are its antennae, or feelers. With the antennae it touches objects to examine what they are like. When the harlequin beetle crawls along the ground it is an awkward creature, the great fore legs being in its way.

with this little blossom's arrival. Once upon a time this flower was a snow maiden and lived in a beautiful snow palace. In a dark dungeon was imprisoned a noble knight named Galanthus, who was only an earth child. He wore a shining armor which was greenish in tint and very beautiful. One day the snow maiden found him in his awful dungeon, and after that she went each day to see him. On one of these occasions the walls of the palace suddenly fell. The knight happened to be in the south wind was melting them away. The snow maiden wept bitterly, and Galanthus rushed over to where she was, took her in his arms, and together they sank down into Mother Earth.

The snow maiden was so sorry to leave her companions that Mother Earth promised that every now and then she should come back to the snow country and see them. So, according to this promise, the little snowdrop peeps out now and then every spring. The real reason she has to wait for this season is that she needs the aid of Galanthus to help her up to earth, and this knight requires the entire winter to make his way earthward. The sorrowful part of the story is that the snow child arrives too late each year to see her snow friends, but as she is very fond of Galanthus she is happy to go back with him to his home in the earth.

**The Napkin Ring Trick.**  
Insert the two forefingers into a napkin ring from different sides and turn the fingers around each other slowly, letting the direction be away from the body. Close the fingers and thumb of each hand around the ring and bring the tips of the four together. Open them and drop the ring. This sounds simple, but if you succeed in a half dozen attempts it is astonishing. When the tips of the fingers and thumb are brought together the tips of the fingers of the right hand must rest on the thumb of the left, and vice versa. In opening keep the fingers and thumbs joined together, perfectly still, and the ring will at once be free.

**Riddles.**  
Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

Why is a man twice married like a ship's captain? Because he has a second mate.

## THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.



Loavesick Mushroom: "Nothing, darling, shall become between us. I swear it!"

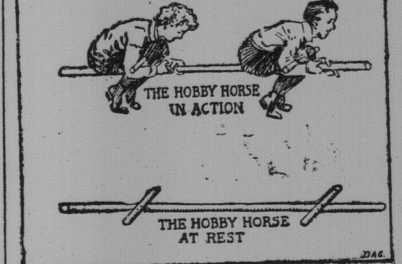


Interloping Mushroom: "How about me?"

## RACING HOBBYHORSES.

No doubt you once had a hobbyhorse, and rode it too, rocking backward and forward, trotting, galloping and even jumping fences and dashing madly across country—all in imagination. Suppose you really could race on a hobbyhorse against some one else mounted in the same way. Well, you can, and your hobbyhorse will prance, kick up, buck, stumble and do a lot of very horsey things.

This hobbyhorse has real, kickable legs, four of them, no tail at all, but to make up for it two lively heads.



THE HOBBY HORSE IN ACTION.

It is useless to describe the construction of the hobbyhorse, for the picture shows exactly how it is made. The riders get astride of it, as the picture shows, with knees above the crossbar and elbows beneath it, grasping the body of the horse with their hands. They may gallop or pace or trot. Make a hobbyhorse; get two of your friends to make one and have a race. It is no end of fun, and two boys may become so expert in the sport that they may defeat with ease any novices who may race against them.

**Fifty Catching In Japan.**

In Japan there are firms of fifty dealers, each employing sixty or seventy catchers and exporting their "catch," chiefly to the large cities, where fireflies are used at all grades of social festivity, from the private garden parties of nobles to an evening at a cheap tea garden. Sometimes they are kept caged, sometimes released in swarms in the presence of guests. The firefly hunter starts forth at sunset with a long bamboo pole and a bag of mosquito netting. On reaching a suitable growth of willows he makes ready his net and strikes the branches with his pole. This jars the insects to the ground, where they are easily gathered up.

**A New Kind of Picture.**

Little Harry's father, who was a photographer, one night as the lightning was very beautiful took a picture of a flash. When Harry saw the picture the next morning he looked up and asked wonderingly:

"Papa, what kind of a picture would thunder make?"

## APRIL.

My father's the sun and my mother the cloud. My courtiers, the daffodils, after me crowd. My voice is the lark's voice, my pace is the wind's; I waken the fir cones that in their rough firs sleep dreaming of summer and skies full of birds. And I'll leap upward to hearken my words.

