

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

GETTING EVEN

COME on, old scout!" called Art Jennings to his lagging companion. "Here's the place." Jim Dale hesitated. "I don't exactly like to go in where it says 'No Trespassing,'" he remarked.

"Oh, that sign!" laughed Art. "That's an old sign. It's been there for years and nobody pays any attention to it. You see, the people that own this land don't live here, and if we don't take those chestnuts they'll rot on the ground. Why, I've been coming out here for three years and getting chestnuts off that tree!"

"I suppose the nuts would just be wasted if we don't get them," said Jim.

"And wasted, if we do!" laughed Art, gaily, climbing the barb-wire fence. "See? They'll end in waste or waste. Come on, old scout!"

"I'm sure Art was a good fellow but very headstrong and stubborn. Consequently he was always in trouble at least almost always."

"You know, you've gotten me into more than one scrape," he said, following his treacherous friend.

In a short time both boys were on the other side of the fence on their way to the large chestnut tree, which stood in a thin fringe of trees skirting one side of an old pasture where the

grass had grown up high, yellow and sweet in the autumn sunshine. There were ferns and bushes taller than the boys' heads, and the brown gloves of mossy wild flowers things withered by the early frost. Outcropping rocks and hollows tripped the unwary feet of the trespassers.

"Gee!" remarked Jim. "I'd hate to be chased over this ground."

"Calm your fears, boy," said Art. "Nobody's going to chase us."

The tree was all Art had said it was. Chestnuts were scarce and getting scarcer every year, but this tree was loaded. Brown stickling burrs covered the ground, most of them open and showing the glistening treasures within. The boys sat down their sacks and fell to work gathering the harvest as fast as they could. Somehow both felt uneasy. Art remarked: "You been coming here for three years, Art? There's never anybody around here."

"I been there all right," said Jim. "Don't worry," replied Art. "He'd maybe find he was too late to be chasing us."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when they were both startled by a rear coming from a spot nearby.

"Gee! What was that?" Jim exclaimed.

"They licensed and sniped this air," "I know," said Art. "It's a cow,

better move along as soon as we get our sacks full."

They worked furiously and soon were full. Art picked up his sack and struck off over the field while Art was still knotting his "Hurry up, Art!" he called, and hurried himself, anxious to get off the grounds.

He was half way over the field when a shout halted him. He looked around and saw a tall powerful youth of around fifteen stalking in his direction. Jim was no coward, but he was a slight fellow and younger than the newcomer by several years; he

sides there was something menacing about the way the latter came striding toward him. Jim's legs just naturally began to bear him swiftly towards the fence.

"Hey!" shouted the stranger. "You young rascal! I'll teach you to steal people's chestnuts!"

Jim paused a moment to shout: "I'll not let you for nothing!"

"You bet you will!" came the reply, and the stranger began to give chase.

Jim was by now near the fence and he did not delay about getting under. "Here's your nuts!" he called,

tearing his sack into the pasture. I didn't know anybody wanted them."

"Well, somebody does," replied the older boy with a scowl, picking up the sack. "This place has been sold and it's ours now. I'll let you fill one of your pockets from the sack and would give you more only we can't afford it. We had to take a mortgage on this place and we aren't any too well off, if you want to know the truth."

"I have a pocket full, thanks," said Jim. "I don't mind giving the plunder of the rightful owner."

Now that the other had gone closer

FOOTBALL ADVICE (FROM BIG BROTHER)



RIGHT through the goal-posts over it goes.

Right from the lips of his stout little toes;

That is the way when you're making a kick.

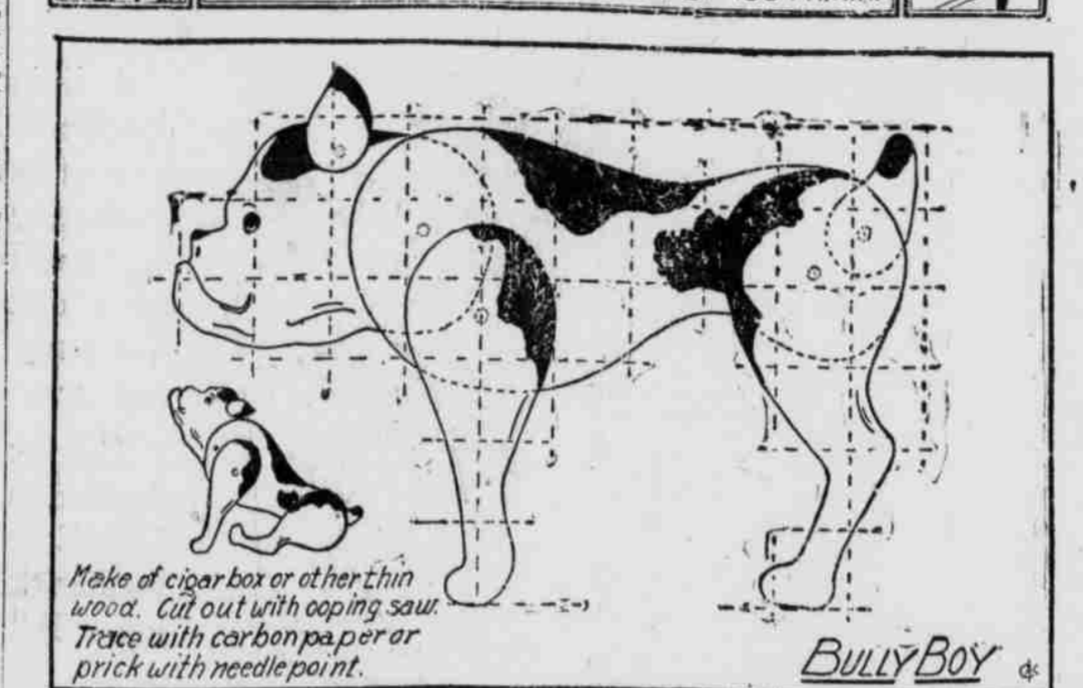
Go at it hard but be steady and quick.

