

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## FEATHERS

I LIKE Roger's the best of any school I've ever been to," wrote Jerry Morley. "The fellows are all fine and I think we'll have a dandy team this year, but I'm not feeling much better and don't know if I can stand it or not. I sneeze every night, but not as bad as I do at home. How I miss my nice, soft feather bed now that cold weather is coming on!"

"Finished?" inquired his roommate, Mat O'Flynn. Jerry hurriedly signed: "Your affectionate son," and put the letter into an envelope. "What're we going to do?" he inquired. "The fellows are all in the gym," Mat answered. Jerry started up, then sank back, exclaiming: "Wait a second. I forgot something." With the aid of a pencil slipped under the flap of the envelope he got it open and pulled out his letter. "P. S." he wrote. "Please tell Ery if she wants to send me something not to waste time on fudge, as we make it ourselves, but I would like a nice feather pillow, as the pillows they provide here are flat and I get so stuffy and suffer so at night I need a high pillow with plenty of firm feathers in it."

Mat watched impatiently while he read the letter again, and drew out a limp handkerchief. "You always seem to have a cold," he observed. "You'll have to shake it if you want to play on the team." "I know, sniff, sniff," replied Jerry mournfully. "Hard luck," Mat sympathized. Doc Fields says you'll make the best player on the team. Come on, old top."

Jerry's stunts in the gym always brought admiring comments from the other boys at the school. He was a slender lad, but hard and muscular and supple. The boys were all in training now for the coming season, and the gym was their favorite meeting place. It was a new one and really not quite finished. The floor was smooth and slippery, but the pillars and rafters were rough and unpainted. Jerry swung up on the bar and after several stunts he hung by his feet head-downward. The bar was quite high and Mat had pulled a mat underneath. Suddenly, while Jerry hung there and seemed about to swing himself up to the bar, he was seen to shake and shiver. He gave an exclamation in a smothered voice. "Mat and two others, one of them the gym director, Dr. Fields, ran forward just in time to break the boy's fall and probably saved his neck from being broken.

Jerry blushed and rubbed his head. Then he opened his mouth and drew in a sharp breath. "He's going to sneeze!" Mat exclaimed. "But he didn't. He gave a few sniffs and replied: "I lost that sneeze and I've been much better lately. I'm not very strong, Doc, if you must know it. I suffer a good deal and my mother is very much worried about me." "Humph!" exclaimed Dr. Fields, viewing the healthy-looking specimen of boyhood with a doubting eye. "If I find that Roger's doesn't agree with me," continued Jerry, mournfully.



fully, "I'll have to try another climate. I've tried a half-dozen schools already, but none of them have agreed with me very well." Several of the boys drew out handkerchiefs and made out they were sobbing. "Don't make fun of him," protested Mat—"You don't know how he suffers."

"Don't make fun of him," protested Mat. "You don't know how he suffers. I do because I room with him, and it's a wonder to me that he's alive." "He suffers, eh?" said the Doctor. "How does he suffer? I see no marks of suffering." "He sneezes," explained Mat. "He'll sneeze half the night and so hard it's enough to take his strength." "I think Roger's isn't agreeing with me, after all," said Jerry. "Well, now: that's too bad, son," said Dr. Fields, who had had a suspicion that Jerry was one of these frolic-in-the-grave fellows. "You stay around here awhile and I'll study your case. I think it's hay fever." "I know it is," replied Jerry. "Well, if that's the case, there's something poisoning you, some weed or something and you can get cured of it," Dr. Fields replied. "I'm going



to write to a friend of mine who's in the laboratory of the university and see if we can't find out what the trouble is." The boys now became all sympathy and interest, so Jerry felt rather important on account of his affliction.

