

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MY BOY'S ROOM.

A TRUE STORY.

"It is high time that boy was turned off," every one in the house, and numerous friends outside of it, said, who knew that the trundle-bed in his mamma's room still nightly held a big nine-year-old boy.

"But where shall I turn him?" was the query that sorely perplexed me: Where shall I find sleeping quarters for our little boy, in this roomy old farm-house with four big square rooms above four big square rooms, opening into a long, wide hall up stairs and down, but no cosy little bedroom, or nook anywhere, that I could take for our boy's room.

"It's a pity if there isn't room enough in this old ark for one small boy to sleep, when years ago, a dozen boys and girls used to be stowed away in it!" John said when I broached the subject to him.

"Yes, but your mother and grandmother had two or four or six boys to turn off at once, and could fill up that big bleak north chamber that we had to take for Mary's room when our household commenced living in two families," Aunt Aggie answered coming to my rescue. "Harry ought to have a little room opening from yours, but this house affords no such quarters, having twenty-two down stairs windows but not a closet or bed-room and every chamber is occupied."

"All but the ell-chambers," and then the thought flashed into mind that carried out has given my little boy a cozy, pretty room that he delights in showing to every boy of his acquaintance.

The ell-chambers were two bare, cheerless rooms with dingy plastering dropping in places from the laths, streaked with candle smoke and marks of oily heads and rough yellow paint that tobacco stains and a leaky roof, years before, had defaced.

Why not renovate these rooms that have not been occupied since the hired men moved out for good, years ago: whitewash, paint, and paper, and give Mary, our trusty girl, the larger room and Harry the little chamber opening from it?

I could not have thought of putting our little boy so far from us at night, to put out of hearing the soft, little breath that for nine blessed years I had nightly listened for and never missed from our room, if Mary had not readily consented to this change of apartments and promised to promptly rouse me should croup threaten, or toothache, or any ache make the little fellow restless.

The loosened plastering I picked from the laths and filled all such gaps in the coiling and walls of the two chambers with mortar.

When these patches had hardened, I gave the dingy plastering three coats of whitewash which transformed dirty, smoke-stained walls to those of glistening whiteness.

I always spread whitewash with a large paint brush, doing better work and finding it much less tiresome than a long-handled whitewash brush that will throw spatters in spite of care exercised. I mix lime washes of the thickness of milk, for thin coats do not blister and peel as thicker coats do and disfigure walls.

A two quart pail of white lead paint, mixed just right by a skilful painter, and a little vial of Prussian blue, that John brought from the village one day, were jubilantly received by Harry and me.

A few drops of the blueing tinted the paint a delicate color—a shade darker than the ground-work of the wall hangings I had bought for the rooms, and two coats smoothly covered the unsightly yellow paint that for a quarter of a century had been gathering to itself scurs and stains.

The worn sash of the little seven-by-nine window lights, I also painted to hold the rattling panes firm in the crumbling putty, using a diminutive brush.

By holding a strip of glass close to the sash, between her brush and the panes, one can paint the sash without splattering or smirching the window lights.

Harry proudly helped me select the paper; old-fashioned but dainty, tiny sprays of blue-petaled flowers and buds scattered among russet-brown vines and leaflets.

Plain white cotton curtains for the four windows, a white spread and bed valance I had intended for Mary's room and a dark patch-work quilt that would not show dirt

for Harry's bed, but when I ran across, in a shop at the village, a web of blue scrim dotted with pretty flower clusters and leaves, I decided that white drapery was not fine enough for my two blue chambers and carried home in triumph twenty yards of the dainty blue-sprigged scrim.

The curtains I gathered very full, finishing with a deep hem at the bottom and a wide, full flounce at the top, and when they were up and all the odd and pretty bric-a-brac that Mary and Harry held in their possession, arranged on the walls of their chambers, we doubted if grandpa, who had lived in this home for ninety-one years, would have recognized the ell-chambers of his house, had he climbed the stairs to see them.

"Mamma, why can't I have a white spread like Mary's. I don't want that old black quilt on my bed," a pleading little voice said at my elbow as I patted two fat pillows into their cases.

"A white spread on your bed! Oh, Harry, when you will be sure to sit on it with muddy clothes and boots, and wipe on

their mother's home, when I showed her Harry's room. I listened to her advice and shut my eyes to the heterogeneous collection—"skulch," Mary calls it, that crowd his table and shelves. A S. S. lesson quarterly, a pitch pine cone, a drawing slate, a mat of burdock burrs, a paint box, perhaps, in one pile: A scalloped fritter of dried blue clay, a tangle of strings, a fish hook between the leaves of the last "Pansy," a medley of jack straws and school cards, the whittled spokes of a brave water-wheel nearing wobbling completion, a litter of chippings left of the last kite attempted, a paper of tacks holding the leaves of his open testament in another, and on the walls, hung high and low, are treasures he has gathered from fields and woods: Hornet's nests and bird's nests em-paled on branching twigs that some day's wind sent whizzling from their limbs; toad-stool brackets and nodding bunches of wild grasses with brown rattling seed pods, cat tails and ripe milkweed shuttles with a gleam of silver between their clam shell lids; and I, who had thought to insist on

it will help keep in tender, loving remembrance his childhood's home and truths we have taught him here."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

EGG SALAD.—Put the crisp leaves of a head of lettuce in a salad bowl; and add four sliced hard boiled eggs. Sprinkle a dozen minced capers over the whole, and add a plain dressing made of one tablespoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, one tablespoon oil. Mix and add to salad, toss the lettuce lightly and add one tablespoon of vinegar; serve.

