

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

CHARLIE'S CAVE

CHARLIE was always wandering off and then it was his sister Ann's job to find him and bring him home, which was sometimes nuisance and sometimes not. That day it was because when a person is comfortably settled in a cool hammock it is very provoking to have to get up and look for little brother. Ann started off through the garden, past the barn, calling in her clear, ringing voice: "Char-ee! Char-ee!" Over the fields she went, the hot sun making her golden hair shine like the dandelions in the grass. Old Amos was peacefully grazing at the edge of the meadow and Ann stopped to speak to him.

He was a little old donkey, who had belonged to the biggest brother when he was a little. Now Amos and Ann were more set than ever, was being pensioned on the farm. He was too old to work, too stubborn for the children to drive, and too funny and nice to be sent away. So there he stayed, browsing loose in the clover field and trotting home to his stall in the barn when he tired of the field. Sometimes he would follow the family about when they worked or walked around the farm poking his nose into everything and wagging his ridiculous long ears knowingly.

"Amos," said Ann, "I wish Charlie had your common sense, then he'd stay where he was put."

Then through the patch of pine woods she went, calling and calling, her croonings gradually beginning to turn to worry.

"He's gone farther than usual," she said to herself, with a perplexed, anxious frown. "He always answers when he hears me. Where can he be? Oh, Char-ee!"

No reply.

Charlie was only five but he was a bold restless little fellow. Ann loved him dearly though he tried her at times, especially when he went off or when he bragged which, she thought, he did a good deal. She paused to think. Where had he gone? Could he have been kidnapped? Ann turned pale at the very thought.

She hastened from the woods to the road, across to the other side where there was a grassy bank and a tiny pond. "Could he have fallen into the pond?" she thought, looking anxiously into the water. "Oh dear! Oh dear!"

There was a high dam at one end of the pond, over which the water sometimes poured. Now it was high and dry so Ann lightly ran over it to the other side where there were more woods.

"Char-ee!"

"Ye-e-e!" the welcome answer came. "This way, Annie. I found a bean-

tiful cave!"

Up the rocky bank scrambled Ann, biting her lips to keep from saying something sharp.

"Look! See!" cried Charlie with pride, as he stood in the entrance of a cave, which it seemed had been quite covered up with a mass of vines and bushes. "Do let's explore!"

Ann thought that she and the biggest brother had explored everything around the place but she had never before seen this cave. She ducked her head, holding the vines aside and followed her brother into the darkness inside.

"I've got a stick!" cried Charlie boastfully. "No tigers better come around!"

Ann felt like saying: "Don't brag so!" but she didn't which was to her credit.

They walked cautiously along feeling their way as they went. The cave seemed to be getting wider and wider. Charlie said: "This is my cave, see?"

much more fun."

"I think so too," Charlie agreed hastily.

They turned around and began to walk back the way they had come, but the funny part of it was that there was not a ray of light in the cave entrance. Just as Ann was wondering about this her eyes made out a dim form standing just inside the cave, stopping up the entrance. She squeezed Charlie's little hand and made him stop. They stood pressed against the wall and listened. Heavy puffy breathing filled the air, then they heard a stealthy step.

"Oh, Charlie!" whispered Ann. "It's a wild beast!"

She did not know what to do. She was never so scared in her life, yet she was no coward. "We'll turn and go on through the cave," she whispered, "there may be another opening in the back somewhere."

But Charlie held back as she pulled his hand.



They stood pressed against the wall and listened. Isn't it jolly?

Just then they heard a funny little scratchy sound that roused them to the spot.

"We haven't any matches," whispered Ann. "Let's go out now and some other time we'll come and explore with a lantern. That would be

"I got a big stick!" he whispered. Ann had to drag him by force. She raced forward pulling her little brother along quite recklessly and as she went she heard a pit-pat-pit-pat behind her, a sound of something following them. They went on for ever so far it seemed to the frightened child-

When at last they caught a glimpse of light before them. There was another opening! Ann hurried her steps and went so fast she stumbled and fell flat, but she was up again in a minute racing toward the light. They reached it. A very small opening it was in the rock. Ann looked through and saw the old stone quarry far below.

