

GUESS THE NAMES OF THE PUZZLING BIRDS



These birds are very puzzling, but if you really try hard you will be able to guess the name of the bird described by the verse. The first bird, the one that is "woven in looms," is Duck. The other birds are equally well known.

Guess the name of the bird that is woven in looms.
The bird that is colored out of gold.
The bird that is flown at the end of a string.
The bird that is useless when cold.
The bird that is wise and can see in the dark.
The bird that is fastened with spines.
The bird that is honored on Thanksgiving Day.
The bird that the President likes.

HOW BASEBALLS ARE MADE.

There isn't a boy in the country who would not like to know exactly how a baseball is made, and this short article is written to tell him.

The pattern of the ball is a globe of India rubber about an inch in diameter. Around this are wound a few layers of coarse twine; then the ball goes to the winding-machine, which wind on thick four-ply blue yarn. At frequent intervals the ball is soaked in a cement solution and set aside to dry, the cement serving to preserve the shape and to make it firm.

In the course of winding the ball goes

through many different hands. Each workman tests it for size and weight before passing it along. The machine leaves tight and even winding, and there are different machines for different sizes of yarn. These machines are operated in secret by a locked room.

After the ball has been wound to the right size with blue and white yarn and dipped into the cement solution it is finally wound with finer yarn. Thus the firm, rough centre is overlaid with finer and finer material until the ball is smooth and perfect and ready for the cover.

For the cover the best horsehide is used. The pieces are cut by hand and dampened and stretched. The ball is put into clamps and the cover is sewed with cotton thread, which has greater frictional strength than linen or silk. Each ball is sewed by hand and then put into a machine, which from down the seams. Then another machine polishes it. After that it is stamped and wrapped in tissue paper and tinfoil, ready for market.

A ball weighs just five ounces, and is nine inches in circumference. In the course of construction it is weighed and measured five times.

What a long process that seems to your father, perhaps, who when he was a boy

made his own ball out of yarn from an old stocking and sewed on the buckskin cover with his own hands.

THE FLOWERS ARE AWAKE.

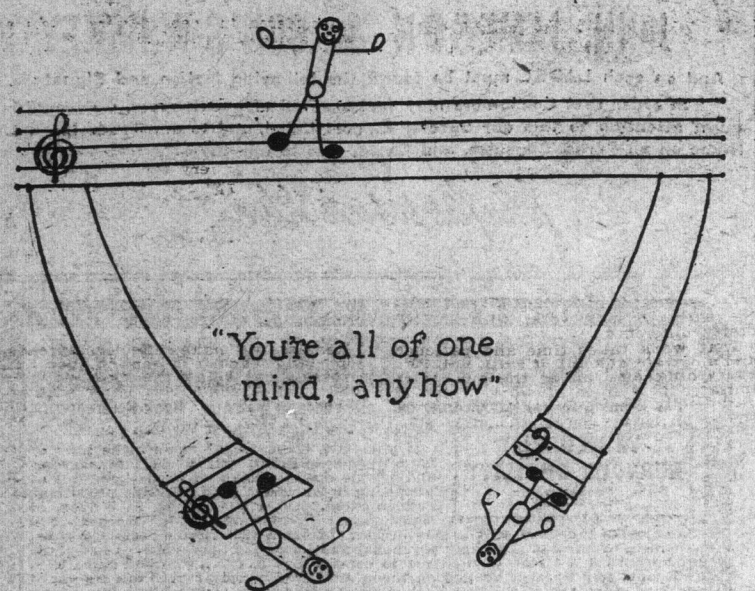
The bright sun kissed the flower beds, And up popped lots of sleepy heads. 'Tis can't be time to get up yet; This isn't all the sleep we'll get.

They all protested in a pet. They felt the soft south wind's caress, And all the vernal gardeners, Then pushed their dull old blankets down, Threw off their wintry covers brown, And donned a lovely springtime gown.



THE MUSIC RACK GYMNAST HELPS OUT.

Tommy's Musical Mornings No. 5.



