

# For the YOUNG PEOPLE

## The PEST DESTROYER

WHEN Henry felt blue he didn't mind letting everyone know it. In fact, the more they knew it, the better Henry felt. That was why the house was so still and gloomy and everybody in it went around with a long face. Cousin Herb didn't know about it though he should have, because Henry met him at the station and gave him lots of hints. But Herb was the kind of a fellow who is so wrapped up in his own self he hasn't any time left to notice others—at least, that was Henry's opinion.

"How's everyone?" Herb had inquired.

"All well, except me," Henry replied in a mournful voice.

"Zat's good," said Herb. "Gee, here's Sam Brunner on a motorcycle!"

Wish I had one. Dad says I can as soon as I'm old enough to have a license. I wouldn't mind having a motor-wheel for my old bike. Say, I brought my bike along with me this year.

Henry let him babble on, but Herb never noticed that his cousin had the blues. When they got home, Henry went off by himself leaving Herb to shift for himself. Herb went around looking for Henry.

"Say, Aunt Jo," he asked, going out to the kitchen, "where's 'Hen' and what all you all?"

"Henry is very depressed," replied his aunt sadly. "He was late getting back from the country this year, and he doesn't like his teacher in the new grade and the others got a start so he feels out of it, and he misses the healthy outdoor life, and the mosquitoes bother him so at night he can't sleep."

"Mosquitoes!" exclaimed Herb.

"Don't it seem queer?" replied Aunt Jo, "that we should be having this heat and mosquitoes at this time of the year in the city. I never expected it so I put the screens away, but Henry says he can't sleep a wink they bother him so."

"It does beat the Dutch!" agreed Herb. "But don't worry about Hen. I'll fix him up all right. In the first place, he'll get used to the teacher; and secondly, I'm later than he is, and that ought to be some comfort; and thirdly, I'll think up a way to get rid of the mosquitoes."

"You dear boy!" cried his aunt. "I'm so glad your parents let you come here to school. I don't know what I'd do without you. Henry's so temperamental."

This praise rather put Herb on his mettle, so he went at once into the library to study and think. A mosquito bar would keep the pests off the sensitive Henry, but that was too tame a method to appeal to Herb. He wanted something with a thrill in it. He delved into an encyclopedia and found that mosquitoes breed in water and if you can find the breeding place and sprinkle oil on the water the mosquito tribe would just naturally die out.

"That's queer," he said to himself, "no water around here that I know of."

He read on and learned that some mosquitoes carry disease and that the Canal Zone used to be terribly unhealthy but since the mosquitoes had been slain, it had become a regular health resort. Fish are good mosquito-killers, so are frogs. "The common toad is a champion pest destroyer," said the article.

"Well now," said Herb, "that's real interesting and I'll start right out to get rid of the skeets."

He went out into the back yard which opened on an alley. There was a narrow ditch in the middle of the alley, full of stale water. Herb went back, got an oil can and sprinkled the

ditch, also some old tin cans in which water was standing. He felt very important indeed when some of the other children of the neighborhood came out and asked him what he was doing.

"Lend me the can," requested Tommy. "we have a nurlful stagnant aquarium."

"Then I'd like to borrow it," Daisy said. "I know there's stagnant water around our place."

So Herb lent them the can. Then he went and knocked the crate off his bicycle and telling his aunt that he was going for a little business ride, he cycled out of the street and off to the suburbs of the city. He knew the city very well for he had been going to school there for three winters.

It was quite like the country in the suburbs and Herb knew of a certain spot where there were lots of hop-toads—at least, there had been the year before. When he got there he didn't find so many. In fact, only one

room and turned him loose. Mr. Toad hopped gingerly over the rug and took refuge under the bed.

"Now, get busy," urged his master. Then the supper-bell rang and in the excitement of stuffing down hot muffins and jam and stewedysters and liver and bacon and a lot of other things, Herb forgot about the stranger upstairs. Henry was gloom personified, but Herb was so gay and funny nobody noticed poor 'Hen'-in-the-face. Henry felt that the world was cruel and hard, so he went to bed soon after supper while his jovial cousin entertained the boys and girls who dropped in to give him a greeting.

Herb went to bed about nine o'clock and tried to be real quiet so as not to disturb poor 'Hen'. In fact, he only dropped his watch once and turned over a little table on which was a large brown wicker ornament shaped like a vase with a tin thing inside, and Henry's paint-box. He was afraid he'd disturbed his cousin but Henry kept on snoring loudly. But when he was ready for bed and stood poised, something cold hopped on his feet. Well, believe me, he jumped,

## CHANGING GAMES



PASS the ball now—there's the signal! Oh, you put it up too high! Can't you get it in your net? That you mustn't kick a fly? We're not playing baseball, Jimmie. You'll get chances by and by—If you want to kick the piskin, You can kick it to the sky!

