

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

CINNAMON

YUM! YUM!" said Jamie as he rushed into the house one Saturday morning. "I smell something good! What is it?"

"Pea, de, fo, fum!" laughed his mother, taking something brown and delicious-looking from the oven. "Guess what it is, oh giant?"

"Cinnamon cake!" shouted Jamie, jumping up and down for joy. "Give me a piece right away, please, mother," he wheedled, with an arm around her waist.

"Oh, you'll have to wait until it gets cool," replied his mother.

"I don't believe I can," Jamie said, eyeing the cake wistfully. "It's quality to animals to make a fellow wait with that good-looking thing right before his eyes."

"Let's go into the living room and

"It is!" Jamie's eyes opened wider. "The bark off of a tree! Huh! Does the tree grow around here?"

"No, it grows in very hot countries like Asia and the West Indies; but the very best cinnamon comes from Ceylon."

"Ceylon? Where is that?" Jamie asked. "I don't think we have studied about that place at school."

"Perhaps you haven't yet. Ceylon is an island in the Indian Ocean, a very old and wonderful island, green with palm and bright with tropical flowers, set in a sea like a sparkling blue jewel."

"Why, mother, that sounds like a fairy story!" said Jamie.

"Ceylon has been the scene of many stories, Jamie. Do you remember 'Serenbit' in the Arabian Nights? Well,

"Well, it grows about as large as our pear trees and has leaves shaped something like theirs, oval-shaped and about six inches in length. Did you ever see a sassafras tree?"

"That is the tree that people take the bark off of and make tea out of to drink in the spring, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is it. The cinnamon tree is a sort of cousin of the sassafras tree. They both belong to the Laurel family."

"How funny!" laughed Jamie. "Are the cinnamon trees wild like the sassafras?"

"No, the cinnamon trees are very carefully cultivated, for the sale of cinnamon amounts to a great deal of money. Some of the cinnamon groves that were planted over a hundred years ago are still producing cinnamon; and it is said that their lives are not half over. Only the bark of the new branches on a cinnamon tree is cut off; the bark of the trunk is not used."

"Why not?" Jamie wanted to know.

"Because the bark of the young shoots is the best flavored," answered his mother, "especially the shoots that spring up around the stump after the old tree is cut down. Did you ever see any bark cinnamon?"

"No, the only kind I have ever seen was all ground up and put on something nice like cinnamon cake," said the little boy.

Jamie's mother went out into the kitchen and pretty soon she came back with a little bar in which there were pieces of light brown stuff about the length of your finger. They were curled up like rolls of paper, and they broke off very easily when Jamie pressed a piece with his finger.

"This is cinnamon bark," his mother told him. "It was cut lengthwise from the branches of the cinnamon tree, then loosened carefully and taken off. Then it was put in the sun to dry, which made it curl up this way. Then it was tied up in bundles, the small pieces inside the larger ones, and examined by someone who tasted it to

