

For Handy Boys and Girls to Make and Do

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A TOY SHOOTING-GALLERY.

By A. NEELY HALL.

This interesting toy, with its funny animal targets, and a harmless pistol with which to shoot at them, will provide an endless amount of fun for a winter's evening.

Fig. 1 shows the completed toy, and Fig. 2 the box that forms the framework. The targets can be arranged to suit the form of box that you find, and the number may be increased or decreased to suit the space.

Fig. 3 shows how the target should be hinged in place to the horizontal strip A. Tack or glue the lower edge of the piece of cardboard to a block of wood B. Then cut a hinge-strip out of a piece of dress lining, and either tack or glue one-half of it to

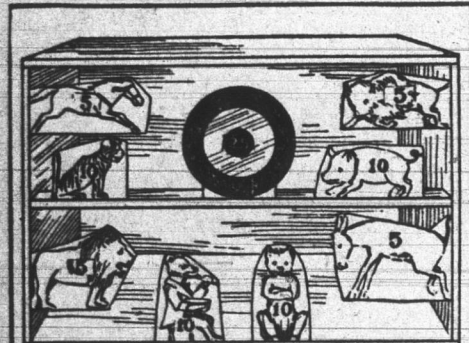


FIG. 1—THE SHOOTING-GALLERY COMPLETED.

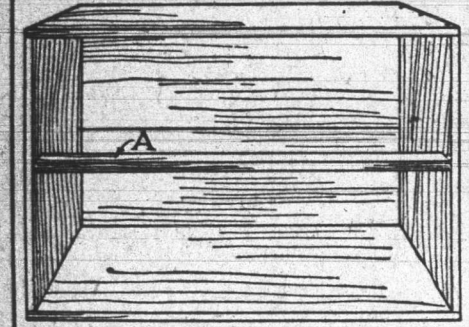


FIG. 2—THE BOX FRAMEWORK.

block B and the other half to the target support.

The animal targets are made with pictures cut from magazines and newspapers.

Fig. 5 shows the completed card-shooting pistol, and Figs. 6, 7 and 8 show the details for making it. Cut block A about 8 inches long, and block B about 3 inches long. Nail A to B as shown. Then take two rubber bands, loop them together end to end, as shown in Fig. 7, and fasten one end of the looped bands to the end of block A by means of a nail driven into

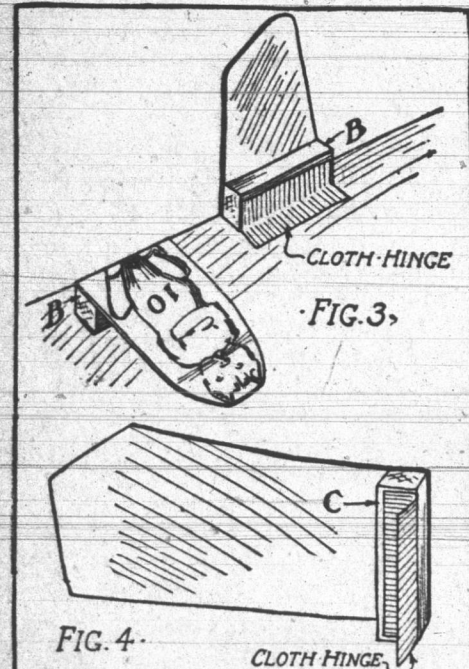


FIG. 3—CLOTH HINGE.

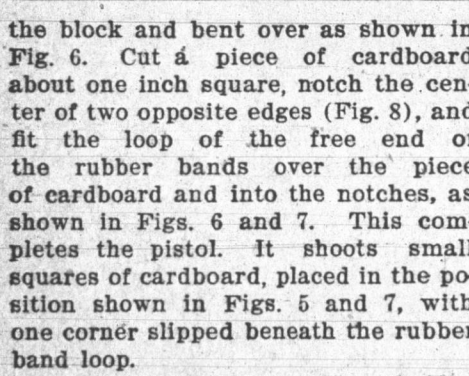


FIG. 4—CLOTH HINGE.

