

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

A MOTHER'S DAY PRESENT

"HERE," said the Prince, waving his hand at the loveliest little present and diamond necklace. "I got 'at for the Queen, you know, in honor of the Mothers' Day celebration, and if you will be so kind as to present it, Sister, I would be much obliged. I haven't time myself. Count Billy, who, by the bye, hasn't any mother to have a day for; and I have an engagement to sail a new boat on the pond."

"What a lovely necklace! And how thoughtful of you!" exclaimed the Princess. "But I do think, really, Mother would like you to give it yourself. I'm sure I would."

"Oh, bother! I'm getting to be so big, you know; and then she might see me right before everybody. Dear me! Oh, pshaw!" And away the Prince ran quite flustered even with the idea of being kissed before everybody.

The Princess put the necklace in its box and fastened it up. Then she called her pet monkey, Jocko to follow her.

"It's dreadful," she told Jocko. "Brothers are queer things. One would think he didn't care about Mother but of course, I know he does an awfully lot. I think Mother feels a bit sad about his growing up so and not kissing her. I know I would."

Jocko looked grave, whisked his tall knowledge as much as to say, "I understand," and jumped around his little mistress.

Out went the Prince into the warm bright garden and as he went along one of the paths he saw the gardener's boy with a flower in his hand, talking to his old mother.

"I wish I had a grand present to give you," the gardener's boy was saying, "but this little flower is from my very heart." And he kissed her old neck.

"I wouldn't want a finer present," said the old mother. "There's no gift sweeter to a mother than a loving heart."

"Perhaps she would think a pearl and diamond necklace better," thought the Prince, as he went on and met Count Billy, who was waiting for him with the new boat.

"It was a wonderful boat with great sails and when the Prince and Count Billy fanned up a stiff breeze, it must have traveled enough miles to be al-

most to China when the cruise was suddenly interrupted by the little Princess who came running up quite out of breath and sobbing.

"Why, w-h-a-t's the matter?" cried both boys together.

"Jocko!" sobbed the Princess. "He's taken your present and—oh! Dear me! He's climbed to the top of the steeple!"

"Well I never!" said the Prince. "But don't cry, Sister. It wasn't any fault of yours."

"Yes, but Mo-mother w-won't get her present," the Princess wrung her hands. "Everybody is there, and—and—"

"Dear me!" said the Prince. "What will we do?"

"We haven't time to do anything. Oh dear—de—de me! That naughty Jocko!"

"So he is," cried the Prince. "Wait till I catch him."

"But we can't wait," said the Princess. "The gathering has gathered." She sat down on the grass while the Prince and Count Billy marched distractedly about.

"Can't you think of anything?" asked the Prince finally of the Princess.

"I could make a flower wreath," said she. "A very pretty one, you know."

"Do you think it would be nice enough?" asked the Prince.

"It'll make it, it might," answered his sister. "Go and get me some flowers."

The Prince and Count Billy ran off to the Royal Gardens to gather some.

The Princess sat near the pond and actually laughed to herself as though she had suddenly thought of the best joke imaginable. She laughed so heartily that the Prince and Count Billy almost caught her at it. Almost, I say, because, when they came back, they found her wiping her eyes.

"How can you work on the flower wreath, and what clever little fingers she had. It wasn't long before she was weaving in the last rose.

"Of course, you will have to give it yourself. It would enhance the gift," said the Princess. "Wouldn't it, Count Billy?"

"Inmensely," agreed Count Billy.

So the Prince took the wreath and the children went to the grass where a great crowd stood about the Queen. There were mothers of all kinds about her. Old mothers, with their grown up sons and daughters and young mothers with tiny babies in their arms.

They all looked at the Prince and Princess and cried.

"Here come the Royal children. Make room for them."

The Queen sat in state, looking a bit sad, but she brightened when she saw her children.