LILY TIME

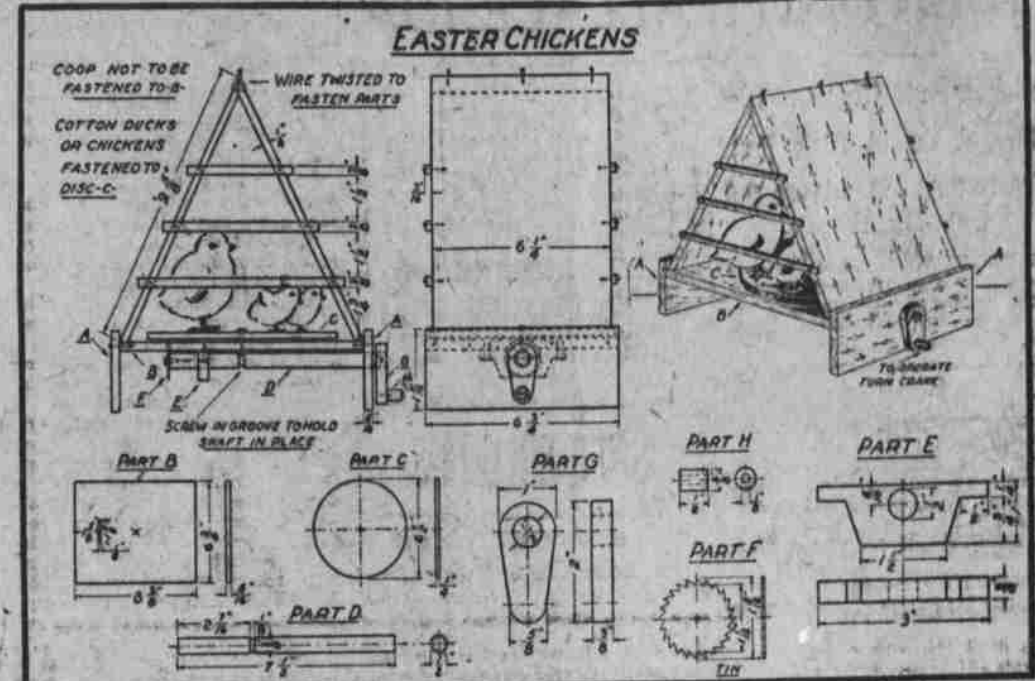
I LOVE this season of the year
For Lily Time is nigh,
I see the flowers nodding
As I go passing by

The florist at the corner,
It seems as if they say:
"We've come again, old fellow,
And Easter's on the way."

Like to think of Lily Time
When all the air is still;
And Easter chimes are ringing
In the old church on the hill.

When everyone is happy
To hear the glad chimes ring,
For Lily Time means Easter,
And Easter Time means Spring.

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.
BY FRANK I. SOLAR
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EASTER CHICKENS

COOP NOT TO BE FASTENED TO-S

WIRE THREADED TO FASTEN PARTS

COTTON DECKS OR CHICKENS FASTENED TO DISC-C

SCREW IN GROOVE TO HOLD SHAPES IN PLACE

There is a slot cut for the tin wheel F, and a small hole bored at the center for the screw. Make parts A and B with brass as indicated by the drawing.

Now make parts D, G, H and the tin wheel F. Cut the teeth in F, after they have been laid out, with tin snips. Bore the hole in A for D and after fastening F in place slip D through hole in E and A and then pin G to it with a brad. When making the crank bore the hole through H large enough so it will revolve on the screw. Fasten part E to B with brads or screws.

Make part C and cut it with several spokes. If the wire is not at hand the feet may be glued to C. It might be well, however, to wait until the top has been made before locating the chicks on part C. The screw that holds C to B will fit into a groove in D. This screw will hold D in place so part F will not rub on the sides of the slot cut in B.

The top part is made of two with pieces wired together at the top and held in position by slats braded to the back and front of the top part. This part is held in place on B by parts A, which project above it. The top part should not be fastened to B or parts A.

A small cardboard box might be fastened to the center of part C to be filled with candy Easter eggs.

It is not necessary to paint this toy as real coops of this kind used to paint an old chicken with her brood are seldom painted.

To operate the toy place on a table and turn the crank, the little chicks will follow the old hen about the coop the faster you turn the faster the chicks will move.



"Cinnamon cake," shouted Jamie, jumping up and down for joy.

"Daddy will be home for lunch pretty soon, and then we'll all have some of it—and maybe while we're waiting we can do something to make us forget it for awhile."

"Well," said the little boy, doubtfully, "I'll try—but it certainly smells good! What makes it smell so good, mother?"

"I suppose it's the cinnamon," she answered.

"What is cinnamon, anyway?" Jamie asked as they sat down before the fire.

"Cinnamon? Oh, it is the bark off of a kind of tree."

