

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

The Burglar

"L.T. Emily!"

Emily heard, but somehow she couldn't answer. She was so sound asleep the voice seemed a part of a dream. Then she felt a hand on her arm. She sat up all scared and bewildered.

Where was she? Not in her own room. The big moon was looking in through a tiny window with a frilly curtain hanging before it. Emily felt as if her head would bump the ceiling if she should get up. Suddenly she cried: "I know where I am!"

"Of course, you're in my little house," said Cousin Peggy's voice beside her. "You're in Three Oaks, which Grandfather built for me. My! What a sound sleeper you are! And how queer you do act! I'm more scared at you now than the burglar."

"Burglar?" gasped Emily. "Is there a burglar?"

"There's someone trying to get in the front door," replied Peggy. "What'll we do?"

For answer Emily disappeared under her covers.

"Are you a coward?" demanded Peggy, poking the round lump her cousin made in the bed.

"How about yourself?" Emily replied in a muffled voice. "What could I do with your old burglar?"

"You can at least be brave," said Peggy firmly. "Think how the Puritan maidens helped fight the Indians. Now, Emily, I'm going out through the window to the big house to summon aid and you must stay and keep guard here."

"What?" cried Emily, coming to the surface. "You're going off and leave me alone with the burglar?"

"Only for a minute. S-s-sh!" Peggy hissed. "Listen!"

They heard a grinding sound outside and then bang! The little house shook as a heavy form seemed to fall on the porch—or it might have been some one battering the front door.

"Th-they're trying to get in all right!" whispered Emily. "P-please don't go away!" And she began to cry.

"Then will you go while I mount guard?" asked Peggy.

"Oh, Peggy!" sobbed Emily. "I never was so scared in all my life! I can hear him b-breathing like m-m-my Uncle Harry when he falls asleep after dinner. Listen. Hear that? Whiff, whiff, whiff!"

"Large stout men often breathe that way," observed Peggy.

"Oh, Peggy!" shivered Emily. "I thought burglars were usually thin!"

"It may be just a tramp," Peggy replied. "Emily, you'll have to make up your mind at once. Will you go or not?"

"Oh, Peggy! I wish Laurence was here! He's so perfectly fearless. I'm

"I'll have to jump right into the flower-bed," she sighed.

The window was so tiny that it was all she could do to squeeze through and drop noiselessly into the soft flower-bed which was just beginning to flower so nicely. The big house was there close at hand right on the other side of a big tree. Peggy made a dash for it but, of course, she had to cross the bright patch of moonlight on the lawn between. Just as she neared the big tree she saw a shadow glide from behind it and come straight for her.

This was awful! Somebody was lurking there between her and the big house where the family were. She might have screamed but there was a tiny, new baby brother in the house and she didn't want to scare him and Mother unless there was nothing else she could do.

"I'll face down the driveway to the side door," she thought. And race she did! When she reached the side door she heard footsteps following her. It was awfully dark there. If one anybody could get the door open she might be pounced upon and dragged away. She left the door and began to run.

Just where she was going she didn't know. The sidewalk was shaded by the tree leaves overhead on the

stair would catch up to her. She raced past another block and another, then she saw a light. It was shining from the windows of the Worthingtons. They must be having a party. Oh, what a relief! Peggy dashed straight over the front lawn. She could see the people in the parlor and one of the windows was open.

Alas! She had forgotten about the croquet set and her foot caught in it, winking. Down she fell on her tummy, smacking all the wind out of herself. Pat-pat-pat, came the footsteps. She couldn't move. The enemy had reached her side. She heard the panting breath of a cold most nose nudged down on her neck. She turned over and found herself looking into the faint face of old Douglas, their little dog.

"Oh, gaww!" she exclaimed, getting up and dusting herself off. She was glad she had stumbled.

"They hastened home with thoughts of poor Emily and when they reached the big house, they saw lights and heard quite a commotion.

Peggy ran past to the little house and found it all lit up. In she hurried for the front door was wide open.

"What's happened?" she demanded looking around.

On the sofa sat Grandfather, every white hair on his head standing up by itself, and even his eyebrows all ruffed up. Dad sat on the floor with Laurence, while Emily was nowhere to be seen.

"A pretty mess!" cried Grandfather. "Just down the road a ways," replied Peggy. "What's happened, Grandfather?"

