

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## I TOLD YOU SO

"Either go, or else do without a Christmas tree this year," argued Jim Chalmers.

"I'd rather do without a tree than lose you," said his sister, Cornelia, who was grown-up and married. "When you came here, you promised to mind me, and I don't want you to go to Buffalo Gulch until they catch the mad stallion, I should think you'd be afraid to go, after the way you killed the Emerson boy and bit Sam Gregory and trampled the Royce's colts."

"It was Sam Gregory who broke in the stallion, and he's a cruel fellow and deserved to be bitten. He's spoiled more than one good horse already," said Cornelia's husband, John. "Besides I don't believe that horse is in the Gulch and, if you'll give your permission, I'll go with Jim and take a gun along."

"Well," said Cornelia, "rather than have the kiddies disappointed, I'll give permission, but do be careful!" She was anxious and rather cross, but her young brother and John started blithely off over the snow-covered ground, one with an ax and the other carrying a gun and a coil of rope.

"Do you think the stallion is really mad, or just had-tempered on account of Sam's rough handling?" asked Jim, as they crunched through the shallow snow.

"Hard to say," replied the young man. "I suppose horses can go mad like people, or any other animal. On the other hand, he may be just mean."

### HOW DO I KNOW?

HOW do I know that it's Christmas time?

By the holiday ripple of laughing rhyme.

By the mistletoe branch and the berry wreath

And the jolly red bells that dangle beneath.

By the beautiful words and the dancing eyes,

And the break of each day with its new surprise,

By the glittering tree in its fine array

And the sad made glad and the poor made gay.

Now I know that the snow and the holly must go

But I'm wishing so hard—Oh I'm wishing it so—

That after the wonderful Christmas departs,

Its spirit will live all the year in our hearts!

"But Sis was foolish about our going to the Gulch," said Jim. "The mad stallion was seen last by the Forest Brook, and like as not he's somewhere near the fence on that side of the pasture, because they say he still hangs around his old herd."

"Like as not," agreed John, but he kept his eyes open as they entered the woods.

In the Gulch grew some beautiful fir-trees, some large, some small, but each quite perfect. The man and boy selected one to their taste, and John laid down his gun and took off his heavy coat lined with lamb's wool.

"Let me chop it," Jim urged, so, without picking up his gun, John passed the ax to his brother-in-law.



The Mad Stallion Is On Our Side Of The Wire

and stood by in order to watch and give advice.

The fragrant white chips flew and soon down came the tree. They carefully tied the boughs to the trunk, winding the rope round and round, so that the needles might not be broken or brushed off on their homeward journey. Then John shouldered the tree, and Jim the ax and they

scrambled up the steep rough side of the Gulch. John was leading the way, and just as his head came up level with the higher ground above the gulch, he stopped short.

"Jim," he said, in a low quick voice, "the herd is in sight—all huddled near the barb-wire and the mad stallion is capering around near—on our side of the wire. I'll drop the tree and come for it later. Have you got my gun?"

"Your gun?" repeated Jim, stupidly. "I left it back there on the ground and thought you'd pick it up," said John. "We must go after it. The stallion has seen me, I think."

"I'll go," said Jim, and handed the ax to John.

Sliding and skidding, the boy reached the gun in a fairly short time, and began to hurry back with it, when he heard a shout from above, and then the clatter of rolling stones.

There was no time for anything, except to try to save himself by flight. The animal's felling eye caught sight of the boy, and a shrill cry came from his clenched teeth. Jim ran like a frightened rabbit. Loose boulders covered with slippery snow kept him tripping and slipping. The stallion humped himself and seemed to toboggan down to him, bringing along an avalanche of loose rocks and little trees. A tall fir, with an unusually thick trunk, stood near Jim. He placed his hands on it and as the mad brute bore down on him, he dodged around it. Round and round, this way and that, the boy dodged, keeping one hand on the friendly tree.

He had no time to wonder what John was doing, as every one of his wits had to be concentrated on his dodging. The crazy horse was slick enough when it came to assault and battery. He would gallop one way around the tree, and then suddenly wheel around and go the other way, hoping to meet his victim. Chick-click! his teeth clamped the air several times, so close to some part of Jim that the boy ached at the thought of it. A horse usually takes the chuck he bites clear out, you know. Each time he missed, the beast uttered his loud shrill scream. Once he dashed himself at the tree, giving his head a whack, after which he hit his own shoulders and tore up the ground.