"Come, dear," she said. "You squeeze through first."

But, no, he wouldn't. "Ladies first!" he insisted stoutly.

There was no time to argue with him for the sounds behind were coming nearer and nearer. Ann threw herself on her hands and knees and tried to wiggle through the opening. She saw in a minute that it was too small. No matter how she struggled, and she did struggle fiercely until she was bruised and her clothes torn, the hole was just too small. She backed into the cave.

"I can't get through," she panted. "You can. You must! You shall! You can run and call somebody!"

She seized her brother but he slipped from her grasp like a slippery eel.

"I ain't gonna leave you!" he shouted. "I'm intr' afraid of tigers! Hey, you there!" His voice rose shrilly, and to Ann's dismay he made a dash into the cave, waving his stick. "Get outa here!"

They heard a wild scramble, then the cave re-echoed with an awful roar. It was perfectly deafening. Ann put her fingers in her ears. But she was laughing now, and so was Charlie for they recognized that raucous voice.

"Amos!" shouted Ann. "You followed me, you wretch. Hustle off now and let us get out."

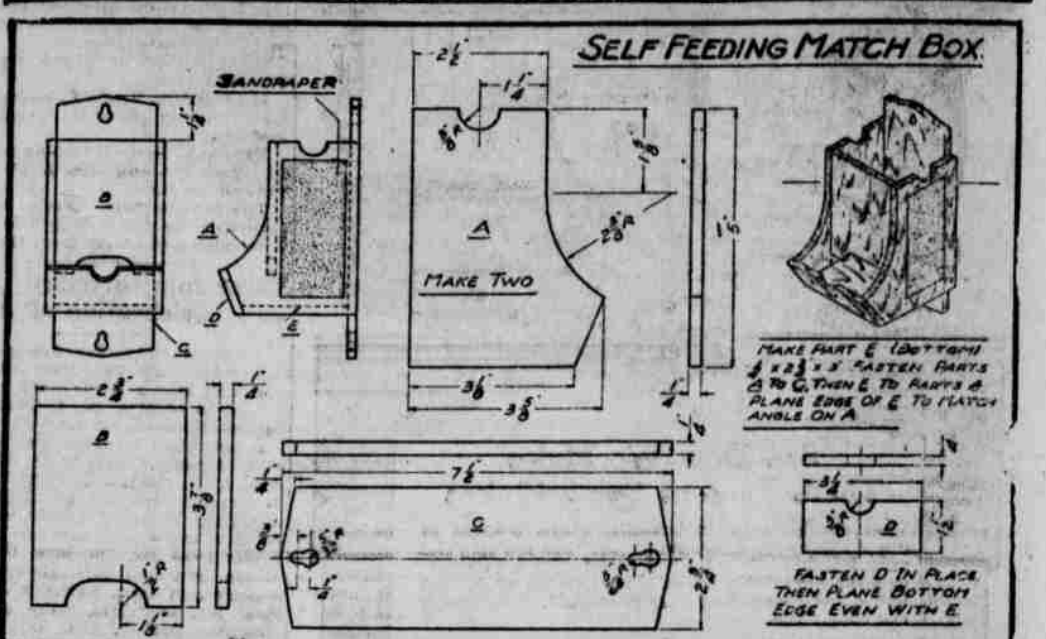
"It's a good thing he yelled," said Charlie. "I thought he was a tiger and I was goin' to up an' give him a terrible crack!"

"You sassy wretch," replied Ann. "I don't believe you're afraid of anything, Charlie."

"Aw," he replied. "Ain't I got a big stick?"

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR
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No particular difficulties will confront you in the making of the box. It is always well, however, to do carefully anything you undertake, and this task is no different from any of the others that have appeared in these columns or of those that will appear in the future. It may be well to caution you about boring the various holes. The stock is all rather thin and of course is easily split. In boring the holes in C, it is suggested that you hold the piece in the vice cross-wise of the grain. To form the rounded portions in B and D, it will be well to bore them. To do so it will be necessary to place another piece of stock next to each piece in order to hold the bit while boring.

