

For the Boys and Girls

INVISIBLE INK.

The use of invisible ink often helps a game or entertainment when it is necessary to write a message or to tell a fortune that for the time being should remain concealed. A simple method is to make a starch ink by boiling two teaspoonfuls of rice in a cup of water. This ink, when applied with a new pen on unglazed white paper, becomes invisible as the writing dries. To make the writing reappear in a bright violet color, dip a swab in tincture of iodine and brush it carefully over the letters. Another method is to use lemon juice for ink and when it is dry and invisible to make it reappear in dark brown by warming the paper.

Somewhat different in its properties is an ink made from a teaspoonful of linseed oil and twenty teaspoonfuls of ammonia. Put the mixture into a bottle and shake it well every minute or so while you are using it. Writing made with this ink is also invisible when dry but can be made to reappear by dipping the paper into water. The writing will disappear again as the paper dries and can be made to appear and disappear almost indefinitely. Keep the ink in a tightly corked bottle for future use.

More spectacular and to the uninitiated more mysterious is an ink made by dissolving three teaspoonfuls of saltpeter (chemically known as potassium nitrate) in a cup of warm water. Paper impregnated with this solution is the kind used for touch papers attached to some fireworks and burns with a glow rather than with a flame. Select some rather thin white paper such as is commonly used for carbon copies in typewriting, write the message with a broad pen or a fine brush, being careful to join all the letters together to preserve a trail. Then when the writing is quite dry, a spark applied to the writing will run from end to end of it. Do not touch a match to the paper itself, for that would set the sheet in flame. Rather prepare as lighters several strips of heavy paper that you have soaked in the solution and dried out. Let one of these mark the way to the beginning of the writing.

NOT ENOUGH MOTHER-IN-LAW

By Lewis Allen

"If she has domestic unhappiness," observed Kitty Dawne to her mother, "she is not breaking her heart over it."

The colored maid had ushered a charming young woman into the front room of Kitty's home, which, as became a successful doctor of domestic happiness, was used as her office.

"Are you—I see by your sign that the name is Katharine Dawne—are you that young lady?" asked the caller. Kitty bowed pleasantly, asked her caller to sit over by her desk, and remarked, "I suppose you have seen my queer little advertisement?"

"No; I learned of you through my brother, Mr. Squares, the real estate broker. He says you are a marvel. But I would like to see your advertisement. He did not mention it."

Quite well Kitty remembered the pompous Mr. Squares, her first "patient." She picked up a morning paper on her desk and, marking the place in the column of classified advertisements, handed it to her caller, who read aloud:

"Is your home life unhappy?—I can restore harmony in your troubled domestic affairs and bring back honeymoon days. Why suffer the notoriety and pain of divorce? Not a detective agency. Strictly private. K.D. D. D. B. 77 S. 900th St."

"Yes," mused the young lady, "my brother was quite right. I think you may be able to help me. I am Mrs. Vincent Barton. My husband is a lawyer. A young lawyer, but fairly successful. We have been married less than a year. I sometimes think both of us were too young for matrimony. It is going to be difficult to quite classify my troubles," and Mrs. Barton paused as if in doubt just how to proceed.

Kitty smiled happily. "Mrs. Barton," she said, "tell me the difficulty."

"I hate to believe it, continued Mrs. Barton, "but I can figure it out no other way. Vincent is tired to death of me. I am sure he does not love anyone else, but I feel equally sure he doesn't love me. I cannot believe it is my fault, for I am a most dutiful and faithful wife."

CONSIDERING YOURSELF.

"It was mean, underhanded and contemptible!" Howard Hunt's face was flushed, and he flung out the deprecatory adjectives with spiteful emphasis. "Herbert knows perfectly well that I wanted the place; we had talked about it. I told him what wages I asked, and he said Mr. Knowlton couldn't expect to get a boy for less. Then he sneaked off and underbid me by two dollars! He'll understand what I think of it the next time I see him!"