"Dear me!" thought the Prince. "What a poor gift for a Prince to be giving. Hardly better than the Gardener's son!" And that made him remember what the old mother had said so he went straight to the Queen with his wreath of flowers.

"Please accept this humble gift that is from my very heart," he said and kissed her.

What a happy smile came over the Queen's face. The diamond and pearl necklace could never have brought it. When the Prince saw the smile he couldn't help but kiss her again and again, and, as what royalty does is fashion, everybody kissed his mother. And when the Princess kissed the Queen, every daughter followed her example.

And it has been the fashion ever since because the royal children have never stopped kissing their mother.

And Jocko? Well, the Princess never told all how she had let the old fellow run away with the necklace except to her most intimate friends, and I suppose that is how the story leaked out at last.

But the Prince had his secret, too. For after all, you see, it was the gardener's son who started the fashion, if he only knew it. Of course, he never did know it because he'd never think of going without kissing his mother anymore than you would.



"I wasn't long before she was weaving in the last rose"

THE JUNIOR COOK

ASPARAGUS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Snap off the tough ends of two bunches of asparagus. Wash and put in a tall, narrow pan. Fill the pan half full of boiling water and boil for twenty minutes. (By this method the tips cook in the steam and are very delicious.)

While the asparagus is cooking, melt 4 oz. of American cheese in a saucepan over a very close fire. It is best to use a double boiler for this so the cheese will not scorch.

Add 1 tablespoonful butter and 1/2 cupful of milk and stir till creamy.

When the asparagus is done arrange the stalks neatly on hot toast. (Two bunches will serve six small or four generous portions.)

Pour the hot cheese dressing over the root end of the asparagus leaving the tips uncovered.

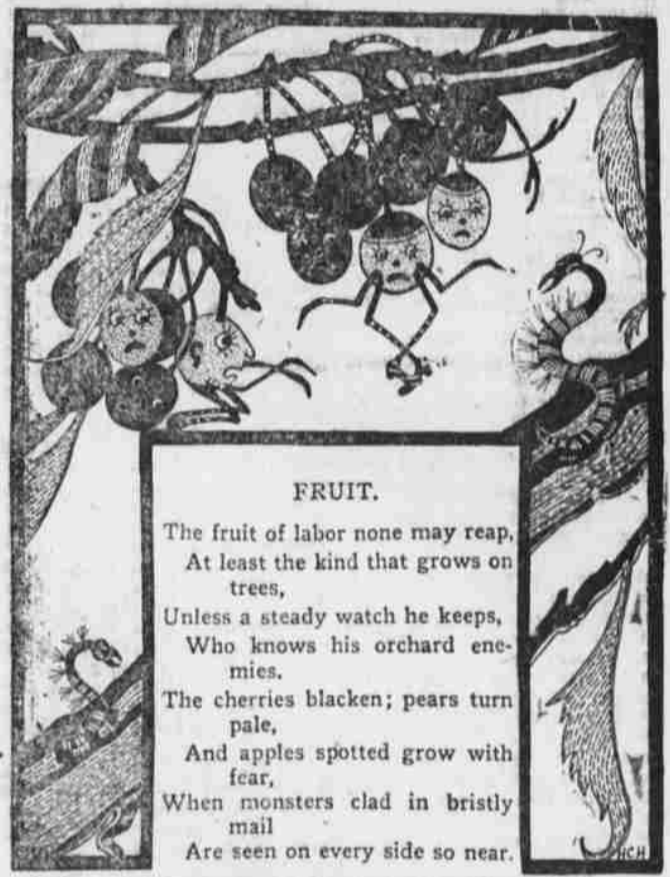
Garnish with a dash of paprika and serve immediately.

This is a very nourishing dish for luncheon.

A RIDDLE

What is that that baby gives And takes that always please? It makes a little cheerful—smack! Followed by little squeezes.

GARDEN GOSSIP



FRUIT.

The fruit of labor none may reap, At least the kind that grows on trees, Unless a steady watch he keeps, Who knows his orchard enemies.

