

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## WHEN UNCLE CARL COMES TO VISIT

**B**UT what is he like?" demanded Bob, as his mother folded up the little slip of yellow paper that had brought the news, "what is Uncle Carl like?"

"You don't know, do you?" laughed his mother. "It seems funny that you don't even know what my brother looks like, yet, of course, you couldn't for the last time he was here you were too tiny to notice uncles yet."

"He has been sick for weeks. This telegram says that he is better now, and that the doctor says he must get to the country for a bit and that he is coming tomorrow if we want him."

The next twenty-four hours were busy ones for the children. Uncle Carl was to have the big bed room of the sleeping porch by the driveway and they had a beautiful time helping make the bed fresh and put towels in the bath room and flowers on the reading table and new magazines and books and everything they could think of, for his comfort or amusement.

And then the next morning, about



Bob, You're Just About As Big As I Thought You Would Be—And That's Pretty Big

the time the children began to be restless and to wonder whether the train was late, Uncle Carl came.

It was a good thing they had waited till he was actually here before making plans as to what they might do to entertain him, for he wasn't a bit, not a single little bit like the children had thought he would be. In the first place, he wasn't so very sick—oh, to be sure, mother talked about how thin he was and he did look pretty tired for early in the morning, but that wasn't sick, with a doctor and medicine and

"maybe I have a nephew who is big enough to want to go to the circus?"

"Oh, goody! Goody!" interrupted Jack, clapping his hands happily. "Then we can go!"

"Oh? What's that?" exclaimed Uncle Carl, in surprise. "You don't mean I have two nephews big enough to go to a circus?"

"Two nephews," spoke up Helen from behind his chair, "but wouldn't you need a nice top, so as to have plenty of company?"

"Well, well, well," said Uncle Carl. "I needn't have worried! Here I was thinking as I came out on the train—now I haven't been to a circus for ages, and if only my sisters oldest boy was big enough to want to go to a circus, I'd have an excuse for going!"

And then the minute I saw you, I knew you were big enough. And now, here instead of maybe having only one excuse I have three! All right, then, we'll go!"

After that, of course, there was nothing else to talk of but the circus. The children told Uncle Carl all about the things they had heard of the circus and its glories, and he told them all about the last circus he went to, which was an awfully long time ago. He and his brother Tom went together and the children giggled happily when he told them how the two boys, Carl and Tom, acted out the circus when

they got home. They climbed up and down the loft of the old barn at their home; they walked a rope—that was the time Uncle Carl broke his arm, interrupted the children's mother, laughing, "so don't you folks try rope walking when you come home!" And they dressed up in the mosquito netting grandpa kept for covering jelly and acted like the gay circus lady.

But even with such lively yarns the day seemed to go very slowly, and the children could hardly wait till morning so they could be on their way to the circus.

Uncle Carl engaged the taxi man in the village to drive them over, so they would miss the crowd in the traction car. But that was about all they did miss that entire day!

Just as they left the house, Uncle Carl called them to a corner of the porch and asked, "have you pocket-books, children? Old pocket-books that it wouldn't hurt to lose?" When the children nodded he said, "well, run get them, you'll need them."

And sure enough they did need them, for Uncle Carl pulled out his big pocket book and gave each child five dimes—bright, new, shining dimes.

"Now, then," he added, "that's to spend any way you like. Only you'd better ask your mother about things to eat, because I might tell you

## WHAT OTHER FOLKS ARE DOING



**F**ROM ocean unto ocean  
Across this mighty land  
Is heard the stirring motion  
Of many a busy hand.

From steaming pots is pouring  
A steady stream of jam,  
With girls and boys adoring  
Each sugar-laden dram.

In wood and field the jolly  
Pretending time has come—  
No bug commits the folly  
Of not caring for the crumb.

you don't know something that happened next.

A cunning little black dog dashed into the middle ring just as the horses were doing their stunt, and instantly Jack stood up and shouted, "That's Scotty! That's my Scotty that ran away last spring!" Of course, the grown folks didn't pay any attention but the dog did. He pricked up one ear and then he pricked up another. And then he dashed right out of the middle ring and up, over folks' laps, to his little master!

When the circus was over, which fortunately was pretty soon, Uncle Carl went with the children to the office to see about that dog. In spite of the way Scotty showed he plainly belonged to Jack, the circus man wanted to call the dog his—but he would sell him, which Uncle Carl said was fair enough, and asked the price. The children immediately emptied their pocket books and Uncle Carl emptied his and when it was all counted up it was just barely enough.

