

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

DOROTHY'S DARLINGS

Of course, I've missed you like anything, Louis, but I've had consolations," said Dorothy.

"Consolations, eh?" replied her brother, looking puzzled. "I suppose by that you mean Margaret Jones or somebody like that came on a visit."

"Guess again," retorted Dorothy.

"Well, somebody came," said Louis. "Nothing else would console you much, you're so soluble. You mope the minute you're alone. Now, fess up. Somebody came, didn't they?"

"Yes," admitted Dorothy.

"When did they leave?" asked her brother.

"They didn't leave," replied Dorothy.

The six settled around their portion of apple and began sucking away at it while the shiny black one chose the other piece of apple.

"You see," explained their proud mistress, "I've marked some of them so I could tell them from the others. That fat one with the straight mark is Louis, your namesake."

"Humph," granted the brother, but he was interested in spite of himself.

"Which one is Dorothy?"

"None of 'em," replied the girl. "I've decided that they're all gentlemen because they sing."

"Don't lady crickets sing?" inquired Louis. "And how do you know any way?"

"Well, it was like this," said Dorothy.



"Here They Come!" She Called In Triumph

Louis looked all about him. The perch was empty except for Grandmama who had always lived with them, the lawn was neat and inviting but it as well as the house inside was quite devoid of company.

"I guess you're kidding me," he said, "and if so you'd better quit or I won't give you the nice present I got you while I was in Hampden."

"No, honest I'm not kidding," replied Dorothy. "Follow me and I'll show them to you."

Louis followed with a very doubtful look on his face as his sister went around to the back of the house and stopped at the kitchen door.

"Humph, some kind of a pet?" thought Louis.

"Wait," said his guide. "I'll have to get an apple."

She stepped briskly into the house and brought out an apple and a knife. Then she sat down on the back step and cut up the fruit, one-quarter she laid on one end of the last step which was of stone, and the other quarter she laid on the other end. After that she gave Louis the third quarter and began on the last one herself.

"Here they come! Here they come!" she cried in triumph.

Louis followed her gaze and saw some waxy feelers protruding from a crevice under the stone step. After a little hesitation the feelers came out followed by a head and a black shiny body.

"A cricket, b'gosh!" exclaimed Louis, scornfully.

"That's the one that walks by himself," explained Dorothy. "I found him up at the Monument one day when I walked over there with Mother and I brought him home to be with the others, but he won't associate with them. He looks different, too. It makes him proud so I have to feed him by myself. Oh, look! Here come the others."

Feelers appeared at the other end of the stone and soon six dusty black crickets came filing out. Three of them had white marks on their backs.

"After you went away I began being very lonesome and one day I was sitting here feeling blue when a little cricket came and hopped right on my foot, and then up on my dress, and then on my hand, and began eating my apple which I'd brought out to comfort me. It ate and ate, then I looked down and saw several more looking around sort of hungry-ish, so

"They have ears in their legs— honest infant—and they sing with their wing covers," was the reply.

They watched the little insects drink the apple juice, then they went in and lit a little fire in the open fireplace and came out again to find Mother, but that shy fellow had retired into his hole. This did not seem to bother Dorothy who went and got a piece of

I put down my apple and let them have it. After that I fed them every day, and they're just as tame as cats, and the big black one I brought from the Monument, his name is Monnie, likes to sit on the hearth when the fire is lighted and he chirps too cute for anything."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Louis. "They are cute little critters."

"Yes, but very weak in the legs," Dorothy sighed. "I picked one up over there, see big? He's crippled, and I've named him Hippy-hop."

"What'd call the others?"

"Oh, there's Bob and Herman with white marks on them and those two little ones are Lightfoot and Sam."

"What are you going to do with them?" Louis wanted to know.

"Just keep them for pets," answered his sister. "I've been reading a lot about them and I'm worried about poor Hippy-hop 'cause now that he's lost one leg he may be hard of hearing."

"Why?" asked Louis.

"No, he's just finding himself a nice hole or crack to sit in then he'll forget that it's cold weather and sing as a little song—aj-ton."

They sat still a while and pretty soon they heard a cee-cree-creek! and Dorothy cried in triumph: "There! isn't that pretty?"

"Sax!" cried Louis. "I have an idea. Let's raise these crickets and sell 'em. A cricket on the hearth is good luck, and people ought to be glad to have a 'trained cricket' to sing to them."

"I wouldn't sell dear old Monnie and he's the only house cricket, and the others are field crickets, and don't like it indoors so much," replied Dorothy.