## THE JUNIOR COOK

**COCONUT MACAROONS**  
(Fine for a school party.)  
Beat together  
1 cupful sugar  
1 teaspoonful vanilla  
yolks of 2 eggs  
Add 1 tablespoonful butter or vegetable oil and beat again.  
Add 2 and 1/2 cupful rolled oats and 2 teaspoonful baking powder.  
1 cup shredded coconut  
Work together till well mixed.  
Beat the whites of 2 eggs and mix with the other ingredients.  
This mixture will look very dry and stiff but will be all right.  
Drop bits, about a teaspoonful, on a buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven.  
As soon as the macaroons are brown, they are done.  
Let cool slightly before taking up with a pancake turner or spatula.  
Put on a cloth or a wire cake rack till cold.  
This recipe may be doubled for a large quantity.

any helped him to his feet and he was seen to lean rather heavily on Mat and limp a little. Everyone at home was devoted to Jerry and in a short time a monstrous pillow arrived from Ery. It was twice the size of an ordinary pillow, but not as large as a bolster. And brought it to his roommate to the gym where the boys were looking around, and they all crowded around to see the large, soft parcel opened. When they saw what it was, what a whoop they grabbed it and sent it sailing to different parts of the room. Jerry dashed for his property and after a wild tussle got hold of it and lay down on it to keep the others out. But they piled up on him, turned him over and yanked the pillow away. Next was a reading sound and when next the pillow sailed out near the rafters the air was filled with feathers. "Ah-chool! sniff! sniff!" came from the owner. The more they batted that pillow the harder Jerry sneezed. At last the whole gym was covered with feathers. The boys stood aghast. They never dreamed what a lot of feathers a little pillow could hold. Here was a very large room with the floor completely hidden and the rafters and pillars covered with the soft floating feathers. An angry director appeared at the door and for ten minutes he expressed his opinion of those boys. Then came the order to clean up. No one was to leave the room until every feather was

## What Other Folks Are Doing

THE MICE close by the river—when the leaves began to turn—And, like the glowing parlor grate, with red and gold to burn—Looked very sad indeed to think, now summer days were o'er, That soon the fish would fail to bite with ice upon the shore. But Danny Dormouse called his friend, Mat Meadowmouse, and said: "Let's try our luck just once again while blue sky's overhead." So in their boat we see them, tho' the day is rather rough. And let us hope for supper they will catch good fish enough.



## Do You Know?

If you will glance over the Monthly Birthday Book for October you will see the names of many men and women who accomplished great things. Many of you will sigh on reading this and say to yourselves: "When I am grown up I, too, will do things that will startle the world and change the order of the day. I wish I could be a Columbus or a Penn or a Roosevelt or a West. It would be wonderful to be a Lind or a Bernhardt, or a Rosa Bonheur. Think how I could entertain the world were I to become a Verdi or a Keats or a Coleridge!" And you will begin to dream

rosy dreams of your far-off future. But do not wait until that future has become a fact before you begin to accomplish things. Many of the world's most famous men had achieved success during their early years. Did you know that: Napoleon had conducted one of the most brilliant campaigns the world ever saw, before he was thirty years of age? Edward Everett at the age of twenty was ordained pastor of a church in Boston and within two years attained distinguished fame as an orator; at twenty-one he was appointed Professor of Greek at Harvard. Benjamin Pierce, one of the most profound mathematicians of the United States was chosen Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge when he was but twenty-four years old. Byron, Shelley and Keats, famous poets, died before the age of forty; Byron when thirty-six, Shelley when in his thirtieth year and Keats at the age of twenty-five. Thomas Chatterton won world wide fame with the poems written before his death at the age of seventeen. William Cullen Bryant wrote his most famous poem "Thanatopsis" when in his nineteenth year.

## The Monthly Birthday Book

- OCTOBER
- 1, 1207. Henry III of England
  - 2, 1452. Richard III of England
  - 3, 1505. George Bancroft
  - 4, 1822. President Hayes
  - 5, 1703. Jonathan Edwards
  - 6, 1829. Jenny Lind
  - 7, 1573. William Land, Archbishop of Canterbury
  - 8, 1838. John Hay
  - 9, 1812. Verdi
  - 10, 1738. Benjamin West
  - 11, 1825. Theodore Thomas
  - 12, 1802. Hugh Miller, geologist.
  - 13, 1784. Ferdinand VII of Spain
  - 14, 1644. William Penn
  - 15, 79 B. C. Virgil

