

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

THE ADVENTURE OF PRACTICE

MARY LOUISE had such a big family it was a wonder she could keep track of them all! There was the French doll, Suzanne, that brother Tom brought home from France; and the Scotch doll that Aunt Margaret had sent over from the old country when Mary Louise was three years old; and the rag doll Mary Jane loved the most of all. These three had been the favorites for many a day. But when Christmas came the family was increased by four more and then the curiosity was full to overflowing!

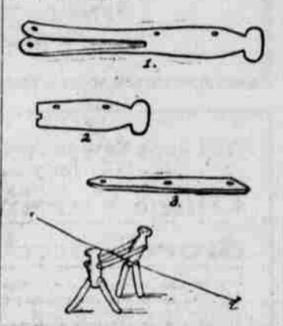
One morning, not very long after Christmas, the house was so cold that Mary Louise's mother said everybody should bring their work or their play and sit in the living room where a big, cheerful log fire made things warm and comfortable. Mary Louise was willing enough for the loved to play in front of the fire, but moving, as you know, is hard work. Especially

A NOVEL TOY

COTS of fun may be had with two round clothes pins, which mother will give you from her wash-day supplies, or which you can buy at any store. Pierce each of the clothes pins with holes as shown in the first figure, making four holes in each pin; the first about three quarters of an inch below the top, the second through the center of the pin directly above the legs and the third and fourth through each leg near the bottom. An awl or screw-driver can be used to make these small holes. Then cut off the legs close to the place where they join the pin and have left a piece such as you see in the second figure. The next thing to do is to get two thin pieces of wood, three inches in length and drill three holes into each; one at each end and one in the middle as in the third figure. Then take some very fine wire and join the slips of wood that you have just pierced to the top of the clothes-pin, putting one piece on each side for arms. Bend the wire at each end in the form of a loop so the arms will slip, but give the arms enough freedom to move easily. Cut off the left over wire.

Attach the legs in the same way to the lower holes in the body of the pin. Take a long piece of black thread and tie one end of it to a pin, pass the string through the holes in the center of the arms and tie it about

two feet from the pin. Then pin the little performers to the carpet or tie to the lower rung of a chair. Take hold of the free end of the thread and hold it so the dolls just touch the floor. Pull the thread and the little men will wrestle with each other. If you work this novel toy in a semi-darkened room and hold the end of the thread behind you as you jerk it, any on-looker will be much mystified and wonder what is making the queer little clothes pin wrestlers perform so strangely.



when one has such a big family. Mary Louise took one trip for the old dolls, Suzanne, Peggy (the Scotch lassie) and Mary Jane; then she went again for their chairs and extra clothes. The third trip was for the four new dolls, Elizabeth, Georgia, Bessie and Practice. Practice had that queer name, by the way, because he was given Mary Louise by her mother to keep her company while she did her practicing every day. Mary Louise liked the idea of having him sit on the piano in front of her while she practiced scales and finger exercises. She didn't get lonesome and yet he didn't bother by talking as a person might, neither by being a person.



The Third Trip Was For The Four New Dolls

"Have you seen Practice?" Mary Louise asked her mother. "No, I haven't dear," replied Mrs. Brown, "didn't you bring him down with the rest of the family?"

"I did," said Mary Louise, "but he's gone."

"Have you seen Practice?" she asked her brother Ned. But he hadn't seen the doll either, so Mary Louise had to go to bed with one of her family missing and every mother knows that's a very painful feeling.

But it wasn't painful for Practice. He was having the time of his young life! He had slipped out from Mary Louise's arms right by the window box in the big upstairs hall. And there he lay, in the shadow, till night time. When the house was dark as midnight, he heard a little weep, was sound, close by and a tiny little voice whispered, "Please may I take a bit of your soft warm jacket? I need some yarn to line my nest. My babies like soft warm things."

Practice, much interested, replied, "Help yourself! My little mother likes to knit and I know she'll make me a new one! But tell me all about your family."

