For the YOUNG PEOPLE

DICK'S HOUSEKEEPING

I WISH I had a house of my own!" exclaimed Dick, as for the sixtieth time (more or less), his mother reminded him to tidy his shoes before walking on the fine rugs. "You just ought to see how I'd do! I'd never keep a thing clean and I'd never have anything to eat except what folks WANTED to eat and—"

"Whether it was good for 'em or not?" questioned Ted, Dick's younger brother, breathlessly. Ted had a great admiration for his bigger brother and he thought no one could plan such brave deeds or thinks up such wonderful plans.

"Whether it was good for them or not," repeated Dick firmly. "It's all foolishness about carrots and oatmeal. When you live in my house you don't have to eat such things Ted. You can have crackerjack and jam every meal."

"Well, I wish you would hurry up and get your house, Dick," cried Ted and Dick laughed good naturedly—he was old enough to know that such talk was mere talk and he didn't give another thought to what he had said.

But Ted took it all very seriously. If Dick could have things so very nice and comfortable, food folks liked and no shoes to clean or chores to do, what a pity not to begin that charming existence at once!

And that very night at the dinner table the idea, big and full grown in a minute, popped into little Ted's head.

"Miss Salsbury is going away tomorrow morning," remarked the children's mother as she ladled the whipped cream over the baked apples and passed them around the table. "Seems a shame to shut up that lovely house for three whole months. Dick, you must remember to keep a watch out and if you see anyone around the place, tell me. I promised her I'd help keep an eye on things for her."

But Ted put his thinking cap on and made a plan. Such a beautiful house! Such a cupboard full of jam (Ted had been there and feasted liberally on many occasions!). Could one find a more ideal place to go to housekeeping? A great big yard with plenty of bushes to make corners and a long hall with beautifully shining floors for sliding.

In the twinkling of an eye his plans were made. He wouldn't say a word to anybody until the house was his. Then he would take Dick to the place and tell him of the wonderful fun.

It would be hard to say just why Ted didn't tell his mother and ask Miss Salsbury for the keys. He was so sure his plan was a good one and yet something seemed at the same time, to tell him that grown folks wouldn't understand—grown folks are queer sometimes, you know; at least that is what some folks think.

So he went to bed without saying a word to a soul about his plan; he dreamed all night of the fun they would have and he wakened early to head full of bright ideas about the new scheme.

He waited fully fifteen minutes after he heard the sound of the automobile taking Miss Salsbury to the station; then slipping through the hedge that separated his own home from his neighbor's big yard, he crept up toward the house.

Just how to get into the house was something Ted hadn't thought about; in his plans he had always thrown the door wide open. But this door was locked right and, if the fun must be told, didn't love the idea of inviting.

"Why she didn't leave it open for me," he said to himself. "How isn't that funny. And I know she'd like to have me come in—she always does. I guess I can find a way. I know I can open one window. She always has things—she's so forty on them. She wouldn't mind if I borrow a few jars of jam—out of glasses—she won't even miss them."

Now Ted knew a good boy as you are thinking by this paragraph he was. Of course he never would do an evil thing. He would walk miles out of his way to avoid meeting a dog that looks like he might bite him. But lots of times he'd have to do some of the things they really have to do and still be good and all very nice and right and it is sure that Ted never, never, never in the wide world ever thought of breaking into a house like a thief. The trouble was that he had thought so hard about getting house keeping and he hadn't talked about it with anybody but even one person, or he would have talked up to his mind and thought he might do as he felt sure they would say that he might not be. Perhaps that way. Ted's parents wouldn't turn to his mother never, never.

So he stood in the house just like they said and took possession. Somehow the big long hall seemed fearfully welcome and Ted decided that he would get back at once instead of having a day's fun and by doing it. So back it was retracing and took down at home every nothing he supposed and the back door, which was easy enough to open from the house and was through the hedge to get his mother.

"I've got into Miss Salsbury's house!" exclaimed Dick in utter amazement when Ted whispered the invitation. "Why Ted, Graham! Don't you know you'll get put in jail if you go into another person's house?"

