

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

BELLA

AND so we are going to be farmers too and will you come and visit us so we can have some advice about planting the garden and so forth," read Roger.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "My Cousin Gert says they've bought a farm fifteen miles 'other side of Great Barrington and they want me to visit them!"

"Fine!" cried Roger's mother. "So was that Gertrude and her brother might have been seen at the depot, a few weeks later, sitting in their father's car. With them were two city friends who were visiting them."

"Cousin Roger is a dandy fellow," explained Gert's brother Joe, "but he's kind of a diamond in the rough."

"He isn't!" cried Gert. "He's a real diamond!"

Just then the train came puffing in and Gert and Joe jumped out of the car to look for Roger. In a minute they saw him.

"Hello there!" he cried. "Wait a second. I've brought something for you."

Both cousins looked pleasantly expectant while Roger went to the baggage room. Soon he returned carrying one end of a good-sized crate while a man helped with the other. In the crate was something alive.

"What is it?" cried Gertrude.

"Look and see!" replied Roger. Gert did look and gave a cry of dismay, which she tactfully turned into a laugh, so as not to hurt her cousin's feelings.

"It's Bella," said Roger, with pride. "You can't farm up this way without raising pork."

The city visitors in the car put their handkerchiefs to their noses and did not seem a bit pleased when they learned that they were to share their ride with a big fat sow. Joe was quite disagreeable and sulky too, but Gert took Roger's arm and said: "It was awful good of you to give us such a fine pig."

"There's no sty or anything for a pig at our farm," remarked Joe.

"But the barn is good and roomy," put in Gertrude, "only the door's off."

"Well," Roger replied, "I guess Bella can get along until we make her a sty. What she really likes is to be out in a clover field."

"Where'd you get her, Rog?" asked Joe.

"I raised her myself," was the proud porch.



Eck! Eck! He Fell Square On Her Back

replied, "and a smarter, tamer pig you wouldn't find anywhere."

"They eat most anything, don't they?" asked Mildred, one of the visitors.

"Sure," answered Roger, "only Bella doesn't like orange peels. She'll

eat anything but that."

The road was pretty rough and Bella grunted and snorted at every bump. "Thank-you-ma'm, but at last it was over and they drove up to the front porch."

"Welcome!" cried Aunt Gert, opening the front door wide. "Well! What have you there?"

"A gift from Roger," explained Joe, in a slightly sarcastic way.

"Oh dear me!" his mother exclaimed, as Roger and the other visitor, Paul, carried the crate to the porch.

anything. She's awful tame. But we can take her around at right if you say so."

"Never mind," replied his aunt, "she's too heavy for you boys to carry."

Roger then began prying open the crate while everyone stood around and watched with interest. The noise of the prying and the jar as each crate was taken off seemed to deafen Bella, who lay still staring into space.

"Now, you're free, old girl!" cried Roger, giving her a gentle pat. "Get up and go to the barn."

Up went Bella's ears, while her little eyes rolled around.

"O-o-o!" screamed Mildred. "She looks kind of crazy or something!"

For a moment Bella crouched there, then all of a sudden she jumped up and scuttled out of the box, grunting so loudly that Jig, the dog, fled in terror.

"This way, Bella, this way!" yelled Roger, pointing down the steps. But Bella paid no heed. In fact she made a fierce dive in the other direction. Joe happened to be in the way. He stood with his feet wide apart and his hands on his knees—a favorite attitude when he was watching something interesting. Bella must have taken him for an archway because she plunged madly between his legs.

Eck! Eck! He fell square on her back, "Stop her!" cried Aunt Gert. "Oh my! She's in the house!"

Everybody dashed after the frightened pig, but Bella dodged them all and backed into an open door. It was the door of a bed room which was on the first floor, and which Mildred and Gert were using. Bella found it quiet in there and so she decided to creep under the bed and rest awhile.

Meanwhile there was a wild search going on which was at last given up and Bella had a long nap in peace.

