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## SUBMARINE.

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TA Bought

## Teste first of July it be rainy menthes: Our Boys and Girl Sitter so, soil white charmets be recommended to the CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS





chasing the half-grown boys, who, of whatever nation, have a fashion of becoming too prominent for the committeemen on such exciting occasions.

Midway down the street stands a tall pole in the middle of a ring of sawdust. At the top is a great cedar wreath, and from this hang boxes of chocolate, bologna sausages done up in silver paper, a long "flute" of bread, a doll, cases of pencils, a gleaming pocket-knife. At the foot is a group of eager-eyed children waiting none too patiently for the fun to begin; and outside their mothers, in white cap—are as eager as the children.

The pole is called the Mat de Cocagne; in other words, the Cockney Mast. It has been well oiled, and the trophies blove are for those who can reach and cut them from the wreath.

Long beforehand the competitors were chosen and their names written on the list. As each one's turn comes, his name is called, and a pais of scissors on a white string is hung around his nack, as solemnly as if he were being invested with the Order of the Golden Fleece. For a long time the scissors are not needed. Finally the tiniest boy of all mounts higher and higher, the children shout, the women set up a tremendous cackle and the white caps nod. He is almost in reach. He slips back. He gains again. His little face is purple with effort. The crowd gets more and more excited. The air is rent with ejaculations. He is slowly losing ground. Then, relaxing his hold, he slides swiftly down, the multitude with one groan coming down, as it were, with him. HE French Fourth of July is July 14, the French Declaration of Independence dating from the destruction of the Bastile. The Bastile, as many of you know, was that famous prison in Paris which to the French people was the symbol of the grievous wrongs of many centuries. Here people were often confined without knowing of what they were accused or who were their accusers. Often they were simply forgotten and lived and died there. French history is filled with stories of the Bastile. Many of you have doubtless read of Pelisson and his spider, that story of patient endurance. When the Bastile was captured by the people during the French Revolution, and its doors were opened, men who were imprisoned young came forth old. They had been long supposed to be dead, and their friends were gone and scattered.

It is not surprising that the people believed that their liberties could not be safe until the Bastile was destroyed, and that they razed it to the ground. The stones were afterward consecrated to the beautiful service of the Pont de la Concorde, one of the most noted bridges of the Seine. The site of the Bastile is now marked by the lofty Column of July on whose summit stands the gilded figure of Liberty, bearing a torch in one hand and in the other a broken chain.

It is not strange that the French Republic has regularly since then cale.

FUN FOR OLDER FOLKS

Finally a large boy reaches the top amid great shouts and cuts off the longest sausage. The other boys evidently believe there is some virtue in his coat, and he good-naturedly lends it to each new aspirant. Others all their pockets with sawdust, which they scatter on their legs on the journey upward to give them better purchase.

At last the time is up and the crowd changes its place in front of the bust of Liberty where the Jeu de Bougles is to take place. This is the trial of the little girls who are all becuried and clean-pinafored for the occasion. Parallel lines of benches, on which the mothers sit, mark off a course which ends at a table covered with little petticoats, aprons, collars and cuffs, ribbons and laces. The girls are arranged according to their ages, the little ones coming first. Into each little tot's hand a lighted candle is placed.

At the signal they start and run, and the first one at the goal with her candle still lighted is the winner. Away they go toddling over the stones. The timid ones stop to try and shield their lights, and the bolder ones dash away, their candles apparently out; but when they stop, red-faced and breathless, before the committee now behind the table, the light flares up as if it, too, had been playing a little game. It is a pretty sport, and the pile of prizes on the table rapidly grows less.

For the larger girls there is still the Jeu de Ciseaux, in which the prizes are FUN FOR OLDER FOLKS

one hand and in the other a broken chain.