Dark alders behold me and lighten their green. The bluebells surge upward the broken between. I am life! I am youth, I am all that is dear and fragile and swift in the sweet of the year.

I am hence, I am gone ere earth says "She is here." Blow, daffodil trumpets, blow long and loud—I am April, the child of the sun and the cloud.

—Nora Chesson.

**Hail to the Russian Throne.**

The baby whose picture you see is Alexis Nikolaevitch, who, if the tottering throne of his father, the czar, is saved, will one day take his place as ruler of the Russian people. This baby was born on the 12th of last August, and his christening was a wonderful ceremony. He owns caps, cloaks and



robes of gold and precious stones. One of his caps is ornamented with forty-two large gems.

In the imperial nursery where he will play, attended by a number of nurses, he will be surrounded by dwarfs, the descendants, so tradition says, of the midwives whom a great ancestor of his employed as spit turners in the imperial kitchen.

At the poles there is but one day and one night throughout the year.

# A Story of the Ejectment of an Unwelcome Visitor

## THAT PESKY B'AR

By LLOYD ROBERTS

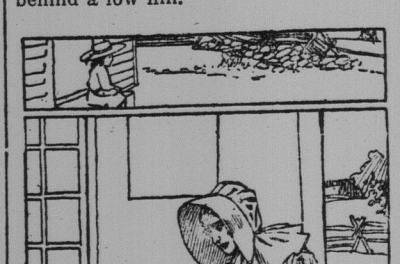
**W**HEN Sarah Ann Johnson and Mary Ann, her little five-year-old, returned from the hayfield to "bile" a cup of tea and to heat up a mess of beans for pa and Andy Ginnis, the "help," they were "mighty took aback" to find a black bear, big as life and twice as natural, sitting on their kitchen floor and peacefully licking the last remnants of the anticipated dinner from off his clumsy paws.

Now, Sarah Ann was not "skeered," though it did "fetch her sort of sudden-like"—not she. "Sift just up and thought of all the mean, low down things that blamed critter had been a-doin' about property—killin' sheep, uppeetin' her bee houses, tearin' down the grapevines and land knows what all besides," while a great rage welled up in her usually gentle heart, and it seemed as if a vengeance swift and terrible was about to descend upon this innocent, sleepy looking creature.

Like a flash she sprang to a low wash basin in both hands and flung a gallon of soapy water full in the animal's face. Spluttering and growling, the bear retreated into a back room, and Mrs. Johnson hastily slammed the door upon her unwelcome visitor, effectually cutting off his means of escape.

This accomplished, she turned to Mary Ann, who had been standing at one side watching the performance with staring eyes and serious face, and spoke to her sharply: "Now, jest yer look here, Mary Ann, and mind what I'm a-sayin' to yer. Sit right down there on that stoop, and don't yer move till I git back and don't yer let no one

come in, for there's a awful growed up b'ar in that back room that would jest love to eat such as you. I'm a-goin' to git yer pa to come and kill it dead. Now, mind what I tell yer!" And, with a parting glance at the parlor door, she climbed a snake fence and hurried across a field of stubble, disappearing behind a low hill.



SHE FLUNG A GALLON OF SOAPY WATER IN THE ANIMAL'S FACE.

Mary Ann sat dutifully where she was put, with her small mind full of thoughts of the "big doggie," till she saw the tall figure of her pa come bounding over the rise, followed by a man in a blue coat, and then Andy valiantly waving a hayfork above his head.

When they had all collected in the kitchen Jabez suddenly grabbed his gun, while a queer expression spread over his honest countenance. "Sarah Ann Johnson, if yer ain't the big-headed, all around stupidest female belin' that ever milked a cow! Do you know what yer gone and done? Yer cooped up the b'ar right along in the same room as my gun, and then yer callate that I'm a-goin' ter shoot him. If that ain't the women folk fer yer!"

Sarah Ann looked blank. "If we only hed known in time we could 'a' got a-land of Joe Sansen's gun, but I reckon as how he took it along when he went 'patridge killin' out back settlement way," she answered in self defense. Meanwhile Andy had sneaked around the house and had cautiously peeped in the parlor window "to git a squirt at the pesky brute," only to discover that the room was empty. He rushed back with wild excitement. "Jabe, Jabe!" he shouted. "He ain't thar! He ain't thar! He's up and cleared out, I tell yer!"

