

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

It's Labor

LABOR DAY," said Jack, "is for laboring people, not people like you, Martha. Why should you want to ride in the parade?"

"You don't labor, either," replied Martha, "unless you'd call playing ball laboring."

"I go to school," Jack answered, in a lofty tone, "and study so I'll become a good citizen, besides I take subscriptions and sell papers and hoe Mother's garden and earn money. That's laboring. Now, you do nothing but hold your hands all day."

"Do it?" said Martha, quietly.

Martha was eleven and had brains, so she wasted no more words on her older brother. She didn't go to school or sell papers or hoe the garden, but—well, never mind! Maybe she'd prove that she didn't just hold her hands. The doctor had advised Mother to keep her out of school another year that was why she wasn't going.

"Hi!" she said thoughtfully, as she watched Jack go out of the gate. "Laboring is earning money, is it?"

Jack turned back suddenly.

"Say, Martha," he called, "I forgot my badge and here's Joe Davis coming. Won't you just get it and chuck it down to me? I think it's on my chiffonier."

Martha never moved.

"Five cents," she said.

"What do you mean?" demanded Jack indignantly.

"It's labor," replied Martha.

Jack fished in his pocket and brought up a nickel which he tossed impatiently at his sister.

"Do speed up," he urged. "I'll be late."

Joe Davis came driving up in his new ice wagon, the two large Ferris wheels, dappled gray, looking very slick and smart, ready for the Labor Day Work Horse Parade. Jack was to ride on the seat beside Joe in the parade.

"Say, Miss Martha," called Joe, as he reined in. "Could I trouble you for a drink? I'm as dry as dust."

"Five cents," said Martha.

Jack rushed up to the porch and seized his sister wrathfully. "For goodness sake," he hissed, "do you want to shame us all? The ideal five cents! I'll cut the water while you get the badge."

"It's labor," said Martha, as she went upstairs shaking the nickel in her palm.

"We'll have to dress nice and get out if we want to see the parade," said the children's mother, Mrs. Benny.

"Do you want to come with us? We're going to an on Aunt Eva's porch and watch it go by."

"I was going with Ruth and Jenny, Mother," replied Martha.

Ruth's brother drove a bakery wagon during his summer vacation. He was going to call on the fall. And Jenny's cousin, Gus, was learning to be a printer, so he was in the parade too. This made it very interesting and the three girls followed it most of the way. First they marched

MR. JUNIOR COOK
RICE CAKES

To 2 cups of cooked rice add 1 cupful grated cheese and mix well.

Roll into small cakes. To do this neatly, roll into balls and then slightly flatten the balls in the palm of the hand.

Dip each ball in flour and fry in meat drippings.

This dish has the food value of meat and is very tasty and wholesome for use in hot weather.

Some like to add a tablespoonful of tomato juice for seasoning.

as a brick. Why did you charge him for a little thing like that?"

"I'm trying to show him that I'm not quite as lazy and useless as he thinks," replied Martha. "He says labor is earning money."

"But don't be too hard on him," advised Ruth. "Brothers are awful contrary things, you know."

The parade disbanded at George Washington Square, where there was plenty of room for everybody, and at the ice cream cone wagon Martha treated herself and her friends. Jack kept away from her and at the supper table afterwards he hadn't much to say to her. He wouldn't even ask her to pass the butter but asked his Mother instead.

"Mother," said Martha, "I'm just crazy to go on that picnic and Ruth is going."

"Well," replied her mother, "I don't care to have you go alone and I can't go, so unless Jack goes too you'll have to stay home."

"Can you, Jack?" asked Martha, with some misgivings, "it's next Wednesday. School will begin soon, then we won't have any more picnics, at least, you won't."

"Five dollars," said Jack.

"What's this?" inquired their father.

"Just a game," replied Jack, giving his younger sister a stern look.

Martha said nothing because there was plenty of time to coax Jack before the picnic. But that night just as she was about to slip into bed she heard a peal of thunder. A storm! Dad and Mother had come to the movies and there was nobody home except herself and Jack who was downstairs reading.

"It'll be all right if the window is closed," thought Martha, who wasn't exactly afraid of storms.