"Well," said Ted, practically, "you know we won't right now and anyway, you come see what fun it is."

Now Dick hadn't any more idea of doing anything wrong than you have, but he made the mistake of listening to what Ted said when he was certain sure that what his brother was saying was all wrong. And that means trouble every time.

"Mother told me to keep an eye on things over there," he said half to himself, "so I guess it won't do any harm if I go along with you and see if everything is all right."

So slipping back through the hedge with his little brother, Dick went over to the broken-into house. It was fun—at least a little fun—to slide down the long polished banisters that Miss Salsbury would never let them touch; and it was fun—a great deal of fun—to go into the lovely big jam closet and shut at all the luscious looking jars and glasses and try to decide which one to open. The boys had a feast that day and went home making larger plans for more fun they were to have. The next day baby sister Madge followed them through the hedge and to the back porch of Miss Salsbury's house before they saw her.

"You go back home, Sissy," said Dick firmly. "I'm just a seeing if everything is all right here."

"Aw, let her stay," said generous little Ted, "she won't tell and she loves jam too." So Madge stayed and had a part of the feast.

For three days the children spent most of their play time in the big house. Their busy mother thinking they were in their own play house in the back yard, never suspected they were doing anything they shouldn't and they were not discovered. Each day and each hour the three became more and more careless till Dick, as he climbed the step ladder for a certain jar of jam he thought he wanted, stopped a-top to sing a song about a bold, bad pirate and—fell headlong to the pantry floor!

Now it was one thing to plan to keep house all by yourself and its quite another to give your head a terrible smash and have no mother near to look after the bump. Dick was no baby but that was a bad fall and anybody, even a grown-up man, would have wanted help. Ted shouted for his mother and Madge screamed at the top of her lungs and not one of the three of them thought a thing about where they were.

Mrs. Graham heard the noise and following the sounds of distress, she came running straight to the pantry where Dick lay still and bleeding on the floor.

If she guessed what caused the trouble she didn't say so. She took Dick home and made him comfortable. But that afternoon, when the bump was better and Dick was feeling himself again she brought her mending basket out on the porch beside him and said, "Now Dick, tell me all about it." And Dick told. He told everything and he took all the blame like the little gentleman he really-truly was. Then, when he had finished, he said, "Now mother, what can I do about it?"

Mrs. Graham thought quietly a few minutes, then she replied, "You will be well in a day or two, Dick. Do you think that if I went over with you, you could clean up the pantry and polish the stair rail and make everything look exactly as it did when you went there? It would be lots of hard work."

Dick thought he could.

"And then, you know you have several promises to cut grass," continued his mother, "If you take that money, and Ted takes the money from his bank, I think you will just about have enough to pay Miss Salsbury for the jam you ate or opened. "What about it?"

"We'll do it, that's fair," promised Dick. And he did. When he had earned the money, he wrote a letter to Miss Salsbury and sent it, every penny. That's the reason he had no new football that fall as he had planned.

Dick is now a big boy in high school, but if anybody talks about keeping house or doing things without their mother, he tells this story—it's a true one.

Dick Sang A Song About A Bold, Bad Pirate

Junior Cook

CABBAGE AND CARROT SALAD

Wash a head of lettuce, wrap in a cloth and put by the ice at least 2 hours before meal time.

Cook six carrots, scrap, cut in long strips and put in a cold place.

Select a small head of cabbage, wash, dry, cut very thin slices crossways. Be careful to keep slices together, if possible as the whole slice across makes such a pretty salad.

Put the slices of cabbage in a pan of cold water to freshen.

