

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

A Suitable Target

ZOOKS!" exclaimed young George Tighman. "I wish I had a gun—rather a cannon!"

His friend and companion was a covered lad of about his own age, answering to the name of Honest, and he with a grin remarked: "One cannon ain't do you no good."

George clenched his fists and would have stood up in his small boat if Honest had not restrained him by a touch on his arm. "Devil see you-all, Marse George," he whispered.

As it was, the boys were barely hidden by the rather scant foliage of the ree along the water's edge and were not for the fall water-grass and bushes, they would have been spotted from the decks of the warships sailing so grandly up the Bay. Suddenly George cried in a voice excited but hushed: "Look, Honest, look!"

One of the ships with glittering masts and two jibs spread had begun to fetch around as if she meant to change her course.

"Devil see us!" gasped Honest.

So it appeared, for the vessel came sailing slowly towards them.

George grasped an oar and paddled nimbly into the water weeds until he could feel the bottom. They knew that coast well. Then both of them poled their way along a channel hidden by the grasses, where there was just enough water to float their boat. After they had poled a little way they must needs stop and peer into the Bay

to see what else was happening.

"If they mean to chase us they would man a pinnace," observed George.

"Or shoot out a cannon ball," said Honest. "Devil see you-all, Marse George."

Both of them crouched breathlessly in the boat watching. On came the vessel and now they could plainly see the guns mounted on her two decks and the red coats clustered on board. Someone was leaning over the side making soundings as they came on slowly.

"They're going to anchor. Look!" said George.

"Devil's gwine to stop dere in Hunter's Cove," Honest opined.

And right he was. The stately vessel came slowly on. In Hunter's Cove the water was deep enough to make her a snug harbor. How did she find out? Some British sympathizer must be on board. And why was she stopping there? The boys asked themselves and each other that question a dozen times, until they could not bear to go on about their business leaving it unsolved. A risky undertaking, but George was determined to shove closer to the ship and the faithful Honest, more friend than slave, never thought of deserting.

So softly did they approach that not one of the British dreamed that anyone was within hailing distance. It was Honest, born in an African jungle,

INDEPENDENCE DAY THOUGHT



who first detected a cautious spish and whispered: "Hold dere, Marse George, dey's landin'!"

Ducks crouched the boys in the boat with hearts aflutter. They soon caught the murmur of voices and the sound of oars. Soon a small, narrow, wooden coracle came into view and in it three men. They were all officers, the boys noted from their uniforms.

"Could we but land on the other side," said one in a distinct voice, "it might not be so sorry."

"But that would fetch us a long course around," said a second voice. "According to our young friend, the village lies yonder in that direction on an inlet."

"Near enough for our eighteen-pounders to reach?" inquired a third voice.

"Easily, I should say," was the answer. "I was told that it was just beyond the bend here."

"Then we'll keep our man-o'-war-men for nobler prey," said the one who had spoken last. "Our jolly eighteen-pounders shall carry our warning to the rebels. Only wait until night fall and we'll easily find the target when the lights are lit in the village."

"A bit of target practice, eh?" and they all laughed.

There was some further talk from which the eaves-droppers learned that these men belonged to the transport fleet of General Howe bound for Philadelphia, and that their present

purpose was to put the fear of God and the British Navy into the hearts of all disloyal colonists by shelling and razing some of the towns and villages on their way up the Chesapeake Bay.

After the coracle and officers had moved off the boys turned frightened faces to each other.

"We must take a warning at once!" said George.

"But, Honest replied, "dey's a kind o' nervous feller 'aroun'-abouts and dey's all anading dere lights, so mebbe oo eighteen-pounders don't find no target tonight."

This was very true, and although his companion had not said anything, George knew as well as he did that they could not get back in their boat without being seen, for already the tide was ebbing, leaving them almost grounded, and in order to get back by water they would have to push out into the Bay where they would be in plain sight. To return to the village by land meant a long way round, as the Britisher had said, for the shore curved doubly.

"We'd be getting home just in time to spread the alarm," said George.

"I thought do it in a hour," Honest said.

George looked at the setting sun and another thought came to him.

"If the Britishers don't see the lights they might send a raiding party ashore!" he exclaimed.

"Shore nuff!" said Honest.

"Hal!" cried George in a low voice. "I have it! Here are two lanterns in this boat and we might borrow a few more at Mr. Carter's summer place. The family isn't there but they would not begrudge us. Then let's go to the woods beyond the quick-sand duck beach and at night fall the British shall have a target."

