

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

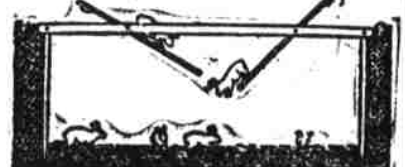


THE LAND OF LIE-A-BED.
The lazy Land of Lie-a-Bed,
Has two fat pillows at the head,
A downy comfort spread all neat
And restful from the head to feet;
A drowsy, dreamy place to stay
And yawn, "I'll not get up to-day,"
And many children like to go
To wonder-wander here, you know.

It is a pleasant land, and yet
If I were you I would forget
The pathway there, and follow back
The shining Merry-Morning track.
The Dream-World lies too far away
From honest work and happy play,
And you must heed what you have read,
And shun the Land of Lie-a-Bed.
—Alice Van Leer Carrick, in Youth's Companion.

AN IDEA FOR THE BOYS.
They Use Many Devices to Trap Rabbits in Australia.

In Australia rabbits are so numerous that they are hunted as pests and destroyed for the protection of crops. Many devices and traps are used to catch them, but none is more simple or efficient than the one shown in this illustration. A pit is dug in the ground along a rabbit run and two pieces of board, swinging on a



In But Not Out.

pivot, placed over it. As the rabbit strikes the board it inclines and pitches him into the pit, swinging back into position again by the weight at the other end. These traps, which are large enough to hold 100 rabbits, are in common use, are made by the wholesale and sold by hardware and implement dealers generally. Other death dealing devices for exterminating the rabbits are the poison carts, which sell for about \$100 each, and fumigators, costing \$50, for pumping deadly gases into the traps.

THE LAUGHING BEAN.

Wouldn't you be surprised if you went into the garden some warm summer day, and the cabbages or potato vines or berry bushes commenced to laugh? You don't think such a thing would ever happen outside of Fairyland? Well, perhaps not just that, but there are plants that do things just as wonderful—plants that eat insects, some that eat animals, others that tumble about wherever they want to go, and now a traveler tells us of running across one that gets influenza and coughs just like a boy or girl who has a very bad cold. "I heard a cough and looked behind me nervously; for I was stalking gazelles in that lion-colored waste, the Sahara Desert; and, having gotten rather too far south, I expected at any moment to become a pincushion for the poisoned darts of the dread Houaregs," says the traveler.

"But no one was there. The flat desert quivered in the sunshine, and here and there a dusty plant stood wearily. But, though I commanded the landscape for a radius of fifty miles, not a living creature was in sight. Another cough. I swung round quickly. The same plant, yellow with dust, drooped in the dry heat. That was all.

"Hack! Hack!" It was at my left this time. I turned again. A like plant met my eye. The thing was growing rather ghastly. As I regarded this last plant, a cough came from it. It shook all over, and then, tightening up as a man does when he is about to sneeze, it gave a violent cough, and a little cloud of dust arose.

"I learned afterward that the plant is the coughing bean, which is common in many tropical countries. In the long, dry heats, this wierd growth's pores become choked with dust, and it would die of suffocation were it not that a powerful gas accumulates inside it, which, when it gains sufficient pressure, explodes with a sound precisely like the human cough. The explosion shakes the plant's pores free of their dust, and the coughing bean is in health again." —Home Herald.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there lived in a tiny house near a large garden a fairy mother with ever and ever so many fairy children.

All the children were dressed alike, in green slippers and stockings, white suits, and white pointed caps with a dewdrop shining on top.

One evening the fairy mother said: "You may take your small ivory buckets and fill them with dew from the flowers in the garden, but be sure to come home before the sun rises."

Off they started, running and swinging the buckets in their hands; but, when they reached the garden, instead of working, they began to teeter on the grass blades, and play hide-and-seek among the flowers.

And, do you know, they played and played all that night, and forgot all about the dew and the ivory buckets, till the great red sun could be seen.

It was past time for going home and too late to gather dew.

What would the fairy mother say? "We'll hang our ivory buckets on these stems, and to-night come and fill them," they said.

Then they went home, and they felt very sorry when they saw how sad their fairy mother looked.

As soon as the sun went down they hurried to the garden. First one little fairy, then another and another, tried to pick his bucket from the stem where he had left it, but it was of no use. All the buckets were tightly fastened to the stems and turned upside down.

They have been fastened that way ever since, and perhaps, if you look in your garden, you will find some of the fairies' ivory buckets.—Home Herald.

THE DOG IN THE GO-CART.