It is not strange that the French Republic has regularly since then celebrated this great day in its history, and even at the risk of seeming very unpatriotic I think the French have a much more fitting way of celebrating their freedom. By day Paris is allive with the tremulous color of floating flags. By night the city is ablaze with light. The Seine gleams like a rainbowhued ribbon with the reflections from the bridges, the little boats leaving tralls of light behind them, and yellow lanterns that hang like great golden oranges from the trees on its banks. The palace and gardens of the Trocadero rise out of the darkness like a scene of enchantment from the "Arabian Nights." From the Champ de Mars opposite, hundreds of thousands of people are gathered to see it, and to enjoy the magnificent fireworks, the castles and fountains and gardens—golden visions, that gleam for a moment and pass away. the table rapidly grows less.

For the larger girls there is still the Jeu de Ciseaux, in which the prizes are more inspiring. A string is tied across the narrow street. A foot apart hang other strings attached to this, to the ends of which are tied work baskets, fans, sewing boxes, silk aprons and pieces of humble finery. The girls are blindfolded, one by one, and given a pair of scissors. They walk slowly and with meditative tread toward the rope, and, holding out the scissors, endeavor to cut one of the threads. If they succeed, the prize which it holds is theirs. If they fail, they contribute to the hilarious merriment of the occasion.

It is pleasant to see how good natured everybody is, and how well the unfortunates take their defeat.

MAUD R. HUMPHREY.

## Curious Mr. Bunny on His Fate



was sure he did. Where was it? Not in the tall man's garden. No.

Better not fool around tall man's nor small man's garden, advised Mrs. Bunny. Apt to get into trouble, if you

grandpap brought a carrot home one day long, long ago.
So every chance he got Mr. Bunny stole away from home, loped swiftly and cautiously from one corner to another, constantly on the lookout for enemies—dogs, cats, two-legged creatures!—until at last in a clearing away off from the tall man's and small man's houses he spied something yellowish-red with green leaves! Was this the carrot?

The nearer he crept the surer he felt that it was the carrot!

Nearer, nearer, nearer!

A deep, heavenly sniff of the delicious odor! Then at last a wee little nibble!

But boom, bang! An awful knock in his stomach, and a back somersault, several times over again, a fiop, a kick, a tremble, and Mr. Bunny lay dead!

Poor Mr. Bunny! If he had only not been so curious!



Elephant Sausages.

Elephant Sausages.

H OW would you like to eat elephant sausages? I don't think that you are likely to be asked by mother to do so, and perhaps you are glad that elephant meat is not on sale at the butchers' shops, for somehow the elephant, though a delightful animal to ride on at the Zoo, does not look as if it would be very nice to eat.

That is what I wink, but then all people do not think alike, and so when an elephant had to be killed some time ago at the Ghent Zoological Gardens a pork butcher bought it and made it into sausages. Such a lot it made, 3800 pounds of them—more than you can think of, isn't it?—and they were very quickly sold, for people wanted to know what this new kind of meat tasted like. It was so good that everybody wanted some more, but it was no good to ask for it, for it is only once in a blue moon that elephant meat is to be had.

A FEW years ago a gentleman erected a monument in a Marion. Ohio, cemetery, which consisted of a heavy pedestal surmounted by a massive ball—all made of stone.

Nothing unusual was noted about this monument until a year ago, when the caretaker observed with astonishment that the ball had made a partial rotation. Considering its weight — 4200

pounds—no wonder he was surprised. Since his discovery he has measured the ball carefully and has found that it continually rotates at the rate of about



seven inches in a year.

Although learned scientists have studied into the matter, no one has been able as yet to account for the peculiar action of the ball. Most of the scientists are inclined to think that the sun's rays cause the rotation. But how? That has not been explained by anybody.

Adventurous Duckling.

N Central Park, New York, the children are very fond of watching the ducks and swans that inhabit the ducks and swans that inhabit the lagoon.

One duck, who is the proud mother of a large family of ducklings, has been having a lot of trouble of late keeping them within bounds.

Last Sunday she was horrified to discover one of her brightest and boldest sons stealing a ride on the back of a proud and stately swan.

It was easy to see that she feared the young scamp would receive painful punishment at the hands of the offended swan.

ERE is a simple experiment by which you may imitate the sound of cathedral bells in your own room, and perhaps one of the strangest things about it is that no one but yourself will be able to hear them ringing.