Such was the idea and both boys hurried feverishly to carry it out. Bare-legged, they waded through the swamp and followed the inlet to the Carter's empty house. There they found what they were after—couch lanterns, stable lanterns; and laden with these they staggered as best they could to the woods. There on the point of land putting out, conspicuously adorned by tall pines, the boys hung the lighted lanterns in the boughs. It was already almost dark and they lost no time getting away from there.

Just as they reached the village, two miles from the spot, the fireworks commenced. Bang! Gr-r-r-r! Puff! Bing! Out ran the startled villagers. Then along came two tired boys and explained that the British were at target practice.

Well might the two young adventurers have been made mad, for it was by such a spirit and such deeds that liberty was won and the Star-Spangled Banner still floats over the proud State of Maryland and the rest of the Union.

A FOURTH OF JULY PARTY

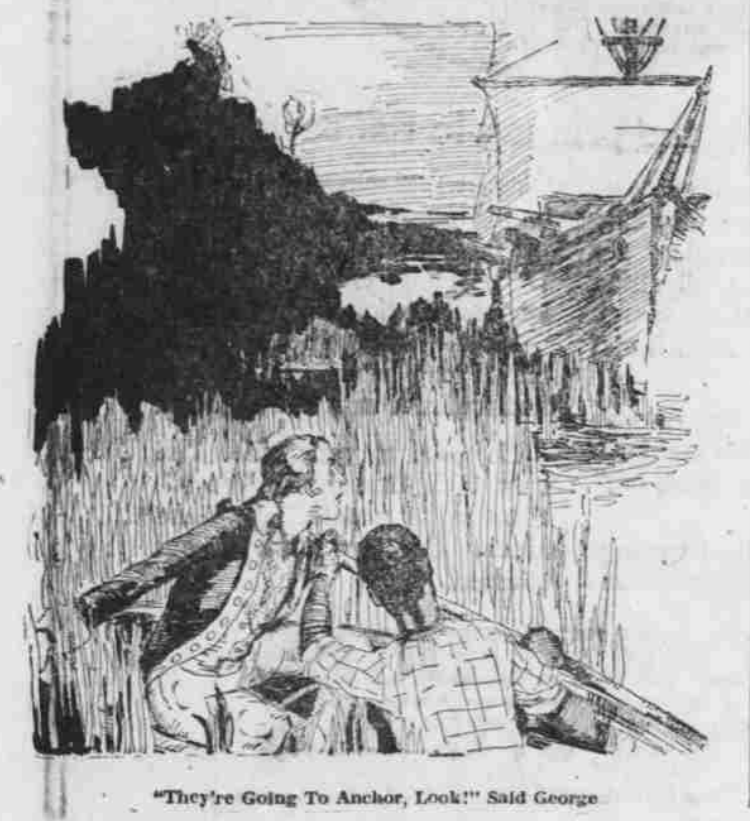
Of course, Tillie had to have a Fourth of July party. She had a Fourth of July party every year, because she had been a little Fourth of July baby, and having a party is always the best way to celebrate one's birthday. But this year, the party had to be something "special extra," because it was to be given in celebration of her tenth birthday.

Tillie wondered what the party would be like, but as usual mother kept all the details a secret, and it was not until all the guests were assembled that mother disclosed her secret.

To begin with the invitations had been written in white ink on red cardboard fire-crackers and that gave a Fourth of July air to the whole affair. Before the party mother had taken a box full of small blank cards. She had divided the cards into three packs; on the cards of one pack she had pasted in the center a gilt star; on another pack one narrow strip of red paper and on the third pack one narrow strip of silver paper on each card. The silver was to represent the white in our flag. The children sat on the lawn in a circle and mother dealt the cards, one at a time to each player until they were all used up. Then the girls and boys looked at their cards to see how many flags they could

THE BUNNY

None knows the pleasures of the game Of gard'ning, if he cannot blame The nightly thefts on Bunny small, Who lives beneath the garden wall. To see him scamper off in fright, His cotton-tail, so soft and white, Held high in air, should bring the smile That helps along our work the while. And for Ber' Rabbit who has not Within his heart a tender spot?