While the stranger nibbled at the dark blue jacket he told Practice about his family up in the attic and about the cousins in the basement and Practice was so interested he almost wished the night would never end.

In the morning, Mary Louise spied Practice and she's wondering to this day how in the world he got that awful hole in the back of his brand new jacket. But, of course, she made him a new one. Such a pretty one that it seems a shame Practice can't tell her all about his adventure, and what happened to the jacket with the hole.

THE JUNIOR COOK

Many times tasty and inexpensive vegetables are not used as much as they should be because the cook doesn't know the best way of preparing them. Rutabaga is the very cheapest of all winter vegetables and when cooked this way is one of the most delicious.

Peel and cut into inch size pieces about 2 pounds of rutabaga.

Wash, cover with water and put on to cook in a tightly covered vessel.

After it has boiled hard for ten minutes, put over a low fire and cook for 1 and one-half hours.

Take off cover, mash the vegetable

with a wire masher and add 1 teaspoonful of salt—more if desired.

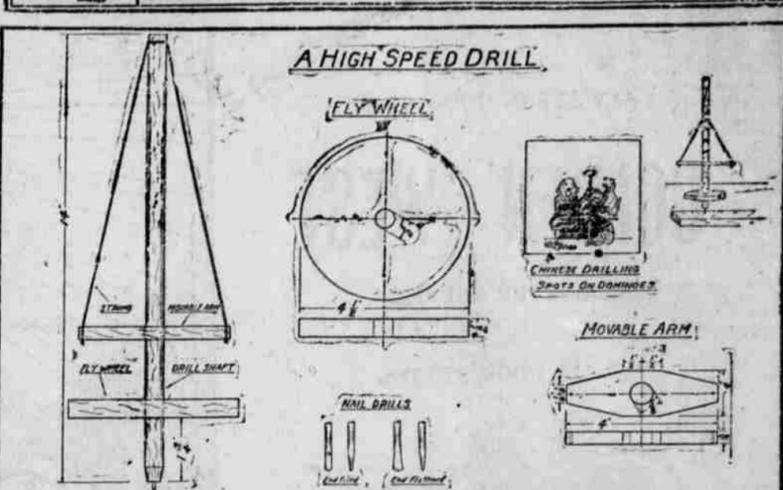
Sir well. Increase heat slightly and cook for one-half hour more.

By this time the vegetable should be thick and a rich yellow and should be cooked dry enough to serve on a plate with meat without seeming "watery."

At the end of the half hour add 1 tablespoonful meat drippings (bacon is best) and cook five minutes more. Serve hot.

If any is left over, pour in a baking dish cover the top with cracker crumbs, dot with meat fat and bake 20 minutes or until browned and hot.

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE. BY FRANK I. SOLAR. INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT



YEARS ago, when fires were not so easily started as they are now, because there were no matches, the Indian was compelled to find something to take the place of matches. He had several schemes. He made sparks by striking pieces of flint together, or started the fire by whirling an arrow with the end embedded in dry soft wood, by means of his bow cord. A contrivance similar to the drill shown was also used for starting fires, the whirling motion of the drill shaft heating the wood and causing it to burn. By driving a brad in the end of the old fire lighter we will make a drill. While some people were using the drill for starting fires, the Chinese were using it for drilling spots on dominoes and chess men.

The drill shaft may be a piece of round stick that you may be able to pick up or it may be shaped from a piece of straight grained wood. If you are going to make the shaft plane a piece of the proper length one-half inch square and then plan off the corners, finishing till perfectly round with sandpaper. Bore a hole through the top end for the string. Point the other end of the shaft for the drill and make drill point by either flattening the end of a finishing nail after driving it into shaft and filing off the head or filing it to shape.

Make the flywheel of heavy wood, as the heavier the wheel the better the drill will work. It should be layered out with a pair of dividers or a pencil compass and may be cut to line with a jack knife or coping saw. The hole bored to receive the shaft should be a press fit and the wheel set in the shaft with glue.