The old schoolmaster nodded sympathetically. "I think, Howard, that an impartial jury would decide in your favor, but the merits of a difference aren't always the main thing to be considered. A man must think of himself, what he's going to gain or lose, how fair-minded people will look at his part in the matter and how it will affect his future."

"It certainly looks as if Herbert Ward had abused your confidence, and it was a shabby trick. You're bitterly disappointed, and you feel as if you wanted everyone to know just how you've been treated and to tell Herbert to his face what you think of him." The schoolmaster smiled. "Without a doubt you'd have the sympathy of any right-thinking person who knew the facts, but has it ever occurred to you that a man sometimes turns the scale against himself by 'pitying himself out loud,' as a shrewd old friend of mine used to put it? Talking too much about how badly we've been treated often gives the impression that we lack the manhood to stand up under hard knocks."

"Herbert knows what he's done, and in his own way he feels ashamed. Nothing would save his conscience half so much as an angry tongue-lashing from you. It is mighty uncomfortable to feel that we've trampled on a worm that won't turn, but as soon as the worm bites back it seems more like a fair fight. Moreover, you'd get angry and probably would say more than you intended; perhaps you would say something that would count against you years hence. Howard, I'd let Herbert form his own opinion of what you think of him; don't tell him."

Howard squared his shoulders. "I guess you're right, Mr. Conkling," he replied. "Anyway, Herbert must know already about how I feel."

"He shows you no signs of affection? On the other hand?"

"No," exclaimed Mrs. Barton, guessing Kitty's question, "he is never cross, never exactly ungentlemanly."

"Where was your home?" asked Kitty.

"Omaha. I met Vincent at the shore here in the East and he is not acquainted in Omaha."

"How fortunate," exclaimed Kitty, after she had pursed her pretty lips in deep thought for a moment. "Now, listen, Mrs. Barton; I am your old schoolmate from Omaha. I will take my mother's maiden name, 'Kitty Blake.' Can you remember that? I am on here visiting an aunt and looked you up. You will ask me to stay with you and I agree to visit you two days. In this manner perhaps I may secure some correct idea of the situation. That is, if you care enough."

Mrs. Barton made a gesture of despair and dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief.

"No, I am not going to cry, but I do care. I love Vincent and I believe I do not want to live without him. Come, by all means; I have never deceived him—but this will be different."

Late that same afternoon Kitty, with a traveling bag, called at Mrs. Barton's home. She was in the comfortable living room when Barton came home for dinner. She heard him enter. "Is that Mr. Barton?" she asked. Mrs. Barton nodded.

Kitty waited, but he did not enter the living room.

"He seldom comes in here," explained Mrs. Barton. "He goes to his den until dinner is announced." She went out into the hall and dragged him in to Kitty, much to his annoyance.

Kitty was introduced to Barton as "Miss Blake," from Omaha, her "old school friend." He was a somewhat sad-faced young man, but chatted affably with Kitty.

"The heat is rather excessive in here, Mr. Barton; why be so formal? Do not mind me. Put on your thin house coat and slippers."

Barton looked pleased. "If Bortha—or, Mrs. Barton does not object."

"Oh, no," said his wife, rather listlessly.

"Er—where are they?" she replied, and made no move to find them.

"Oh, well, never mind," he said, but he looked disappointed.

"You knew my wife's mother?" he asked Kitty.

"Why—er—slightly, of course," she replied, a bit embarrassed.

"Oh, you should know her better; most delightful woman I ever knew. I imagine she does not approve of me, for after one nice visit I've been unable to get her to come on a second time."

"Really, you are most unusual. I always thought mother-in-laws were regarded as a sort of monsters."

"Mr. Barton is too kind and thoughtful to say anything otherwise," said Mrs. Barton lamely.

But through the dinner and into the evening the conversation lagged considerably. Barton excused himself as soon as possible, saying he knew his wife had much rather talk over old school days with "Miss Blake."

