

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Good Travellers

FAN CASWAY had been sitting on guard over two suitcases for a half hour or more, while her brother was off buying the tickets. They were on their first journey since they had left home. Here at Troy they had to get a special little train to Manchester, where they expected their friends to meet them.

"Wonder what's keeping him so long," thought Fan. And finally she decided to go and find out.

With a suitcase in each hand she staggered to the ticket window where her brother stood, evidently having words with the agent.

"Now, move along, kid," she heard the man say. "I don't know anything about your ten dollars. It was a two you gave me and that will only buy one ticket, as I explained before. You should have counted your change before you left the window. Anyway, I'm sure I'm not mistaken and you're so beat it, see?"

"What's the matter, Dick?" inquired his sister.

"The man says I gave him a two dollar bill and it wasn't. It was that one that I had—you know. Here's all the change he gave me, and one ticket," Dick held out two quarters in one hand and the ticket in the other.

"Why, please, sir," protested Fan. "It was ten, I know. We didn't have any two dollars. Besides what shall we do? We don't know anybody in this town and our friends expect us in Manchester."

"Is that so?" replied the agent. "I know all about run-away kids. We have a good police force here. Just see that you get to your friends all right, all right!"

He reached for the telephone, but seeing Dick clutch his sister's hand he called to a man standing near the ticket window. "I've got one of my own and they have no business wandering around."

The man reached for Fan, but he had reckoned without his host, for Fan dashed off like a mignon through the rows of benches and out into the street. The man ran after her, but Fan was a good sprinter and scared most out of her wits. Down a street she rushed and spying a wagon full of hay standing by the curb she jumped into it, burrowing down into the hay. For a long time she lay there. At last she felt herself moving. The wagon was driving off, and where was Dick!

Fan's head appeared from the hay and she looked all around. There close at hand sitting on the curb was Dick. Good Dick! He was waiting for her. She squirmed to her feet and gave a shrill whistle. The driver reined up surprised and Fan leaped to the ground and ran to her

other.

Dick motioned to her to step into a side street nearby.

"Maybe we'd better go to the police," he said, as soon as they were together. "We haven't done anything wrong."

"No, of course not," agreed Fan. "I'll go with you if you think best."

They went hand in hand back to the street where the wagon had been and there stood the driver looking around curiously.

"Hey, there!" he cried as soon as he saw Fan. "What did you jump on for? I'll give you a lift if you like. I thought maybe you'd hurt



There, sitting on the curb, was Dick

yourself."

"Are you going towards Vermont?" asked Fan, hopefully.

"Vermont!" exclaimed the young man. "Well, yes, I am going in that direction."

The two then decided to accept his offer of a lift and they climbed on the wagon. "I feel awful about those suitcases," remarked Dick. But Fan thought they would be checked by the

ticket agent and could be sent for.

They had a very pleasant ride of about five miles and the man invited them into the house where his mother, a very pleasant lady, gave them some lunch. Their on their way they started, their faces set northward.

"At the next town we'd better give ourselves up," said Dick.

"Why?" demanded Fan. "We haven't done anything wrong."

"I have a plan," said Dick. "I'll take this ticket to the next station we come to and get it exchanged for two to the furthest town we can ride to for the money."

Fan agreed. They were weary and footsore when they came to the next station. The station master was good-natured and kindly and made the exchange without being too inquisitive. Oh, it was heavenly to be able to sit down and ride, instead of walk! But all too soon they had to get out.

THE DOINGS OF CONSTANCE CLOTHESPIN.



No. 1 Where-in you meet Constance Clothespin and her chum, Beatrice, going shopping for some new clothes.

PATTERN for HAT

TRIMMING for HAT

SHAPE OF CONSTANCE'S DRESS (much reduced)

PATTERN of SKIRT

Constance. Beatrice. Going Shopping. With their wraps off.

This is the first of a series of clothespin dolls. All you need is some clothespins, paste and scraps of different colored papers. Mark the faces and hair with ink or paint. Beatrice is wearing her suit. For her waist, tie on a crumpled piece of white tissue paper, with a piece of thread. Cut two pieces of dark paper like the pattern for her suit. Put one around her for a skirt, and paste it shut at the back. Turn down the two upper corners of the other piece for her coat and pin it on her. Cut her a hat from the same

paper, paste the ends together and put a white ornament on it. For Constance's dress, cut a piece of crepe paper the shape of the other pattern making it as long as she. Paste it shut in the back and tie a sash on her. Put an undershirt of stiff paper like Beatrice's skirt on her to help her stand. Her cape is a half circle of paper seven inches in diameter. Her hat is made of the same paper as her cape.