When all the pieces are shaped to your satisfaction and you feel that there are no rough places on them, the finish may be applied. Of course, if the box is to be painted, the same care in smoothing the surfaces will not be necessary as if the box is to be stained. REMEMBER THIS—get your stock in as good condition as you possibly can with the plane, etc., before you do any sandpapering. Sandpaper is for smoothing your work—*not* for removing stock.

THE JUNIOR COOK

When the rubarb in the garden grows a little big and everybody is tired of rubarb sauce, try this for dessert.

Two cups of flour.
One-half teaspoon baking powder.
One teaspoon salt.
Sift together twice and add:
Two tablespoons lard working together till well mixed.
Then add one-third cup of ice cold water to make a soft dough. (Some flour will need a little more than this but be very careful that the dough stays firm enough to handle easily.)
Divide into twelve small lumps. Grease a muffin tin of 12 rings or 12 tart pans.

Drop one of the lumps onto the floured board, roll thin and slip it into a muffin ring. Do this with each lump of dough till all twelve rings or pans have a lining of dough.

Cut up rubarb into small pieces and fill each tart. The large stalks that grow late in the summer will make good tarts if the pieces are cut small. Make each tart rounded full of fruit.

Put one and one-half tablespoon sugar on each tart.

Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. Remove from pans at once. May be served hot or cold.

RUBARB TARTS

Flour a rolling pin and board.

Drop one of the lumps onto the floured board, roll thin and slip it into a muffin ring. Do this with each lump of dough till all twelve rings or pans have a lining of dough.

Cut up rubarb into small pieces and fill each tart. The large stalks that grow late in the summer will make good tarts if the pieces are cut small. Make each tart rounded full of fruit.

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PUZZLE CORNER

VERSATILE "AL"

1. Lawful.
2. More than one.
3. Bovine AL.
4. Rustic AL.
5. Fatherly AL.
6. The single AL.
7. The rejecting AL.
8. The interrogatory AL.

FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE LATE WAR

1. Delete and change a letter of a leader and find a famous General.
2. Delete and change a letter of a loud outcry and find a famous General.
3. Delete and change a letter of trust and find a famous General.
4. Delete and change a letter of wrathful and find a famous General.
5. Delete and change a letter of "presented for acceptance," and find a famous General.
6. Delete and change a letter of to bargain and find a famous General.

ANSWERS
VERSATILE AL—1. Constitution-AL
2. Plur-AL 3. Fe-AL 4. Riv-AL
5. Patern-AL 6. Individu-AL 7. Re-

FLUFFY and PUFFY

FLUFFY AND PUFFY were girls. With beautiful ribbons and curls; And bonnets of satin and lace, And slippers of wonderful grace, And dresses so costly that they Could never forget them and play.

And oh, how they longed for a lark As they drove with nurse in the park. As they had no desire to be grand; They wanted to romp in the sand, But their mother was rich and said, "No— I cannot permit you to go."

The Rattler of the Mountains

ONE might think I have a very lonely time away off in the Blue Ridge Mountains where I live, but, to tell the truth, I couldn't ask for a pleasanter home. The fact is, I'm not so crazy about having company and visiting around as some folks, so am perfectly satisfied right here. What is going on in the world, does not concern me in the least, just so I am let alone, and get a square meal every few weeks, is all that matters. The other day while I was out hunting load-frogs, I came to a place on the side of a road, where people must have stopped for lunch, as there were two empty cans, a lot of crumbs scattered about, and on a greasy scrap of newspaper, I noticed that there had been a big war in Europe. Very first I had heard of it—but I had wondered why there were so few men in the mountains, never once entered my head that they were off fighting. For the last year or so, it had struck me as mighty strange, that sometimes it would be months and months that I would not see a single man. But I liked that all the better as men and our folks are not on what might be called "intimate terms." To get right down to brass tacks, I am about as much afraid of one of these tall, two-legged animals as they are of me. But there is nothing mean or sneaking about me, and when one of them comes blundering along my way, I always give him fair notice that I am there, and give him plenty of time to let me alone, and go on about his business. On the tip of my tail I wear a perfectly good rattle, and before I ever strike, I always coil myself up, and raise my tail I shake it as hard as I can, and, of course, that makes the rattle just sing. I have heard that

Francis Scott Key

Born in Frederick County, Md., August 3, 1779

WE all love our "Star-Spangled Banner." And we love the words of our national anthem that Francis Scott Key wrote. Yet many of us do not know the conditions under which Key wrote the song. It was during the darkest days of our second war of independence, September, 1814. An English Army had invaded and occupied Washington, the seat of the National Government, and had burned the Capitol. An English squadron was in undisputed possession of Chesapeake Bay, and one Dr. Beane, a prominent citizen of Maryland had been carried off as a prisoner.