The next thing she knew she was being disturbed by talking and laughing. Gert and Bella were getting ready for bed. Luckily she couldn't understand what they were saying about pigs. My! How hungry the poor creature was!

"It smells terribly musty in here, but, of course, it's a very old house and the plaster is all falling down," remarked Gert.

Just then Mildred began to scream. "Look!" she cried. "A snake!"

So it was, curled up on the rug. The cries of the girls brought Aunt Gert and the cook, but just as they all came in Bella, who was famished, snatched the delicious morsel on the rug. Out she darted from her hiding place and before anyone could say Jack Robinson, she was trampling the snake. In two more shakes the snake was no more. It had gone down Bella's hungry throat.

"Did you see that!" cried Mildred. "The pig saved our lives! I'm sure!"

"Why, she's quite a heroine!" exclaimed Gertrude, admiringly.

"Good, pig!" said Aunt Gert. "I did think we couldn't keep her, but now we must if she destroys snakes. Roger! Roger! The pig is found! Come and let's find a place for her."

"She can stay here," said Gert generously, but it was decided that the barn was best for a pig, even a heroine one.

AN ANECDOTE

ONE day as Tsar Peter was returning from a hunting trip he happened to loiter behind the rest of his party to enjoy the cool air.

As he rode thus alone he saw a boy standing on the top bar of a gate looking up and down the road. The Tsar rode up to him and said briskly, "Well, what are you looking for, my boy?"

"Please your honor," said the boy, "I am looking out for the king."

"Oh," said the Tsar, "if you will get up behind me I will show him to you." The boy did as he was bid and as they were riding along the Tsar said, "You will know the Emperor by seeing the rest take off their hats to him."

Soon after they came up to the party who were much surprised to see their king thus attended and immediately saluted him. Whereupon the king turned his head and said: "Now do you see who is the King?"

"Why," replied the boy archly, "it is one of us two, but I am sure I do not know which, for both of us have our hats on."

The king was so much pleased with the lad's wit that he took him into his service, and this same lad rose to be one of the generals in the Russian Army.

Mosquitoes

UNTIL the Frost King's on his throne,
No power the dread mosquitoes own;
But on the garden's tiny seas
Of rain-drops hold high revelries.
Their legions pour from every pool,
Which serves as a mosquito-school,
Where each small pest is taught to file
His beak for murderous deeds and vile.
To drain the ditches will, of course,
Prevent the evil at its source.



WHEN YOU GO CAMPING

IT is always a good thing when you are on a camping trip to know how to build a fire. Remember these simple rules, and you will have the knowledge to make yourself popular on that next camping trip. Never build a fire near any foliage or in a place where it is likely to spread to nearby trees or shrubs. It is always a good plan to build a small pit of stones in which you can in safety lay your twigs for the fire. Have a space around this pit cleared of any leaves or twigs that might catch fire. The first thing to have to build a camp fire is a good sized box of matches. The second thing to have is a stock of dry paper to lay at the bottom of your fire for a good start. On top of the paper lay small dry twigs loosely together so that a draft can get in under the twigs and then light your fire from the bottom. If most of the

twigs are wet from last night's rain, do not be discouraged, but look for a large fallen tree and the chances are that under its broad trunk you will find hidden some dry twigs and shreds

of bark that you can use for kindling. And now your fire is lit and you can gather around to toast your marshmallows or broil your chops and your camping trip will be voted a success!

THE JUNIOR COOK

HOW TO SERVE WATERMELON

If your family find whole or half slices of watermelon rather clumsy to serve at the dinner table try this fashion of serving.

Chill the melon some hours before using.

Just before dinner, cut the melon into inch slices. (If only a half of a melon is needed, cover the cut end of the other half with paraffine paper and put back into the ice box immediately.)

Trim the rind off the slices. Cut each slice crossways into inch sized pieces.

Fill the pieces into frappe cups and set on a tray in the refrigerator.