The movable arm is the last piece to make. Plane up a piece three-eighths by one and one-quarter by four inches. For this part it would be well to make it of hard tough wood that will not break or split easily. Draw center lines on the piece and from these lay out the shape with a pencil. Remove the stock at the corners to line with a plane chisel or jack knife. It would be advisable to bore the holes while the piece is clamped in the vise so it cannot split, before removing the stock

just mentioned. Note that the hole in the movable arm is of a different size than the one in the fly wheel.

Fish line or other stout cord should be used for assembling the movable arm to the shaft. The string must not be stiff but very pliable so it will wrap about the shaft easily. Tie a knot in the string each side of the shaft. This will keep the string from slipping through the hole in the shaft. Thread the ends of the string through the holes bored in the ends of the movable arm and knot two or three times.

To operate the drill wind the string around the shaft by turning the movable arm on it. Then press down on the arm, releasing the pressure as the arm reaches the end of the downward stroke, this will cause the string to wind in the opposite direction on the shaft raising the arm for the next stroke. It will require a little practice to operate the drill evenly, if the arm sticks on the shaft before the hole is worn smooth from use rub a little soap on the shaft where it works in the arm.

ORANGES

OUTSIDE the snow lay thick upon the ground and the wind whistled around the eaves, but inside the fire crackled merrily and under the reading lamp a bowlful of oranges, round and yellow, smiled like so many little shining suns and invited Jamie to partake of their sweetness.

"My, these oranges are good, grandma," said the little boy, pulling off the fragrant peeling. "Where did they come from?"

"Probably from Florida or California where it is nice and warm most of the time," said his grandma, looking up from her knitting. "Let's see—are they navel oranges?"

Jamie held one up for her to see.

"Yes, they are navels. Then they come from California, most likely for most of the Florida oranges have seeds in them."

"What is a navel orange, grandma?" Jamie asked.

His grandma picked up an orange, "Do you see that little dimple of skin at the end? Sometimes inside of that is another tiny little orange. And then navel oranges never have any seeds."

"How'd that happen? Did some smart man make them grow that way?"

"No, they grow that way naturally. How do new orange trees grow if there aren't any seeds to plant?" the little boy wanted to know.

"They are budded or grafted," said his grandma.

"What does that mean?" Jamie

never guess what makes them brown."

"What does it, grandma?"

"A tiny insect bores into the skin and lets the oil escape. It doesn't hurt the fruit any, for it doesn't touch the pulp, but it certainly does ruin their pretty yellow dresses."

How Jamie laughed!

"Years ago when I was a little girl," his grandma went on, "we thought an orange was the most wonderful thing. My father would bring home one orange, for which he had paid a dollar, and he would carefully peel it with his penknife, while we children all stood around, and then he would give us each just one section."

"What made them so expensive?" asked Jamie.

"Well, only a few were shipped

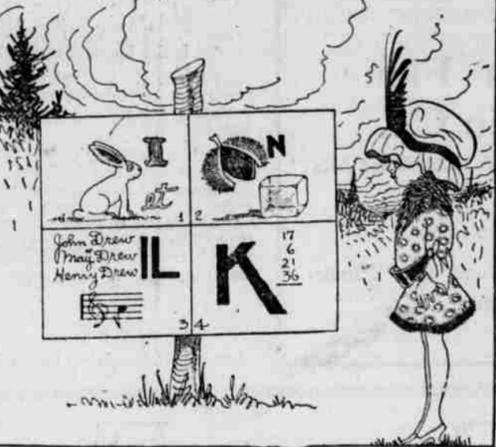


and many others."

"Did oranges always grow in America?" asked Jamie.

"No, they were probably brought here by the Spaniards, monks, who came up from Lower California, which is Mexico, you know. The In-

GIRLS' NAMES BY WALTER WELLMAN



DIAMOND AN-1. Toucan. 2. Marian. 3. Koran. 4. Meridian. 5. Utilitarian. 6. Scan. 7. Man. 8. American.