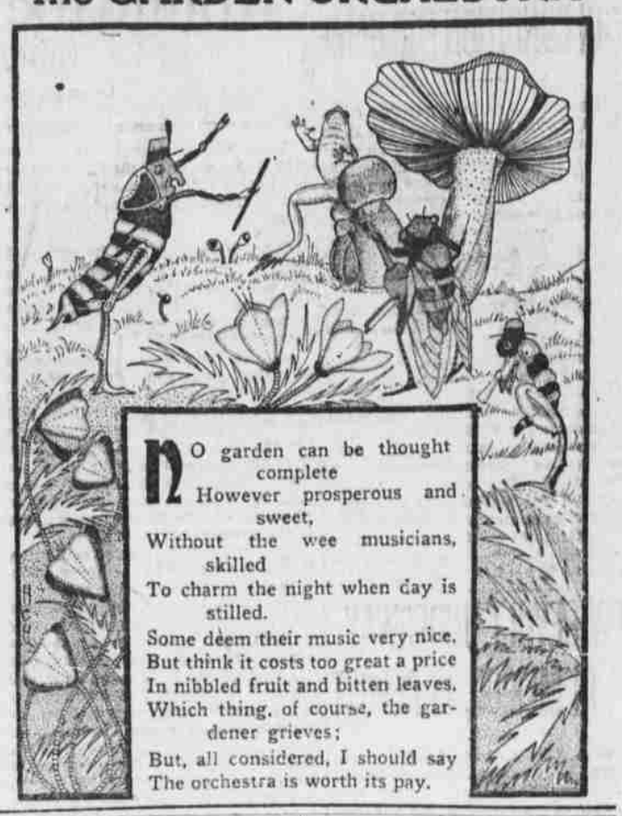
At meal time, drain the water off the cabbage and arrange the slices, one on each individual plate. If the slices of cabbage break up, as often happens, arrange neat, low piles of the shredded cabbage.

On top of the cabbage arrange the strips of carrot radiating out from the center like petals of a flower.

In the very center put a spoonful of mayonnaise, either cooked or fresh will be good.

Serve at once. The beauty of a summer salad makes the meal so appetizing that it pays to take the trouble to make salads very pretty.

The GARDEN ORCHESTRA



No garden can be thought complete
However prosperous and sweet,
Without the wee musicians, skilled
To charm the night when day is stilled.
Some deem their music very nice,
But think it costs too great a price
In nibbled fruit and bitten leaves,
Which thing, of course, the gardener grieves;
But, all considered, I should say
The orchestra is worth its pay.

VAIN BETTY BELL

NOW here's the tale of Betty Bell,
And very sad it is to tell,
Except it points a moral clear
That some might take to heart, my dear!
For Betty gave her parents pain,
To think their child should be so vain!
Quite early in her life began her
Sad putting on of airs and manner.

A picnic one bright sunny day
Made Betty's heart both light and gay.
It was not for the social side,
But that she could display her pride!
Dear little girl, do not forget,
Fine feathers often cause much fret,
And tears that come of Vanity
Are never looked on pityingly!

Her playmates' glances were expressive,
Of how they thought her style excessive,
To go a-picnicing—for laces
And silks aren't made for picnic places,
So when into the woods they went,
What anguished hours poor Betty spent!
Her laces caught in branch and bramble,
In pinching shoes she couldn't ramble!

The others laughed to see her plight,
They knew 'twas vanity and right
Good punishment for Betty's airs
To find her frock in spots and tears.
"Alas!" said Betty, "Now I see,
"How sad a thing is Vanity!
To Mother now I'll give good heedance;
No pleasure comes of disobedience!"

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

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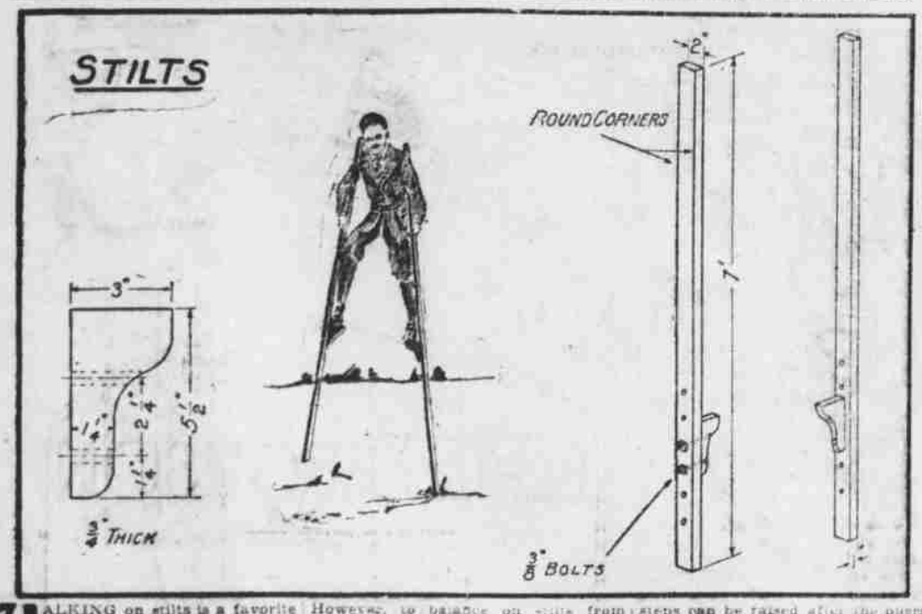