Jim was panting from the excitement and effort. He tried to keep his head cool, but suddenly he slipped and fell, and before he could rise the stallion dashed around the tree. The boy gasped. "John!" and tried to get up, already feeling in his imagination, the hoofs and rending teeth of his enemy, when whiff! something flew



## TO DEAR SANTA

DEAR ZANTA CLAUZ  
Please fill up my stocking  
And hang pretty things  
on my tree  
A whole lot of love and  
lozems of kisses  
From your good little girl  
MARIE

over the bristling mane of the mad stallion. Just as he reared himself over Jim, he was pulled back, and fell clanking and struggling in the snow.

Jim jumped up and saw that the horse's neck was caught in a loop of rope, and at the other end of the rope was John. In a moment the animal was hitched firmly to a tree. The rope was the one they had used to truss

up their tree, and how John got it off so quickly and looped and thrown, was more than he could ever explain. Leaving the mad stallion hitched to the tree, they went to the owner. Later it was found that nothing could be done except to end the poor animal's sufferings with a bullet.

"There now," cried Cornelia, "if you'd just listened to me, you might have saved yourselves a lot of bother

and an extra trip to the gulch. I told you to wait until the stallion was caught, and still you would go and now, you see, it did you no good. You had to wait anyhow."

"But we caught the stallion!" said John.

"It doesn't make any difference," said Cornelia. "I told you so!"

"Sure, Sis!" said Jim, eager to make peace. "And now the kids have their tree. It's hidden safe in the woodshed—s-s-sh!"

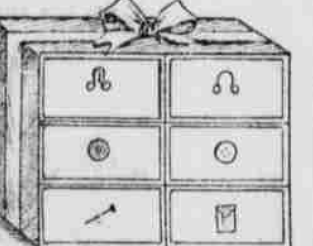
## For Mother's Sewing Table

If you are planning to make Mother a Christmas gift, and must be careful of your pennies, why not make a dainty sewing chest for her work table? Use empty match boxes, all the same size, a piece of silk or cloth, some paste and a brush will make the chest. From the material cut a dozen little pieces just big enough to cover the end of the box, and after you have removed the box from its cover, paste one of the little pieces over each end of it. Do this to each of the six boxes and when the paste has dried return the box to its cover and stand them two by two, one above the other, with paste between them.

Next, cut from the material a piece just the width of the chest from front to back, and be sure that this piece is long enough to go all the way around the chest with one end long enough to overlap the other. The best way to get this long piece around your boxes so that there will be no wrinkles in it, is to lay it out flat upon a table and apply the paste to it. Then put

the chest on her work table it will be well for her to know just what each drawer contains. Let us see, just what you think she will want to keep in the different drawers. There should be one for hooks and one for eyes; a drawer for bone buttons and a drawer for cloth buttons; a drawer for pins and a drawer for needles. Let us next mark the drawers for their contents. In the centre of the upper left hand drawer sew, with small stitches, a hook, and in the centre of the drawer next to it sew an eye. It will be easy to tell what is inside of those drawers. On each of the other drawers sew a sample of what is to be kept within it: A bone button on one; a cloth button on another, a large pin on the next and the last one.

When it is completed pass a ribbon around the sides and tie a bow in the middle of the top. If you like you can stick a spray of holly through the knot, and your hand-made gift will look very Christmasy and pleasing to Mother.



## THE JUNIOR COOK

### CRANBERRY SAUCE

Wash and pick over 1 pound of cranberries.

Put into a saucepan and cover with 1 and 1/2 cupsful of water.

Cook till berries are tender which will be about 15 minutes.

Add 2 cupsful granulated sugar and cook very slowly for 20 minutes. Test by dropping a few drops from a spoon. If sauce clings at the last drop, it is done; if not, cook a few minutes longer and test again. Cranberries scorch very easily so it is better to cook the sauce longer than to risk burning.

This sauce uses every bit of the berry, skin and all and is therefore both economical and wholesome.

Try this sauce early in December so that you can make it perfectly for the Christmas dinner.

It is served cold, in a glass dish if possible as it is most attractive that way.

## The Christmas Stocking

Did you ever wonder, as you fasten your stocking on the mantel-shelf why it was a stocking you were hanging, and not some thing much bigger that would hold many more gifts? I used to wonder.