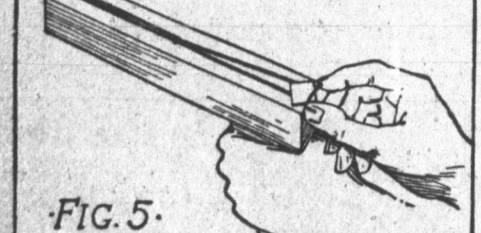


FIG. 5—NAIL BENT OVER.

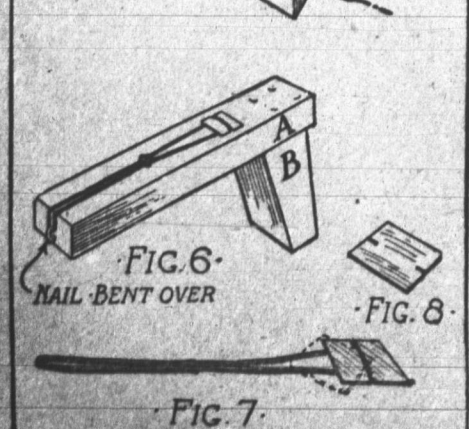


FIG. 6—NAIL BENT OVER.

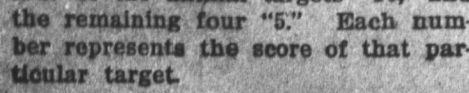


FIG. 7—NAIL BENT OVER.

four of the animal targets "10," and the remaining four "5." Each number represents the score of that particular target.

A HOMEMADE RECIPE CABINET.

By DOROTHY PERKINS.

Every girl will be interested in this little cabinet made for keeping together favorite cooking recipes. Make a cabinet for your mother's recipes. Then make another in which

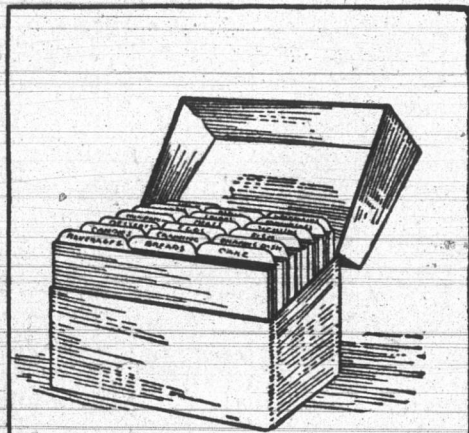


FIG. 1—THE HOMEMADE RECIPE CABINET.

to start a collection of your own. The work is easy and quickly done. Any cardboard box can be used for working material. Mark out the bottom, two sides, and two ends in the form shown in the pattern of Fig. 2. Draw the lines with ruler and pencil, using the dimensions given. Then, when you have marked out the piece, cut out along the outside lines. With a pocket knife score along the outer lines of the bottom piece, as indicated by dotted lines, and bend up the side and end pieces until their ends meet. Bind the corners together with strips of linen, coated with glue and lapped over the corners as shown in Fig. 4.

The pattern for the cover is shown in Fig. 3. Mark it out in the same

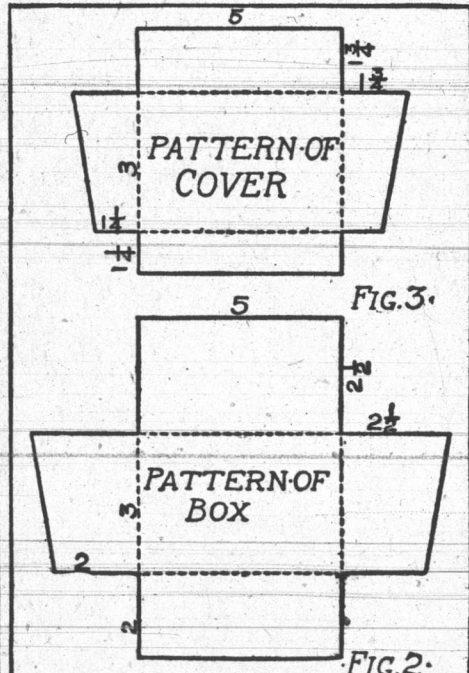


FIG. 2—PATTERN OF COVER.

way that you marked out the box. Score it as indicated by the dotted lines, and bend up the sides and ends until their ends meet. Corner A (Fig. 4) shows how the corners are brought together, and corner B shows how they are bound with the linen strips.