WALKING on stilts is a favorite outdoor amusement for boys. To an observer it appears rather a dangerous kind of sport, but it is not so; because with little practice walking on stilts becomes extremely easy.

Shepherds in the South of France, whose land lies in the desert region use them with perfect freedom and great rapidity; constant habit enables them to preserve their balance so well that they run, jump, stoop and dance with the greatest ease and security. They are by their stilts enabled to see their flocks at a much greater distance, over a perfectly flat country, their feet being protected from water during the winter and the heated sands in summer.

Another form of stilt used by shepherds, not shown in the drawing, is the short stilt having the pole cut off below the knee and strapped to the leg. With this style of stilt they use a long staff, which they carry in their hands; this guards them against an accidental trip, and forms a third leg when they wish to rest. This form of stilt is often used without the pole by the tall man in the circus or on the street for advertising purposes. However, to balance on stilts from three to six feet from the ground requires considerable practice and is a little too difficult for the beginner.

For making the stilts all the information necessary will be found on the drawing. In selecting material for the poles be sure there are no knots in them. A knotty pole might break, causing a serious accident.

Holes are bored in the poles so the steps can be raised after the operator learns to walk at the lower distance. The pole is held under the arm and for this reason it will be well to round the corners.

To walk with the stilts stand on a step or box about the height of the stilt steps, place the poles under the arms and your feet on the stilt steps and you are ready for your first lesson.

DID YOU KNOW?

WHY have all the pictures and statues of saints those funny rings around their heads?" asked Jack, returning from an art exhibition one day.

"Those funny rings are called halos," explained mother, "and they have come to be associated with saints, much as a crown is thought of in connection with a king. In olden times the statues of the Roman emperors were decorated with a circlet of stars about the head. The Roman Emperors who considered themselves the equal of the gods adopted the same form of decoration. In the early days of Christianity, all such form of decoration was carefully avoided, for in no way was the pagan art to be confused or associated with that of the new church. One day, however, someone conceived the idea of putting broad circular brass plates around the heads of statues which were placed out of doors and subject to the seasonal storms and winds. As time went on the original reason for these brass halos was apparently overlooked, for statues placed indoors were similarly adorned. So it was that when pictures of these statues of the saints were painted the brass plate or halo became a permanent form of decoration, that has lasted until this day, though few can explain or tell the reason why."

Weather Signs for the Young Sailor

TED and his father were going sailing, and Ted was anxiously scanning the sky for signs of the next day's weather when his father came out upon the porch.

"So hot!" he said, "my little sailor man would be a weather prophet as well. You have heard the old saying, the most trustworthy sailor is the most weatherwise."

"But how can you tell the weather ahead of time," said Ted, puzzled.

"Ah, that is the trick!" exclaimed father. "To know a squall after it is upon you is nothing, but to recognize it at a distance so you can prepare for it is half the battle won. The only way to know weather signs is to study the weather and remember all changes and their attending conditions, but here are a few old rhymes which if you learn them by heart may help you to know the weather signs when you see them. Here they are:

A blow long foretold will long last.
A blow of short notice is soon past.
When first comes rain and then the wind,
Topsail sheets and halyards mind;
Make all aloft both snug and fast,
In trim to meet the coming blast.