THOMAS WORTHINGTON PAGE had gotten up particularly early that morning. It was his mamma's birthday and he was very anxious to get some time all to himself to go down town to buy her a birthday present. There was a lot of money in Tommy's iron bank and he was sure that if he could only get it and go down town by himself he would be able to get something very attractive. There was time enough to go before school if he got up early and practised his piano lesson.

By Alice Latimer.

"Or," he added, "perhaps she would like a bottle of cologne or a trying pan."

Suddenly the sunlight stopped troubling him. He looked at the clock and saw that it was eight o'clock. He looked at the music rack and saw that it was the time to practise his piano lesson. He looked at the clock and saw that it was eight o'clock. He looked at the music rack and saw that it was the time to practise his piano lesson.

would like cologne or a trying pan for her birthday.

He looked at the gymnast hopefully as he said this, for somehow he expected them to help him out.

Nevertheless, he was very much surprised when, with a look of disdain in his direction, the three gymnasts with one accord leaped into the air, one coming down and landing dangerously near the bottom bar of one flying trapeze, one catching the other flying trapeze at the risk of his life and the third remaining up on the top trapeze, where he took up a position of perfect ease.

The little man on the left hand trapeze had one foot wound around the middle ring and one resting easily in the space next to the bottom. The one in the middle position on the middle trapeze and the third gymnast, on the right hand trapeze, had one foot wound around the bar next to the bottom and the other resting in the very bottom space.

Tommy looked at them steadily in an endeavor to find out what they really meant. "Oh," he said at last, with rather an injured expression of countenance, "you're all of one mind, anyhow. You needn't be so scornful, Abe, you and your friends. I don't think the things I mentioned are so bad as all that."

But in spite of Tommy's remonstrance Abe and his friends still remained in the dangerous position into which they had first fallen and refused to change their minds about it the least bit.

"I suppose," said Tommy, still somewhat reproachfully, "that you five like Aunt Alice and want me to do my music lessons perfectly instead of giving mamma any other present. Aunt Alice always says that mamma would be better pleased for me to do my lessons right than with any gift I might get for her."

The three gymnasts looked decidedly bored at Tommy's suggestion and shook their heads in an emphatic negative.

"Worry," Tommy, greatly relieved, "for I do think that is awfully stupid."

The three gymnasts nodded comfortably, as if they agreed with every word Tommy said.

"Perhaps," their host suggested, after thinking very hard for such a long time, "that one of the gymnasts went sound asleep on top of the bar and even Abe yawned a little, 'perhaps she would like a bunch of pink roses for her hat. Aunt Marcelle Mowbray has a bunch of very pink roses in her hat, and mother admired them very much after Aunt Marcelle had gone the other day. I never got any hat roses, but I suppose I could get them down town. I do believe," continued Tommy, looking at the gymnasts anxiously, "that a bunch of hat roses would be the very thing."

The gymnasts jumped into the air without a moment's pause as soon as Tommy finished speaking, and came down in a twinkling, clapping their feet together and looking at Tommy significantly.