Hinge the cover to the cabinet box with a cloth hinge strip similar to the strips bound over the corners.

The indexed guide cards are of cardboard, and made as shown in Fig. 5. They should measure 3 3/4 inches high by a length equal to a trifle less than the inside length of the box.

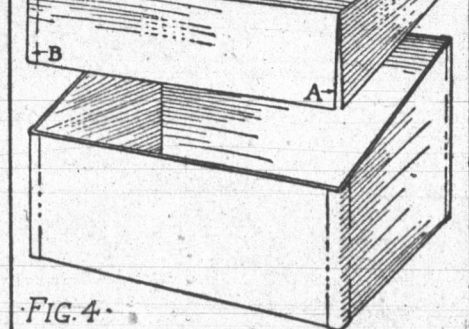


FIG. 4—PATTERN OF BOX.

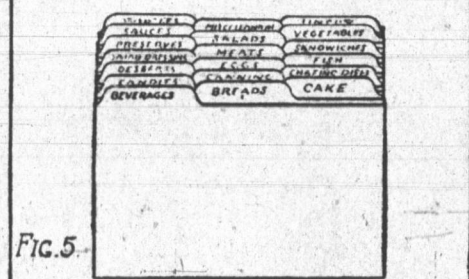


FIG. 5—PATTERN OF COVER.

Divide the upper edge of each card into three parts, and prepare the projecting tabs as shown, making each a trifle longer than one-third of the length of the card, and 3/4 inch high. Cut away the card either side of the tab. The first card, you will notice, has the tab on the left end, the second on the right end, and the third on the right end. The fourth is the same as the first, the fifth the same as the second, the sixth the same as the third, and so on.

You can make up your own recipe classifications, but the following cover about every heading necessary: Beverages, Breads, Cakes, Candies, Canning, Chafing Dish, Desserts, Eggs, Fish, Frozen Desserts, Meats, Pickling, Preserves, Salads, Sandwiches, Sauces, Soups, Vegetables.

"SHOT AT SUNRISE" AS DEMONSTRATED IN REAL LIFE AND IN FICTION

How Two Mexican Peons Met the Fate of Traitors in the City of Juarez—Neither of Doomed Men Show Interest, While Firing Squad Is Just as Indifferent—One Woman Was Observed to Weep.

New York.—"To be shot at sunrise" is a phrase that has long done duty in the Civil war romances. Of late it has cropped up in the "sunrise for yours" form of vaudeville, and now bids fair to become one of the standard phrases of humor. A short time ago I heard the expression in a vaudeville theater at El Paso, Tex., and laughed, says a writer in the New York Sun. The next morning I saw the actual thing—and didn't laugh.

The execution, as Mexican executions go, was a mere incident. There had been many before this one, there will be many in the future. The two men executed were named Juan and Ramon, last names unknown, and the only reason why their end, which was similar to that of many others of their class, is now recorded is the fact that one of the El Paso newspaper men happened to be with me at the time the "sunrise" expression was used in the theater and remarked that the actual thing was cheaper than that on the stage, as no admission was charged and that an execution was due in Juarez the next morning.

At that time Colonel Castro was in command at Juarez, the Mexican border

dated adobe wall that surrounded a Chinese truck garden. Two rough coffins leaned against the wall. A woman in a rusty black dress was waiting. She was Juan's "woman," I afterward learned. The peons don't usually bother with marriage ceremonies.

Two of the soldiers escorted the prisoners to the wall. Their hands were placed at their sides and they were bound, the rope being wound about them breast high. The woman was ordered away, and she shambled off a short distance, muttering. There was no snap or military precision about any of the movements. The whole thing was done in a slipshod way, the captain pointing to the spot where he wanted the firing squad to stand and the position of the coffins. The firing squad was lined up about 20 feet from the condemned men.