That is the way to make good at the game, Football, or what you may play, it's the same; Hold up your end, give the best that you've got They may think you a slow one, just prove you are not.

And likewise with lessons, don't alter your pace But study and strive to keep up in first place Work hard when you work, play hard when you play. And you'll get to the top and you'll get there to stay.



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



Make of cigar box or other thin wood. Cut out with coping saw. Trace with carbon paper or prick with needle point.

BULLY-BOY may be made of thin box wood, though three ply wood is to be preferred as it is not so likely to split while it is being worked. The only tools necessary are the coping saw, a file and a small twist drill, 1/4" will do. Best results will be obtained if pasteboard patterns are made; to make these lay a piece of pasteboard upon a table, place a sketch of Bully-Boy upon the carbon paper and make a tracing, following the lines of the sketch carefully; the carbon paper may be omitted and the lines pricked through, or made with a tracing wheel if preferred. Cut these pieces of pasteboard carefully to the lines, lay them upon the wood and mark around them, marking the holes accurately. First mark the bodies as they are the largest pieces, following the dotted lines under the legs and marking the location of the holes; then the head, the two hind legs, the two front legs, the two ears and the tail.

In using the coping saw to cut around the lines, follow them closely, being sure that the line is left upon the very edge of each piece. The holes should be bored in the ears and the tail before they are sawed, as they might split if the hole were bored after sawing them to exact size. These holes should be 1/4" to receive a split pin or a wooden or cane pin which must be fitted closely. Bore the holes of the same size through the larger pieces, smooth the edges of each piece with a file or sandpaper, and remove the burr from all corners and around the holes.

Paint all pieces white on both sides and lay them away, resting upon the paint until they have become thoroughly dried. Paint the black spots on the head, body, legs, ears and tail, being sure that they are painted for the right and left sides, and set them

THE JUNIOR COOK CHEESE AND PAPER SANDWICHES

Take one package of cream cheese (the white).

Chop 2 sweet mango peppers very fine or put them through the coarse grinder.

Mix the pepper with the cheese adding

1 tablespoonful of sweet cream to make a paste.

Cut bread slices of bran bread.

Spread the slices with the cheese mixture and cut in two crosswise making triangles.

If the sandwiches are to be served at home for tea or a party, do not put a top slice on as the green and white of the cheese makes a very decorative sandwich. If they are to be used for a school lunch 2 slices of bread would be better, making the usual covered sandwich.

PETER PELICAN

SUPPOSE I'm about as squabby a looking baby as you could find, unless you found my twin sister, that's she over yonder dressing. We are both big, mushy and awkward, with precious few feathers as yet, but just wait until we get about six months old, and have our full plumage and you will see as fine a pair of pelicans as there is in the State of Florida. But right now, I'll have to admit that we are anything but pretty, as baby prettiness goes.

I don't believe people would save much over me, if I were all dressed up in dainty white, with a wide blue sash, and riding in one of those fifty dollar wicker go-carts. One reason why I'm not nice to look at, is because my feathers are just coming through the skin, and make me look

as if my body were stuck full of little blue-black shoe-pegs. And then, my skin is not pink and fresh like a baby's should be, and is old and wrinkled looking, considering I'm just two weeks old today, and then too, it does not fit as well as it might. My mother did not forget that it was my birthday and brought me a beautiful toy fish on wheels as a present. She couldn't get but one so sister didn't get any. But when I get tired of mine, and when the wheels come off, maybe I'll let her play with it too, if she's good.