One Christmas Eve I went to my nurse with a large laundry bag and begged that I might hang that up instead of a stocking, so that I might find it full of beautiful gifts in the morning.

"Sure, it's bigger than old Saint Nick's bag, itself," she exclaimed, "would you be a selfish child on this Christmas Eve and keep all the lovely gifts for yourself?" and to my disappointment she put away the big bag and hung my tiny sock above the fireplace. Now the question of why I should hang up a stocking and not a bag or a pillowcase or place before the chimney place a box or other receptacle bothered me quite a little, and I determined to find out the reason for the custom. Full of my queries I approached my father after all the excitement of Christmas morning was over, and in answer to my questions

this is what he said:

The custom of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve comes to us from a land far across the Ocean—from Sunny Italy. In the city of Padua, long ago, good old Saint Nicholas used to go about the streets after dark and throw through the windows of the houses of the poor people long knitted purses, tied at both ends, and containing much needed coins. These purses were made of yarn, and when untied looked not unlike a footless stocking. Finally, as time went on, the poor people, hoping thus to remind the more fortunate of their needs, used to hang these empty purses out of the windows on the night before Christmas, so that a gift might be placed in them. In the north country, where the weather is cold at Christmas time the purses were hung by the chimney place in the hope that Saint Nicholas would drop his offering down the chimney. When the purses went out of fashion, stockings as the thing most like them were used in their stead and that is why we today still observe the practice and the custom.

## What Other Folks Are Doing

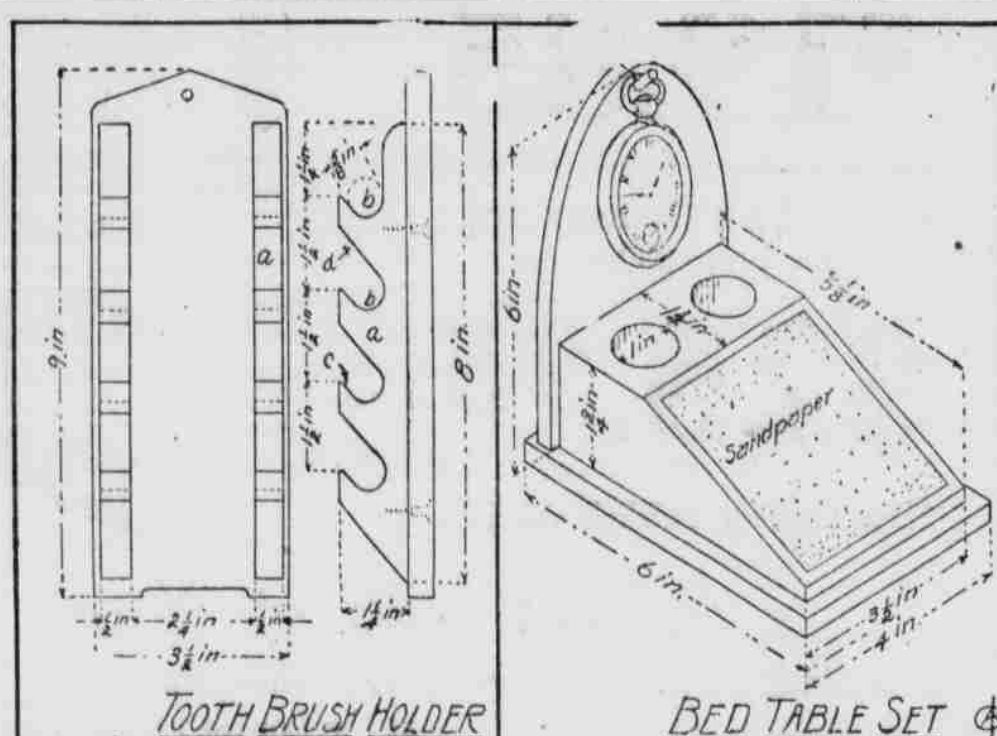


CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

JUST fourteen days to Christmas, and what shopping must be done. Selecting Christmas presents is of Christmas half the fun. (The other half of course is getting gifts from all you know). Let's hurry up—the windows of the shops are all a-glow! The city ways are not the only ones that echo loud With merry shout and laughter and the busting of the crowd. For country roads and paths and lanes resound as well with glee, As other folks go shopping just as happy as can be.