Francis Scott Key, who was a son of a soldier, and a friend of Dr. Beane, had obtained leave of the President to go, under a flag of truce, to see the British Admiral and ask for the liberation of the Doctor.

He sailed down the bay from Baltimore and found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac. Admiral Cochrane courteously received Mr. Key, but as an advance upon Baltimore was about to be made, Key, and the other Americans, were kept under guard on board their own vessels until operations were ended. The night was too dark to allow them to see, but they could hear the cannon roar, and all night the Americans were in doubt as to which side was winning. Key paced the deck in wild suspense, praying for daybreak to relieve the agony. He wondered which flag would be waving over Fort M'Henry.

The poem he wrote as the first rays of light streaked the heavens tells the story:

"O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?"

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was an inspiration, and the nation accepted it as their hymn.

This is the only share that Francis Scott Key took in warfare, as his life of 63 years was tranquilly and happily spent. He died in Baltimore January 11, 1843.

BOY'S NAMES

BY WALTER WELLMAN

THOSE BOYS ARE ALL TO BE AT MY PARTY.

A	F	R	D	G	R	E	E
FRUIT				GREEDY			
F	G	R	A	D	E	E	
GRADE			A	T	R	E	
O	N	E	S	A	B	O	D
ONE'S	ABODE		R	O	O		
			A	B	L	E	M
							ISH

THE STAMP ON YOUR LETTER

WHY DID our forefathers write exceedingly small upon all our stations? A hundred years ago it cost twenty-five cents to send a letter more than 450 miles and a letter was defined as a single sheet of paper. In order to leave out nothing of importance, fine penmanship was necessary.

In those days no stamps were used. If the letter would travel under thirty miles, the sender paid the postmaster six cents and that official marked the letter with a word or symbol indicating compliance with the rules. Ten cents was charged for a distance less than eighty miles, but more than thirty. The sender had to take his message to a postoffice and the recipient had to go to his postoffice and call for his mail. Nobody thought of our present delivery system.

Stamps were first issued in 1847; on the third of March of that year Congress authorized five-cent and ten-cent denominations. Half-ounce letters were transported three hundred miles or less for five cents or farther than this limit for the sum of ten cents.

A new rate went into effect in 1851. Letters were carried as far as three thousand miles for three cents or farther for six cents. Twelve years later the regulations were amended so that a message could be sent to any point within the United States for three cents, and in 1853 this amount was reduced to two.

During the administration of Abraham Lincoln the system of free delivery was introduced into our largest cities. It grew and grew. Then some-

I Am Perfectly Satisfied Right Here.

Some people say they can tell how old we are by counting the "buttons" that are strung together to make the rattle. But that is not always true, as one's health, and the amount of food one gets has a lot to do with the grow-

ing of the "buttons." Speaking of food, reminds me that we can do without eating for a long time and not feel any the worse for it. Eating, with us, is a very serious business, and sometimes takes all day, all depending on the size of the thing to be eaten. We can't chew our food, but have to swallow it whole, so if it happens to be anything as big as a young rabbit, for instance, we have to hang out our "bony day" sign, and go to work. First, we have to coil ourselves around the rabbit, and squeeze as hard as possible, so all the bones will be broken and swallowing made easy. Then we must lick it all over so as to kind of grease it. Then beginning at the animal's head we slowly force it down, by muscular contraction. Kind old Mother Nature did not fashion our jaws together hard and tight, but she fixed the lower one so that it could be loose, and that is how we can manage to swallow things that are many times bigger than our throats. If we are not disturbed, and everything goes well, we can dispose of a dinner as big as a young rabbit between early in the morning and sunset. So you see eat-