Sure we've put away the baseball And the bat and gloves and all—Don't you know this is another Game they're playing in the fall? And you mustn't mention bases Or the home runs when you talk. But the goals we win and touch-downs That we manage "in a walk."

Course it's pretty hard to practice When we haven't got the boys In a line to guard and tackle And to make a heap of noise. Playing football needs the fellows In a bunch to have much fun. But we'll learn a lot about it Though we're only one to one.

## BOBBY'S BOAT

BOBBY'S boat was fourteen inches long. She had two masts, one big, one little, and two white sails and her hull was painted green. Bobby had gotten her in Baltimore.

Bobby had come from his home on an Indiana farm, where the only water in sight was in the watering trough. When he came east all he had eyes for was the water. He saw Baltimore Harbor and its ships. He went on an excursion out on the Chesapeake Bay and he passed boats and boats which had two masts and two sails, and the day after that trip Bobby was walking down the street when he saw just such a boat in a shop window, a little boat which he could hold in his hand and which, yet, looked exactly like those big ones he had seen on the bay. He loved that little boat the minute he saw it. And now it was his. And the boat's name was the Sunrise.

Bobby took the Sunrise out to Druid Hill Park for her first voyage. He went down the steps to the edge of the lake and knelt there and put the boat carefully into the water for which her slim shape had been made. And since winds are not to be trusted he drew her slowly along with

## Funny Things Heard in a School Room

Do you know the real meaning of these words? If not look them up, so you will not be in the same class with the boys and girls who gave the following definitions:

Alias—A good man in the Bible.  
Amenable—Anything that is mean.  
Audible—Worthy of applause.  
Ammonia—The food of the gods.  
Animosity—A sudden surprise.  
Culinary—Cunning or cute.  
Epicure—A man who likes a good dinner.  
Equestrian—An equal.  
Franchise—Anything belonging to the French.

Ignition—The art of not noticing.  
Irrigate—To disturb.  
Knickerbocker—Something to ring with.  
Medieval—A wicked man who has been tempted.  
Mendacious—What can be mended.  
Here are a few funny sentences that were written on examination papers: You stresses very suspicious. You should fascinate the vine to the wall. The leopard is watching the sheep. The strawberry crop was magnificent.

Bobby sighed blissfully, there was so much water to pull the Sunrise around in in this world of the Zoo. He even got the Sunrise on the beaver pond. And that was something to have done. There were Mother Beaver and Father Beaver and the beaver babies, and there was Beaver Lodge. But there was the Sunrise cutting across the cool pictures along the edge of the pond.

And in Boston? Boston was the best yet because Bobby did not have to go off in far places to find water. It was right across from the place where he was staying. It was in the garden and every morning he was there.

William benches waved over his head, nervous coughed and strutted beside him. If he lifted his head he could see marks of hetero and xen and he knew the names of them—and of perennials. Along in the middle of the morning a great white-swan boat would come circling around before him. Bobby would see how the Sunrise cut in two the pictures the swan-boat made in the water, he