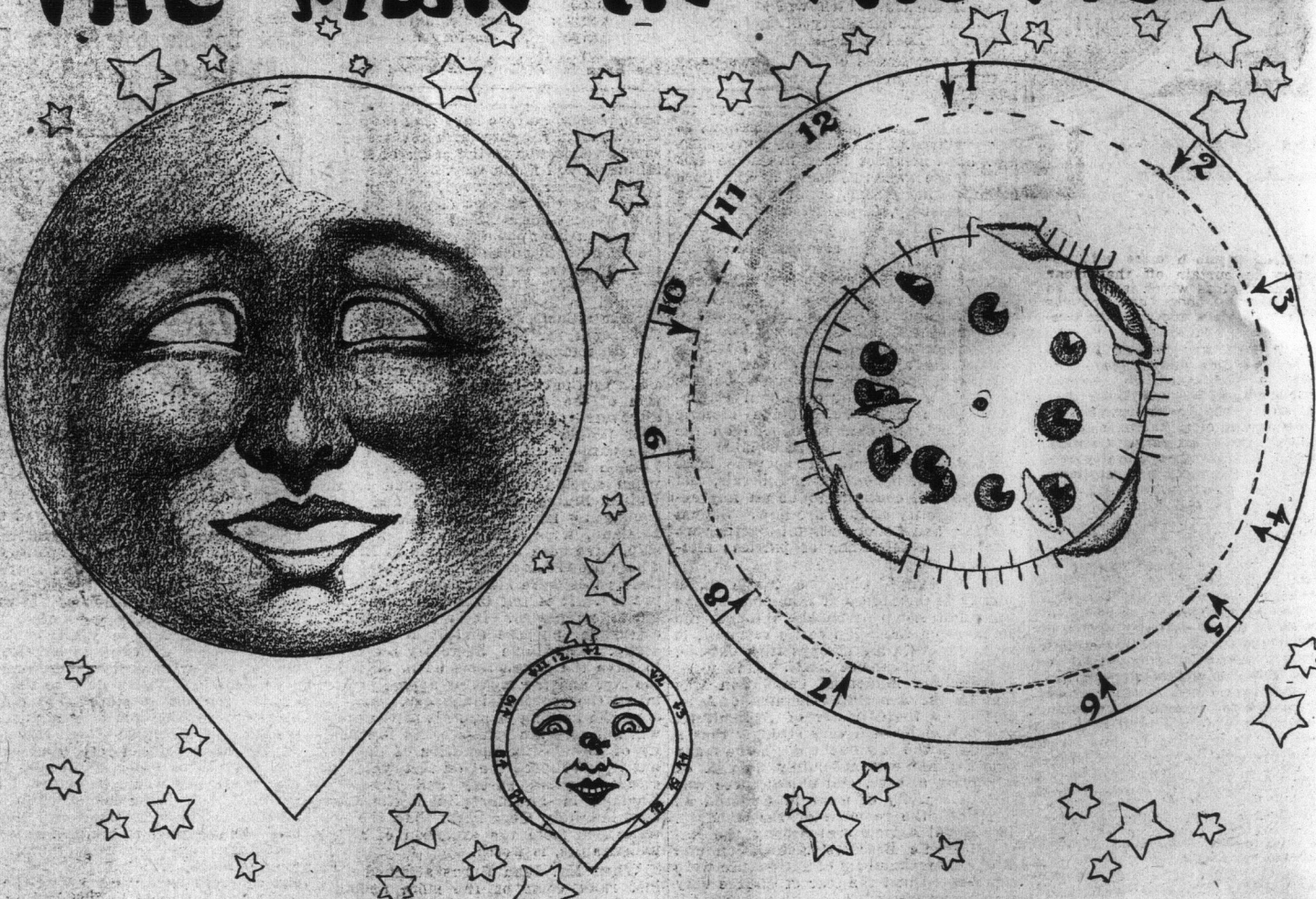
For the first time since they had arrived two of the gymnasts came down on the same trapeze, while the other little man leaped nimbly to and fro from one of the flying trapezes to the other, without pausing a moment on either.

other foot in the next space from the bottom. The other gymnast had one foot wound around the bar next to the top and the other foot resting in the top space. Tommy gazed at them steadily. "Oh," he said, suddenly enlightened, "why, yes, that's just what Aunt Alice said when mother admired Aunt Marcelle's pink hat roses."

Two of the gymnasts on the middle trapeze.

After looking at them a moment Tommy decided that this third gymnast meant nothing at all, but was merely enjoying himself for the time being. The other two gymnasts were both posed on the stationary trapeze from which the flying trapezes hung. Abe stood first in line with one foot resting on the very bottom space and the

THE MAN IN THE MOON



Cut out the two moons and fasten the smaller one to the bottom one by a thread sewed directly through the centres. You may then turn the top piece around and around and Mr. Moon will have a new expression for every hour of the clock.

it's your turn to think of something."

The gymnasts evidently felt themselves capable of the responsibility, for, laughing heartily at Tommy's gloomy looks, they jumped up, turned a number of surprising somersaults and came down, each on a separate trapeze.

One of the gymnasts swung himself nimbly on to the left hand trapeze—most precariously, it seemed to Tommy, for his whole weight hung on one foot, which rested in the second space from the bottom. Abe himself had struck a most remarkable posture on the middle trapeze, for one foot stuck out in the rear and wound itself around the middle bar; the other foot rested in the top space. One hand reached down to the space next the bottom, and the other hand grasped the bar next the top.