"I wouldn't," demanded the old gentleman. "I was carried up in a commotion as you please and what the little girl did to me I don't know. I'm sure just now you girls wouldn't tell me anything more the next time."

The door from the tiny dining room burst open and Emily rushed in. Down she fell on her knees before angry Grandfather.

"Please forgive me!" she sobbed. "We thought you were a burglar!"

Peggy had seen the little twinkle dancing in Grandfather's eyes the whole time and knew he wasn't really mad, but she went to him and began smoothing him down, both his hair and feelings, while he kept on storming and frowning.

"Anyway, Peg," whispered Emily, "you can't say I'm a coward again! I not only tied up the burglar, but I went and got aid while you just went strutting with old Douglas."

"Well," said Laurence, "I guess I'll have to get some batteries and wire this house so you can phone home when you get scared." When was sweet of him and much appreciated, although Peggy felt it was unnecessary. They'd never be afraid of burglars again.



You'd Better Get Up And Dress

at last. "Forgive me if I've ever been mean or horrid to you."

"Oh, Peggy!" sobbed Emily. "Don't talk like that!"

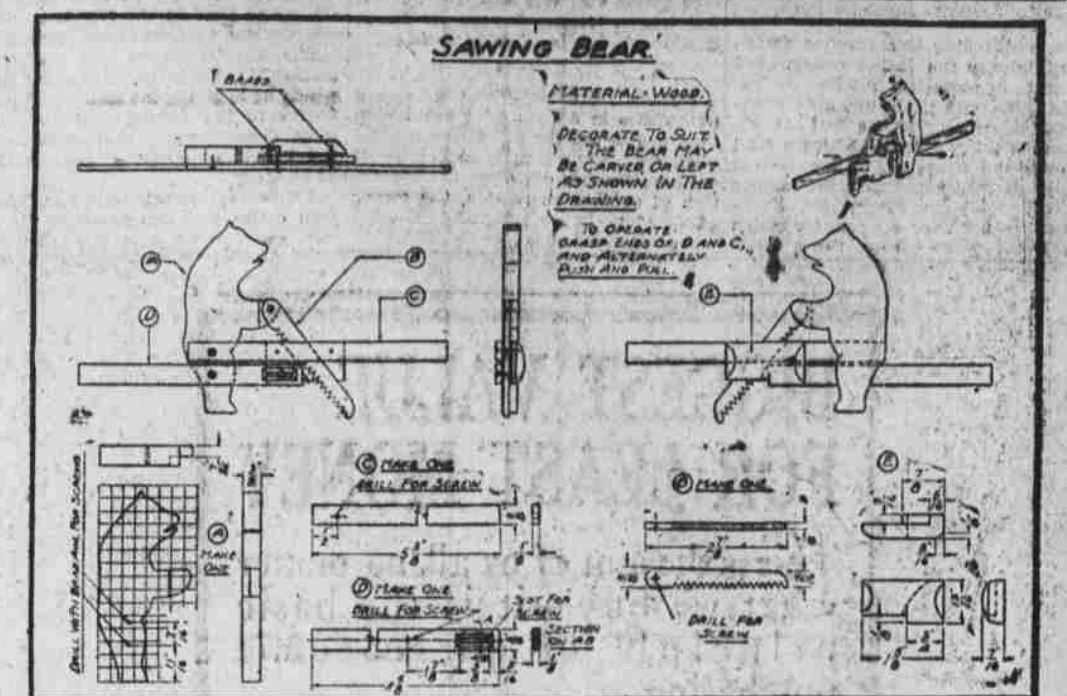
"It may be a last farewell," replied her cousin, solemnly.

They kissed while Emily's tears flowed fast and free. Then Peggy cautiously put her head out of the window and looked around. All was still under the bright moonshine.

mapies, besides she didn't dare look around. It was enough to hear that thump, thump, of feet chasing her. Oh, how she ran!

Every house on the block was dark. On she raced. Every house on the next block was dark. She dared not stop at any of them although she knew all the neighbors, because she realized that she would make some time to answer the doorknocker and meanwhile her purs-

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



SOMETIME ago Joseph Peiz, of Rochester, New York, sent me a drawing of a toy he had picked up some years ago when he was making a trip through Europe. This young man has been reading these columns for sometime and thought all the other people who read them would be interested in the toy in question. It is, therefore, presented today.