A Great Man Who Loved To Play With Children

MANY of you have no doubt read and enjoyed a very fine book entitled "The Vicar of Wakefield." The author of this book was Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, the big-hearted, kindly Irishman who found his chief delight in an endeavor to make life more happy and enjoyable than it had upon him. The story is told that Dr. Goldsmith was one day visited by a poor man who sought medical aid. The doctor was almost as poor as the patient to whom he listened in silence. When the man had finished telling his troubles Dr. Goldsmith turned to his desk, wrote and folded a prescription which he handed to the poor fellow with the instructions: "Do not open this until you reach home." On arriving at his humble dwelling the poor man opened the prescription to find enclosed two gold coins and the words: "Use these as needed."

The kindly doctor lived in poor rooms above the abode of a very serious lawyer, and it was over this poor man's head that Dr. Goldsmith romped and froliced with his young friends. He loved to play with children and he often gave parties for their special entertainment. On these occasions the poor lawyer was forced to stop his eyes with cotton, and often he feared the ceiling would fall upon him for the good doctor and his young friends enjoyed most such game as blind man's buff and hide and seek and the happy laughter and joyful shrieks of the players penetrated even the thick walls of the old building.

Dr. Goldsmith had not had a very lively childhood. His father had been a poor, country clergyman, and the money that he earned was needed for too many of the necessities of life to be spent for parties. Oliver as a child, we are told, was much like all other boys. He did not distinguish himself at school, or in any particular way. But he had a staunch heart and he determined to see the world and break away from the confines of his small village. So he set out alone with empty pockets and travelled about Europe sometimes carrying a meal and a night's lodging by playing his fute for the country folk. Perhaps it was the recollection of his early struggles which made his heart open to the needy who came to his door, and perhaps the thought of his own meager childhood prompted him to enliven the lives of the children who called him their friend.

THE JUNIOR COOK

RHUBARB

Wash the stalks of rhubarb. Put the double boiler over the fire with 1 quart of water in the lower part. While that is coming to a boil, dice up the rhubarb (without removing the pink skin). Put the diced rhubarb, without a drop of water, into the upper part of the double boiler and cover tightly. Cook for twenty minutes.

By that time the rhubarb will be soft and a beautiful pink color. Add 1 cupful of sugar. Stir gently and cook for 15 minutes. Take up in a glass dish and serve cold.

This, you see, has not had a drop of water, it is all pure juice and sugar. This makes a very wholesome and very delicious spring dish. Serve with hot biscuits or bread and butter.

Fuzzle Corner

FOUR LETTER SQUARES

to acquire
a bird
stiff and harsh

1
a story
dry
a fruit
a wonderful garden

CONCEALED GRAND OPERAS

A letter taken from each word will reveal in each sentence the name of a Grand Opera.

1. Aunt Milly telephoned Wednesday.
2. Mend that torn curtain Helen, please.
3. Each pupil studying languages requires earnest work to succeed.
4. Professor James lectured three afternoons.
5. The French aviator cleverly manipulated that British plane.
6. Cheese and macaroni combine very nicely.

ANSWERS

FOUR LETTER SQUARES

1	2
GAIN	TALE
ARBA	ARID
IBIS	LIME
NASH	EDEN

CONCEALED GRAND OPERAS

1. Aida.
2. Martha.
3. Hugonot.
4. Faust.
5. Traviata.
6. Carmen.

The RABBIT STORY THAT WASN'T FINISHED

"WISH somebody would tell me a story about Easter!" exclaimed Ted as he turned with a sigh from the pile of boxes he had been looking at.

"Easter?" exclaimed his mother, "why Easter won't be here for several days yet. What ever made you think of Easter?"

"These boxes," replied Ted. "You told me I could look at anything I liked in the whole attic and I like these things the best." He pointed to the pile of Easter things—rabbits, colored eggs and nests of grass that he had piled up around him. "I wish somebody would tell me a story about them."

"Sorry, dear," replied his mother, as she picked up a pile of clothing and started down stairs, "but I'm too busy just now. I should think a boy as big as you could read his own story! Here's a book," and she picked out a book from a pile by the stairs, "and here's the very story you would like. Now sit down over there by the dormer window and read."

Ted obediently climbed the three or four steps that led up to the dormer window in the corner of the attic and his brothers called the "study," and sat down and opened the book.