Procure a yard of twine and loop it about in the middle. Slip the loop around the handle of a poker and draw it taut. Grasp each free end of the string in either hand. Wind some of it round each of your first fingers. Now press these fingers against your ears, shutting out all sound, and swinging the dangling poker until it dashes against the wall.

You will be surprised to perceive a series of heavy tones such as ring out from a cathedral clock as it booms out the hour, yet, while the room may be crowded, no one but you will be a listener to the mysterious peals unless they try the same experiment.

But what causes this phenomenon? This is answered best by describing a certain kind of toy noise maker which most boys have seen or made at some time or another. It is known by various names, but perhaps the term "devil-fiddle" is its most common term. It is very easily constructed by knocking out one end of a tin can and then puncturing the closed end with a tiny hole, just large enough to insert a plece of twine through—the twine knotted at its end so it cannot be pulled entirely through the hole.

Grasp the can in one hand, and, holding a piece of well-resined leather in the other, pull the string through the folded up leather or slide the leather along the string.

This will result in a most grating, discordant sound, altogether out of proportion to what you'd expect from such an action. So from this the extraordi-

discordant sound, altogether out of proportion to what you'd expect from such an action. So from this the extraordinary fact is established that it is the employment of the tin can which causes the great increase of sound. It is the holiow cavity in the can which is really responsible for this, and so it is with the ear. The holiow cavity in the ear enlarges the volume of sound emanating from the poker along the string, thus acting on the same principle as the can cavity which increases the sound produced on the string attached to it.

your nut. The coin is to serve as ballast; so you must experiment with different coins until you discover just what coin—penny, nickel, eta.—provides the exact weight needed.

You will have exactly the right result when the nut rests exactly balanced in an upright position, its point just touching the cork stopper, and when at the same time it will respond instantly to a slight tap of your finger on the cork stopper and sink toward the bottom, returning presently to its original position without losing its balance.



You will have to go at this experiment very carefully. But when you have done it successfully you will get a lot of pleasure out of it. And it will not be easy for others to imitate.

Get a good-sized bottle with a wide mouth and a good cork stopper. Then get a nut (say an English wainut), divide carefully into halves; clean it out, then bore a tiny hole through each side, and run the two ends of a wire frame through them. Then put the halves together again, and seal every possible crack or hole with wax. Before you do this, however, bore a small hole in the bottom of the nut (C) and leave it unsealed. This is to serve as an air-hole.

Now arrange the bottom of your wire frame so that it will support a coin.

Having done this, fill your bowl with water, and test the floating qualities of



chattering monk! Come down, or I'll

Monkey - Huh! Suppose you climb up here, for it's easy to see you are

THE CHILDREN'S AFTERNOON

OW is the time, boys and girls, for you to prepare a delightful surprise for mother—a rose jar, or, as the French call the contents of the jar, "potpourri." You have only to utilize now the flower leaves in the home garden, and, later, the aromatic herbs and weeks gathered on vacation rambles, to enjoy all the year that delicious odor which is one of summer's enchantments.

Commence when the roses are fully

bles, to enjoy all the year that deficious odor which is one of summer's enchantments.

Commence when the roses are fully open, or have already fallen' to the ground, and collect the petals, placing them in an earthen jar until there is quite a thick layer of salt, add more petals, a second sprinkling of salt and so continue all through the rose season, turning and mixing the mass very frequently, and keeping the jar tightly closed when not so engaged.

After the roses are gone, use other highly-scented flowers, violets, carnations, heliotrope, orange buds, slips of sweet brier tangles, and spicy wild blooms. Also, leaves of the lemon verbena, and rose, lemon and nutmeg spraniums; sprigs of peppermint, spearmint, lavender; chips of cedar and birch bark, and a little sage, thyme and rosemary. As you add fresh layers of these materials, sprinkle with salt as before, and an occasional gill of strong vinegar.

vinegar.

This compound of potpourri will diffuse
a delicate blossomy odor, suggestive of
south winds blowing over hiliside and
meadow whenever you open the jar.
Mother will probably wish to keep it
in her bedroom, where the delicate perfume will be delightful.

