

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

WEENTY VISITS MRS. ROBIN

That child isn't out again! Robin! Oh, Robin! the voice that spoke was a piping one, quite shrill with anxiety. "Robin! Wake up, do!" Weenty rubbed her eyes in astonishment and sat up in her little crib. Whoever could be talking outside the window, and so close? Why, the window was way above the ground and only the spreading branches of the big maple tree came near.

"Robin!" shrilled the voice again. Weenty jumped out of bed and ran to the window. She was rather surprised to find Mr. Rabbit there, on the outer sill, chuckling to himself.

"Who was that talking?" Weenty asked him in a whisper, but just then the voice spoke again, so Mr. Rabbit did not have to answer Weenty's question.

"Wake up, Robin, one of the children has fallen out of bed again, I tell you," and there was a rustling among the leaves of the maple tree. Weenty peeped in that direction and saw a very flurried little bird shaking and pushing another sleepy bird who had just managed to open one eye.

"What is it, Robinette, can't you let a body sleep?" said the sleepy bird.

"One of the children—" began Robinette again, and then interrupted herself with, "Dear me! He's gone to sleep again!"

"It's one of the baby Robins!" Weenty whispered to Mr. Rabbit. "I fell out yesterday and papa put it back. Can't we help Mrs. Robin? Do you hear, Mr. Rabbit?"

"Can we help you?" Mr. Rabbit called from the window ledge.

"It's no use trying to wake up Robin," Mrs. Robin replied. "He works so hard during the day, finding food for the children, it just seems he can't wake up, even if the children do fall out of the nest."

"Cheep! Cheep! Mommy, oh, Mommy!" cried a little voice from below in the garden.

"Listen to that!" exclaimed Mrs. Robin, wringing her claws. "My poor child!"

"Take my paw, Weenty, and let's jump down to the garden," Mr. Rabbit proposed.

"Oh! I couldn't jump that far, I know," Weenty cried.

"I'll pull a branch this way," Mrs. Robin said. "You could climb down, couldn't you?"

"I can try," Weenty answered, trying to get up, not to think how very high she was from the ground.

Mrs. Robin pulled at a twig and drew it near the window where Mr. Rabbit and Weenty sat and pulled it still nearer until it touched the window.

"There, get on it," Mr. Rabbit said, "while I hold it for you. Be careful, now."

"To be sure, Weenty was careful, and she found the little branches very kind and friendly, for they reached out themselves for her hands and made comfortable little crooks in themselves for her feet.

When Weenty had walked quite to the heart of the tree, Mr. Rabbit jumped from his window ledge and landed beside her.

"This is certainly a kind old tree," Weenty said. "I'm going to give him a kiss for being so nice," and she put



They Were Going Up The Long Branch Again.

her little lips on the rough old bark. It seemed all the leaves rustled and murmured a thanks.

"What a enormous big trunk this tree has," said Weenty. "I don't know how I can get my arms around to slide down it."

"You don't do it that way," said a treetoad, who woke up suddenly on a nearby branch. "You walk on it flat, this way." The treetoad walked up

A Brother and Sister Who Won Fame

BECHER is a name that stands for learning and ability among American families. Two members of this family, both of whom gained international reputations were born in the month of June—Harriet Beecher, who later became Mrs. Stowe, was born on June 14, 1811, and her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was born on June 24, 1813.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is the author of that internationally famous book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Inspired by her great indignation at the oppression of the negro slaves in America, Mrs. Stowe wrote the story, which was printed in an anti-slavery newspaper

When the story was finished the author awoke to find herself famous. Mrs. Stowe was forty years old at the time of writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and though later in her life she wrote many other books, the fame of Uncle Tom has eclipsed them all.

Henry Ward Beecher was a great preacher and teacher. He was a wise man who looked first for the faults in himself before trying to find them in others. His church was always crowded and people came from all over the country to hear the wise man preach. One day a young minister who had come to visit the congregation remained after the services to greet

Beecher. He admired the fine sermon the minister had just delivered and ended his words of praise with: "How do you do it? How do you manage to keep your congregation awake? I noticed not one person was nodding. Now in my church I have the greatest trouble. My congregations nod and blink and it is most distracting to see them falling asleep while I am talking. How can I wake up my congregation?"