The third gymnast, who had jumped on the remaining trapeze, swung to and fro with careless ease, one foot wound around the bar next to the bottom, the other foot in the space below that, and steadying himself easily by a hand in the top space.

Tommy looked at them all three in turn. Then he laughed aloud in his delight. "Just the very thing!" he shouted, "and I know she wants one, for Aunt Marcelle has one and so has Aunt Alice. Oh, Abe, it's bully of you to have thought of it! It's just the very thing!"

Tommy had a vision of Abe and the other gymnasts clapping their hands in delight and doing a Highland fling on the very top bar of the trapeze. Then the sunlight seemed to be getting mixed up with his eyes, and he felt very sleepy.

"Oh, Tommy," said a voice in his ear, "you must have fallen asleep while you were getting dressed."

Tommy looked up confusedly and saw his Aunt Alice bending over him.

"You know," she said, "it's your mother's birthday to-day, and if you'll hurry and get dressed I'll go down town with you before school to help you buy her present. Have you thought what to get her?"

"Yes'm," said Tommy, "a bead bag."

"Why?" said Aunt Alice, "that is a good thought; it's just the very thing. Tommy, I know she'll like it and she'll be so pleased to think you thought about it yourself."

"Only," said Tommy, looking gratefully over at the bar of sunlight where the gymnastic apparatus had been, "Abe really helped me."

"But Aunt Alice never knew who 'Abe' was," she supposed he must be one of Tommy's playmates, and somehow Tommy never could tell her.

That's the very thing.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S NAME PUZZLE.

Guess the boy that's a garment worn under the coat.
The boy that's the beak of a crow.
The boy that's a sailor adrift or ashore.
The boy that's a light, loving fool.
The boy that's a notch in the blade of a knife.
The boy that's a jerk of the head.
The boy that's a wooden tub, small at the top.
The boy colored light yellow red.

Dickie.
Bill.
Jack.
Pat.
Nick.
Bob.
Kit.
Sandy.

Renaissance is Popular as Ever

NOTHING is much more trendy to certain of the young women of the day than many front doors, a net, decorated with a motif of some sort of lace or pattern.

For the woman who has consulted but her own taste, she can already make degrees of beauty and of comfort for her sister, who must above everything else, be comfortable in the fact that it is necessary to make a very thin possible, and the cost, maker knows, is minor. Haven't the work to pay for Renaissance and Arabian two most popular laces made into big, effective, than wide—which are spaced the centre of the net, and the edges are hemmed, hard to do upon net without stitches show. As often of finishing, the net is aimed and tacked with the finest into place.

A curtain of this type is really stretched quite flat, the design at its present. Where a curtain which, screen is desired, the design is broken up into five small placed in the centre, the four corners.

PROVIDE FOR FUTURE

Of course, this sort of a much wider than the other, be just the width of your last once and a half or pane, or, if you want, crush up into a great deal double the width of the narrowest at top and bottom, or without a small head, please, and slip them on rods.

Pile work makes so curtains—the darned worst imitation of the exquisite. The squares are prettily in a material of rather a that is in comparison to upon which the pattern is scribbled, in that soft, creamy

Women's

By Cynthia Westcott

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THE press agent's ancient one for many a woman has entered and in some cases good comfortable living. One large corporation press representative a salary a year. His business is to news of the affairs of the reaches the public in such increase its business. I do a woman getting anything amount, but I don't know should not.

One politician has his that his views may be given to the eager ear of the pays all kinds of prices for ice. The average man's salary is \$25 to \$35 a week. He usually gets a woman's One in Brooklyn I know a society press agent better than a man as a \$5. Her business is to see to it that she is all right, and she may wish. Giving out descriptions of gowns at details that so greatly public is all about the person. She thus relieves the same time correct and satisfactory.

One of the first officers pointed nowadays at the "chair" of the young woman so selected, but it is a proper chair or takes it to the newspaper.

Weddings are always a woman press agent's