But somehow the book wasn't so very fascinating. To be sure it had pretty pictures—pictures of rabbits all dressed up in boys' clothes and that interested Ted for a few minutes. Then the patter of the rain outside made him sleepy—attics are awfully sleepy places on rainy days as every one knows.

And then, just as though they had been there the time only he hadn't seen them, he saw four little rabbits, two white and two gray playing on the steps in front of him. He kept very quiet, oh, very very quiet, for he had learned from disappointing experience when he was at his Uncle Tom's farm that rabbits are easily frightened away.

And evidently he kept plenty still, for the rabbits didn't seem to notice him at all—which was just what he hoped for. They were right along talking and talking and he couldn't help hearing every word they said.

"I just wish Easter would hurry up and come," said the whitest rabbit. "My coat's getting all spoiled and I do need a new one."

"How it does make me laugh," said the next to the whitest rabbit, "to hear folks talk about getting new things for Easter! Wouldn't it seem funny to get your new things before Easter?" And he laughed a funny little chuckle that made his face look like a crooked up hickory nut.

"Now I'd just like to know," thought Ted to himself, "why they get their things after Easter, and why they think it's funny for us to get ours before hand. Seems to me they're awfully behind-handed!" And the more he thought about it, the more funny it did seem. "I think I'd just ask 'em," he decided.

So without ever a thought about frightening the rabbits away, Ted whispered softly, "why do you get your clothes afterward—won't you tell me please?"

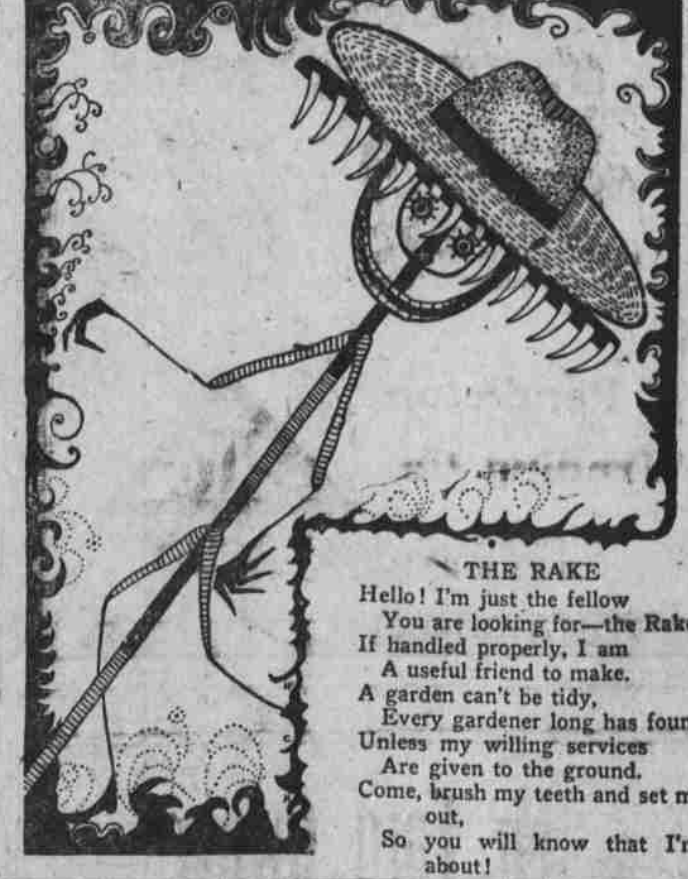
"Isn't he funny not to know!" exclaimed the grayest rabbit, for with rabbits the same as with grown folks it seems funny when the other fellow doesn't know as much as you do, you know? "We couldn't wear our new things if we had them—now!"

"Why not?" asked Ted.

"'Cause we're so busy," replied the grayest rabbit.

"See how busy we are!" laughed the next grayest rabbit. He turned around and showed Ted the front of his suit and there, all spilled over it, were spots of paint—red paint, green paint, yellow paint and blue paint—to say nothing of spots of pink and orange and purple and brown. The other rabbits, seeing how surprised Ted was, wanted to have the fun of surprising him.