Sarah Ann turned with fury on Mary Ann. "What have yer gone and done with that there b'ar, Mary Ann Johnson, that I left yer so careful-like ter keep yer eye on when I was a-fetchin' yer pa? Now, none of yer lyin' ter me, but speak up quick!" And she grabbed her by the arm and shook her vigorously. "I didn't do nuffin'—I didn't—I didn't—I didn't!" Mary Ann wailed in a pleading voice. And the last wall was still on the move as the others entered the house for a closer investigation.



"HOLY POKERS, SARAH! OPEN THE DOOR QUICK!"

had forgot to close it after her last descent. Anyway, there hung the gun above the mantelpiece, and she vigorously thrust her husband into the room. "Land alive! Hurry up, pa, and drive the varmint out of thet or he'll have c't up all the winter's butter! Oh, he's gone and done it now!" she shrieked as a loud crash sounded from below. "I know he would!" Jabez strode bravely forward and was just reaching the old fashioned muzzle loader when the bear emerged from the trap and ambled swiftly for the open door.

"It do seem as if he had jest melted away!" whispered Sarah Ann in an awestruck voice as they peered through the crack of the slightly opened door. "Where could he have got ter?" They soon discovered his retreat. At one side of the room a trapdoor led down through the floor into the cold, dark cellar below, and Mrs. Johnson

"Holy pokers, Sarah, open that door quick!" he shouted. "Shoot 'em, shoot 'em!" answered Mrs. Johnson. "He'll git out if I open the door."

"Cool darn it, let him git out!" the farmer shouted back. "I'm no blamed b'ar hunter, and I ain't a-goin' to be neither!" And then, as this seemed ineffectual, a bright inspiration flashed through his brain. "Do yer want blood and b'ar's grease messed all over yer parlor floor, Sarah, for there will be if yer don't open that door!"

The door flew open on the instant, while Mrs. Johnson, having removed herself to one side, piped up in another tone: "Don't yer hit him—don't yer hit him, Jabez! Let him git out the house first!"

But the bear in the meantime had changed his mind and instead of "gitting out" sat in the doorway growling and making faces at poor old Johnson, whose gun was drawing invisible hieroglyphics in the air.

Now, when the bear had been his appearance from below the valiant Andy had squeezed in between the hot stove and the wall and seated himself in a large earthen dish of soap suds. Sarah Ann had put there to "raise." The good woman suddenly spied a pitchfork and a perspiring red face above the water kettle, and she hurried an appeal to the "help."

"My land, Andy, git and drive the b'ar out of there before pa messes his dirty carcass all over my clean floor!"

But pa had taken his loving wife's advice and was now in the cellar, with the trapdoor clapped to behind him. With some difficulty Mr. Johnson was extricated from his retreat by means of a very narrow window that led into the potato bin, and they all withdrew themselves to a distance to encourage the departure of the guest.

"If yer had shot that beast in the best room in the house, Jabez Johnson, you and I would 'a' parted company next mornin'!" I can jest tell yer!" said Mrs. Johnson firmly. "It ain't as if I hadn't nigh broke my back havin' it all put to rights again only last fortnight," she went on, keeping her eye on the back door as she spoke. "Y'nat can be a-keepin' thet thar b'ar?" "Gid darn yer hide, Andy Ginnis!"

crowled the irritated farmer. "An' what was yer doin' all the time, I'd like to know, while I was a-fightin' the dirty brute? Under the bed up in the loft, I reckon, yer white livered mut!" "Thar yer wrong, Jabez Johnson, and yer know it. I jest kinder mistaid n' self; thet's all," Andy retorted. At this point poor little Mary Ann set up a dismal howling.

"I want a cookie—I want a dink of milk—I want somethin' to eat! Boo-oo!" It was getting along near sundown, and still the bear showed no signs of evacuating his position. He knew a good thing when he smelt it, and the



DASIED BETWEEN HIS OUT-STRETCHED LEGS.

house contained many good things in the line of jams and jellies which the thrifty housewife had bottled for the winter, to say nothing of cakes and pies and apples, and it seemed afterward as if his delicate snout had brought to light everything that a bear might love in kitchen, pantry or cellar.