OUR PRIZE PUZZLES.

THE INVENTOR'S HEAD.

We are now able at last to set before our readers the results of this interesting prize competition. Thirty one young people entered the lists, seventeen boys and fourteen girls. Who would have imagined that so many of our girls had a good knowledge of mechanics? We did not certainly, but this competition has shown us how mistaken we were, and has almost led us to regret that we had not offered two prizes instead of one.

The winner of the prize "The life of James Nasmyth," the inventor of the steam hammer, is Master George W. Patterson, Aurora, Ont., who discovered twenty-three of the twenty-six objects which went to make up this wonderful head, and sent us the whole in quite ingenious rhyme. Next to him comes Miss Sadie Corning, Cheggogin, N. S., whose letter, though not quite so well written, still shows the same knowledge of the subject, in consideration of which we have decided to give her an extra prize and so have mailed to her a copy of our handsome, new volume of "Reprinted Stories," a large volume of 138 pages containing "Christie's Christmas," by Pansy; "The Water-waifs," by Emma Leslie, "Noblesse Oblige," "Red Dave," "The Battle-field," and scores of shorter stories with pictures on every page.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Others deserving honorable mention are John James Purdie, who discovered nineteen articles; Llewellyn Moorhouse, eighteen; Florence Lel-fridge, Edward E. Brown and Alexander Bur-brick, seventeen; and Charles Newcombe, Florence Harding, Dolly Ann Noice, and John Thorn Mackay, each sixteen.

The following is the answer for which the prize was awarded.

THE INVENTOR'S HEAD.

The top of this head is a large cog-wheel, Which if set in motion would make his head reel; A globe represents the brain of this man, As though he took in the whole world at a scan.

The end of a shaft shows the form of his eye, So quick to detect all the plans that go by; The nose is then formed by a nice little square, When properly followed does everything fair.

Then under his nose is a tube or a pipe, Perhaps that is so that he won't have to wipe, Which, if I was a man I would greatly prefer To a tobacco pipe or stinking cigar.

The mouth is then made with a large pair of tongs, And a pitchfork is there and it has two prongs To catch the right words and throw out the wrongs, Or pitch the key-note of the tune for his songs.

His throat is then formed by the pipe of a still, The devil's invention men's graves for to fill, His chin is a roller that winds up the chain That opens his mouth and shuts it again.

A throat made so foul by the juice of the still Requires an effort to cleanse it out well; So there's a brush and a bellows, and basket to fill, And a buck-saw to cut off the evil at will.

The ear is then formed by a large main spring, So quick to detect the least little thing, And carry it up to that Globe of a brain That sets the machinery in motion again.

There is also a rake, stuck in with the lot, For inventor's ideas are hard to be got, And require many a rake and a scrape And very expensive things, too, if they're bought.

Then there's a pulley, a lathe, a pitman and saw, And cogs used in saw mills there logs for to draw, And likely much more that I have not yet seen, For want of experience to make my eye keen.

Then behind this great structure is placed a set screw, To raise, to level, and balance, the brain; Of all things is this the most useful to do, And without it this conglomeration is vain.