The captain fumbled in his pockets and looked a little annoyed. He began going through his pockets again and finally drew out a folded sheet of paper from his back pocket. The soldiers looked on with no apparent interest; the prisoners kept their eyes on the ground as the captain read the charge. It was something about plotting against the government of Mexico; the usual thing, my friend told me. The men were asked if they had anything to say. Neither made any reply, or in fact, seemed to pay any attention.

The captain stepped back on a line with the firing squad and one of the soldiers stepped forward and tied a brightly checkered piece of cotton rag about Ramon's head. He moved over to Juan to do the same, but the prisoner shook his head and mumbled something. There was nothing dramatic about the action; it seemed one more of petulance. The soldier stepped back into line.

"Prepare," commanded the captain. The guns were raised. Juan looked suddenly straight into the muzzle; Ramon slightly turned and covered against the wall. I heard the woman sobbing.

"Fire!" came the command. There was a ragged volley, the last rifle barking as the first ones were being lowered. I had kept my eyes on the prisoners.

At the first report Juan jumped on tiptoe and wrenched his arms, nearly freeing them. He fell forward on his side.

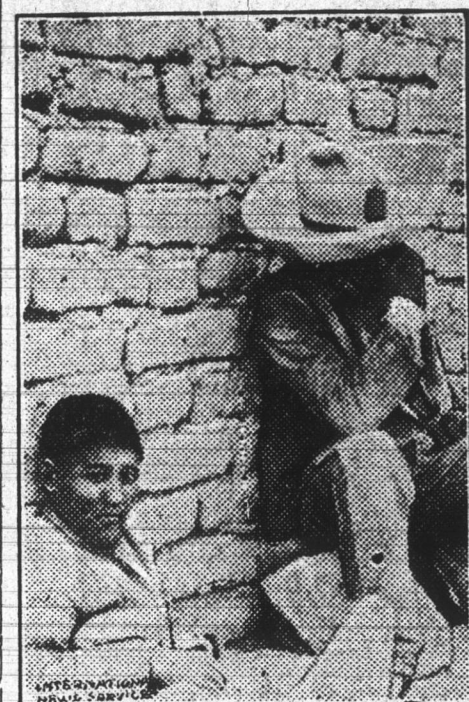
Ramon sagged to his knees, swayed a moment and then slid forward on his face. The woman had turned her back to the sight and covered against the wall, holding a little wooden rosary and muttering. The firing squad looked on stolidly. In three years of newspaper work in western mining towns, where strikes were hardly classified as gentle pastimes, I have seen many wounded men and some dead ones. One gets used to the sight, but as Ramon finally slipped forward on his face I became faint. Two strong, healthy men in a moment

turned into inert masses is not a pleasant sight to witness.

The firing squad had brought their guns to the order and the captain stepped forward, at the same time drawing his revolver to administer the "tiro de gracias," the act of thanks. He placed the muzzle of the revolver at the head of Ramon and fired and then stepped to the body of Juan and repeated the action. I do not know whether the two men were dead before this, but I think they were.

The bodies were placed side by side, face upward. And then the strangest part of the whole affair took place.

The firing squad, the two buglers in front, were formed in single file. The first man stepped forward a pace



Men Previous to Being Executed.

and stood beside the bodies. Pointing at them with his right hand he said: "The fate of traitors."

He passed on and the next man stepped to the bodies, pointed, and repeated the sentence. This was continued until each of the men had performed the act. I kept my eyes on their faces to see the effect that the ceremony would have. Hardly a sign of emotion was shown.