They all stood glowering in silence—that is, with the exception of Mary Ann. Suddenly the old farmer struck

up, while a broad grin rolled around his face, and he clapped his hand on his leg. "I've been a-thinkin' and a-thinkin' and I 'low as somethin' has to be done, and thet real smart, and I reckon as I can do it. Come along o' me, Andy."

And he turned and strode off in the direction of the barn. Andy and Sarah Ann both followed, the latter tugging Mary Ann by the hand. "Now, jest yer help me catch the critter," said Jabez as he climbed into the pigsty. And Andy obediently obeyed.

"Land, what yer goin' to do with But-tercup, pa?" queried his wife in a voice of astonishment. "Jest yer wait, and yer'll see—ch! Shut yer squealin' yer blasted idgit! Nuthin' aint goin' to hurt yer!" This last to the panic stricken porker which he had grabbed and stowed beneath his arm. It was only eight months old. When they had returned to the back yard the farmer gave minute directions to the hired man. "Now, see here, Andy, you take the pig around to the parlor window and drop him inside, and I'll wait out here with the gun, and when the b'ar chases out after the pig I'll pling the brute. Git a hike!"

It worked perfectly—at least the first part did—after a few minutes of awful silence a terrible commotion filled the house from the parlor to the kitchen, as if the whole place were sounding crash, as if the whole side-board had gone over, followed by ear piercing squeals and noise of falling dishes.

Jabez had just time to yell: "Git out-er the way, ma! Holy Jerusalem, here they come!" when the whole circus came streaming out of the house.

Alas for the second part of the arrangements! The terrified fugitive saw the farmer and, after the habit of pigs, sought safety by dashing between his outstretched legs. Jabez strove to leap aside, but it was too late. His feet were knocked from under him, the sun went off into the clouds, and pursued and pursued disappeared in the distance.

When the last lingering squeals had died away Mrs. Johnson turned to her bewildered husband, with all the contempt, not unminged with triumph, she could throw into her voice: "Who's the pig head-dust, long legged, stupidest born fool now?" she vociferated.

Mr. Johnson began thoughtfully to brush the dust off his trousers leg. "Now, see here, Sarah Ann, didn't I 'low as I would git that thar pesky b'ar outter here? And didn't I?"

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The Atlantic coast the phenomenon will begin early in the morning, in some places before sunrise.

In the United States there are 200,000,000 apple trees in bearing, from which 250,000,000 bushels of fruit are annually harvested. In ten years these trees will give a yield of 400,000,000 bushels. At the present time the apple consumption of the United States is eighty pounds per head of the population per year.

## NEAR AND FAR.

In New York city 175,571 persons were placed under arrest in 1903. Of these \$4,501 were foreigners, in a city where but 28 per cent of the population is foreign and in which live 350,000 Jews, who furnish comparatively few of the lawless element.

The tongues of some animals are dangerous weapons. A lion could speedily kill a man by merely licking him with his tongue. The tongues of all members of the cat family are covered with curious recurring spines formed of tough cartilage.

An eminent scientist has estimated that the average man's eyelids open and shut 4,000,000 times during the year.

An after dinner bores' defense league is suggested in view of the innovation

made at a recent dinner in London, when the speeches were presented in souvenir booklet form and "taken as read."

Jacob H. Schiff has given \$100,000 to Columbia university for the endowment of a chair of social work. The new professorship will be filled by Edward T. Devine, general secretary of the Charity Organization society.

A sixty inch telescope is being mounted at Harvard university which is re-

cently purchased in England and is the largest of its kind in the world. It will be the only telescope operated entirely by electricity, and the observer can carry on his investigations in the coldest weather unexposed.

Superintendent Maunders of the solar department of the Greenwich observatory recently announced that prolonged investigations had shown a connection between the magnetic disturbances of the mariner's compass and the sun's

spots. He finds that the rotary motion of the sun causes a stream of electrically charged particles to assume the spiral form, reaching out to and surrounding the earth.

Francis E. Leupp, commissioner of Indian affairs, is planning to make the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., a training school for Indian soldiers. His plan will be to pick out the most capable boys from the various tribes and give them a course in military training, ac-

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