When ready to serve carry the tray at once to the table and serve. Watermelon should be very cold when eaten. This makes a very dainty, pretty company dessert and is very little trouble.

BEDTIME

Far away I hear the robin singing:
In the west the shadows gather fast;
All around are little voices springing,
And the drowsy day is done at last.

Mother soon will come and, bending o'er me,
As the early stars begin to show—
Come and say—her smiling face before me—
"Old Earth nods and soon to rest will go."

"Robin yonder in the wood is saying:
'Night is here—good night, good night;
Daisies fold their hands, in slumber swaying;
Heedless moths are circling round the light.'

Stars above, like angels' eyes, are blinking,
When on mother's breast I lay my head;
While of them, in heaven above, I'm thinking,
Mormine comes—and there I am in bed!

PINEAPPLES

YUM! What smells so good?" asked Jamie as he came into the kitchen one day.

His mother sat at one end of the table with a pan in her lap, fixing something from which a delicious fragrance came, while Jamie's Aunt Della, who had just returned from a trip to Honolulu, was telling about the odd things she had done and seen.

Neither of them paid much attention to the little boy, until he said again, "Mother, what are you fixing? Whatever it is I hope it tastes as good as it smells."

"It's a pineapple, Jamie. Do you want the core?" And she handed him the little hard part that was left after the outside of one of the slices was cut off.

"If you think that is good, you ought to taste a pineapple that is just picked, dead-ripe," said Aunt Della, watching Jamie smack his lips.

"Is it better than this?" asked Jamie.

"You would hardly know it for the same thing as the pineapples that we get here," his aunt told him. "In Honolulu pineapples do not need any sugar, they are so sweet. The people there don't fix them as mother is fixing this one—in little pieces. They cut the pineapple down from the top to the bottom, like long thick fingers,

and eat it that way."

"How funny!" Jamie laughed. "Do pineapples grow on pine trees, Aunt Della?"

"No," replied his aunt, "they grow on short, sticky plants something like a cactus."

"How many grow on each plant?" Jamie wanted to know.

"Only one."

"Only one? Where does it grow?"

"Right in the center of the plant," his aunt told him. "First comes a thick stalk out of the center of the plant, then a cluster of flowers grows around the stalk, and this cluster of flowers finally grows into a pineapple. On top of the pineapple grows another little tuft of leaves something like the plant itself."

"Is this it?" Jamie asked, picking up the short sticky top that his mother had cut off the pineapple.

"Yes, that is it. The pineapple growers use those tops to make new plants."

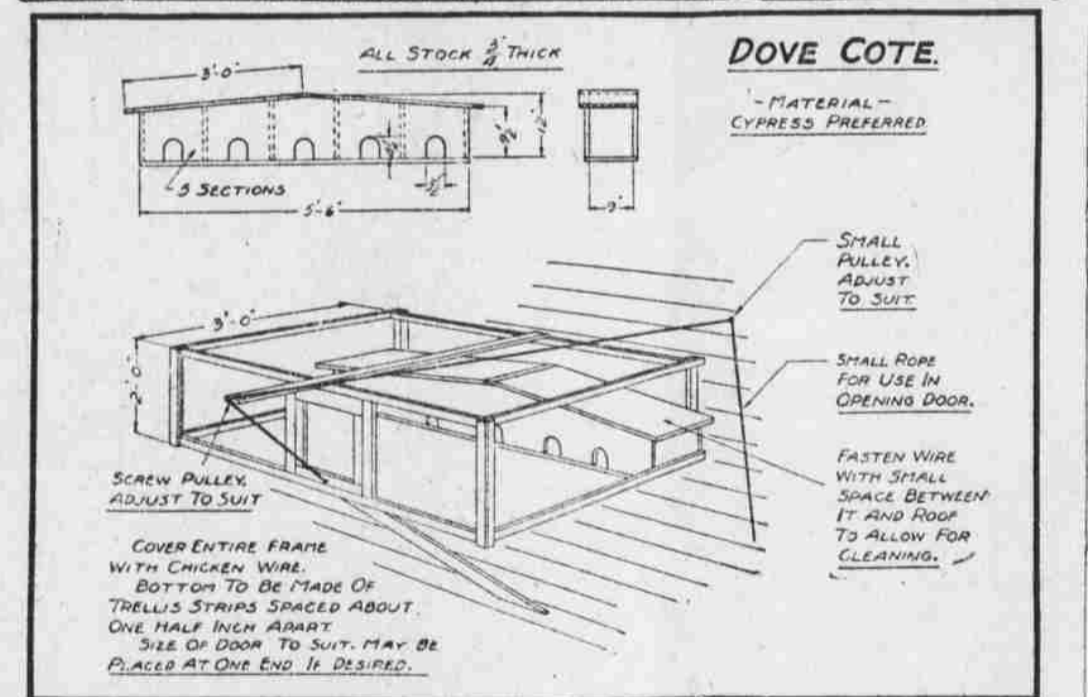
"Doesn't a pineapple plant have any seed?"