The cherries blacken; pears turn pale, And apples spotted grow with fear, When monsters clad in bristly mail Are seen on every side so near.

THE MAGIC ROSE

"This is a story of long ago, when fairies both helpful and hind spent much of their time on this earth, you know. Soothing all cares they could find."

HE bright sunshine and the birds singing so merrily seemed to mock at poor little Jeanne, as she lay in her favorite nook in the woods. She was very sad as she thought of her parents and their happy home in the quaint French village, where they had all been so happy. Now all was changed. Here she was in cold ugly England, her dear parents dead, and she had a home with Aunt Elizabeth, a poor widow with three noisy, rough children. They were very unkind to her, these cousins, and teased and mocked at her unmercifully; in fact, she was the household drudge, and all the disagreeable tasks always fell to her share.

These woods were her refuge, for it seemed less lonely there, where the birds sang to her and the leaves rustled in such a friendly way. If only she could go to that fete! But her aunt had said she had no money to buy "lillies" for her, especially as Lucy and Jane must have new dresses. The millady at the big house had invited all the little girls in the neighborhood to a lawn fete. Her daughter, a delicate child of about Jeanne's age, was to choose a playmate and companion from among the guests, who was to go and live at the big house with her, and spend the winter in the South of France. "Ah, what happiness! Perhaps she might have been the chosen one! The tears started at the thought.

"Oh, my back, oh, my poor old back!" she heard some one say. She looked up in surprise, for she had never met any one in these woods.

There was an old bent woman, picking up sticks, and groaning each time she stooped.

In an instant Jeanne was at her side. "May I not help you," Madame,

she said. "Pray sit down on this tree stump while I gather for you the sticks."

Bushy she set to work, and soon collected a goodly number.

"Is that enough," she said looking up.

To her surprise the old woman had disappeared, and in her place stood a bright little figure in sparkling white robes, with a glittering wand in her hand while the bundle of sticks had been transformed into a beautiful rose.

"I was the little old woman," she said smiling at Jeanne's surprise. "I knew you were unhappy and wanted to help you, but I wanted to see if you were ready to assist others. Tell me now how I can help you."

So Jeanne told her how unhappy she was at her aunt's, and how she had begged to go to the fete, and perhaps be chosen to go back to her dear France with Mademoiselle, but she had no dress.

"You shall have a dress," said Fairy Aid. "Take this rose," picking one from the fairy bush. "When you want your dress, just scatter the petals over the one you have on, and see what happens. If you need me again, just come here and say:

"Fairy Aid, come to me. For I now have need of thee."

Putting the rose in her dress, she hastened home and went up to her room, anxious to test the power of the magic flower.

Scattering the petals as directed, she was immediately dressed in filmy

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white lace, with a blue sash, and on her feet were dainty slippers laced across with blue ribbons to match. She danced with delight.

Hearing a sound behind her, she turned and saw her cousins staring at her open-mouthed. They rushed away, but soon returned with their Mother. "Where did you get that dress?" she asked harshly.

"It was given to me," answered Jeanne.

"Yes, I dare say! Off with it at once, it will do for Lucy to wear at the party."

Meekly Jeanne took it off and saw her aunt carry away all the pretty things she threw herself on the floor weeping bitterly.

Suddenly she thought of Fairy Aid's promise. Slipping quietly down stairs she ran back to the woods and repeated the magic verse.

Immediately Fairy Aid stood before her. "I know your trouble," she said, smiling kindly. "You should not have scattered the leaves, till it was time to wear the dress. Here is another rose. Do not use it till it is time to go to the fete, for now you shall be the chosen one." Again she disappeared.

You may be sure that Jeanne followed the directions faithfully, and the second dress was even prettier than the first.

As Fairy Aid had promised, she was chosen, and went to live at the big house, and spent the winter in her beloved France.

"How happy I am now," she said gratefully. "Thanks to millady, Fairy Aid, and my dear playmate."