There is a dog in New York that never goes on the street except in a go-cart. He is a little spaniel, black as jet, and as pretty to look at as any dog of his species. The reason why he always rides in a cart is because he cannot navigate without one, having lost the use of his hind legs, which are entirely paralyzed. The cart has been built especially for him, and supports the rear half of his body. He is fastened into it by a neat-fitting harness, and the two wheels act in place of his disabled members.

The little chap appears to be perfectly happy as he patters along on two feet with his body coming after him on wheels in a most luxurious manner, and his outings are marked with quite as much display of interest in the outside world as is evidenced by dogs that enjoy normal locomotion.

That this dog is a household pet is plainly evident, and as he does not suffer in the least, the go-cart fills every requirement of his necessities and permits him to enjoy life with all the advantages which by right are due him. He can be seen on upper Broadway almost any pleasant day, and, strange to say, a sight of him brings a smile rather than a sigh of pity, for the very sensible reason that he is so unquestionably well suited with his condition.—Phila. adelphia Ledger.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

A variation of the old guessing game, "What's My Thought Like?" may be arranged for a change. To play it the leader begins by saying, "I am thinking of a proverb which illustrates," for example, "the tendency of inferior character to take advantage of any absence of authority." The other players are allowed to ask questions concerning it thus:

- A—How many words does this proverb contain?
Answer—Nine.
- B—Is it a familiar saying?
Answer—Among the most familiar.
- C—How many times does the word "the" occur in it?
Answer—Twice.
- D—Does it begin with the word "when?"
Answer—Yes.
- E—And end with the word "play?"
Answer—It does.
- F—Is there a mention of certain animals in it?
Answer—There is.
- G—Is it, "When the cat's away the mice will play?"
Answer—That is it.—Home Herald.

THE PONY AND THE PANTHER.

A story is told about a pony that saved a little girl from being torn to pieces by panthers.

The girl was twelve years old and she lived in Oklahoma. She had a small pony, and many a fine gallop over mountain trails she enjoyed upon its back. Once she was out for a ride cantering merrily along through a canyon, when suddenly the pony stopped. Two panthers crouched in the path. They sprang upon the girl, dragged her from the saddle and began to claw her clothing off in strips. But the pony was quick as the panthers. Instead of running away, as any frightened animal might be expected to do, it wheeled and began to kick the panthers with all the power of its strong, hard hoofs. And its blows were so fierce and fast that the panthers could not endure them, but slunk growling away, and when the little girl looked up she saw no panther at all, but just her pet pony standing quietly beside her.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Called His Bluff.

"I'm in a pretty fix, I can tell you," said an Oxford undergraduate to his pal toward the end of the last term. "I wrote to my father the other day, giving him a list of books I urgently needed, and asking him to send me money to buy them."

"And didn't he?" asked the pal.

"No; he sent the books." —Tit-Bits.

Still Hungry.

The Thin One—"Say, your dog bit me. He's not mad, is he?"
The Fat One—"No; only disappointed." —Brooklyn Life.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"



—Cartoon by Danport, in the New York Evening Mail.

STANDARD OIL CASH IS PUT IN FOOD AND DRUGS

Individual Stockholders Reinvest in Restaurants and Pharmacies—Thousands in Soap and Also in Candles—Busy Department at No. 26 Broadway Seeks Opportunities Far and Near—Has Enough in Petroleum —No Increase of Capital Possible Because the Company Has All It Needs in Oil.

New York City.—Standard Oil men, with Standard Oil dividends, are reaching out for the larger retail trade.

They are applying to the field of investment the Standard Oil methods which have proven so potent in every line of competitive business to which they have previously been applied.

The retail lines which have recently attracted the attention of the men who have been trained by the master hand of John D. Rockefeller embrace: Drugs, Soap, Candles, Peanuts, Milk, Starch, Glucose products, Restaurants.

For more than a year the work of absorbing or, at any rate, gaining a controlling interest in enterprises, which in many instances seem to have no connection with the production of oil, has been going on quietly but actively, and the complete roster probably would make interesting reading.

Acquiring Many Businesses. Some of these concerns in which individual stockholders of the Standard Oil Company are heavily interested are the Hegeman Drug Company, Childs' chain of restaurants, the Corn Products Refining Company, the New York Glucose Company and the National Starch Company. But there are more to come. Reports, which bear every evidence of verity are current that a great candy establishment with many branches in New York and other cities has recently passed into the control of Standard Oil interests.