"Yes, but the seed is not perfect enough to produce good plants, so the new plants are made from the tops or from suckers."

"What are suckers?" Jamie asked.

"Suckers are shoots that spring from the main plant," his aunt said.

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



MANY boys would like to keep pigeons, or doves, but they think it requires a very elaborate equipment to care for them. The arrangement shown in the drawing was made and used by a boy very successfully and it is presented here with the hope that it may answer the needs of other boys who would like to keep pigeons.

The drawing shows a working drawing of the part in which the birds are housed, while a perspective drawing is used to show the frame which is attached to it. To avoid the use of many lines, which would tend to destroy the clearness of the construction features of the frame, no wire screen is shown, nor is the bottom indicated.

Cypress will be found the best material to use for this construction, though if that is not available, use any good wood.

A single board may be used for the front and back piece of the part in

which the pigeons are housed, the grain, of course, running lengthwise. It is divided into five sections. Lay out the openings with compass and cut to shape with a coping or turning saw.

The construction of the frame will not be difficult. Only dimensions for width and height are shown, as the others may be adjusted to suit the material you will have to work with. The frame does not need to be made from heavy material.

The bottom is to be made from trellis strips spaced about one-half inch apart. This will permit the birds to walk easily, and also make it easy to clean the inside.

The entire frame is to be covered with chicken wire. Where it runs over the roof at the ends, secure it in such a manner that a small space will be provided for the removal of material that may collect on the roof at these points.

The door may be of dimensions to suit. If the outfit is to be used merely to confine the birds, only a small door will be necessary, but if it is desired to open it and permit them to fly in, the door should be about fourteen inches wide by eighteen inches high.

The purpose of the small rope is to provide a means of opening and closing the door easily. The strip running across the top to which the screw pulley is attached should extend far enough out to permit the door to open its full capacity. Adjust this pulley so that the rope may run oack to the building at an angle in order that the pull from the ground will be nearly straight. If desired the door may be placed near one end.

The cote is to be fastened to the side of a building or any other place desired, additional security being obtained by the brace running from the frame to the building.



"Is This It?" Jamie Asked

"Oh, yes, our tomato plants have suckers sometimes, and daddy pinches them off," said the little boy. "Why don't we have some pineapple plants in our garden, mother?"

"I am afraid they wouldn't grow very well, Jamie," laughed his mother.

"Why not?" demanded Jamie. "We have nice rich soil, haven't we?"

"Yes, but pineapples need, in addition to nice rich soil, a lot of warm weather—much more than we have in

this climate. How long does it take for a pineapple to mature, Della?" his mother asked, turning to his aunt.

"About thirteen months," she replied.

"Why, that's over a year, isn't it? I shouldn't think they could grow very many at that rate!"

"They plant three crops a year, so that there are pineapples coming on almost all the time. And then there are varieties that take of pineapple

ranches—the plants are stuck into all sorts of out-of-the-way places that we would probably let grow up in weeds. The plants have to be cultivated, though, for if they are allowed to grow wild, the fruit is not so juicy and good-flavored."