Henry Ward Beecher looked at the young minister for a moment and answered: "I will give you a word of advice. First you must wake up the preacher."

the tree quite easily, then eyed Weenty. "Do you see how?" he asked. "I see how you do it but I don't think my feet would stick like yours do," said Weenty.

"How do you know?" demanded the treetoad.

"I don't," Weenty admitted, "except, of course, I don't stick to the floor when I walk on it."

"Then how do you stay on?" the treetoad asked.

"Why, I just do," Weenty answered.

of its branches to the ground, and Weenty found it easy to walk down the long branch with such friendly little branches to help her.

Soon Weenty and Mr. Rabbit reached the grass where Mrs. Robin was already standing.

"There he is!" Mrs. Robin exclaimed. "It is Bobby, and I'm certainly giving him a good spanking for giving me such a fright."

She scuttled off across the grass to little Bobby Robin, who looked very bold and awkward as he flapped his little wings and chirped.

"You bad child!" Mrs. Robin exclaimed. "What a way to disturb your parents!"

"I couldn't help it, Ma. It's so crowded in the nest," little Bobby explained.

"No excuses," Mrs. Robin warned severely.

"Oh, don't be hard on him, Mrs. Robin," Weenty begged. "He may have been flying in his sleep. Poor little fellow, he must be quite frightened to be so far from home. Can I carry him back again?"

"What a kind little girl you are," approved Mrs. Robin. "I thank you so much. And I thank you, too, for the nice crumbs you always put out for me and Mr. Robin. Don't think

I am not grateful. I sing you a special song every morning, to let you know, but I suppose you know that."

"Oh, it is so nice of you!" Weenty answered. "I hear you singing every day, and it will make it ever so much sweeter to know you are singing specially for me."

They were going up the long branch again, Weenty carrying little Bobby, and Mrs. Robin sitting on her shoulder as friendly as you please. Up they went, past the treetoad, who had gone to sleep again, holding on to the trunk with his great toes, and very softly past poor, tired Robin, so as not to disturb his slumbers.

In the crotch of a branch, they came upon the nest where three more funny little birds cuddled fast asleep. Weenty tucked Bobby in very carefully and Mrs. Robin put his warm brown wing over him.

"Good night, Mrs. Robin," Weenty whispered.

"Good night, and thank you," Mrs. Robin replied, with a little nod of her head.

Weenty and Mr. Rabbit walked over the branch again that led to the window ledge.

"Good night, dear tree," said the little girl, kissing the leaves at the very end of the branch.

GARDEN GOSSIP



THE POTATO

I rather think that I, my friends, Am King of Vegetables— Wherever dinner's eaten I Adorn the edge o' tables. So plant me early, plant me late, And be prepared for any fate. If failure marks the work of spring, The fall a sure success will bring. Tho' bread be scarce, you cannot starve While there's a spud to bake and carve.

THE JUNIOR COOK

BAKED APPLES WITH BANANAS

Wash and core six large apples. Slice 1 banana. Measure out 1 cupful of sugar. 1/2 teaspoonful ground cinnamon and mix together. Push the slices of banana into the core hole of the apple using 3 or 4 slices for each apple. Sprinkle the sugar and cinnamon over the core hole. Pour 1 cupful of water very slowly over the apple so that the sugar dissolves over the banana slices. Bake 45 minutes or longer if apples are unusually large. Serve with cream and sugar. The banana flavor cooked into the apple is a pleasant change for the time of year.

Games To Trap the Senses

SOME of us are so used to seeing, hearing and smelling the things that are always around us that we soon cease to pay any attention to them, and just take them for granted. Robert's mother noticed this habit of taking things for granted developing in her little boy and so she determined to give him some games to play that would make him sharpen his senses and use them on all occasions. Now she knew that it was no fun to play a game all by yourself and so she invited some of his little friends to join him at a Sense Party one Saturday afternoon.