YOUR GARDEN FRIENDS



THE RAKE

Hello! I'm just the fellow
You are looking for—the Rake!
If handled properly, I am
A useful friend to make.
A garden can't be tidy,
Every gardener long has found
Unless my willing services
Are given to the ground.
Come, brush my teeth and set me
out,
So you will know that I'm
about!

wouldn't either if you were us!"

"Well, maybe I wouldn't," admitted Ted. "But how do you get clean and where do you get your new suits?"

"Did you ever go out in your yard on an Easter morning?" asked the grayest rabbit, asking another question instead of answering the one Ted had asked him, "and find a lot of lovely eggs and then look and look and look for the rabbit who brought them?"

Ted nodded yes.

"And you couldn't find the rabbits anywhere?" continued the grayest rabbit.

"I never even saw one!" exclaimed Ted.

"Of course not!" laughed the whitest rabbit, "cause they run off to get their new suits! Every Easter we start out early—oh, way before it's light. And we deliver all the eggs we've made, every one. And then quick as a flash—you know how we can run—we hurry back home to get our new suits."

"Heigh ho, and isn't it fun!" exclaimed the grayest rabbit.

"But wait a minute!" exclaimed Ted as he saw the rabbits looked as though they were going away, "wait a minute! Where do you get your suits?"

Ted was so excited that he jumped up—and the book clattered down from his lap and the rabbits, grabbing hold of each others' paws scampered out of sight.

Ted's mother declared it was all a dream, but Ted doesn't care. He means to be out in the yard bright and early Easter morning, and finish his talk with the rabbits then.

AN ADVERTISING PARTY

BETTY was going to give a novel party. All her friends were looking forward to it with eager expectancy ever since the invitation had been handed to them by the grinning post-man. You would have guessed, too, could you have seen it. On a large piece of cardboard were printed the words: **DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS? IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE! COME TO MY PARTY AND LEARN THE TRUTH. BETTY GRAY.** The Gables.

Party began at eight o'clock sharp. And so at eight o'clock the girls assembled in Betty's parlor. Once inside the door they stood and gazed. The wall was covered with large signs each one relating to one of the guests. Beneath each sign was a blank, and as the girls found the sign that fitted them they sat upon the waiting chair. After they were all seated Mrs. Gray placed before each one a small table, and handed each girl an envelope containing small and odd shaped pieces of cardboard. "This is a new kind of a jig saw puzzle," she explained. "The envelopes contain ads which you have all seen every time you ride in the trolley car. The girls who pieces her ad together in the shortest time will be the winner. Now, don't begin until I give the signal. Ready? Go!"

It surely was fun to see the familiar ads grow under their eyes as they found the different parts and placed them together. Doris Wells finished first. Her ad was of a well known chocolate, and appropriately enough the prize was a box of candy.

The next game the girls played required paper and pencil, and Betty saw that each girl was well provided for. Then she passed around the group pictures of well known ads which she and her mother had cut from the different magazines and had pasted on stiff paper. The name of the article advertised was not mentioned, but the firm "slogan" or "motto" appeared with the picture.

"Now we will see how well you remember what you see, and how observant you are," said Mrs. Gray. "Write the numbers one to fifteen on your paper. Each picture is numbered and as you guess it write the answer in the space beside the correct number. I'm going to time you for this game. Give out the cards, Betty." And then the fun began again. It was tantalizing to see pictures well remembered and not be able to fit them to the right ad. Some of the girls were so confused that they declared they "simply couldn't remember or think of anything they had ever known or heard of." But it was jolly fun and guessing games always prove favorites at parties.

The refreshments were for the most part appropriate catches which had been advertised at the party. When it was over the girls declared that if the noise and laughter that had filled the parlor all evening was indicative of a good time, Betty had better believe in signs, for they surely did enjoy it, and all voted the advertising party a great success.



The Rabbits, Grabbing Hold of Each Others' Paws, Scampered Out of Sight

SALLY AT THE CIRCUS

Here you see Sally. See if you can find something she saw at the circus.