At breakfast next morning Barton smiled pleasantly at Kitty, but devoted his time to his paper, and shaking hands with Kitty, expressed the hope of seeing "Miss Blake" again. Then he hurried out.

Mrs. Barton was on the verge of tears when he went. Kitty could see that.

"Well," asked Mrs. Barton, "quite the reverse of 'well,' and as near as I can make it out it is all your fault!"

"How can you say that?" exclaimed Mrs. Barton, when I love Vincent so deeply!"

"Boah!" snapped Kitty. "You don't know what love is or how to love. When your mother was here she got out his slippers each night, she helped him on with his house coat, she set out his pipes and cigars and his paper beside his easy chair, and she picked the lint off his coat collar and told him he looked tired, and she—"

"Miss Dawne," exclaimed Mrs. Barton, "has my husband been to you, too? He must have, for he told you all that!"

"No, he did not tell me; he did not have to. No one told me!"

"But that is almost impossible to believe, for mother did exactly as you said!"

"No, don't say anything yet. I've only begun to say harsh things to you. You saw your husband come up the path last night. You should have gone to the door and greeted him. Taken his hat and hung it up. When he went to the office this morning you should have gone to the door with him. Kissed him, urged him not to work too hard, wished him good luck. Handed him his hat and stick. You should always do those things."

"Man is a comfort-loving animal. A woman prefers to be beautiful than comfortable. When the man works all day it is his due to be petted when he gets home. What's he slaving for? Just a place to sleep and eat? Why, he'd get more cheerful treatment in a nice boarding house."

"Now you bring your mother back here for a long visit, and you need not confess this failure to her, but watch her, watch every move, see how she cares for your husband, attends to his every wish and comfort. Remember it all. My advice, however, is to tell her everything and let her help you."

"Good heavens, Mrs. Barton, do you think you or any other woman is so superior to man that you should be kept in a glass case, and the man should simply adore you as though you were a priceless art treasure, only far more expensive? He comes all the way home to you. Are you, then, so much better than he that you cannot walk across two rooms to greet him? He holds open doors for you, ties your shoes, waits on you by inches, and yet you are no higher grade of human being than he. Why should you not wait on him and love him in a demonstrative way?"

Mrs. Barton could say no more. For the first time her emotions got the better of her and she slumped into a chair and wept.

Kitty got Mrs. Barton's mother's address and wrote the following message:

"Mrs. H. B. Claverly, Omaha, Neb.: 'Please come on at once and save grave situation. Trouble with Vincent. Not enough mother-in-law.' 'BERTHA.'"

It was fully a month later before Kitty heard from the Bartons. She was about to send a little note to Mrs. Barton, hinting about a fee, when Mrs. Barton called. She cried:

"You wonderful little woman!" handing Kitty a check of four figures.

"Mother came," she continued, "and I did exactly as you said, and it wasn't a week before Vincent threw his arms about me when I met him at the door."

A Bit Misleading.

When Mary Jeving married William Smythe and was able to have calling cards with "Mrs. William Smythe" engraved upon them, she felt that life had no higher pride in store for her. She preserved this attitude through all the years of her married life.

When Mr. Smythe died she was inconsolable, and even after several years of widowhood she hotly resented any indication that her friends had forgotten her lamented William for a moment.

"It makes me so angry," she said to one whom she suspected of carelessness or thought of as "Mrs. Mary Smythe." It is an insult to William's memory."

"Oh, I'm sure it's never meant for that," said the friend, hastily. "Only it's quite customary among certain people, you know, for a widow to take her Christian name—have letters addressed to her in that way—and so on."

"It will never be with me," said the widow, indignantly. "I prefer always to be known as 'the late Mrs. William Smythe.'"

"Do you expect Santa Claus to be very good to you this Christmas?"

"He only has one more pay day before Christmas, so I can't say."