SAPPHO WAS GREATEST POET

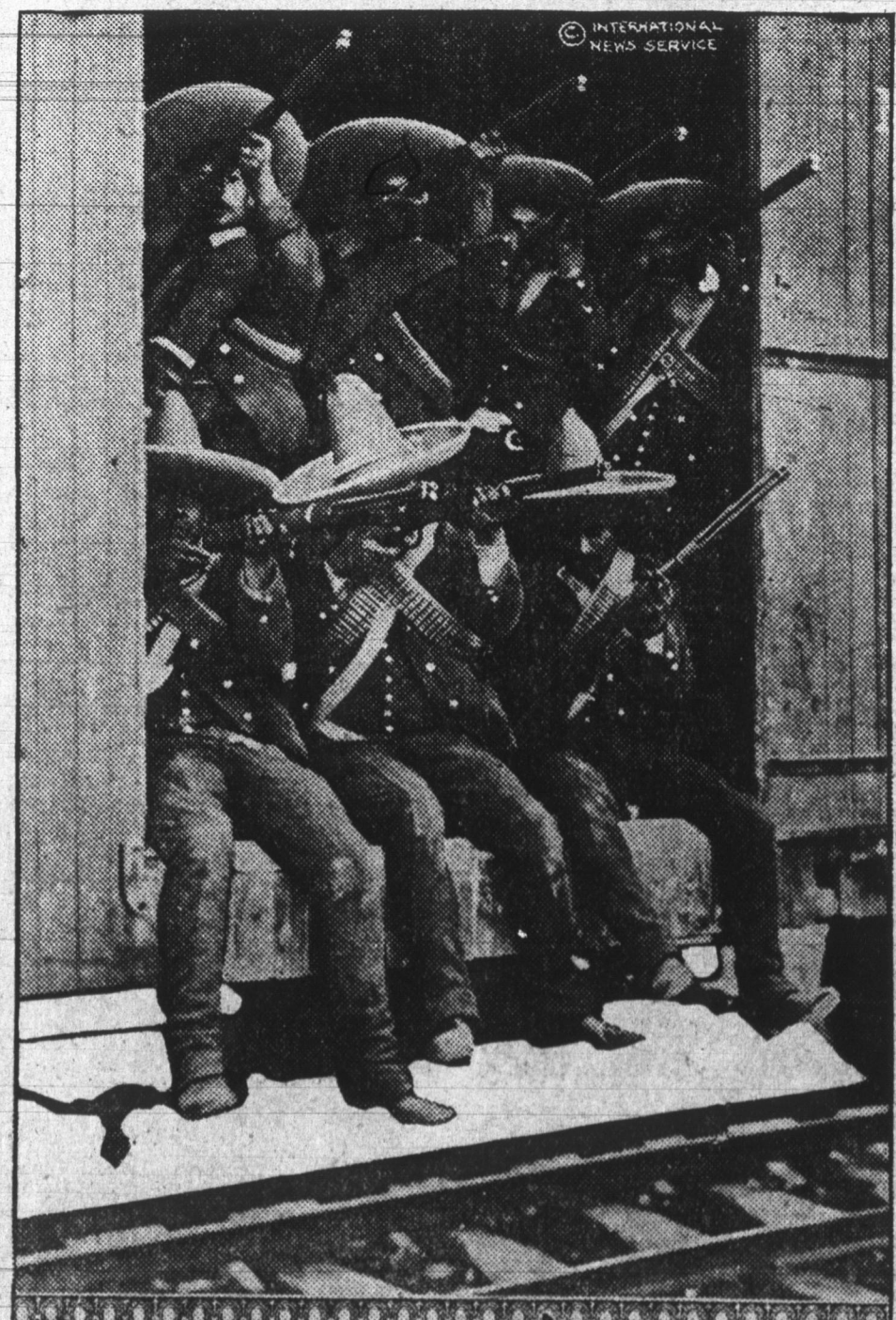
So Said Swinburne in a Glowing Appreciation of the Greek Poetess.

London.—A hitherto unpublished appreciation by Swinburne of the Greek poetess Sappho appears in the Saturday Review. The appreciation, which is glowing in praise and apparently dates back to the middle period of Swinburne's life, concludes thus:

"Judging even from the mutilated fragments that have fallen within our reach from the broken altar of her sacrifice of song, I have always agreed with all Grecian tradition in thinking Sappho, beyond all question and comparison, the very greatest poet that ever lived. Aeschylus is the greatest poet who ever was, also a prophet. Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist who ever was, also a poet. But Sappho was simply nothing less, as she certainly was nothing more than the greatest poet who ever was at all."