"Well, let's get a few more for our own fun," cried Louis, snatching up his hat. "I'll go right over to the Monument and find me a cricket. Whereabouts did you find Monnie? I think I'd like to have one of my own."

Dorothy squeezed her brother's arm and made a queer answer to his question. She said: "Oh, Louis, it's awful nice to have you back and I do like you better than crickets!"

The Monthly Birthday Book
AUGUST

- 1, 1791. George Ticknor, historian.
- 2, 1769. Pope Leo XII.
- 3, 1892. John Henley, orator.
- 4, 1892. Percy Smyly, poet.
- 5, 1850. Guy de Maupassant, author.
- 6, 1809. Alfred Lord Tennyson, poet.
- 7, 1782. General Nathaniel Greene.
- 8, 1861. Dominic Bandiera, jurist.
- 9, 1674. John Dryden, poet.
- 10, 1870. Cavour, Italian statesman.
- 11, 1827. President Carnot of France.
- 12, 1774. Robert Southey, poet.
- 13, 1743. Antoine-Laurent Lavoisier, chemist.
- 14, 1860. Ernest Thompson Seton, writer of animal tales.
- 15, 1769. Napoleon Bonaparte.
- 16, 1679. Catherine Cockburn, dramatist.
- 17, 1834. Beethoven, composer.
- 18, 1830. Francis Joseph, late Emperor of Austria.
- 19, 1868. James Nasmyth, engineer.
- 20, 1833. Pres. Benjamin Harrison.
- 21, 1725. Grouze, painter.
- 22, 1817. John B. Gough, temperance orator.
- 23, 1854. Moszkowski, composer.
- 24, 1810. Theodore Parker.
- 25, 1829. Bret Harte, author.
- 26, 1819. Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria.
- 27, 1795. William Woollett, engraver.
- 28, 1749. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, poet.
- 29, 1869. Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet and author.
- 30, 1743. Archdeacon William Paley, theologian.
- 31, 1823. Gustav Carl Richter, painter.

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.
By FRANK I. SOLAR
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SMALL SHOVEL.

MATERIALS:
A WOOD
B GALVANIZED IRON

CUT ON SOLID LINES
DOTTED LINES

These materials necessary for the shovel will not be hard to secure. The drawing shows a handle made of round stock, but if this is not available, a piece of square stock may be used, in which case, however, the corners should be rounded as well as possible with a jack knife. It will be noticed, also, that the cross piece at the end of the handle sets into the latter slightly. It is not necessary that it be made in this manner, though the finished piece looks better this way. If desired, the cross piece may be fastened without especially forming either piece to obtain a fit.

The making of the part B will be the hardest part of the problem. This should be made of heavy galvanized iron for the best results. The pattern is shown in the lower right hand corner. Get out the stock first to the overall dimensions, then mark out the patterns according to the measurements shown. Note particularly the full and the dotted lines. The cutting is to be done on the full lines, being careful not to go beyond the points indicated. The patterns should then be bent along the lines shown dotted. Following these directions we note that the outside strip X of one-half inch is to be folded up at right angles to the bottom, as is also the small half

inch strip Y between the outside strip and the part that is fastened to the handle. Strip Y should be bent first, then X, the small half inch section at the end of the latter strip, then being bent to fit against Y. Solder these corners, for it will be noted that there are two operations like the one just described, one on each side. If you have followed the directions carefully, you will have a shovel measuring four inches wide by five and a half inches long, with a strip in the middle at one end measuring one and a half inches long by one and five-

eighths inches wide. This latter strip is to be bent to shape and fastened to the handle. Note the drawings carefully regarding this. Use brads for fastening the handle to the metal part, letting the brads extend through on one side and then riveting them. It will, of course, be necessary to punch holes in the metal to receive the brads, the size depending upon the brads used.

The result of your work should be the production of a very useful little tool for the work it is designed to perform.

THE JUNIOR COOK

PICNIC CHOCOLATE CAKE

Put into a mixing bowl,
4 rounded teaspoonfuls of cocoa
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 egg
1 cupful granulated sugar
1 tablespoonful butter or butter substitute

Beat together till creamy.
Dissolve 1/2 teaspoonful soda in 1 cupful sour cream.
Add to the former mixture.
Sift 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder with 2 cups flour.
Beat into the cake mixture.
Bake in hot oven for five minutes.

then lower the heat so cake can cook in very slow oven. Chocolate will scorch easily. If the cake is baked in two thin layers, it will need about 25 minutes. If in one layer, a little longer. Test by tapping the top with the finger, if cake is done there will be no mark left.
Ice with white icing made by beating together:
1 1/2 cupful confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoonful butter
4 teaspoonful vanilla
Cream to make a smooth paste just soft enough to spread.
This is a very easy cake to bake and is delicious for a picnic.