## What Other Folks Are Doing

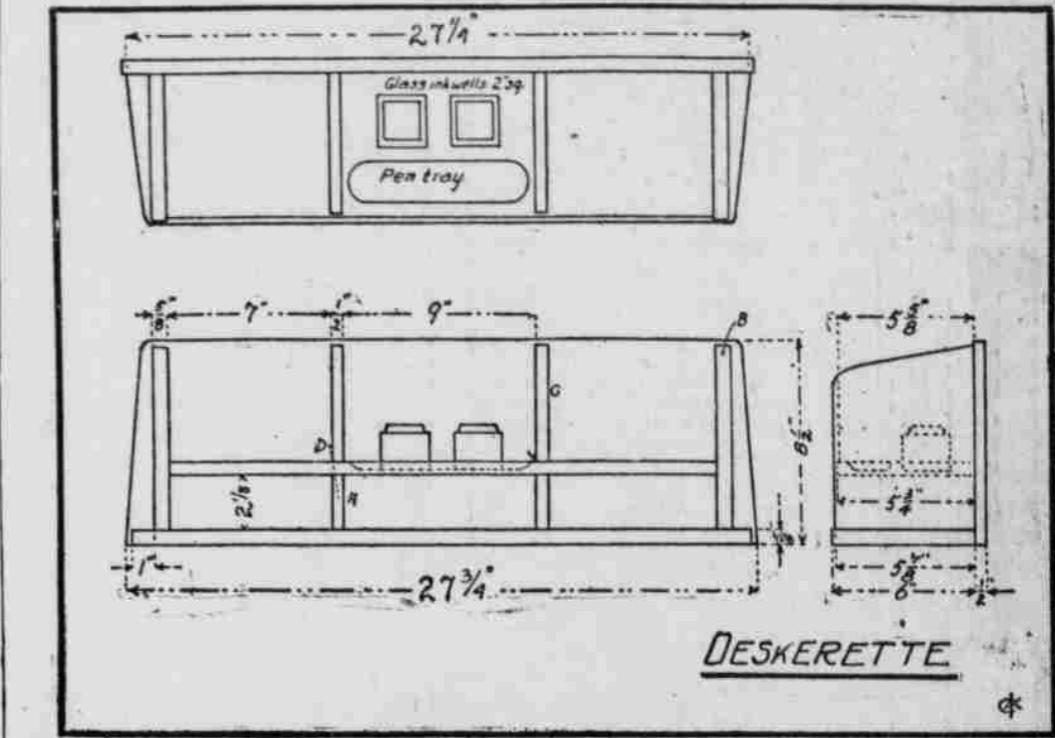
He enjoys riding on a philosopher. She was very quick at repetoire. There are a good many donkeys in the theological gardens. Every sentence and the name of God must begin with a caterpillar. An exclamation point is what causes surprise. Climate lasts all the time and weather only a few days. Queen Isabella of Spain sold her watch and chain and other millinery so that Columbus could discover America.

Bobby could watch the pictures of pigeons and of green branches the water held, close beside the boat he could see the pictures of the Sunrise herself. "Bobby," said his mother, when he tramped back to luncheon the sixth day he had been there, "we're going home tomorrow."

"And leave the water?"

"Leave the water?" his mother groaned. "I declare you have seen nothing else."

## The HANDY BOY AT HOME BY CHARLES A. KING. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, N.H.



WHAT housewife with children bringing their books and papers home from school has not wished for some place in which they could be kept together with the accessories for school work; a place which would insure there was no danger of decorating the tablecloth by the accidental upsetting of an inkwell. The deskette which is described here offers a solution of most of these troubles, for the child in school will find ample space for his school belongings and they can be moved together from one place to another as convenience may make it desirable.

The deskette may be made of any kind of wood. Bottom and ends are 3/4" thick, and shelf, partitions and back 1/2" thick. First prepare the bottom and the back and fasten them together with nails or screws; be sure that in every case each piece is smoothed and sanded before it is

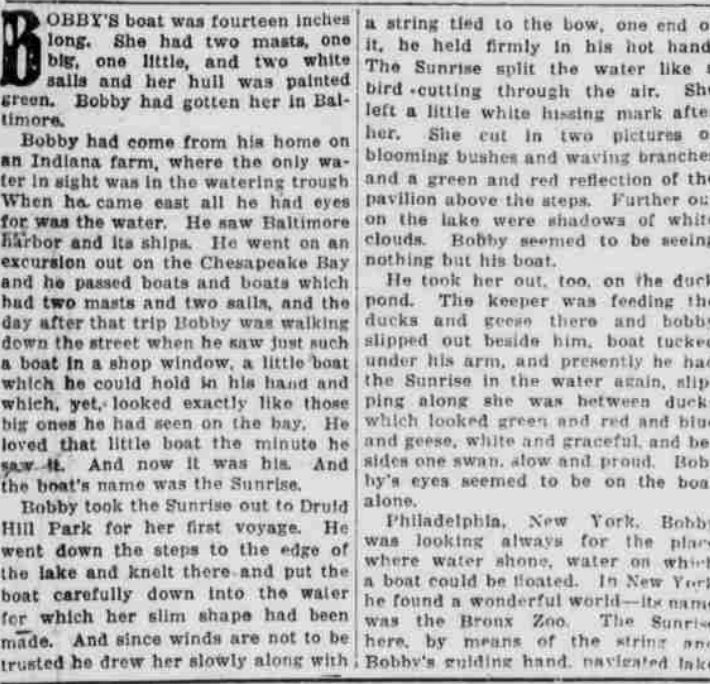
nailed in place as it is difficult to work into corners afterward. Make the partitions A of the desired height, in this case, 2 3/4" and fasten them through the bottom. Note that the front edges of adjoining pieces are not flush, but one projects 1/4" or less beyond the other. Cut the shelf to exact dimensions; locate and cut recesses to receive one or two inkwells as may be desired and carve the pen tray with a gouge and sandpaper smooth. If a square inkwell is desired, purchase one with straight sides, as it is difficult and perhaps impossible to fit one with irregular sides; a round inkwell may be preferred as these may be fitted easily, since a hole of the exact size may be bored with an extension bit.