N ED was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked. "Did I?" said grandpa. "Why, yes, you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning."

anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned, but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India."

"To shake out scorpions or centipedes, or other nuisances that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking."

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned, thoughtfully.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa; "remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let them be growing strong all the while you live."



SEE little Mary out feeding her pet chicky. She is taking the corn out of her pinafore pocket and scattering it on the ground. Close to the garden fence is her favorite piggy, and he is waiting to be fed, too, for he knows his turn will soon come. Though he is a pig, he is not a hog, so chicky has no fear that he will try to snatch her food away from her.

away, for he has finished eating the food Mary brought him. tance. The birdy is flying toward it.
Mary lives in a foreign land, where
the little gipls wear wooden shoes, pinafores and bonnets.

Can you copy this picture in perfera-tion beard with your colored woolens? See if you can.



Riddle. If the tengs, the poker and the shovel cost guinea, what would the coals come to? Concealed Parts of a House. Can you find four different parts of a couse concealed in the following sentences?

1. Has Edgar returned from his trip?

2. Did you hear the word?

3. We will close the box.

4. Have Randall's friends arrived?

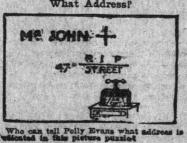
Beheadings. ehead:
Plan of a play and leave share.
To injure and leave a part of the body.
To piffer and leave a waterfowl.
A girl and leave to help.
A small singing bird and leave a part







What Address?



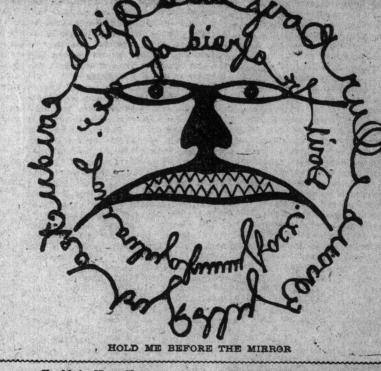
Double Acrostic.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems Numerical Enigma

"A May flood never did good."

Fourth of July Puzzle.

Geographical Enigma. Sachem. Muse. Steam. Massa 1. T-ruth. 2. T-rout. 3. B-rook A Cargo of Tea.



Freddy's New Shoes.

HEN Fred's father came home one night he had a box under his arm.

Fred guessed what was in the box. His father had bought him a pair of new

Fred guessed what was in the box. His father had bought him a pair of new shoes.

Fred liked the trim new shoes.

When he came down to breakfast next morning he had them on.

"This is Saturday. You might wear your old ones to-day," said his mother. But when Joe Green came to ask him to go downtown with him, Fred ran off with his new shoes on.

The boys started up the railway track. They ran races on the rails.

"There, I beat," cried Fred, as he reached the crossing first.

Fred turned to see where Joe was. Then, as he turned, he slipped.

His foot went down into the crack between the rail and the cross walk.

"Ouch!" he cried. "It hurts, and it is in so tight I can't get it out." He twisted and turned.

But still the shoe was fast.

"I'll unlace your shoe and take it off."

Just then the boys heard something that made their hearts stand still. It was a shrill whistle.

In a moment an engine came around the curve.

What would you have done, if you had been in Joe's place.

Joe gave Fred's shoelace a jork.

"Pull hard," he said.

Joe pulled and Fred pulled.

Out came Fred's foot from the shoe, and the two boys rolled down the bank together.

When the train passed, they ran back

when the train passed, they ran back to the crossing. There was Fred's new shoe cut into pieces. But all Fred said as he looked at it was: "I'm glad it was only my shoe, and I'm glad you helped me get it off."—Little Chronicle.

One day, while mother was walking along the street she stopped to patronize an extremely small newsboy.

"I hope you don't sell papers on Sunday," she said.
"No, mum," he said, sadly. "I ain't big enough to carry 'em yet."

CLYDE F. LYTLE.

Two small boys are attending kinder-garten. Both tried to sing for mamma. One sang "I am a Patie, Tao, Sir"; the other, "I Am a Painted Rooster." Mam-ma was much amused. She learned aft-erward from their teacher that the words were "I Am a Patriot True, Sir."