Buried in Snow for Weeks.
Reno, Nev.—Caught in a blizzard, R. D. Hawley, an eastern banker, and three companions in a tent were buried under 12 feet of snow for a week. When the storm was over they dug themselves out.

STARTING OUT TO MEET THE REBELS



Rurales, or federal troops, have been sent out from Mexico City in large numbers to meet the rebels, who are advancing on the capital from the south. Here is a car load of them ready to meet the enemy.

A Complete Salvation

By Rev. PARLEY E. ZARTMANN, D. D.

Secretary of Extension Department
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. 7:25.



That is exactly what Christ is to the believing souls he saves "completely." It is not only a fact but an assurance as well that the Jesus who is the only Saviour also is an all-sufficient Saviour. He is not only the Name, he is the all-prevailing Name. He is able to save to the uttermost; it is a complete sal-

vation, extending to all particulars. No wonder those who put their trust in him unite in saying, Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

The Epistle to the Hebrews is a series of contrasts between the good things of Judaism and the better things of Christ. He is better than angels, than Moses, than Joshua, than Aaron; and the new covenant than the Mosaic covenant. In the section of the Epistle where the text occurs he is set forth as the Great High Priest and certified as superior to Melchisedec and any of the Aaronic priesthood. He is the eternal one who abideth a priest forever. "This man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood." "The life in the power of which he ministers, and the life which he ministers, is a life that abides unchangeable. His priesthood is an everlasting one, ever living, ever active. There is never a moment in which his priestly action, his watchful care of us, his loving sympathy and succor, his working in us in the power of an endless life, is not in full completion. Therefore he can save completely."

Unto the Uttermost.

We have here the very promise we need, lest we hesitate to begin the Christian life, or having begun, faint by the way. This is not only the heart of the gospel, but also the secret of Christian perfection. The salvation wrought by Christ for us and in us is not only negative, saving us from sin, but also positive, conferring on us eternal life.

The work of Christ is set in contrast with that of the law. In verse 19 we read "for the law made nothing perfect;" but Christ saves completely. It has availed for the worst characters; the thief on the cross, Saul of Tarsus, John Bunyan, S. H. Hadley. It reaches the greatest numbers: 3,000 on the day of Pentecost, multitudes in mission fields, thousands under the preaching of Whitfield, Moody, Chapman, Sunday, and finally a nation in a day. It leaves nothing undone, it is a complete salvation. It meets the uttermost need of any man, anywhere, any time. What a word that is: What ever you need, Jesus is able.

You have doubted it; some days you think you are saved, and some days you are in despair. The real trouble is, you are leaning upon some experience, looking for the repetition of some unusual feeling, depending upon favorable circumstances. You have forgotten what manner of Saviour Jesus is—the unchanging, eternal, interceding, complete Saviour. Nothing is too hard for him. Start your thought of salvation not upon your feeling or your experience, but by apprehending what Christ really is for the human race: perfect God and perfect man; with God's love and power, with man's sympathy and experience, meeting our enemy and conquering him, and now gone into the holiest of all there to appear in the presence of God for us, ever living to intercede—his whole work appealing and availing that we may be made the righteousness of God in him. Get hold of what Christ's finished work has done for you. Regenerating, justifying, sanctifying; then remember that true faith takes what God provides, and needs no more for its ground and gladness than the fact that God said it.

I Am Included.

This complete salvation is for them that come unto God by him. You may be of the great and goodly number who receive it and rejoice in it. When the Lord said, Whosoever, he included me. John 3:16 is still true; Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, yes, and forever; still he says: No man cometh unto the Father but by me. Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Still Christ is able to save unto the uttermost. What more could be done? What more could one want than a complete salvation? Believe what God says; accept what God offers. "Your sins he will more than pardon; your cares he will more than bear; your temptations he will more than overcome; your doubt he will more than dispel; your crosses he will more than carry; your perplexities he will more than resolve; your bereavements he will more than sweeten."

"Lord, I'll trust thy wondrous love,
Mighty to save."