GIRLS' NAMES-1. Harriet. 2. Bonnie. 3. Drusilla. 4. Katie.

PUZZLE CORNER

ADAPTABLE "AN"
Each word ends in an.
1. The feathered AN.
2. The feminine AN.
3. The Mohammedan AN.
4. The noonday AN.
5. The useful AN.
6. The scrutinizing AN.
7. The first AN.
8. The best AN of all.

DIAMOND
... consonant
... to lengthen
... fun in winter
... meaning "and so forth"
... found in EARTH

ANSWERS
DIAMOND
S
E K E
S K A T E
E
O

FRANZ SCHUBERT

(Born January 31, 1797)

It was on a cold winter morning that Franz Schubert made his first bow to the world. The neighbors shook their heads sadly and whispered, "The Schuberts have another baby. Poor people, where they will get food to put into the little mouths no one knows!" Franz's family was indeed poor, and as he was but one of nineteen children you can imagine that no very great attention was paid to him. The little boy wanted to go to school and learn the things which could be put to good use so that he might earn money and help the family out of their financial troubles, but there were so many needs and demands of so many girls and boys for Mr. and Mrs. Schubert to think about that very little heed was given to Franz's yearnings. But when a boy has music in his soul it is about as useful to tell him to stifle that music as it would be to tell a song bird to silence his song; and in the heart of little Franz there burned a spark of that divine fire which was to make him the greatest classical song writer that Germany ever produced.

When his parents saw that the boy had musical talent they decided to have him taught how to play in the hope that he, like some of the other

boys wonders would attract the attention of the King and in that way enrich the family pocket book. But the little boy did not need the lessons that were offered to him. In some mysterious way he had learned the rules and regulations which governed music and the songs in his heart found their way through his fingers to the keys of a piano and were given expression. His teachers soon found out that they had nothing to teach this boy; instead they sat back and listened to his original compositions. When Franz was eleven years old he began to compose music. All his spare money went for the purchase of the books he needed for his study.

When I was in California I saw a tree that was said to be several hundred years old.

"Well," said Jamie, reaching for another orange, "I'm certainly glad they brought orange trees with them. My, but these oranges are good!"

chase of music paper and all his spare time was spent working out on paper the overtures, symphonies, quartettes, opera music, church music, songs and so forth that were singing themselves in his mind. In all this remarkable lad who grew to be a remarkable man composed more than 600 songs before he died at the age of thirty-one years.

He was always very poor and many of his most beautiful songs were sold for the price of a meal. He was laughed at and insulted; he was often cold and usually hungry but in spite of all the hardships that he had to endure the music never left his soul. One of his most famous songs is "The Erl King," the words of which were written by Goethe. The story is told that one day Schubert saw a volume of Goethe's poems lying on the table and picking it up he read the Erl King. Immediately the sound of the rushing wind and the horrors of the magic wood formed musical cadences and chords in his mind, and grasping a pen Schubert wrote the beautiful song, which today is one of the most popular on the concert stage. The song was sung by a famous singer and published by a music publisher in Vienna, who gave the composer next to nothing for it, but very soon the publisher made a neat little fortune out of the song, while Schubert in his garret was dying of misery and poverty.

When he died he was laid to rest near the grave of his great friend, Beethoven, and on Schubert's tombstone were carved the words: "Music buried here a rich possession and yet fairer hopes." The music that gladdened his heart he gave to gladden the world and his songs are living monuments to his genius.

The student.

I'D HATE TO BE A LITTLE FISH THAT CANNOT ROMP AND PLAY THAT HAS TO STUDY ALL THE TIME UNLESS HE RUNS AWAY -

POOR LITTLE FISH - HE NEVER DARES BE GAY, HE LIVES BY RULE CAUSE EVERYWHERE - AND ALL THE TIME EACH FISH IS IN HIS SCHOOL.