The original toy was made by carrying the body of the bear and while this treatment would add a great deal of interest to it, the straight figure may be used just as well. It is the latter that is being used in the accompanying drawing.

It will not be difficult to understand the operation, which is similar to that used in the Fighting Bull Dogs toy. That is, the two pieces C and D are grasped in the fingers and alternately pushed and pulled.

The simplest parts to make are

those just mentioned, so let that part of the construction be the first to be started upon. Only one thing in this connection that may not be exactly clear is the slot on the back part of D. Through this slot a small screw is placed and fastened into E. The principle of this operation will be very clear when the parts are put together. Part B will not be difficult to understand and make. Part E will require more study.

In assembling, study your assembly drawing with care. It will be noted that the body of the bear is fastened to C and D with small screws. The bear with a small screw also. Part C is fastened to E with small brads. Note that one of the brads is placed in front of the saw, thus keeping the latter in place. Part D is fastened to the lower part of E with a small screw, the latter fitting loosely into the slot

No particular decorative treatment is suggested. Use your own initiative in determining this part of the construction. Of course, it is hardly necessary to add that it will be much more attractive if given some kind of attention beyond the bare wood.

I assure that every boy will want to make more than one of these. Remember, too, that it will make a very fine gift for some one around Christmas time.

THE JUNIOR COOK

FRESH WAX BEANS

Break the beans into short lengths, and remove stems.

Wash and drain.

Cover with boiling water and boil till tender. If beans are fresh this will take about 25 minutes.

The water should be nearly boiled away. A little practice will show a careful cook just how much water to use with vegetables; there should be ample to avoid the danger of burning and yet there should be none to throw away, as the water contains valuable minerals the body needs.

Season with 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonful butter.

Pour into a serving dish and serve at once.

SUMMER

HOW fine it is to be alive
When Summer skies are blue
And laughter rings around the world
And joy marks all we do.

For Summer is vacation time
And cares are packed away
With lesson books upon the shelf
For some far distant day.

Vacation time is play time
When all the world seems young
And happy words and laughter
Are found on every tongue.

For old folks all grow young again
And hearts grow light with cheer—
The earth is just a playing-ground
For Summer time is here.

A GARDEN DISCOVERY

Bob and Florence had always lived in an apartment in a big city and they knew very little of country life and fun. Bob, to be sure, had twice visited a chum at his summer home, but the visits were short and he only got what might be called a small taste of out of door life.

Then one day in the very early spring, the children's father came home with a surprise.

"How would you like to move out of the city?" he asked them at dinner. "Out to a place where you could have an attic and a basement and two big porches and a yard?"

"And a chicken house with chickens in it?" cried Bob.

"And a garden with flowers and things to eat in it?" said Florence.

"If you were willing to help take care of them, you could have both chickens and a garden," agreed their father.

"We wouldn't mind work," said Bob stoutly, "and I always wanted to feed things."

"Course we wouldn't mind helping," agreed Florence, "and I want to

eat something I pick myself."

"Now you are in for it!" laughed the children's mother. "Really, you shouldn't start them thinking and talking about such fun, when they can't have and do all those things."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Mr. Darrow. "What do you think of these?" and he spread out on the table a lot of important looking papers.

"Tell 'em to us, Dad," suggested Florence.

So Mr. Darrow explained that the important looking papers said that he had paid for a house and three acres of land and that they—the Darrow family, could move into the house in two weeks.

"I kept it a surprise," he explained, "because I knew you would all love it and I didn't want you to be disappointed if the deal failed to go through. But it's all settled now and we can make plans to move. It's the Walton place out in Willow Grove—only twenty-two miles out from the city and the very house you all admired when we visited out there that

After that there was such a buzz of excited talk that nobody did quite remember who said what. But everybody was happy and making joyous plans and everybody was obtaining over with interesting ideas.

The next two weeks were busy ones. All the clothing and furniture and toys and everything had to be packed for shipping. And in addition to that work, Mr. and Mrs. Darrow found time to take the children down town and select garden tools and make inquiry about chicken houses and supplies.