So that was why, when they started out with plenty, those three children

came home without a peanut or a grain of popcorn—but with the beloved Scotty who had been lost these many weeks.

"Just think," exclaimed little Jack happily, as he gave his dog a big supper, "if Uncle Carl hadn't come—but then, he did!"

### THE JUNIOR COOK

PICKLED BEETS

The last fine beets are now coming along in the home gardens.

Sometime when there are several fine beets left, over after a meal of buttered beets try this dish. Or, of course, beets may be boiled on purpose for it.

Slice cold, cooked beets into thin, dainty slices.

Spread neatly in a rather deep dish. Sprinkle with salt.

Cover with fresh vinegar and let stand a few hours.

Serve with a meat course.

## A Splendid Hero

**I**N New York City on the spot of his execution stands a magnificent memorial to a splendid hero. It is a statue of Nathan Hale, the American who was hanged as a spy on September 22, 1776.

Hale was born in Connecticut on June 6, 1755. He was a delicate boy, but with manhood came strength and his ambition to use his strength to aid his country made him at the age of 20 give up the position of teacher and join the American Army at Boston. His bright smile and lovable disposition won for him many friends and his ability won for him a captaincy. Hale went with the army to New York, and there he offered without suspicion and prepared to return to Washington's Army. Arrangements had been made for a boat to meet him and conduct him in safety to his own lines. While waiting at a tavern for the arrival of the boat he was recognized by a man who informed the British who he was. Not knowing what had occurred he board-



Nathan Hale Statue in New York

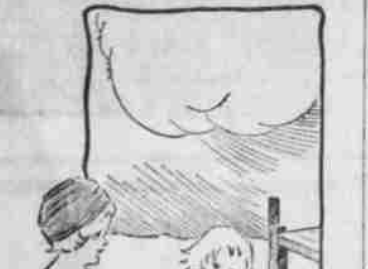
ed the boat the next morning to carry his news to his general, but the boat was a British vessel, and it carried him back into the enemies' hands. In the British camp he was searched and his notes were found in his shoes. He made no denials, no excuses, but faced his captors like the gallant hero he was and listened unflinchingly to the sentence to be hanged the next morning. His dying words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

A story is told, but its truth is not certain, that the night before he died Hale rewrote his notes and concealed them in his waistcoat. After his death his betrothed came to Howe's camp and asked that the body of her beloved might be removed to the family burial plot. This Howe in accordance with the army rules of the time, refused but a young officer taking pity on the girl's grief told her to return to the camp in secret at moonlight and he would help her obtain the body. That night Hale's father accompanied the young girl in a boat to the British camp and with the aid of the officer removed the body of the spy from its grave. When the boat bearing its burden had left the sight of the British lines the notes were discovered in the waistcoat and by the efforts of the hero's father and his sweetheart were finally placed in the hands of General Washington. This is a very interesting anecdote, but it may be the mere fancy of an author's imagination.

## BILLY'S ADVENTURE

**W**HEN Margaret and Sue went to the lake for two weeks' vacation, of course, they took Billy with them. They never for one minute thought of leaving their little playfellow at home especially when that playfellow was such a pretty and jolly little yellow dog.

It was hard to take him on the train for he had to stay in the baggage car all by himself while the girls and their father and mother rode in the comfortable chair car. But perhaps he wasn't so much to be pitied after all for he had a nice, comfortable basket to ride in and he was so pretty and fluffy and clean and so friendly that the baggage man and his assistant paid him much more attention than dogs who ride in baggage cars usually get.



"Here's Your Tire, Sue," Margaret Said

But all the same he was glad when would bark in a jiffy if anything went wrong with his little mistress.

One afternoon, after they had been there a week or so, the children and Billy ran down to the pier for their regular water frolic.

"Here's your tire, Sue," Margaret said, as they got near the pier. "You take it and walk out by yourself to the time 'cause I want to run out to the end of the pier and jump on just like father does." Margaret knew that she could do that for the beach was so good that even that far out she would not be above her head.

So she left her sister and Billy and ran skipping out without noticing a thing.

Sue slipped the tire over her head, dabbled her toes in the edge of the water where the pebbles were so far and smooth and then walked out and out—she could go a long way before the water came to her waist, the beach was so gradual.

Left by himself Billy sedately walked out on the pier to watch proceedings. On the side of the pier nearest Sue a sailboat was fastened. It rocked idly at its moorings and rubbed so close to the dock that even a dog who hated water was not afraid to step from the pier to the broad cushioned seats.