Do You Know

- What general had three horses shot from under him? Fitzhugh Lee.
- What naval hero in his first battle conquered the British Navy? Captain Perry.
- What General sold his honor for money? Benedict Arnold.
- Who was known as the silver tongued orator? James G. Blaine.
- What military man was a midshipman at the age of 11 years? David Farragut.
- What great statesman began his education under his father's instruction in his own home? Patrick Henry.
- What American graduated from Princeton while his father was President of the college? Aaron Burr.
- Who after he left the Presidential chair was in Congress 17 years? J. Q. Adams.
- Who delivered the memorial address on Washington before Congress? Richard Henry Lee.
- What two Presidents of the United States died on July 4th? Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.

IN THE LISTENING POST

"Now tell us another!" explained the children as they sat around the dinner table and eagerly begged for more—and more stories. "Tell us another!"

Now lots of boys and girls have uncles and cousins and brothers who want to war. But not all those boys and girls hear stories from the exciting days overseas, because most of the soldiers don't like to talk more than they have to about those days.

But Ned's big brother was different. Perhaps because he had been such a long time getting home and the hard part of the war wasn't talked about so much. For after the war ended, John, that was Ned's big brother's name, went to work over in France and only a few days ago, much more than two years after his friends and mates had come home, did he come back to the family circle.

And of stories, he had plenty, sad and sober and funny, or so it seemed. The children kept him busy telling about the days he spent in France. Every meal time they wanted more and more real time more, till their

mother put a stop to bed time war stories and set a limit of two for each dinner. Perhaps you might think that even John might run out of stories at that rate, but it wouldn't have mattered if he did, for the children liked to hear them over again almost as well as they liked a new one.

On this particular evening, John sat very still for a minute and then he



I Listened Again And Again I Heard It

said thoughtfully, "Did I tell you about the time I was on listening post duty?"

"No," answered Ted eagerly, "what's a listening post?"

"A listening post was a hole in the ground—sort of a pit, I suppose you would call it," replied John. "And a man would be posted in each pit to listen for sounds from the enemy."

"But how could you hear anything in a pit?" asked Ned, wondering.

"Through a telephone," answered John. There was in the bottom of each post (or pit) a curious looking little instrument—round and flat with a funny little top. And to this were attached wires running into the ground and also rubber-covered wires with ear plates the soldier would put to his ear. The lookout would go down to the pit and then put the ear plates to his ear. Through this, he would hear vibrations in the ground which told him whether enemy troops were advancing and many other things soldiers must know."

"But wasn't it awfully lonesome, staying down in a pit all alone?" asked Ned.

"Lonesome?" exclaimed John. "It's plain to see you never went to war! I should say it was lonesome! But it

didn't make any difference what it was—some fellow had to stay there all the time just the same—that's war! You have to do what you're told whether you like it or not!"

"But you were telling us about a particular time," said Aileen coaxingly. "She was afraid that John would lose track of his story and that would be a pity."

"Oh, yes," laughed John, "this particular time. Well, I was in one post and a chap that had just joined us was in the next. I didn't know him at all as I did the other boys. We had been assigned to midnight duty, which we hated the worst of all."

"Didn't you have any lights?" exclaimed Aileen awfully.

"Oh, a bit of a candle—sometimes," admitted John, "but for my part I hated a candle worse than I did the dark. Crouching there in that tiny pit with a candle glowing right in front of me, I could imagine the worst horrors you ever thought of. No, on the whole I preferred the dark because nobody could see me so well."

"And so this night," coaxed Ned.

"Oh, yes," laughed John, "you folks are awfully afraid of your story! Well, it's not so much of a story after all perhaps. I was sitting, crouched down there in the dark and I heard a tap. Tap, tap, tap-tap. That way, it wasn't marching, I knew that; but why it was, I didn't know. I listened again and again I heard it. Long tap, short tap; I couldn't make a bit of sense to it."

"Finally I thought I'd count," continued John, "so I began counting,

But it was too irregular to mean anything I decided. And pretty soon it stopped."

"I forgot all about it and for an hour all was still as a church mouse."