"They're Going To Anchor, Look!" Said George

The RUNAWAY RABBITS

THE first day of vacation was warm and sunny and Esther took her two favorite dolls and went out into the far garden. This was the place she liked best to play, because it was so far away from the house that one almost seemed to be away on a visit. Also because Esther liked the smell of the fresh earth and the feeling of a garden near her. Something always seems to be happening in a garden—something blooms or is ripe ready to pick or is interesting to look at—because it has grown so rapidly—there is always something to see.

This particular morning Esther noticed that the gardener had been cutting the grass on the lawn around the house.

"Wonder where he put it all," she thought, as she stepped over the fresh cut grass. "I hope he got a lot, because it was so long yesterday."

She had not time to wonder, for when she reached the far end of the yard, there at the edge of the garden, were three great piles of greenness—each smelling and pretty. They seemed just made for a little girl to play on!

"It's a good thing I put on this 'last year's dress," laughed Esther to herself, "because then I don't need to worry about grass stain. I can just play on those piles all I want to!"

She set her dolls to state on one pile and then plunked herself down on the middle of the top of the other.

"Light! I like that!" she said happily as she sank down down down in the soft greenness. Then she played that the pile was a throne and that the biggest doll was a queen and the other doll was her lady in waiting. That meant, of course, moving a clover crown and a clover train for each doll, and a rope of clovers to mark the way the queen should walk. Esther loved making clover things and as her swift fingers worked the morning slipped by without her realizing it all that the sun was getting hotter and hotter.

"Now I'll take some of the grass from that other pile," said Esther, thoughtfully, and make a little throne beside this one, so the lady in waiting may sit near, but not beside the queen."

She picked up a great handful of

grass from the middle pile—and what do you suppose she saw?

Snuggled down on the ground, half covered still by the grass Esther had not disturbed, were four, tiny, tiny white rabbits! If those little creatures had jumped up and danced a ring around a rose about her, Esther could not have been more amazed! Rabbits, four of them, lying in her pile of grass!

For a second the little creatures blinked at the bright, hot sunshine, then they burrowed their tiny pink noses in the grass. Bright sunshine, little girls and the big world around were too much for them.

Esther stood for a moment looking dazedly at them, and then she did the very best thing she could do—she dropped the pile of grass she had picked up and covered them right.

"I wouldn't think they would want to stay under all that stuff," she said to herself, "but if they do, I'll let them. Now I wonder where their mother is, and how they got there?"

Dolls and queens and thrones were forgotten. Esther knew the rabbits couldn't have been there long, for the

The KITE

gardener had put the piles of grass there only that early morning. Where did the rabbits belong and how did they get there?

She wasn't in doubt very long.

From across the garden came a voice saying, "Esther! Esther! Bobby's coming over to see if you can help him find his rabbits. They've run away!"

Bobby was the little boy who lived next door.

"They're here!" shouted Esther in reply. "They're all here! I'm keeping 'em for you, I am."

Bobby and his big sister who had all of a come running in a jiffy and

Summer winds, my kite I fling
Where your voices shrilly ring:
Up above the tallest tree!
Take it, make it mount on high
Farther than the sharpest eye
Well its swaying form can see!

Pull the string with all your might!
I have got it good and tight,
And my arm is very strong.
Tug away! My kite shall sail
Higher as it flauts its tail
Like a serpent, lithe and long!

Summer winds, the tumbling clouds
Fly before your breath in crowds,
And my kite shall follow them—
Dipping, darting, onward fanned,
Till they reach that wondrous land—
Land of gold and fairy gem.

But your trumpet-laden blast
In that land could never last,
Where the rainbow-fairies reign.
See, my kite has caught the glow!
What it sees I'd like to know—
Hovewing o'er that bright domain.

As my cord so tightly wound
Spins and dances on the ground,
Farther off, my kite, you speed,
Flourishing thro' that arch of cloud
Both above my winds so loud.

A NOVEL PARTY

Bobby wanted to give a party game was to see how many of the animals they could guess and as soon as they discovered who it was that was hidden beneath a mask, down on the paper went the name of that child. At the end of five minutes the papers were collected and the child with the longest correct list received a book of animal stories as a prize.

Then the masks were taken off and the children marched into the nursery, which was fixed up like a real ark. Straw on the floor; and hay piled in the corner for the animals to enjoy on their long voyage. And such games! Pin the trunk on the elephant! Hunt the possum! Circus stunts! And then the ark dinner gong sounded and the hungry animals fairly tumbled over themselves to get into the dining room. The place cards were little Noah's Arks and the favors were tiny wooden animals.