Billy looked hard, wrinkled his ears

inquiringly and then, when he was sure no one was looking, stepped into the boat and sat himself down on the softest cushion.

Pretty soon Sue, seeing some little friends playing on the beach, wandered into shore and Billy, knowing that she would be very safe there, dropped to sleep.

About an hour later the owner of the boat, his call ended, unhooked his post, pushed off and set sail across the lake—all before he noticed that he had a passenger.

Of course, by that time Margaret and Sue had both come in from the water and had dressed. They missed Billy and hurried down to the pier to find him but no Billy could they see.

"Where can he be?" cried Sue. "He was right here in the big boat!"

"Boat?" asked Margaret. "Was there a boat?" And she looked out across the lake.

There coming toward them was the sailboat and perched right up in the front was Billy. Margaret waived to him and he barked so hard that he nearly fell in.

It wasn't but a few minutes till he was back on the pier safe and sound and you may be sure that for the rest of their stay, he never climbed into a boat for a nap!

**M**EDIE is a lovely game to play on a cool autumn evening when you are sitting about the freshly laid fire. The players—and they may be young people or older folks, or the group may consist of both—sit about in a semi-circle and the first player begins:

"I am thinking of a rocky coast in a wild and unpopulated land. Stretching inland from the coast are vast forests. Near the coast is a small boat and from it men and women are making their way towards the shore. Their dress is plain, and their faces have a weary look, yet there is the light of inspiration and hope in their tired eyes. Little children bravely pick their way over the rocks and follow their parents onto the barren land. They have travelled a great distance to this unknown shore. Do you know who they are; and why they have braved the dangers of the sea to come to this land where neither food nor shelter awaits them?"

The answer to this story is the tale of the Pilgrim band that landed in Plymouth, and when this had been told, the person who has supplied the facts, takes his or her turn in the center and goes on with another historical story. The stories given here are merely samples of the game. Original tales may be made up by the individual players.

I am thinking of a little island in the

## A Historical Game

**CAN YOU READ THESE?**

Man Meddling Wife  
(Be above meddling between man and wife)

Don't to  
Look rule  
Your inclinations; and take care  
Now that days are growing cool  
To wear your wear

heavy  
Your inclinations; and take care  
Now that days are growing cool  
To wear your heavy underwear.)

## Puzzle Corner

### SCHOOL PUZZLE

COME GET YOUR SPONGE AND GET YOUR SLATE FOR IT'S TIME FOR SCHOOL—DON'T BE LATE!

Help big brother to get to school on time! Cut out the black spots and paste them together—he's late! Better hurry!

**PROGRESSIVE WORDS**  
The last letter of each word is the first of the next.

1. A pet idea.
2. To color.
3. Termination.
4. Noise.
5. The head.
6. An obstruction.
7. In our flag.
8. An animal.

**ENIGMA—CROSS WORD PUZZLE**

My first is in Alaska, but not in California.  
My second is in California, but not in New Hampshire.  
My third is in New Hampshire, but not in Louisiana.  
My fourth is in Louisiana and in Georgia.  
My fifth is in Georgia, but not in Pennsylvania.  
My sixth is in Pennsylvania, but not in Utah.  
My whole is a place of learning.

**WORD SQUARE**  
My first decorates your home at Christmas.  
My second is a highway

My third is to deserve  
My fourth is a girl's name

**ANSWERS**  
**PROGRESSIVE WORDS—Fad, Dye, End, Din, Nob, Bar, Red, Dog.**  
**ENIGMA—School.**

**WORD SQUARE**  
T R E E  
R O A D  
E A R N  
E D N A

## THE DOINGS OF CONSTANCE CLOTHESPIN.

No. 2 Where-in Constance and Beatrice meet Charles and Andrew who buy them some ice cream.

SHAPE OF GIRL'S HAT  
BOY'S COLLAR  
SHAPE OF CONSTANCE'S DRESS  
SHAPE OF BOTH PIECES OF BEATRICE'S SUIT  
PATTERN for MAN'S COAT  
RECIPE  
ANDREW CHARLES BEATRICE CONSTANCE

**M**AK faces and hair on two clothespins for the boys. If you do not have Constance and Beatrice from last time you can make them now. Paste a light colored piece of paper on the front of each boy for a shirt, paste a white collar around their necks and a necktie in it. Cut pants legs from a straight piece of paper as long as their legs, two and one-half inches wide, paste them. Beatrice has a waist of white tissue paper, and a suit of dark paper. The skirt is pasted shut and the coat

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R O A D  
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E D N A

Solution to Out-Out Puzzle