So into his Ford they all piled and drove off.

"Say," whispered Dick, uneasily after a time, "he's taking us awful far."

"Yes," said the man, "it's ten miles out, but you don't mind that, do you?"

"Oh, but we've got to be in Manchester today," said Fan.

"What's all this?" inquired the man, stopping his car. "Where'd you two come from? Where're you going?"

So they told him the whole story.

"Well," he said, after listening through it all, "I guess my tomatoes will have to do without you. I happen to know Mr. Manly rather well, and I can't delay his guests."

He turned the car around and sped back to the station. There would be a train in half an hour. He bought tickets, telephoned about the suitcases and then sat down with the children to wait for the train.

"I'm going to see you safe on board," he said, "then I'll phone the Manlys."

"We'll return your loan as soon as we can," said Dick.

"I know you will," assented the man.

"But how do you know we're honest and telling the truth?" asked Fan.

"By your faces," smiled their friend, "a crook always looks crooked. You both have honest eyes."

They dusted with pleasure and felt that such an opinion was worth living up to.

Safe at last with their friends in

Vermont next day they heard from Troy—a telephone message:

"When I settled my cash last night I found I was eight dollars over, so am sending a postal order for that amount, and ask the young lady and gentleman to pardon my mistake."

"Now, Mummy and Dad can't blame us for our scrap!" cried Dick in triumph. "I think on the whole we're quite good travelers!"

WHO SAID

"The poetry of earth is never dead." John Keats.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Thomas Gray.

"I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." W. L. Garrison.

A TRAPEZE ARTIST

WANT to see a circus stunt? Like the show folks do? All right, stand right there in front. Watch what I go through.

Course I ain't no ackerbat like them in the show; I ain't big enough for that, But I'm learnin', though.

I can't do such darin' swings As the men do there, Nor turn somersaults an' things 'Way up in the air.

I can hang, though, by my toes Long as you count ten; Don't count slow, though, now here goes— There, I done it then.

'Sides that I can "chin the bar" Eight times, maybe nine; Want to see me? There you are— Don't you think I'm fine?



THE JUNIOR COOK

FRIED EGGPLANT

Put 1 tablespoonful meat drippings or vegetable oil into a frying pan.

Dip the slices of eggplant in the batter, turn, dip the other side and drop carefully into the hot frying pan. Be careful to do this slowly so that the hot fat does not spatter and burn.

Cook over a fire that will brown the eggplant in about 6 minutes.

With a pancake turner, turn and brown on the other side. Cover tightly while browning the second side.

Lift onto a hot platter and serve at once.

Cut both ends from an eggplant and peel.

Slice into crosswise slices about 1/2 inch thick.

Make a batter of 1 egg beaten up with:

- 1 teaspoonful salt,
- 1 tablespoonful water,
- 1 teaspoonful flour.

James Fenimore Cooper

CAN you picture to yourself the time when central New York State was considered the back woods of America, and all beyond was unknown territory? Can you close your eyes and imagine traveling through Western Pennsylvania and being busy by Indians? In just such a story book world lived James Fenimore Cooper, whose birthday anniversary falls on September 15th.

He was born in Burlington, New Jersey, but while he was yet an infant he was taken to Otsego Lake, where his father owned many thousands of acres and where the family settled and founded the village of Cooperstown. There in the wilderness that formed the back woods of the Colonies James passed his boyhood. By the side of the lake and in the woods he made friends with the hardy frontiersmen and watched them at their work. The craft of these woodsmen, the tricks of the trapper, the skill of the mountain fishermen, all the arts of the forest were familiar to Cooper, and it is small wonder that the blood of adventure surged through his veins.

When quite young Cooper entered

HIS LORDSHIP THE LOBSTER

MOST people think, if they take the trouble to think at all, that the natural color of a lobster is red, like a ripe tomato, because that is the way it appears as it drapes itself over a block of ice in restaurant windows. But they only turn red after being boiled, and at home in the water they are a greenish color—a shade of green that makes them practically invisible in their natural surroundings. They live away down at the bottom of the ocean, among the slimy, mud-covered rocks, and as far as anyone knows, have as good a time as the general run of us. They are equipped with eight regular legs, like a spider, and a huge pair of knobby arms, with a pair of pincers on each in place of hands. One pair of pincers, or claws as they are called, is always a lot bigger than the other. The big one is used mostly for cracking shells, so as to get at the meat inside, while the smaller is used for holding its prey, and for general fighting purposes. The lobster nurses a perpetual crouch, and never seems to be real carefree and happy unless it is feeling something; and when-

ever it goes out for a stroll, it always carries a chip on each shoulder and one on its back, and dares the world to knock one of them off. It manages to pick a fight with the first lobster it meets, regardless of the size of the stranger.