She tried to close her window but couldn't budge it. Flash, went the lightning and bang! went the thunder. Martha ran to the head of the stairs and lit down to her brother: "Oh, Jack, please come quick and shut my window for me. It's stuck!"

"Five dollars," called Jack. "It's labor."

Poor Martha went back to her room and attacked the window again. It made her mad the way Jack was mimicking her. She brushed away a few tears and had just decided to wait in her mother's room for the storm to stop, when there stood Jack beside her. He took her by the wrists and looked into her eyes with a kind of smile.

"Well, strile," he asked, "how do you like labor by this time?"

"I'm not lazy, Jack," said the little girl, gulping bravely.

"Did I ever say you were?" said Jack. "I'll apologize if you will stop laboring. And down came the window with a bang and Jack's arm went around his sister's shoulder.

"I won't stop," said Martha, "but it'll be a labor of love."

And so ended a busy Labor Day.

SEA DREAMS

ONCE on a time when Willie and Bell, Sat idly on the sea-shore, They saw a wee mer-babe riding a swell, A creature they'd ne'er seen before.



And "Oh! Little Boy!"—and—"Oh! Little Girl!" Cried the mer-child full of glee, "Come out in the water where billows curl! "Come out and play with me!"



So out, they waded through the blue swells, And the mer-child showed them his toys, Rocking sea-horses, sea flowers and shells, That whistled a shrilly noise.



There were wonders and wonders for them to see, It took them just hours to tell— For 'twas only "pretending" which you'll agree Was safer for Willie and Bell.



THE CELLAR

When brown and bare the garden lies, And snow in chill November flies, The gardener wears a cheerful grin, Who has a heaped potato bin, With cellar full of garden-gold, He feels, indeed, both rich and bold; And well he may, whose faithful toil Will winter's cold and hunger foil.



"Five Cents," said Martha.

"Good!" exclaimed Jack. "Throw it to me, gish!"

"Five cents," said Martha.

Jack's face grew red and he looked as if he'd like to say something but he borrowed a nickel from Joe and tossed it to Martha, who was trotting along beside the show-moving wagon she gave him the hat. Some on-lookers laughed.

"Thank you'd be ashamed!" muttered Jack.

"Why? It's labor," replied Martha.

"What are you trying to do?" laughed Jenny. "Jack's face is as red

PUZZLE CORNER

ENIGMA

I am composed of 8 letters, My 5-6-7-8 is a highway My 3-2-4 is a body of water. 1 is first when it is last.

FOUND IN VIRGINIA

An animal, A broad smile, A machine, Advantage, Wheat or corn, To equip, A circle, Distinctions, To pour down, Concealed, An alcoholic beverage, A vehicle.

ANSWERS ENIGMA LABOR DAY

FOUND IN VIRGINIA—Wop, Orin, Gray, Big, Ring, Hasting, Rain, Vain, Uva, Van.

A LABOR DAY PARTY

LUCY decided that this year she would do something different and have a Labor Day Party. None of her little friends had ever had a party like that before. So she sent out the invitations requesting each guest to wear something that would show what he or she wanted to have as an occupation when they were grown-up. Of course, the children's mothers helped them to collect the material they needed and when they arrived for Lucy's party they were all an interesting and curious-looking group of boys and girls.

Lucy's mother pinned a number on the back of each child and then she gave slips of paper with a list of numbers down one side, to each one. The children were then told to guess the ambition of their friends and to write the occupation selected in the space next to the number corresponding with the number on the back of the child. To the one guessing the most correctly a prize was given. This game was lots of fun, for some of the articles selected to indicate a particular kind of labor were very clever and original. For example, The girl who wanted to be a teacher had fastened to her belt a note book and a pencil, a ruler, several school books and a curious little bow and arrow

whom Lucy's mother asked for what the bow and arrow were for she answered that her mother had told her the work of a teacher was to "teach young America how to shoot." The boy who wanted to follow his father's example and be a banker had pinned upon his coat green marks and bank notes and his career in his hand a gold of coins. Johnny Jones wanted to be a dramatist so he carried a bottle and had many patent medicine advertisements pinned upon his coat.