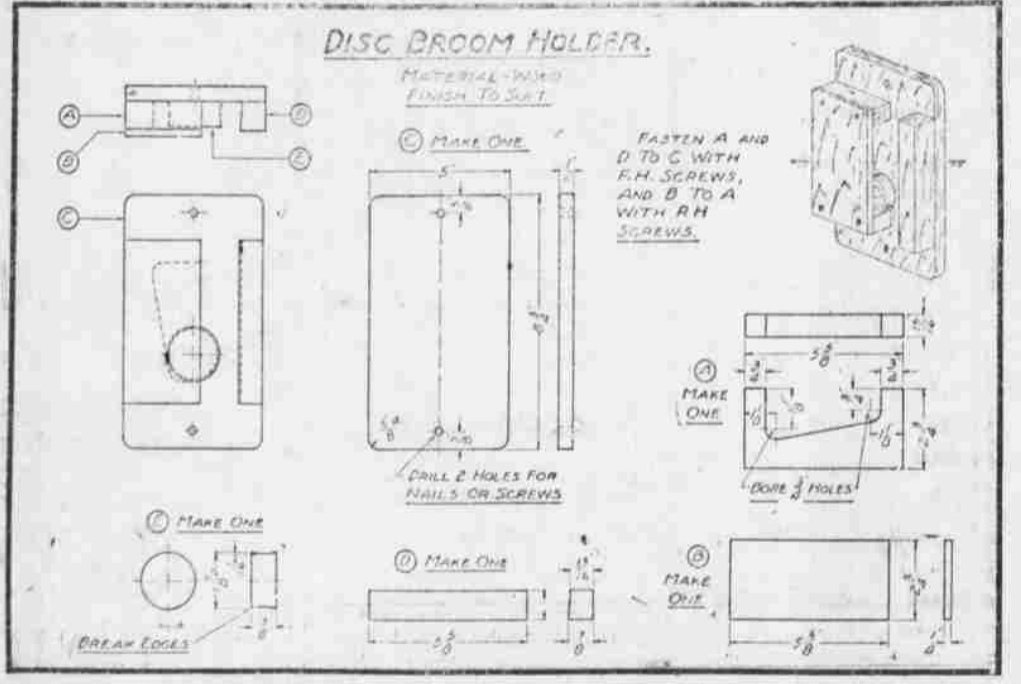
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passed in the different States, but in 1914, Mr. Wilson, who was then the President of the United States, pronounced in his many labors to have a Proclamation making Mothers' Day a National holiday. On the second Sunday in May, therefore you will see many white carnations worn by those sons and daughters—young and old—whose love for mother is always with them inspiring them to live good and upright lives.

But it takes more than a white carnation to make Mothers' Day fulfill its real purpose. A kind word, a thoughtful act, a good deed in honor of mother should be performed in appreciation of all the many kindnesses that Mother has done for you. A visit to Mother if you do not share her home—a letter, if she lives too far away—or a gift to let her know that she is in your thoughts.

Mother's the world over and since time began are not for their unfeeling love and self sacrifice. Nearly all great men have said: "I owe all my success to my mother." Is there any girl or boy who cannot think of hundreds of ways in which Mother has made home and school life easier and more pleasant for them. Is it too much to ask that on one day a year you, boys and girls, should devote yourselves to Mother? Make the second Sunday in May the happiest and proudest day in Mother's year, and make her know that the heart beneath the white carnation is full of true love and appreciation for HER.

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE. BY FRANK F. SOLAR. INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF QUALITY TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, COVINGTON, LA.



HERE are many types of broom holders on the market, some good and some not. This particular type has been made by the writer for a number of years and always with great success, for the broom is hung up handle first. This advantage will be readily recognized by all.

There is no particular order of procedure that is necessary to follow. Get out the pieces in any order desired.