In their numerous battles, the loss of a few legs, or maybe a claw, is no uncommon thing, but that is a small matter, as all they have to do is to quit fighting and wait a while, until they grow out again. If one of them gets hurt in any way, it flies to the conclusion that it is the nearest job-



LEAVES

All autumn long from tree and bower There falls a never-ending shower, Refreshing as the rain to earth, And prized by gardeners for its worth.

The leaves, that to the ground return, How many thoughtless people burn.

Instead of piling in a heap For future use on beds to keep, Dead leaves, decayed, you all should know, Add richness to the garden row.

The new shell stretches like a rubber glove, and the body that has been squeezed up like a number ten foot in a seven shoe, grows so fast that one can almost see it getting bigger and bigger. When it has fully expanded, the shell hardens over it, and the lobster looks just as it did before, only several sizes larger. Its spirits now revive, and it swaggers forth, with the same old chips on its shoulders, and the same old desire for a fight. When engaged in its every-day business of looking for something to eat, the lobster walks along on the bottom after the fashion of a spider, but when the occasion calls for speed, it flirts its fanlike tail back under the body, and one flip of this wonderful paddle, can send it backwards or forwards through the water like a flash of light. And the strange part of it is, though its eyes are located on the end of feelers that stand out in front, it can dart backwards a distance of eighteen or twenty feet, and hurl itself in a narrow crevice in a rock, with the accuracy of a train backing into a tunnel.

A hen that lays an egg a day for a



few months, is liable to get her name in the poultry journals, but a lady lobster thinks nothing of laying 5,000 eggs when she is a year old, 10,000 the second year, and so on up to the limit of 15,000. And notwithstanding this enormous output, she never goes around bragging about it, but takes it as a matter of course. She gives these eggs together and sticks them about on the underside of her body, like so many porous plaster, and carries them with her until they hatch. When the babies leave the eggs, they look just like their mother, only they have no claws.

bound up in bandages and could barely walk.

"Where is the rest of your company?" asked the Emperor.

A tear welled in the old soldier's eye as he answered: "Your Majesty, they lie on the field dead," and then woefully added, "they fought better than I."

NAPOLEON ANECDOTES

His story is told that after one of his greatest battles Emperor Napoleon gathered the remnant of his forces around him and proceeded to compliment them in his characteristic manner, so endearing to the hearts of his soldiers. Elmag Company D, of the guards, who had been in the thick of the fight, ordered to present themselves to the astonishment of the single soldier appeared.



PUZZLE CORNER

A PICTURE PUZZLE

DRAWING PICTURES IS LOTS OF FUN IF ONE CAN GUESS THEM WHEN THEY'RE DONE!

Do you want to know what Bobbie is drawing? Cut out the black spots and fit them together—then you'll see what he is drawing!

Each word terminates in CENT.

1. Many colored.
2. Recovery.
3. By the hundred.
4. Perfume.
5. Semi-transparent.
6. Bountiful.
7. Hurling.
8. A man's name signifying victory.

ACROSTIC

My first you'd never think was worth.

My second's always found in earth.

My third is tall and thin and straight.

My fourth is at the end of wall.

My fifth is loyal, tried and true.

My sixth may mean the whole to you.

My seventh stings—it's not a flea.

My eighth has immortality.

My ninth is never, never wrong.

My whole's a time just come along.

ANSWERS

"JUST A FEW CENTS"—1. Irides CENT. 2. Corvettes CENT. 3. Perc CENT. 4. S-CENT. 5. Francis CENT. 6. Muffin CENT. 7. Efferves CENT. 8. Van CENT.

ACROSTIC

S outh
E arth
P ole
T
E gress
M onth
B ee
E ternity
R ight

MAKE BELIEVE

LIVE in the land of Make-Believe

Where dwarves and giants dwell, Where every night at stroke of twelve There sounds the fairy bell.

I lie upon the hill each day And close my eyes so tight And softly call from out the woods My favorite fairy sprite.

And she will take me by the hand To lands that no one knows— To far off lands of Make-Believe Next door to Let's Suppose.

And there with all the fairy folk That all boys love so well, I play, till nurse calls me And breaks the fairy spell.