Make middle partitions C and fasten them to the top of the shelf by nailing through the shelf into them; be sure they come exactly over partitions A. Make ends B of desired size

and form and nail the shelf between them, being sure that the distance between the bottom of each end and the bottom of the shelf is the same height as the partitions A which are already in place. Nail through the back into the shelf and into partitions C, and through the bottom and back into the ends B, being sure the latter are perfectly square with the bottom before they are fastened. Drive brads slantingly or "feeling" through the shelf into the partitions as at D, being sure that the latter stand perfectly square with the bottom.

The deskette may be stained by thinning an oil paint of the desired color with turpentine, applying it and then rubbing lightly with a cloth until all loose stain has been removed. After the stain has become thoroughly dry, shellac or varnish will be applied, or common floor wax will make a good finish.

## FOR WINTER DAYS



LIKE TWO LITTLE SQUIRRELS SO HAPPY AND GAY WERE PACKING OUR WINTER STORE AWAY!

To find out what's in the bag, cut out the black pieces, and fit them together.

## PUZZLE CORNER

CONCEALED INSECTS  
A letter taken from each word will reveal an insect in each sentence.

1. Save and thrive.
2. Brown waited most patiently.
3. Reading interests all thinkers.
4. Father called you.
5. Steady progress will reward earnest endeavor.
6. Come over tomorrow, Arthur.

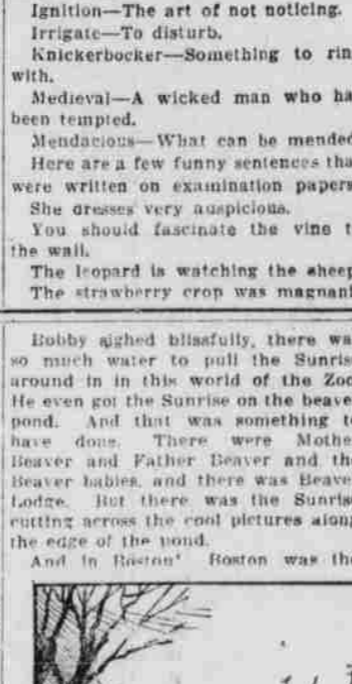
THREE LETTER SQUARES  
1  
A tablet  
A girl's name  
A gentle blow  
2

SORROW  
Unit of electrical resistance  
An animal

ANSWERS  
CONCEALED INSECTS—1. Ant  
2. Wasp 3. Gnat 4. Fly 5. Spider  
6. Moth

THREE LETTER SQUARES  
1  
P-A-B W-B-F  
A-B-A O-H-M  
U-A-B L-N-U

## INTERRUPTION AT DINNER



WHEN you surprise a Chestnut-Worm at dinner, I'm afraid you quite upset his temper and he's very angry made. He gets in such a hurry and cries out: "Now who is that?" But soon, of course, a well-bred worm will smile and doff his hat. Then you must hasten to exclaim: "Beg pardon—who'd suppose a worm was in that nut!" and bring the matter to a close. Such incidents unfortunate you'll easily avoid. With just a little care, and then nobody is annoyed.

the string in one hand he started her first home voyage.

At first Bobby could see nothing but the clear Indiana sky reflected in the water and a few airy and idle clouds. He leaned, looking. The Sunrise floated calmly. Presently Bobby began to see the picture of blossoming bushes and waving branches, of a red and green pavilion top, of wood ducks and white geese. He did not remember much about Philadelphia, but there came a day when leaning idly over the trough-side, the Sunrise making white shadows of her sails within the water, he could see the brook in Bronx Park; the beavers; beaver lodge—it all came back to him as he gazed into the water.

He could see the lake in Boston Gardens, the white swan-boat; the pigeons; the flowers. More than that he could see the street he crossed, the house at which he had stayed, the places to which his mother had insisted on taking him. The cool clear

## Solution to Out-Out



water brought them back like magic. "Mother, wasn't that old beaver funny?" he asked at dinner.

"Bobby! What made you think of it?"

"I don't know," said Bobby dreamily. "Just something in the water when I sail my boat. Seems to me I see 'em all, the pictures, there by the boat."