- 16, 1720. John George Sulzer
- 17, 1727. John Wilkes, demagogue
- 18, 1770. Thomas Phillips, painter
- 19, 1784. Leigh Hunt, poet
- 20, 1822. Sir Christopher Wren, architect
- 21, 1772. Samuel T. Coleridge
- 22, 1845. Sarah Bernhardt
- 23, 1771. Marshal Andoche Junot, French commander.
- 24, 1765. Sir James Mackintosh, writer
- 25, 1735. Sir James Beattie, poet
- 26, 1759. George James Danton, revolutionist
- 27, 1858. Theodore Roosevelt
- 28, 1467. Erasmus, scholar
- 29, 1795. John Keats
- 30, 1735. John Adams
- 31, 1620. John Evelyn, author.

## Snarls and Tangles

**OUCH!**  
Mary-Ann-Eliza Marsh. How in the world do you expect me to fix your hair decently while you are squirming around like a young worm?" "Oh Aunt Jenny. It did hurt so! I wish to goodness that I had no hair at all like old Luke Tyler." "A fine sight you'd be, wouldn't you? Does seem as if you tied it up in a double bow knots every night instead of braiding it. It gets in such a snarl!" "Marion's eyes were full of tears. Her hair really was snarled, but Aunt Ann, despising such new-fangled notions, insisted on using her own method—Mary-Ann. The pretty way hair that was causing so much trouble was a great trial; it was thick and bushy and its daily arrangement by Aunt Jenny's unaccustomed hands was a time of real suffering for the luckless owner.

It was all on account of "Bohs" being sick, that Marion was away from home. The doctor feared diphtheria, and so she was bundled off at an hour's notice to stay with Aunt Jenny, so as to be out of harm's way. And here she had been for the last ten days, feeling dreadfully lonely and homesick, but determined to be brave and not let Mother suspect how unhappy she was. Right after breakfast she ran down to the garden to see if she could see Sammy Lane. Sammy lived next door, and they had become quite chummy. Yes, there he was perched on the top of the garden wall. "You're fine and late," he said as she climbed up beside him. "I thought we were going nutting this morning, which had got him in trouble on many occasions. "I couldn't help it indeed, Sammy. I had the most awful time this morning. We can go this afternoon, and be

back in plenty of time." "What was the matter?" "Oh, my old hair again." "Oh pshaw. What do girls want long hair for anyway? Boys have more sense. No snarls and curl-cures for them. I guess not. Why, I do my hair in about a second." "Marion suddenly straightened up. "Sammy Lane, will you do me a favor?" "I durno," said Sammy, cautiously. "What is it?" "Sammy, you are the only one in the whole world who can help me, but before I tell you what it is, you must promise to do it." "Clever Marion was quite sure of Sammy's great failing—curiosity, which had got him in trouble on many occasions. "Will you promise," she persisted. "Oh, I spose so! What is it all

## Puzzle Corner

### A GIFT FROM THE TREE

There's a gift from the old-man-tree, Bobby is sending it down to me!

**DOUBLE BEHEADINGS**  
1. D R ear. 2. ST rain. 3. G R ate.  
4. P R ill. 5. G L and. 6. P R ice.

**DIAMOND**  
E  
V  
E  
V  
A  
D  
E  
E

**HIDDEN TREE SENTENCES**  
A letter taken from each word will give, in each sentence the name of a tree.  
1. Uncle Danny arrived unexpectedly Thursday.  
2. Now I will telephone to Walter.  
3. Professor Barry lectured last Monday on Bird Lore.  
4. Marion Trane plays the violin beautifully.  
5. Make haste, Edith.  
6. Cherries and currants make delicious preserves, Edna.

**ANSWERS**  
**DOUBLE BEHEADINGS**  
1. D R ear. 2. ST rain. 3. G R ate.  
4. P R ill. 5. G L and. 6. P R ice.  
**DIAMOND**  
E  
V  
E  
V  
A  
D  
E  
E  
**HIDDEN TREE SENTENCES**  
1. Larch. 2. Willow. 3. Sycamore  
4. Maple. 5. Ash. 6. Catalpa.

average, behead again and find to have consumed food.  
4. Behead the trimming on a girl's dress and leave a little stream, behead again and leave sickness.  
5. Behead a part of the human body and leave terra firma, behead again and find a conjunction.  
6. Behead the coat of a thing and leave a cereal, behead again and find solid water.