After the children had assembled Mrs. Gray gave each one a paper and a pencil and told them to go into the nursery. There on a table were a number of bottles, each labeled and marked with a number, the children were told to smell the contents of the bottles and write the guesses that they made next to the corresponding number on the paper. It is no easy thing to distinguish familiar smells when they are presented, one after the other, and the children had great fun in trying to make their noses tell them true. The various bottles contained such common household things as coffee, tea, kerosene, vinegar, turpentine, molasses, olive oil, ketchup, ammonia and vanilla.

After this game was over, and twenty minutes was allowed to complete the guessing, the children were told to go back into the parlor and there on a table were placed twenty familiar objects, such as a pencil, a knife, a spoon of white thread, a book, a piece of ribbon, etc., and the children were told to look carefully at all the things. Then they were sent back into the nursery and were told to write down the names of as many objects as they could remember. This game is splendid to train the powers of observation and make the children's eyes look sharp.

Try these sense games the next time your friends come to visit you and see how soon their senses are.

OUR FLAG and HOW IT GREW

Now, you all know that the flag adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777, is not of the same design as the flag that the United States now has. The act of adoption provided that the new flag of the United States be of thirteen horizontal stripes alternating red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars on a blue field, but it did not define how many points the stars should have, nor how they should be arranged, nor how new ones were to be added. On the first flag the stars were arranged in a circle, but from the time of the Revolution the stars and stripes in the flag have varied. There were 13 stars during the Revolution and 15 in the War of 1812, twenty-nine in the Mexican War, 33 in the Civil War, 45 in the Spanish War and 48 today.

The stripes were changed first from 13 to 15 and then back again to 13. It is interesting to know that our flag is among the oldest flags of the na-

Hints for the June Gardener

IN June the little gardener turns his attention to the training of his sweet peas. Tall thin sticks should be cement firmly into the ground, and the tender vines twisted gently around them. All climbing plants must have support. Nasturtiums are very pretty when they are trained about an old tree stump, but be careful that your stump is not in the shade for these bright flowers thrive only in the sunshine.

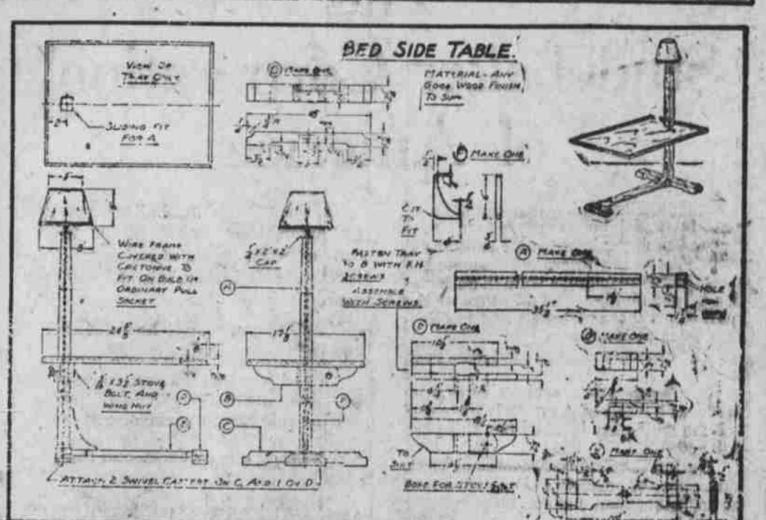
Be sure to protect your rose bushes from the green fly. The leaves of the bushes should be washed to remove any traces of the fly, and the ground should be kept moist at the root of the bush. Soft water is always the best for flowers. If you have only hard water near your house, fill a bucket in the morning and let it stand in the sun, this will soften it, and the flowers will thrive better under this treatment. If your flowers are on a hillside and the water rolls down the hill instead of being sucked into the

Jumping Jack



At dawn I feel so jolly I could stand upon my head; At night I feel 'tis jolly To lie motionless in bed. All day it's "Jack, be quiet!" From my mother, with a whack; But father says: "Don't try it— You're our little jumping jack!"