"This pineapple must have been a big fellow, mother," said Jamie, looking at the large fish-like pineapple made after it was cut up. "How big do pineapples get, Aunt Della?"

Puzzle Corner

CONCEALED STATE SQUARE WORDS

1. While at Rio Walter was very ill.
2. Please stop Alice from teasing me.
3. Mind you follow all directions carefully.
4. You are to call your sister up at eight.

1. Ask the carpenter to put a hasp on.
2. Tell Mr. Hunt I never studied Italian.
3. I left my fan Ned, please look for it.
4. Give Jenny some of the apple pie.

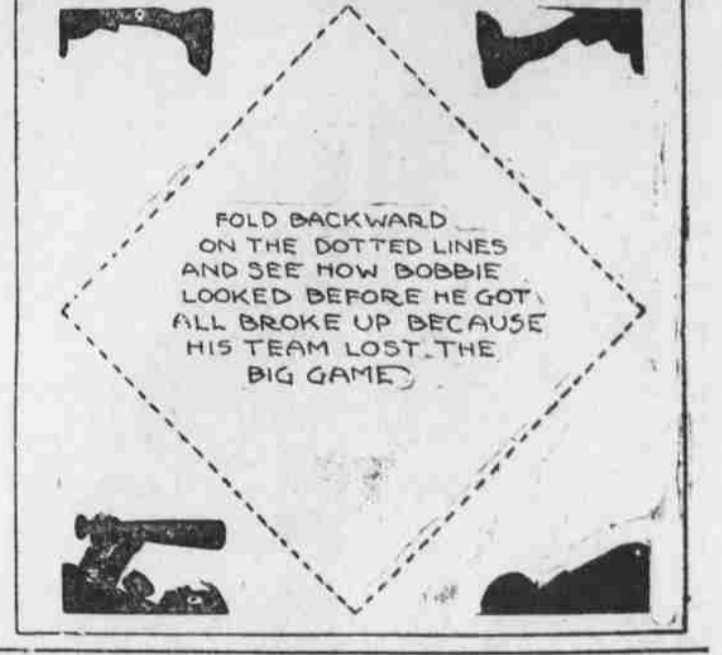
ENIGMA

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1-9-4 is a small horse.
My 2-1-1 is a river in Switzerland.
My 2 is a vowel.

ANSWERS

- CONCEALED STATE SQUARE WORDS
- | | |
|---------|---------|
| 1 | 2 |
| I-O-W-A | U-T-A-H |
| O-P-A-L | T-I-N-E |
| W-A-L-L | A-N-N-A |
| A-L-L-Y | H-E-A-P |
- ENIGMA
Nag—Inn—A—Glo—All—Riga—Ass
—Falls—An—Lass—Lagg—Sail, Nt—agara Falls.

A FOLD-UP



"Some of them weigh as much as twelve pounds," his aunt answered. "You would enjoy seeing the big factories in Honolulu where they can pineapple, Jamie. Every ship that sails from there has thousands of cans of pineapple as cargo."

"Do pineapples grow any other place than in Honolulu?" Jamie asked.

"Oh yes! They grow in the West Indies, South America, Asia and Africa, although they are natives of tropical America. They can be cultivated in hot houses in the colder climates, but more as a curiosity than anything else. Did you ever hear of pineapples cloth?"

"No. What is pineapple cloth?"

"It is a kind of goods that is made from the fibres of the pineapple plant, and is something like fine white muslin. The fibre is used to make fishing lines, too, and nets and ropes that are intended to be used in water, as things made of pineapple fibre are not much affected by water."

"Well, I had no idea that pineapples were good for anything except to eat!" exclaimed Jamie's mother, handing the little boy another piece. "Let's put this in the refrigerator now, with some sugar on it and a little water to make more juice. When Aunt Della is going to tell us more about her trip,"