Part C calls for the drilling of two holes at the top and the bottom to provide a means of fastening the holder to the wall or to whatever support it is desired to attach it. No size is given for these holes but from the note you will learn that they are for nails or screws, hence you should drill holes suitable for the size nails or screws you will use.

Part E should be laid out very carefully and cut to shape with equal care. The smoothness of operation will depend greatly upon how round the disc is. In the absence of a turning lathe,

the best method to use in getting out this piece is to describe a circle with a pair of sharp steel dividers, scoring the lines rather deep. This will provide a very good line to work to and with care exercised in the operation, the result should be satisfactory. After the disc is made perfectly round, it should be slightly hollowed as shown, after which break the sharp edges with a piece of sandpaper.

In making part A, the stock should first be squared to the greatest dimensions, then the locations of all holes to be drilled and bored in the piece should be made. From the note on the drawing it will be learned that this part is to be fastened to C with that head screws. A rather thin screw should be used for this to eliminate the chance of breaking the ends of A. Part A should be placed in its proper position on C and the location of 12 screws determined. Four should be used. Mark these locations and drill the necessary holes. It must be

PUZZLE CORNER

BEHEADINGS

(The letters taken off the words arranged in order will form the name of a season of the year.)

Behead clever and leave a trading place.
Behead recreation and leave to deposit.
Behead a place to skate and leave a writing fluid.
Behead a high principle and leave a bargain.
Behead at no time and leave at all time.
Behead to develop and leave a means of transportation.

FLORAL SQUARE WORDS

(1) A flower in Nevada. A trap. The aboriginal Peruvian Extinct race. Apparatus.
To fly upward.

ANSWERS

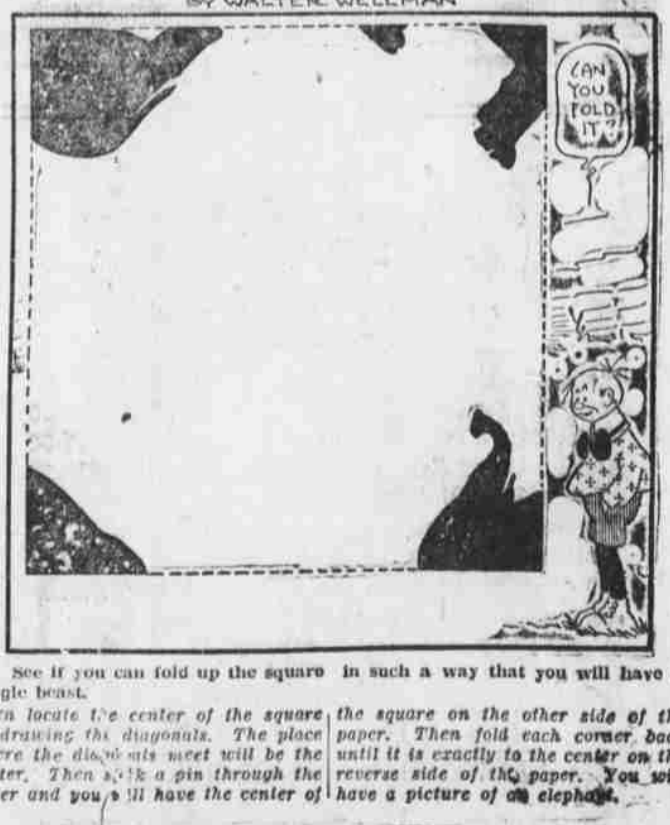
BEHEADINGS
Smart
Joy
Rink
Deal
Never
Grove

FLORAL SQUARE WORDS

J	R	J	U
R	N	O	L
N	C	A	A
O	A	R	E
E	O	A	R

FOLD-UP PUZZLE—Cut out the square carefully along the dotted lines.

FOLD-UP PUZZLE



See if you can fold up the square in such a way that you will have a jungle beast.

Then locate the center of the square by drawing the diagonals. The place where the diagonals meet will be the center. Then stick a pin through the center of the square and you will have the center of a picture of an elephant.