**DIAMOND**  
My first is in paradise  
My second precedes night  
My third is to elude  
My fourth is a girl's name  
My fifth is a vowel!

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## THE DOINGS OF CONSTANCE CLOTHESPIN.

No. 4. Where-in they all go to a fancy dress ball and dance all night.

**PATTERN OF COWBOY HAT**  
**HELMET For CHARLES**  
**SHIELD**  
**SWORD IN ITS SHEATH**  
**CONSTANCE'S COLLAR**  
**CHARLES**  
**ANDREW**  
**CONSTANCE**  
**BEATRICE**

**M**ARY faces and hair on four clothespins, two boys and two girls. Constance wears a colonial dress. Cut her skirt of stiff paper, paste it shut in the back. A crumpled piece of crepe paper tied on with a string forms her overskirt. A straight piece forms her waist. Cut out her collar and paste it on. Andrew's cowboy costume is cut from a brown paper sack. A square piece for his pants legs, with a fringe clipped on one edge, another piece pasted on him for a shirt, a bit of red around

bring them with me." "Mary-Ann, Mary-Ann. Where are you?" Aunt Jenny stood on the porch, an open telegram in her hand. "I'm coming, Aunt Jenny," and Marion came slowly up the steps. "For the lands sake, child. What in the world have you been doing to your hair?" And Aunt Jenny raised her hands in horror, for all Marion's wavy locks had disappeared, and her hair was crumpled about in uneven, straggly lengths. "Oh, Aunt Jenny. I just couldn't stand it any longer, so Sammy and I just cut those fuzzy wavy tangles right off." "What your Mother will say, child, I don't know. Here's a telegraph message to say she will be here early tomorrow morning to take you home." "Oh, Aunt Jenny, really?" cried Marion, clasping her hands. "Yes, it seems your brother Robert, only has a few days' notice, and you are to be ready to leave on the 3 o'clock train tomorrow, but what shall I say about your hair I can't think." "Oh, I'll explain Mother always understands," said Marion, comfortably. "Mother did understand, but all the same she had tears in her eyes, as she looked at Marion's bobbed hair, which Aunt Jenny had trimmed to something like order. "Perhaps it wasn't such a bad idea after all," she said. "I won't take you so long to get ready for school

his neck and a hat like the pattern. Charles is dressed as a knight in armor. Cut his shield and sword from pasteboard, and wrap them and him in tinfoil. Cover his helmet with tinfoil and paste it shut in the back. Crumple the top together into a point, fastening it with paste. For Beatrice's trailing gown gather a piece of crepe paper at the top, and tie it around her with a thread. Cut it around the bottom so as to leave a long train. Put a stiff skirt underneath the dress.

in the mornings. But I never should have had the heart to have it done myself." "It's lovely and comfortable," said Marion shaking her shorn head. "I did it myself in no time this morning." "Well, darling, I am so grateful that 'Bohs' is well again, and to have my little girl with me once more, that I can think of nothing else." "It certainly was a dreadfully long ten days," sighed Marion, as she snuggled closer to Mother, as they sat in the train and watched the hazy scenery. But now we are together again, nothing else matters."

### OCTOBER SHOWERS

**L**IGHTLY fall October's showers. Through that widening, sunny portal Troop the spirits of immortal Beauty that we call the flow'rs. Even now their fragrance lingers On the autumn's cruel fingers, Straying in the dying bow'rs.

Lightly fall October's showers, Not of rain-drops nor of flowers, But of leaves that bless the soil, Whence arise the forms that greet us, Cheer us when dark days defeat us, Burdened with the daily toil.

Back to Mother Earth descending, With her bare, brown bosom blending, Fast the leaves go dancing by—Dressed in mellow red and yellow, Dancing to the wind's soft 'cello, Soon in rustling heaps to lie.

Flowing in a tide above her Dearest treasures, soon they'll cover Earth's fair gems—the buds that hold

Through the frost, till spring, retrieving Days of darkness and of grieving, Flings apart the gates of gold.

**Solution to Cubes**