One girl whose ambition was to be an artist was decorated with palette, brushes and paint; and the boy whose aim was to be an electrician carried an electric torch which he flashed in dark corners. Suddenly comes a "hurricane" for his ambition and all had a good laugh.

The next game was one calculated to make the guests work. It was a paper hunt. Lucy's mother said the object of it was to help her clear up her house. There was waste paper



hidden in cracks and corners and the child who collected the most scraps won a prize. Then the guests were led into the dining room where the

table was set to represent a real house of labor. In the center was a toy wash tub with a doll leaning industriously over the scrub board. A toy clothes line stretched across the table and on it were hanging a tin washboard and a tin clothes wringer. On the table were various toy household and kitchen articles, kettles, brooms, pans, riddles, etc.

On the whole it was a decidedly novel party and all the children voted "Labor Day Party a great success."

BACK TO WORK

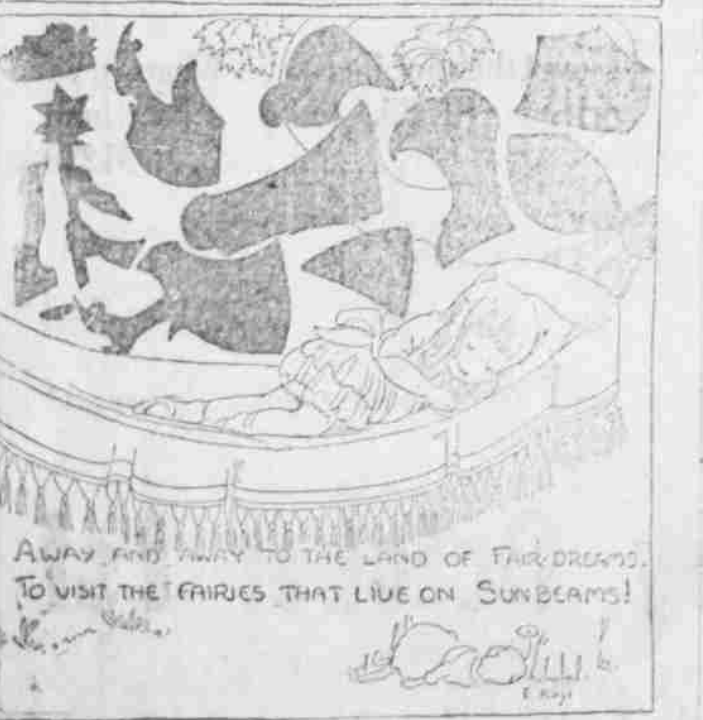
VACATION time is over And work time has begun, We sing Good Bye to Summer And days of endless fun.

For Autumn days are with us, The school bell sounds once more, And throngs of eager children Go trooping through the door.

For while we love vacations And children like to play, Without a little work time, 'T would be a dullsome day.

And so when comes September, We put our toys away, And settle down for work time, After two months of play.

FAIRY PUZZLE



AWAY AND AWAY TO THE LAND OF FAIRY DREAMS, TO VISIT THE FAIRIES THAT LIVE ON SUNBEAMS!

A Poet's Odd Collection

Eugene Field, Born September 2, 1850

EVERYBODY likes to collect things. Some of you collect picture post cards, others, colored bands from round cigars, and you some autographs, coins, and some pictures. But can you imagine a grown-up man whose collection consisted of toys? No, he was not an eccentric. No, indeed, he was a very different sort of person.

His name was Eugene Field and you will say, "I never heard of him." He writes verses for you.

Eugene Field was the first to collect his poems reflect the spirit of his time. During his life he had a keen delight in collecting all sorts of toys, presents that had been given him by famous men and women, and from them would come his inspiration.

For the toys and his poems reflect the spirit of his time. During his life he had a keen delight in collecting all sorts of toys, presents that had been given him by famous men and women, and from them would come his inspiration.