"Then suddenly I heard the words, 'over set lonesome? Why don't you answer back?'"

"No, I didn't really hear the words, the real words; but those words came to me. And then that tapping began again. I got really bothered. Then suddenly, just like a flash I knew that it was. Of course! Stupid! Why hadn't I thought of it!"

"The chap in the next listening post knew the Morse telegraph code and, hoping that I would know it too, he was tapping lightly on his listening phone a conversation to me."

"But how did you know the letters, John?" asked Ted. "You never were a telegrapher."

"Right you are son, I never was," agreed John. "But one summer when I was a kid I learned the Morse code, and I never used it till that night. That was why I was so slow 'getting on' to what he was doing."

"And after that did you and the other soldier talk back and forth all the time?" asked Aileen.

"We did not," laughed John, "we'd have been thrown in jail if we had! No, those wires were for more important business and we knew enough to let them alone. But once in a while, when the night was very dark and when we were very lonesome, we would say a sentence back and forth."

"Well," said Ted with a big sigh as John went off to read, "I didn't know what I could do this summer, but now I know. I'm going to learn that Morse code so if ever there's another war or anything like that, I'll know how to send messages too."

PUSSY

We love little Pussy,
She has quite a charm;
But her murderous talons
Do a great deal of harm.

The garden will seldom
Ring sweet with the sound
Of Redbird and Robin
With Pussy round.

The bird in the nest
Is the thing she likes best.

HCH

Puzzle Corner

WHAT'S IT?
BY WALTER WELLMAN

Starting with the left hand entrance to square No. 1, draw a very heavy black straight line to the nearest entrance to No. 2. From the other entrance to No. 2, draw a heavy straight line to the nearest entrance to No. 3 and so on until you have reached and passed through No. 9. Then draw a heavy line to the right hand entrance to No. 4. See what you have.

ALFRED TENNYSON Born August 6, 1809

ALFRED TENNYSON was born at Somersby Rectory, in Lincolnshire on the 6th of August, in 1809. His father was a man of liberal literary taste and he undertook to give Alfred his early literary education. Alfred had five brothers and they were all brought up in a "bookish atmosphere," and encouraged to set their thoughts down upon paper. Both his elder brothers, for he was the third son, prospect verses of some little merit and Alfred determined to follow in their footsteps. Two years before he went to college he and his brother Charles united their efforts in the publication of some verses. The little book which has since become very valuable was published under the title "Poems by Two Brothers." Alfred was but sixteen years of age at this time but his verse venturings in literature whittled his slender literary work and his "old" seldom idle after that. "Two years later he was awarded a medal for a poem written while at college and two years after that, when he was but twenty years of age he published his first independent volume of poems. This book did not meet with the praise for which the young poet had hoped so for the next two years he strove to write verses which would appeal to the public. This collection, however, shared the cold reception of the first volume and the young poet was so discouraged that for nine years he could not find the heart to publish his works for fear his own judgment of his poems which proclaimed them good may have been false.

It is strange that these very verses which the critics passed so coldly by have since become the examples of the finest and most beautiful type of English verse. Tennyson's was a soul stirred by music and his poems express the beauty and glamor and mystery of romance. The verses are so lyrical; many of them almost sing themselves as we read them, and it is

small wonder that when at the end of nine years' unceasing labor Tennyson, with courage and hope revived, published two more volumes the critics and the public acclaimed him "England's new king of poets." He was appointed Poet Laureate of England, and that same year at the age of forty he married. His life was not without its early struggles, but once success came his way his future happiness was assured. He settled after his marriage in a beautiful country estate and spent his days weaving musical words together to form beautiful verses. He was elevated to the peerage as Baron Tennyson, of Freshwater, and Aldworth, the counties in which he lived, and he ruled the literary world of his day as an undepicted monarch of verse.

When Lord Tennyson died, in 1892, he was buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, London, and accorded the highest honors that a man may have.

DIAMOND
1/8 of an Asiatic country,
2/3 of a town in N. J.,
2/5 of a town on the Hudson River,
1/3 of one of the British Isles,
2/7 of a lake between U. S. and Canada.
And find a famous English poet.

DIAMOND
My first is in safety first,
My second is sorrow,
My third you are trying to do,
My fourth is a girl's name,
My fifth is in heaven.

ANSWERS
GEOGRAPHICAL POET—Turkey, EN-glewood, NY-ack, S-cotland, ON-tario, TENNYSON.

DIAMOND
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WHAT IS IT? AN ELEPHANT?