"I think we can manage that chicken business very well," said Mr. Darrow thoughtfully, "but I think we had better wait, Bob, till the garden is made. I will give you and Florence each a patch of land for your own, and you can cultivate that. And then I will depend on you for a certain amount of help for the general garden. When we get those to going, we'll buy some baby chicks and, if you like, a setting hen—and some cats, and you may go into the chicken business. But don't plan too much for the first year

at chickens, is the boy who takes time to learn and who does everything the right way."

"That suits me, Dad," agreed Bob. "I've been reading those books and I've learned a lot already. But we'll get the garden in first."

"Such fun as it was to move to the country! Of course this wasn't really truly country like on a farm, but the house was on the edge of a tiny village and, so far as the children knew, that was real country life. The furniture went out on a great van and the family and the trunks went by train.

It was a beautiful day—birds singing, spring breezes blowing, trees a mass of bloom and such a sweet, clean smell in the morning air. But there was little time for looking at signs that day, for the van arrived and then there was the bustle and the delightful bustle of getting settled. It's much easier, the Darrows found, to settle things into a house where there is a place for everything, than to move into a tiny flat with a dark store room way down stairs. In the new house, there was a place for everything and

because to spade," said Mr. Darrow, "this ground is mellow and fine and not too heavy. Florence, you can take the hoe and rake and after Bob gets the ground turned, you can help him break it up."

"And she can get a basket and help pick out the stones and rubbish—sticks or anything we find," added Bob. His reading about gardening had already given him some good ideas as to what to do.

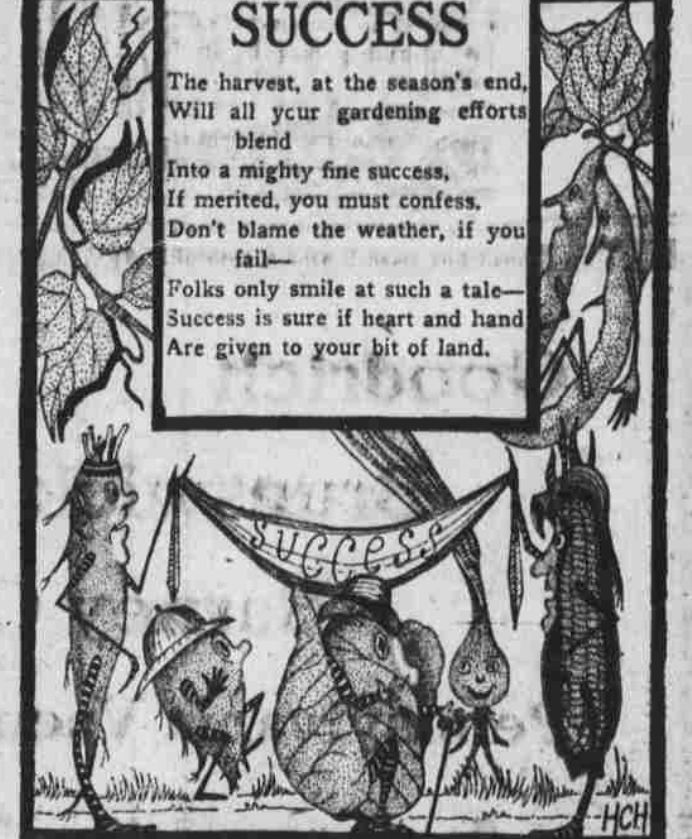
As soon as possible after school the two children hurried out to the garden lot. Bob marked off a certain space and set to work. As soon as the ground was turned, he and Florence began breaking up the clods of earth he had turned over. Then, when that place was all fine and smooth, he marked off another spot and they did that. And as they worked, of course, they talked and planned about all the good things to eat that were to grow there and about what fun it was going to be to pick supper off the garden.

"It'll seem like magic," Florence said happily. "I just know."

"Oh, Bob! Look!" she cried, interrupting herself with a scream of fright, "that's a stone! It's a creature!"

Bob, his hoe half suspended, looked down at his feet.

Sure enough, the clump of what he



SUCCESS

The harvest, at the season's end,
Will all your gardening efforts blend
Into a mighty fine success,
If merited, you must confess,
Don't blame the weather, if you fail—
Folks only smile at such a tale—
Success is sure if heart and hand
Are given to your bit of land.

to show through the earth marks, and then, before the children recovered from their amazement enough to speak again, the little creature gave a few long leaps and was out of sight in the hedge.