Peanuts and milk probably will be next on the list, for the same reports, based on excellent authority, are that these oil interests have already obtained control of what is known as the peanut trust, and will soon, if they have not already, acquire one of the most extensive milk producing businesses in the country.

All these transactions are the outcome of what is known as the "investment department" of the Standard Oil Company. This is entirely for the benefit of the large stockholders and the work is conducted in an unobtrusive manner.

"Can you make a statement," is his usual question, "which will show that increased capital will develop the business and return a good profit?"

These statements are analyzed by experts and a report is made showing the nature of the territory in which it is proposed to locate new branches of a business and the probabilities of the various regions developing.

Operations such as these have been conducted for the last three years, and as a result the country has seen chains of drug stores and an ever increasing procession of popular priced restaurants.

It was admitted at the office of the Hegeman Company that several of the Standard Oil men had as individual investments in the corporation. Its president is John H. Flagler.

According to Samuel Childs, vice-president of the Childs Restaurant Company, dividends from his enterprise find their way to No. 26 Broadway. A Tydemann of the Bureau of Purchases and Supplies of the Standard Oil, is among the investors in the Childs emporia.

E. T. Bedford, a large stockholder in the Standard Oil and until recently a director of that corporation, is the president of the Corn Products Refining Company, of the New York Glucose Company, which has the tall chimney at Shady Side, N. J.

Four of the corn products companies have offices at No. 26 Broadway, and there also is the headquarters of the National Starch Company. Reports that the Standard group had in any way become interested in the manufacture of candy are denied by leading confectionery companies, and one of them has within the last week sent out a circular to the trade explicitly stating that there has been no change whatever in the management.

C. T. White, assistant treasurer, who has an office on the fourteenth floor, was asked if there were any truth in the report that the Standard Oil Company was becoming extensively interested in outside ventures.

"That is not the fact," was his emphatic reply.

Mr. White referred to the various glucose companies as being under the control of men also affiliated with Standard Oil and to the National Starch Company as a subsidiary corporation of the Corn Products Company.

As to the "Investment Department" which the officials and stockholders of the Standard find so useful, he said that if there was such a thing it was news to him. Among the larger operations of financiers of the Standard Oil group as individuals may also be mentioned the Amalgamated Copper and the United Metals Selling Company, in which H. H. Rogers is interested, and the railroad and hotel interests of Henry M. Flagler in Florida.

Paragaphed Pickings.

The Pittsburgh Club has sold short-stop Charlie Starr to the Boston Club. Work is being done in the matter of unionizing the brewers in El Paso, Texas.

Reports of the various New York City railway lines for the last quarter showed assets of \$354,000,000. Sixteen hundred men employed in the collieries at Aberaman, Wales, were locked out.

Meaning of Bumper Crops

Fertility Is Being Exhausted Rapidly and Must Be Restored
By I. C. Erown, La Grange, Ill.

BUMPER crops mean that unusual amounts of crop-making elements have been taken from the soil. So it must follow when soil is put in such good condition that crops grow abundantly and produce above the normal yield that greater pains must be taken to return a much larger amount of fertilizing material. This very thing was brought to my notice a few days ago, while I was traveling through Central Illinois. The case in point was a farmer who had a thoroughly kept farm. He had worked out successfully the problem of keeping his land in good condition. This he had done by a carefully laid system of drainage and by knowing when to plough a field. He had worked out successfully the problem of keeping his land in good condition. This he had done by a carefully laid system of drainage and by a carefully laid system of drainage and by knowing when to plough a field and when to leave it alone. Up to twelve years ago mixed farming was practiced here, and a considerable portion of the farm was constantly kept in meadow and pastures. Twelve years ago stock feeding was stopped and that whole farm was turned into grain fields. The natural result was that farm soon became famous for its big yields of corn, oats and wheat. These unusual crops were taken off for nine years, and then the yields fell off alarmingly. What was the trouble? No doubt there is still a large amount of nitrogen in the soil, but it has been thrown out of balance by drawing too heavily on some other elements. Thousands of fine farms in Central Illinois are in precisely this condition today. Upon these farms cattle and hogs used to be fed, and little, if any, of the crops were ever hauled away from the farm. But after twelve or fifteen years of 75-bushels-an-acre corn crops farmers find that they have to go to the bottom of one of their soil bins. If these lands are handled right they are good almost indefinitely, but allow this one-sided cropping system to go on and on and the soil conditions here will soon be on the same basis as in the southern section of the state. The thing to do is to keep this land in condition to produce bumper crops, but not to lose sight of the fact that a 40-bushel wheat yield an acre has used up a correspondingly large amount of food elements.