The Climax.

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. The minister's little daughter said, "Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D.D.'"

"And every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M.D.'," retorted the doctor's daughter.

Then followed a look of contempt from the youngest of the group. "That's nothing!" she exclaimed. "Every package that comes to our house has three letters on it—'C.O.D.'"

Use or Abuse?

"Henry," said a mother to her ten-year-old, "haven't I always told you to use your napkin at the table?"

"Why, I am using it, Mother," protested Henry, with an air of injured innocence. "I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."



What is Scouting?

For "Palefaces," and perhaps for—well, others. The others? Who can they be?

(They would not want me, I hope, to disclose their names here). They are, firstly, Scouts who, for the moment, are forgetting what they are. Happily their number is decreasing day by day. And these lines have no other aim than to see the entire disappearance of their race.

These others are again Scouts who, when questioned about the aim of Scouting, why they exist, their methods, remain open mouthed before their interlocutors. They know what they are, but they are incapable of telling it to strangers to Scouting.

These others, in short, every Scout, even the best, every one of us, needs occasionally to confront himself with our glorious ideal. These lines have no other aim. Let my readers, therefore, profit by them. What, then, is Scouting?

1. Scouting is a game. Therefore, like all games, it is amusing. It is, moreover, an exceptionally amusing game, since it contains an enormous quantity of all kinds of games. It is not a gymnastic society, nor yet an athletic club, still less is it playing at soldiers.

2. But Scouting is an educative game. By means of games, Scouting aims at preparing boys to be men; men of duty and zeal, knights in the service of God, of their country, and of their fellow men.

3. How is that? Because Scouting claims to assist the education given in church, in the home, and in school. It wishes to keep the boys alive and to perfect their moral, intellectual and physical being. The moral doctrine received by the boys is made use of by the practice of two virtues, which are the foundation of the Scout Law, loyalty and kindness. Loyalty towards God and Country, by the integral practice of all our obligations as Christians and as citizens; loyalty towards our neighbor, by justice, by keeping to our word, by fidelity to those who have the right to depend upon us. Loyalty to ourselves by scrupulous obedience to our duty, and by the cultivation of honor and purity. Kindness to our neighbors by the practice of the daily good turn. Kindness towards animals, by compassion without silliness, which saves them from needless suffering.

From the intellectual point of view Scouting completes the school training by furnishing ground for the application of the various sciences for which one is specially suited. Briefly put, badges are the practical application of the theoretical instruction which is reserved for the school. There are badges for all branches of instruction, literary, or scientific, without counting those that make for smartness.

Finally, from the point of view of physique, by the open-air life, by the many healthy exercises, Scouting helps to make strong, enduring men.

This, in a very few words, is Scouting. This is at least what Scouting seems to me to be. For, and perhaps this will astonish you, I myself, the author of these lines, am only a "paleface," very fresh to Scouting. Often had I heard it criticized. "If it is criticized it must have some life in it," I told myself, "for unless one is a coward one does not attack the dead." I, then, have studied Scouting a little. I have found that there is an enormous amount of good in it. And that is what has encouraged me to write these few words. I hope they may instill into the hearts of my readers a greater wish to be true Scouts or true friends of Scouts.

—A Paleface.

Mother and Child.

At Camarillo on the seaside plain I saw a tender mother take the train, With her a shy small boy of pliant grace.

And with a wistful most angelic face,

A child Murillo would have loved to limn; He would have made a young Saint John of him.

And would have draped him in those heavenly hues That he, and only he, knew how to fuse.

The stripling's hair had all the glints of gold That, in the sun, acacia blossoms hold; And in his eye was the soft light that fills

Pellucid pools deep hidden in high hills; And in his smile I drew a sudden breath

Seeing a Boy who walked in Nazareth, And wondered could it be I looked upon

Another Mary mothering her Son.

—Clinton Scollard.

REGULAR FELLERS