## The HANDY BOY AT HOME

BY CHARLES A. KING.  
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, N.H.



TOOTH BRUSH HOLDER

BED TABLE SET

BOTH the Tooth Brush Holder and the Bed Table Set will be acceptable Christmas presents. They may be made of any kind of wood covered and finished by staining, or by enameling to match the room in which they are to be used.

The tooth brush holder may be made to suit a family of any size by adding to or taking from the given vertical dimensions 1 1/2" for each member of the family, allowing perhaps one or two extra holes for guests. In making the holder, a 1/2" hole at a and make the pin which holds the watch of the same kind of wood, sandpaper the back ready for finishing and glue the pin in its place. Make a 1/2" bottom of a size which will leave a margin around about as indicated the margin must appear uniform for the most of such a piece consists in the accuracy of such details. Nail the back in its place with 1" brads, then the bottom.

A very good way to finish a piece like either of the above after it has been stained is to give it a coat of shellac, rub it down with 0000 sandpaper and polish with prepared wax.

Four pieces of felt about the size of a dime may be cut from an old hat and glued to the under side of the bottom of the table set at the corners to prevent moving the top of the table upon which it sits.

who had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by a officer with "What are you here for?"

"Faith, your honor," said fat, with his accustomed grin of good humor, "they tell me I'm here for a century."

In Rome in bidding a person goodbye they say "adieu," in Naples "fare you well," in Tuscany "I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again," and in Venice they say "your servant."

In England and in America you are greeted with "how do you do?" or "how do you get?" In Holland "how you sail?" And in Italy, "how do you stand?"

THE TOY SHOP  
The salesman of a toy store has made a sign listing eleven of the Christmas articles he has for sale. See if you can find them. You may move up, down and slanting and you may use the same letter more than once in different words, but you must not skip.

B S R K B  
L E B A E  
T O I D L  
H N R S O  
Q M U G P  
K N G M A

My first is in hail but not in stale.  
My second is in tough but not in snuff.  
My third is in flower but not in power.  
My fourth is in raise but not in daze.  
My fifth is in dream but not in steam.

My sixth is in aisle but not in style.  
My seventh is in eyes but not in prize.  
My eighth is a time of gladness.  
My ninth is in a time of gladness.

D says that are economy and short and nights that are chilly and long.  
E very where winds that are drear but rising at times into songs.  
C old are the woods where the logs cover the hardened earth.  
F ager and merry they laugh when the log blazes high on the hearth.  
M any the wishes and hopes that are formed for Christmas night.  
B right are the eyes that watch for signs of the dawning light.  
E ven through darkest night a Star illumines the way.  
R ight in the heart of winter dawns bright a Christmas Day.

ANSWERS  
TOY SHOP—Ring, Bell, Horn, Drum, Poppin, Bear, Doll, Ball, Sled, Ark, Soldiers.  
ENIGMA—HOLIDAY

Solution to Cut-Out Puzzle

## Fuzzle Corner

### JUST SUPPOSE



WHAT WOULD THEY FIND DO YOU SUPPOSE

IF FIDDO AND KITTY SHOULD HANG UP THEIR HOSE?

To find what they'd find cut and paste black spaces together.

My first is in hail but not in stale.  
My second is in tough but not in snuff.  
My third is in flower but not in power.  
My fourth is in raise but not in daze.  
My fifth is in dream but not in steam.

My sixth is in aisle but not in style.  
My seventh is in eyes but not in prize.  
My eighth is a time of gladness.  
My ninth is in a time of gladness.

D says that are economy and short and nights that are chilly and long.  
E very where winds that are drear but rising at times into songs.  
C old are the woods where the logs cover the hardened earth.  
F ager and merry they laugh when the log blazes high on the hearth.  
M any the wishes and hopes that are formed for Christmas night.  
B right are the eyes that watch for signs of the dawning light.  
E ven through darkest night a Star illumines the way.  
R ight in the heart of winter dawns bright a Christmas Day.

ANSWERS  
TOY SHOP—Ring, Bell, Horn, Drum, Poppin, Bear, Doll, Ball, Sled, Ark, Soldiers.  
ENIGMA—HOLIDAY

Solution to Cut-Out Puzzle

See Tommy carry in the Wood.  
My Tommy's getting mighty good!  
What makes Tommy seem so spry?  
It's only Christmas drawing night!