Before the guests knew it, it was time to go home, and a sorry crowd they were to leave Ark Land, where they had had such a jolly afternoon.

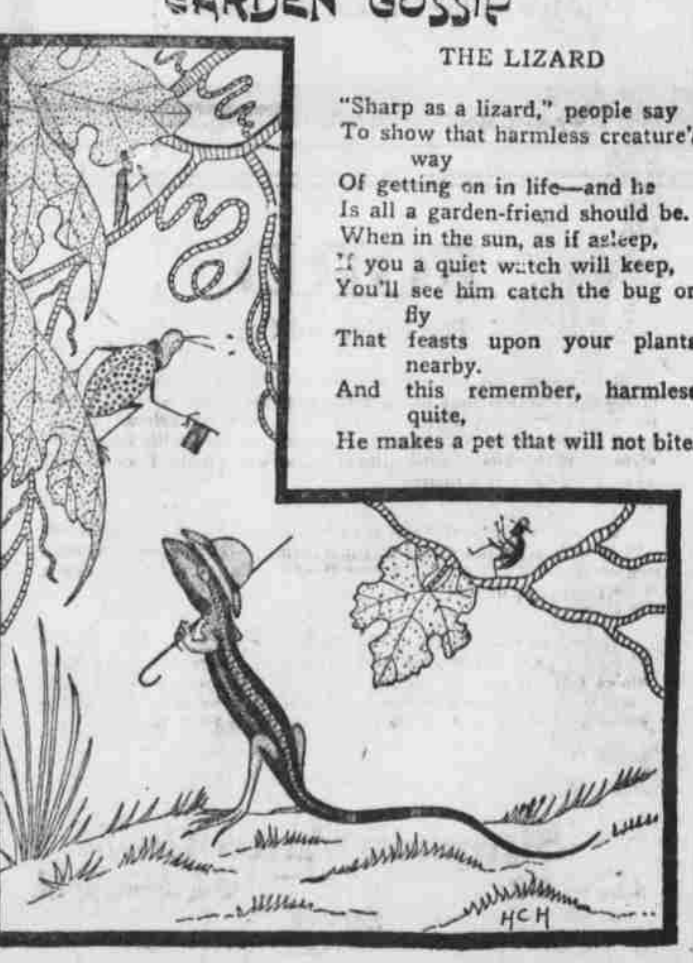
Do you think that party was fun? If you want to know just try it.

When the curious and excited little guests arrived they were shown into so many different rooms as possible and after their hats and coats had been removed each child was given a mask representing some animal. Thus disguised they trooped down stairs where Bobby dressed like Mr. Noah was waiting to greet them. Then each guest was given a pencil and a piece of paper and the fun began. The

GARDEN GOSSIP

The lizard

"Sharp as a lizard," people say
To show that harmless creature's way
Of getting on in life—and he
Is all a garden-friend should be.
When in the sun, as if asleep,
If you a quiet watch will keep,
You'll see him catch the bug or fly
That feasts upon your plants nearby.
And this remember, harmless quite,
He makes a pet that will not bite.



Puzzle Corner

A PROVERB

BY WALTER WELLMAN

There are four entrances to the maze, but you will find that only one path reaches the center. Find this path. You will see letters scattered along the path. The letters along the path which leads to the center spell a well known proverb. What is it?

BIRD INITIAL STATES

- Arrange six birds on under the other so that their initials give the name of one of the Pacific States.
- Arrange seven birds one under the other so that their initials give the name of a Southern State.
- Arrange nine birds one under the other so that their initials give the name of one of the Northern States.

WORD SQUARES

My first is what you are doing now.
My second is a lake in North America.
My third means trouble.
My fourth is used to work upon.

My first sings sweet songs.
My second is a thought.
My third is a tear.
My fourth is a fruit.

ANSWERS

BIRD INITIAL STATES

O-racle.	F-inch.	W-roa.
R-aven.	L-ancel.	I-bis.
E-owl.	G-owl.	S-purrow.
G-oose.	K-ook.	C-rook.
G-oshawk.	J-ack.	C-uck.
N-ighthawk.	D-ove.	N-ighthawk.
	A-ngel.	S-wallow.
	I-bis.	
	N-ighthawk.	

WORD SQUARES

READ	BIRD
ERIE	IDEA
ACT	RENT
DESK	DATE

A PROVERB—Upper left hand corner entrance, Seeing is Believing.