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



The maker of this piece of furniture will most certainly acquire something that will serve a very useful purpose on many occasions. No one wishes to be sick, of course, but sickness is bound to come to everyone and it does no harm to be prepared with those conveniences that go to make the burden lighter.

Let the construction start with the post, part A. This is to be made of two pieces of stock glued together, the hole being made before the latter operation. The drawing shows a round hole, but a square one can be made to answer the purpose. The shape of the hole will depend entirely how it is to be made. If a gouge is used, it can be made round, but if a chisel is to be used, then it will be square.

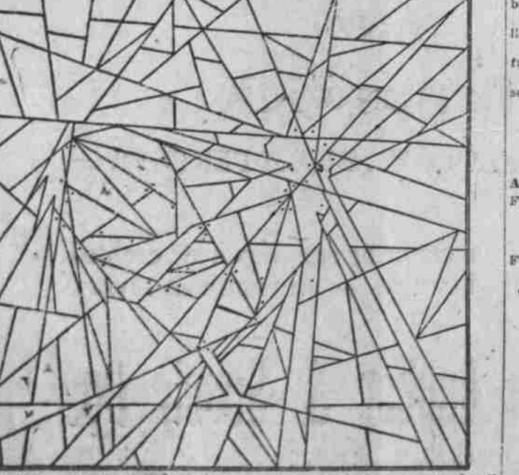
It can also be made with the combination plane if such a tool is in your equipment.

Part B will probably cause more trouble than the others so far as interpreting the drawing is concerned. Examine the detail of it carefully. You will see that it consists of three pieces of stock. The center piece is 1 1/2 inches thick and is 2 1/2 inches long. To this is fastened two 1/2 inch pieces, the front one being 3/4 inch long and the back one 1 1/2 inches long. One end of the latter is rounded as shown by the invisible egg lines and should be cut to this shape before fastening the pieces together. The quarter inch grooves should also be cut before the pieces are fastened. The sawing to shape of the front end of all three pieces and the right end of the front piece should be left until the pieces are assembled.

Parts C and D will require careful work because of the mortises to be

Puzzle Corner

WHAT IS IT? BY WALTER WELLMAN



Jack is going to spend his vacation on his grandfather's farm. See if you can make out one of the things he will see. Fill in solid the spaces which contain dots, and you will know what the object is.

BEHEADINGS

The letters taken from the words if arranged in order will form the names of a holiday that comes in June.

Behead debate and leave a part of a fence.
Behead a machine and leave always.
Behead not near and leave a road.
Behead departed and leave a number.
Behead a cart and leave a line of light.
Behead to astonish and leave a confusion.
Behead to wish for and leave to deserv.

WORD SQUARE

My first is a beautiful month.
My second is not new.
My third is necessary.
My fourth is a whirlpool.

A NOVEL HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE

From summer and winter a letter please take,
Treat Sol, Sam and Joe the same way.
From blue, green and violet, now, a letter make,
And you'll find a State of U. S. A.

ANSWERS

BEHEADINGS
F rail
L cher
A way
G one
D ray
A wozz
Y can
WORD SQUARE
JUNE
DEB
NEE
EDY
A NOVEL HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE
M-I-S-S-O-U-R-I

The Last Day of School

THE school house door is open wide
Is silenced now till autumn,
As out the children troop,
For 'tis the last of school.
And hurry on their homeward way
The teacher too is happy—
A happy carefree group.
She locks her books away,
And when they packs her worries
For school days now are over
Vacation has begun,
And all the kiddie's thoughts and speech
On this, the last school day.
Is of the summer fun.
And all the world rejoices
For 'playtime now is here—
The old bell in the steeple
And playtime is a gaytime,
So plays as a rule
The best time of the year.