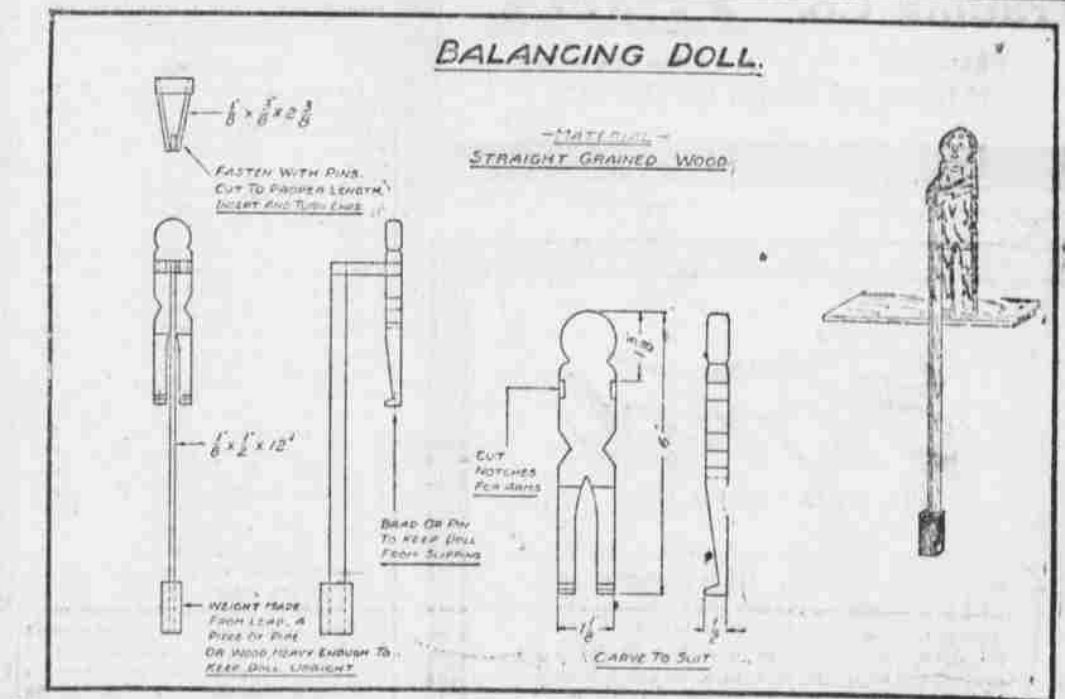
Would you like to take a peep into his workshop and see the funny



TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT



This balancing doll is a very interesting toy. It can stand on the edge of a table or other projection and swing back and forth without falling off. There is a secret, so to speak, for this and it will not be difficult to find it out. The weight at the bottom is the answer.

To make the toy it will not be necessary to be equipped with a lot of expensive tools. A good sharp knife, a hammer and a pair of pliers will be sufficient.

For the body, you should select a piece of dry, straight grained pine or other wood that can be easily carved. The design for the doll shown in the drawing is intended to be only suggestive. Any form of figure may be used, it being only necessary to keep within the dimensions indicated. Beside upon the figure you wish to represent, then, carefully sketch its outline on the wood from which it is to be carved. Round the edges to suit yourself. One part of the making that will require care is the notches into which the arms are to fit. The exact angle of the notch will have to be determined by experiment. Unless these are cut with some degree of accuracy, the toy will not look well.

If the toy should not be provided with the pins or brads in the feet, it would not remain in the same place on the table, but instead would walk around and, of course, fall off. The purpose of the brads or pins is to prevent this. It will be well to insert them before the carving is done.

The assembling of the pieces will not be difficult. The weight at the bottom may be put on before or after the assembling. A small piece of pipe may be used, or other material as stated in the note.

The toy will, of course, look much better if it is painted and marked with face, etc. The latter will give an opportunity to test your skill in drawing.

To operate, place the toy with both feet on the edge of a table having the top projecting far enough so the weight will not strike the table. Then push the weight, causing the doll to swing forward and backward.

To find out what little May did with them together—when you'll see! —at out the black pieces and his workshop and see the funny!

LABOR DAY

Let's honor laborers today And honest labor, too, Be sure to lay the laurel wreath On heads where honor's due: Remember that though humble D or just the best you can And all who know will label You a true and worthy man.