As soon as daylight comes, we all wake up, and mother goes flapping off to her fishing grounds for our breakfast. While she is gone, and sometimes it seems that she is gone an awfully long time, sister and myself waddle down to the water, take a partial bath, and go through the motions of oiling our feathers, though they are just breaking out in spots, like the measles. But it is well to learn now, for when our feathers are grown, that is something we must do every day, as the oil keeps them from getting wet. Right down on our backs, at the jumping off place, is a funny little bump, that looks something like a nose, in fact children call it the "parson's nose," and by pressing it with our bills, a tiny drop of oil comes out, and that's where we get the oil for greasing our feathers. It's a lot cheaper, and a lot more convenient than having to go to a barber for it, and having to pay the man money for it besides. That's what we are doing in the picture—oiling our make-believe feathers. When we



What Other Folks Are Doing



WINTER CLOTHES.

SOON Mother, laughing, to her little boys and girls will say, "While making out she's shivering on a very chilly day."

"When do you think I met just now, out in the garden there? Jack Frost with roses in his cheeks and snowflakes in his hair. Our friends, the bunions and the spurs—all folks in furry gear—have aired and packed their summer things until another year. They've all put on their thickest coats, as everyone should do. And so must dad and mother and their little kiddies, too."

The Monthly Birthday Book NOVEMBER

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| 1. 1737. Canova, sculptor | 16. 1811. John Bright |
| 2. 1735. Marie Antoinette | 17. 1753. Louis XVIII of France |
| 3. 1794. William Cullen Bryant | 18. 1810. Asa Gray, botanist |
| 4. 1787. Edmund Kean | 19. 1770. Thorwaldsen |
| 5. 1494. Hans Sachs, poet | 20. 1752. Thomas Chatterton |
| 6. 1425. James Gregory, inventor | 21. 1790. Edmund, Lord Lyons |
| 7. 1687. Wm. Stuckley, antiquarian | 22. 1753. Prof. Dugald Stewart, metaphysician |
| 8. 1604. Edward Porock, settler | 23. 1616. John Wallis, mathematician |
| 9. 1721. Mark Akenside, poet | 24. 1815. Grace Darling |
| 10. 1759. Frederick Schiller | 25. 1627. Andrew Carnegie |
| 11. 1781. Dr. J. Abercrombie, author | 26. 1594. Sir James Ware, antiquary |
| 12. 1770. Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail Columbia" | 27. 1809. Fanny Kemble |
| 13. 1850. Robert Louis Stevenson | 28. 1765. Capt. George William Manly, inventor |
| 14. 1787. Sir Charles Lyell, geologist | 29. 1823. Louisa M. Alcott |
| 15. 1738. Sir William Herschel | 30. 1829. Rubinstein, composer |

PUZZLE CORNER

PROGRESSIVE WORDS

The last letter of each word forms the first of the next. (Three letter words).

1. A tree.
2. To spoil.
3. An animal.
4. A measure of weight.
5. At the present time.
6. To gain.
7. To scold continuously.
8. A vehicle.
9. Happy.
10. A Japanese coin.

DIAMOND

My first is in last.
My second produces honey.
My third does not stay
My fourth is a girl's name.
My fifth is a vowel.

ANSWERS

PROGRESSIVE WORDS—Elm, Mar, Rat, Ton, Non, Win, Nag, Gig, Gay, Yen.

DIAMOND
L
BEE
LEAVE
EVA
E

THE PUMPKIN PAINTER



He's the cleverest painter the world ever knew
And the things he can't paint are mighty few!
(Put the blank pieces together and see if you can find him.)

ours down as far as they will go, and help ourselves. Our breakfast is served in the shape of very thick soup, and on my! it's good! When we have eaten all there is to eat, she leaves us, and flaps away to where the fish live, as she hasn't had her own breakfast yet.

Then we take a nap until she comes back with lunch, which is usually about 10 o'clock. When we get older and can take stronger food, she brings us fish that have never been swallowed, but are right fresh out of the water. Don't know whether you noticed it or not, but she has a curious pouch under her hump, that looks like a pig, double-chin, or a shopping bag, like ladies carry. When she catches a fish, she doesn't swallow it right away, but drops it in her bag, and when it is full, she flies to her favorite picnic grounds and eats them one at a time. She says she enjoys them more that way, than gulping each one down as fast as they are caught. Our home is on a sandy island, with no trees on it at all, and the only green things are a few stunted scrub palmettos, and a mangrove bush now and then. A good part of the island is covered with nests just like ours, and there must be hundreds and hundreds of them. And

brings. A funny thing about pelican children, is that their faces look as old and solemn as their parent's, and no matter how much fun they may be having, when a crowd are playing, no one could tell it from their countenances, as they look as serious and dignified as their mothers and fathers, and they look like so many feathered funeral directors.

NOVEMBER

CHE first faint frost is in the air
And makes it jolly cold,
The flowers hide their sleepy heads
Beneath the hardening mould.
The pines and firs lift up their heads
Where leafless trees abound,
And chipmunks seeking winter homes
Run lightly o'er the ground.
The banks beside the little brook
Are empty now, and bare,
And signs of coming winter
Are noticed everywhere.
The empty nests in tree tops
The bonfire's crackling cheer
The sights in Grandma's kitchen
All tell that winter's here.

Answer to Cut-Out Puzzle