Mackerel skies and mare's tails
Make tall ships carry low sails.
If early morning set in storming
'Tis apt to storm all day;
But a storm at night for lack of light
Is apt to lose its way.
A rainbow in the morning is the sailors' warning;
A rainbow at night, is the sailors' delight.
A blow afternoon will pass away soon.
A blow after night is apt to be slight.
When wind comes before rain
Soon you will make sail again.
With an easterly wind and a sunset clear
That night's weather you need not fear.

"Of course these simple rules may not always be right, but the sailor boy who follows them is apt to come safely into port."

The RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

LONG ago, in the days of ancient Greece, the future was foretold by wisemen at the court of the king. Once a certain king of Thebes was told by a prophet that he was doomed to be killed by his own son. The king was troubled over this announcement, so when a baby boy was born to him he ordered that the child be slain. The hunter whose task it was to kill the infant felt so sorry for the pretty boy that he left him in the woods to die and returned to the court telling the king that he had left the baby dead. The fates looked kindly upon the child, and a woodsman passing by picked up the infant, not knowing of his royal birth, and took him to Corinth, where the child grew up in ignorance of his origin. One day in the service of the King of Corinth Oedipus, for that was the youth's name, met the King of Thebes not knowing who he was—and slew him as a foreign enemy. Thus, all unknowing, Oedipus had made true the word of the prophet, spoken before his birth. But he did not realize that he had slain his father, the King of Thebes. Great was his surprise, therefore, to learn that the King of Thebes was dead and that the crown of that kingdom was offered to any man who could answer the riddle of the Sphinx.

The Sphinx was a strange monster with the face of a woman, and the body and claws of a lioness. She crouched on a hill near Thebes waiting to pounce upon and kill all the men who should pass by, because none of them could answer her riddle. When Oedipus heard of the harm this creature was doing to men he determined to rid the country of the Sphinx, so he went boldly up to the monster and said: "Tell me your riddle."

Then spoke the Sphinx: "There is a wondrous creature and its like is not found on earth, in air or in the water. At first it goes on four legs, then it goes on two legs and in the end it goes on three legs. What is it?"

"It is Man!" cried Oedipus. And in truth! In infancy man crawls on all fours, then he walks on two legs and in old age he leans on a stick as a sort of a third leg. When the riddle was guessed the Sphinx cast herself over the side of the hill and was crushed to pieces on the rocks below. Great was the rejoicing of the people of Thebes as they welcomed Oedipus and crowned him as their king.

One day Oedipus discovered that he was really the son of the man he had killed. The sunshine went out of his life and he was haunted by the awfulness of the crime he had committed. He gave up his throne and wandered blindly about the country, clothed in beggarly rags. Nothing could console him nor protect him from the pricking of his conscience. But his last days were made easier by the kind care of his loving daughter who never forsook him, but accompanied him wherever he journeyed and comforted him and helped him.

PUZZLE CORNER

SUMMER FUN SQUARES

(1)
My first we do at the seashore
My second is wet sport
My third is a thought
My fourth gives us strength

(2)
My first we do in the country
My second is enclosed space
My third is given for a little while
My fourth is a girl's name

(3)
My first we do in vacation time
My second is good to tramp along
My third is a girl's name
My fourth is an eyes of time

A SUMMER ADAGE

—f w—rk —nd n— pl—y m—k—s J—ck — d—ll b—y.

ENIGMA

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 12-1-4 are a girl's name
My 2-7-2-9 form an outer covering
My 11-6-8-5 form an hero
My 10 is a vowel
My whole is a time all boys and girls have

ANSWERS

SUMMER FUN SQUARES

(1)	(2)	(3)
SWIM	WALK	PLAY
WADE	AREA	LANE
IDEA	LENT	ANNA
MEAT	KATE	YEAR

SUMMER ADAGE—All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

ENIGMA—Eve, Coat, Mint, I, Like, Vacation Time.

GARDEN PUZZLE

Cut out the black spots and fit the right ones together. They make two pictures, a vegetable and a flower.

Solution to Garden Puzzle