The Typical Bostonian—Does He Exist?

By M. A. DeWolf Howe

IF the careful student of Boston should undertake to reconstruct from the recorded impressions of observant visitors and critics an imaginary city, it must be said that nearly all the counterparts of the actual city would be found among his materials. He would probably discover that some of the materials are provided in excess and others insufficiently. The nature of most of them could be summarized by a further condensation of the reports here brought together. Such a summary might be desirable were this a more extensive compilation. As it is, there is need only to add a single consideration for the reconstructive student who, for one reason or another, may not pursue his studies on the spot. The possibility of scrutinizing the "typical Bostonian"—the man who has created the impression which the word "Boston" brings to mind—is a diminishing possibility. This person, moving daily farther from the East, is fading by degrees into the light of common day. For the sake of fifty righteous men, Abraham persuaded the Lord to spare the city of Sodom, and with an admirable process of "jewel down" brought the number through forty-five, forty, thirty, and twenty—finally to ten. The submerging wave of modern conditions has not yet brought the number of typical Bostonians so low as the highest on which the bargain for Sodom was struck. But it will not long; fifty will be reached, and possibly by dreadful degrees even ten. Lower than that the imagination refuses to go, and if it must go so far there will be comfort in the knowledge that ten complete Bostonians will be enough to preserve for their city something of its ancient quality.—Harper's Weekly.

Socialism and Human Nature

By Vida Scudder

MORAL preparation for the New Order! It might well be the watchword of the hour: It is the last thing of which one hears. The militant socialists are too busily engaged in aggressive propaganda, so preoccupied with their vision of healing and liberation for the body that they lay themselves open to the charge of feeling slight interest in the soul. Yet in the confusion one fact is clear: Should socialism come otherwise than as the result of an inward transformation, affecting the deep springs of will and love, it would prove the worst disaster of any experiment in collective living that the world has seen. Matthew Arnold, wisest of Victorian critics, pointed out years ago the perils with which the advance of democracy is fraught, unless it be achieved through a common enlightenment and a pervading social passion. Socialism is democracy pushed to an extreme. It would involve immensely elaborated machinery. Unless the spirit of the living creature be in the wheels, one foresees them grinding destruction. Should socialism be other than the expression of a general will very different from that of today, it would be an unbearable tyranny. The only comfort is that it could not endure. The truth is that we are forced to agree with our tedious friends who insist that we "must alter human nature" if socialism is to be a success.—From the Hibbert Journal.

How Women May Be Graceful

By Florence Augustine

WITH strengthened muscles and nerves normally in hand any self-respecting woman ought to be able to maintain a graceful carriage and well-bred appearance at any social function. It is well to remember that the secret of graceful movement is comfort, that the graceful thing is the easy thing. A graceful pose, sitting or standing, is a comfortable pose, and once you have gained control over your muscles, they will fall naturally into comfortable, graceful postures. Yet grace to be attractive must be unstudied, unconscious. This, if anything, is the most conspicuous earmark of the well-bred woman—her total lack of self-consciousness. Sure of herself, sure of her clothes, but forgetting them, her attitude of mind is that of the kings of old: "I can do no wrong." She moves with easy superiority, because she has no desire to impress with her superiority; she feels that it speaks for itself. She is neither haughty nor aloof, because she doesn't have to fight for "a place." She is not cold or stiff, but merely reserved, mild, untrifling, slightly disinterested, and grave, but always alert, kind and courteous. One's innate feeling is bound this to show in one's bearing, and true breeding is not a thing of birth or brains or property, but something of the spirit.—From Smith's Magazine.

Millionaire E. J. Barney, 73.

Makes Widow of 30 His Bride. Dayton, Ohio.—In the face of the bitter opposition of his daughters, E. J. Barney, who is seventy-three years old and the wealthiest man in Dayton, was married to Mrs. Elmer Chapman, widow of State Senator W. W. Chapman, who is in her thirtieth year. Mrs. Chapman was governess in the Barney family for several months after the death of the Senator, and it is believed that the wedding will cause a complete rupture between Barney and his two daughters.

Find Six Out of Every Ten Children Have Tuberculosis.

Des Moines, Iowa.—An investigation conducted by the Des Moines Tubercular Association resulted in the amazing discovery that six out of every ten children examined in the city are infected with the dreaded tuberculosis. Most of the cases are incipient, but in many the disease has progressed to a dangerous degree. The association is considering the establishing of a children's tubercular camp for scientific treatment.