

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

DOROTHY'S DARLINGS

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

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

"I've decided that they're all gentlemen because they sing," Dorothy said. "Don't lady crickets sing?" inquired Louis. "And how do you know anything?"



"Here They Come!" She Called In Triumph

Louis looked all about him. The porch was empty except for Grandpa, who had always lived with them, the lawn was neat and inviting but it seemed 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."

I put down my apple and let them have it. After that I fed them every day, and they're just as tame as can be, 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."

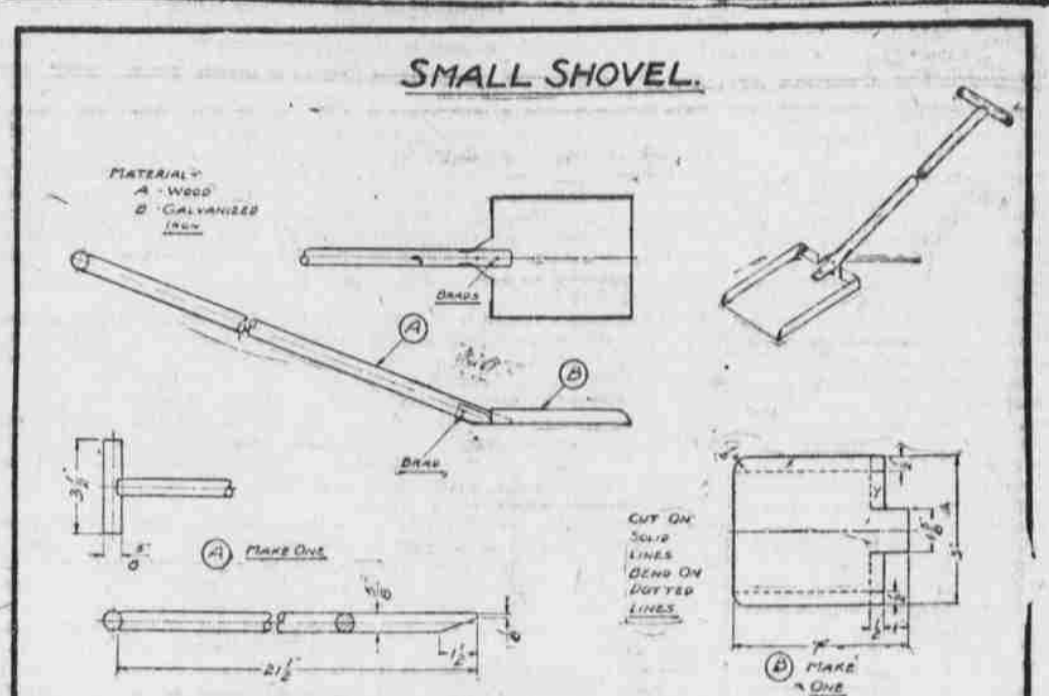
"No, he's just finding himself a nice hole or crack to sit in then he'll forget that it's cold weather and sing as a little song-along."

"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."

The Monthly Birthday Book

- 1, 1791. George Ticknor, historian. 2, 1769. Pope Leo XII. 3, 1692. John Henley, orator. 4, 1802. Percy Bysshe, poet. 5, 1840. Guy de Maupassant, author. 6, 1809. Alfred Lord Tennyson, poet. 7, 1782. General Nathaniel Greene. 8, 1561. Dominic Baudius, jurist. 9, 1674. John Dryden, poet. 10, 1870. Cavour, Italian statesman. 11, 1847. 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, 1839. Francis Joseph, late Emperor of Austria. 19, 1868. James Nasmyth, engineer. 20, 1833. Pres. Benjamin Harrison. 21, 1720. Grouse, 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. Archbishop William Paley, theologian. 31, 1823. Gustav Carl Richter, painter.

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



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 JUNIOR COOK

PICNIC CHOCOLATE CAKE

- Put into a mixing bowl, 4 rounded teaspoonsful 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.

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 success. "Tell us another?"

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 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!"



I Listened Again And Again I Heard It

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.

"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 in the pit and then put the ear plate to his ear. Through this, he could 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

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 and 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.

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.

- GEOGRAPHICAL POET Take: 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 S W O L D E R E V A E

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 was in literature whittled his sister's larger literary work and his own. Alfred 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 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