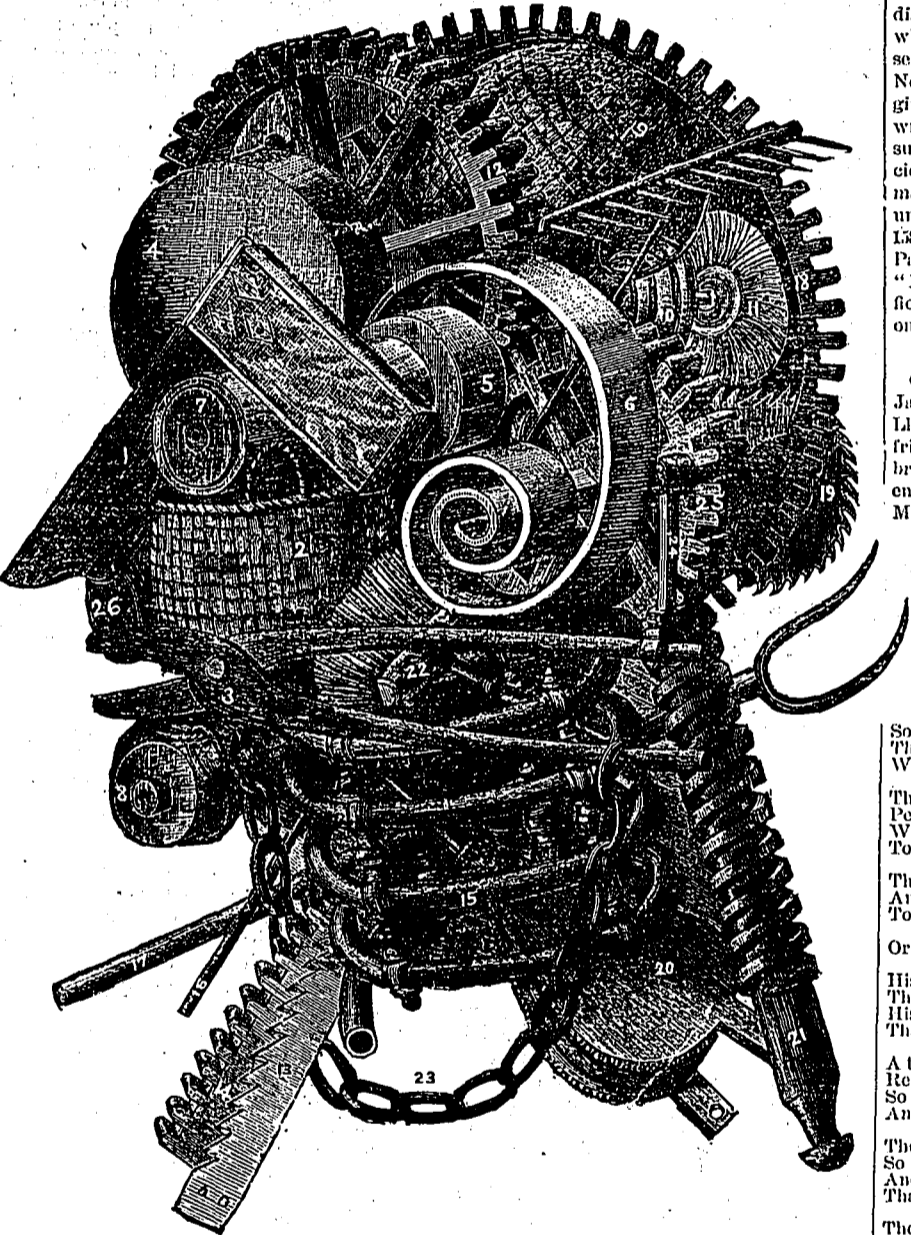
But you gave me this head and I put it to soak, The wheels got to moving and the tongs they spoke, They have not any tongue, so they can't tell lies, And now, Sir, I hope you will send me the prize.

Yours truly,

GEORGE W. PATTERSON, Aurora, Ontario.

WHAT IT CONTAINS:

1. Try square,—nose; 2. Basket,—check; 3. Blacksmith's tongs,—mouth; 4. Roll,—forehead; 5. Roll,—temple; 6. Scroll or spring,—ear; 7. End of shaft,—eye; 8. End of shaft,—chin; 9. Globe; 10. Cone pulley; 11. Circular brush; 12. Cog-wheel; 25. Cog-wheel,—brain; 13. Jig-saw; 11. Pinion-rack,—ruffled shirt bosom; 15. Worm of still,—neck; 16. Rake-handle; 17. Pork-handle,—cravat; 18. Cog teeth; 19. Circular saw, Rake teeth,—hair; 20. Bellows,—lungs; 21. Screw,—eye, Tines of fork,—tie of cue; 22. Floor-brush,—whiskers; 23. Chain; 24. Connecting-rod,—to open jaws; 26. End of pipe.



THE INVENTOR'S HEAD.—Prize Puzzle.

it pitch and smut and wheel-grease and red chalk, or whatever your busy fingers have been into last, and—"

"No, mamma, I'll be very, very careful and remember to keep my boots and paint brushes and glue kettle off the bed, and besides, if I should get any dirt on the spread, Mary could wash it, and the quilt she couldn't and it would be a dirty, old thing, blacker than ever!"

Wise logic that. I heeded and draped the bed in the little blue chamber with a dainty, white spread that Harry guarded so carefully it required washing but twice from May to December.

"Now don't spoil it all by hammering away at the little fellow, day in and day out, to keep his room picked up and neat as a hand-box. Give him a chest for his best clothes, a row of hooks for his every day waists and panties, and a lot of drawers and shelves for his tools and the trumpery he will whittle and the rubbish he will gather," an old auntie said, whose grown up boys had settled as near as possible to

a neatly kept room, let all these prolific harvests that a boy's pocket can gather and a boy's jackknife invent, remain undisturbed, till Harry, for lack of interest, or possible space, cleared away his rubbishy treasures, sorting and packing and destroying—making room for more.

"And you allow all this gathering and hoarding of skulch because it makes the boy happy?" Mary said, cautiously lifting up a suspicious looking combination on Harry's stand, rigged with rubber straps and a spring-pole contrivance, while she brushed a litter of whittlings from about it.

"Yes, Mary: I want Harry's boyhood to be just as full of bright, unselfish happiness as I can make it, and this room will help. If I were continually nagging him to keep his chamber in nicest order and forbid him making of it a play house and curiosity shop, he would lose half the comfort he now takes with and in his room. I want our boy's memory of this little chamber to be so full of cheeriness through all the long years that may lie before him that