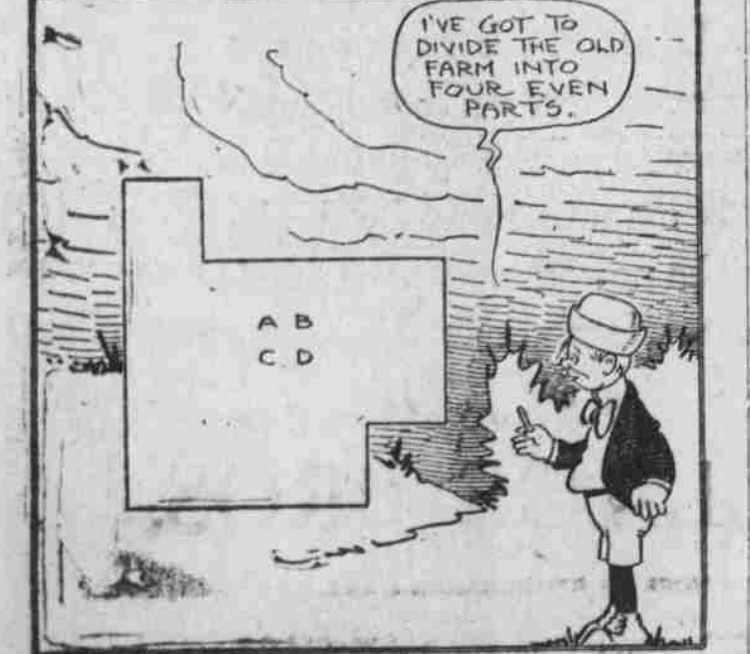
"Now what do you think of that?" demanded Florence. "It came to life. Where was it all the time?"

"'Tid in the ground," said Bob. "We studied frogs this morning in opening exercises, but I never guessed I would see a really one do that! You see, Miss Gilbert read to us out of a book all about frogs. Frogs spend the winter down in the earth—they burrow down in, in the fall. And there they live without food all winter. In the spring they come out—I suppose our digging hurried this fellow a few days but he didn't seem to mind! Then the minute the air touches them, they are lively as ever, they see and feel and move just exactly as they did when they went to sleep last fall!"

"Ogh!" exclaimed Florence, with a little shiver as she looked over to the fence. "That's interesting enough, but I don't want frogs around my garden!"

"You'd better change your mind if you want a good garden," laughed Bob. "Frogs work in the garden as much as we do. They eat larva— young creatures—and they destroy

FARM PUZZLE



Bobbie has been told to divide his daddy's farm in such a way that each of the four brothers A, B, C and D will have exactly the same amount of land and also have shares of the same shape. Can you help him out. When you have divided it properly A will be in his cart, B in his, etc.

Fuzzle Corner

- FRACTIONAL "MOVIE" STARS
- 2-5 of indecision.
 - 2-6 of a quality.
 - 2-3 of a flower.
 - 2-3 of a fairy.
 - 2-3 of anger.
 - 2-8 of a musical instrument.
 - 1-6 of one of the U. S. A.
 - 1-2 of a European country.
- 2-8 of victory.
- 2-5 of a bird.
- 2-7 of a fish.
- 1-5 of a girl's name.
- 2-4 of a narrative.
- 2-4 of a military officer.
- 1-1 of a fruit.
- 2-7 of one of the U. S. A.
- DIAMOND
- My first is in both.
My second is anger.
My third is full of courage.
My fourth enjoyed Paradise.
My fifth is in Haven.
- ANSWERS
- FRACTIONAL MOVIE STARS
1. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. Doubtfully after the war in Spain.
2. CONSTANCE TALMADGE. Conquest—Stork—Anchor—Edith—Tale—Major—Dunson—Georgia.
- DIAMOND
- B
I
R
A
V
E



Bob, His Hoe Half Suspended, Looked Down At His Feet

in an amazingly short time, everything was in its place.

"Now," said Mr. Darrow, the next morning, "things look like home in here, suppose we take a look at where the garden is to be before I leave for work. Then after school this afternoon, you two gardeners can begin digging."

So they went out to the garden plot and planned that the family garden should be here and Bob's garden there and Florence's garden in a pretty spot near the fence.

"I think you, Bob, are plenty big