

FOR THE CHILDREN.

OIL VS. SUGAR.

Little boys and girls, the world over, love sugar. This everyone knows—but who would ever suspect innocent little match-sticks of having the same propensity? Yet they possess it, as can be very easily proven. Take a shallow dish or vessel of any kind and fill it with water; secure a dozen or so match-sticks and cut them in halves. If you like, you may leave them whole, but in this event I should advise you to cut off the heads. Hold a piece of soap in the water at the center of the dish, as at figure No. 1, and you will very soon see the match-sticks hurrying away from the soap to the edge of the pan. I believe match-sticks object as strongly to soap as do some little children. But you can very easily collect the sticks into the center again. Remove the soap and in its stead hold a lump of sugar in the water. Have you ever seen flies gather about a pot of honey or syrup? Well, in precisely the same way—just as if they had the same instincts as these little insects—the sticks will float towards the sugar from all directions and fasten themselves to it as you see at figure No. 2. It is wonderful and amusing to behold the attraction that the sugar has for these inanimate match-sticks. Looks like magic, doesn't it? But it isn't. The oil in the soap tends to spread over the surface of the water and in doing so carries the sticks away with it. The sugar, being full of pores, sucks up the water and the little current thus produced brings them back.

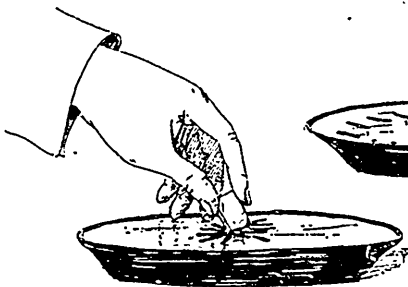


FIGURE No. 2.

BED - TIME STORIES FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

KING MIDAS.

Did you ever hear, Daphne, that it is considered wonderful when a woman keeps a secret? If you ever did, the chances are that it was a man who said it. Men have been saying it a very long time, until at last they have really come to believe that it is much harder for a woman than for a man to keep a secret. But the next time you hear anybody say so, Daphne, try to recall the story of King Midas' barber.

Midas was King of Greece, but he lived so long ago that nobody knows just when it was. He worshipped Pan, the rural deity and patron of shepherds and huntsmen. Pan had the body of a goat and the head of a man, with two short horns growing out of the temples. Though a monster in appearance, Pan was a really thoroughly good-natured and playful deity, who spent most of his days roaming aimlessly about the woods and playing upon an instrument which is imitated to this very day and is called "Pan's pipes." You may

have found something like it among your Christmas gifts.

Pan became very vain of his musical skill and one day challenged Apollo, god of the lyre, to a contest. It was a rash proposal. Apollo accepted the challenge and one of the mountain gods was chosen as judge. As Apollo's hand touched the strings of the lyre the sweetest tunes and harmonies were brought forth. All in the woods were charmed with his music. Then Pan blew upon his pipes and pleased no one but himself and his follower, King Midas, by his rude music, rendered doubly discordant by contrast with Apollo's enchanting tones.

To Apollo, of course, rightfully belonged the prize, but King Midas had the bad taste to prefer his favorite and pro-

tested to the mountain god against awarding the prize to Apollo. Whereupon the latter grew so angry that he promptly caused the ears, which could willingly listen to such discords, to grow long and hairy like those of a donkey. Of course, these unusual ornaments dismayed their possessor not a little. King Midas hastened to the privacy of his own room and quickly summoned his barber,

whom he commanded to fashion some sort of a head-dress to conceal the hideous deformity from his subjects, first pledging the barber to secrecy.

The barber constructed a wig, which not only hid King Midas' ears, but proved a becoming ornament as well. This was so gratifying to the vanity of the foolish king that he richly rewarded the barber, bidding him, however, once again guard his secret or suffer death as a punishment. The barber readily gave his word and no doubt meant to keep it, but the secret gave him no peace, weighing like a guilty thing upon his conscience.

At last he could be silent no longer and determined to rid himself of the nightmare which the secret had proved to him. But how do you suppose he told it? He went down to the nearest stream, dug a deep hole in the bank and shouted down into the earth: "King Midas wears—these eyes beheld them, these—such donkey's ears!"

Greatly relieved of his burden he went his way in peace and soon forgot all about the secret and King Midas. In time reeds grew upon the bank of the stream and those over the hole grew thickest. As the wind stirred them a sound was heard from them which was easily interpreted into these words—"Midas, King Midas has donkey's ears!"

Everyone who passed caught the whisper and soon all the world knew King Midas' secret. Thus was Apollo avenged. The fable does not tell us whether or not the barber was punished. But people do say that even yet barbers are very fond of hearing themselves converse.



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