

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

NERVE AND NERVES

MILLY WHITE always wanted to be a trained nurse when she grew up, but she was so tender-hearted she could scarcely bring herself to kill a mosquito, and the sight of a dead mouse or bird brought tears to her eyes. So, of course, her family and friends all made fun of her ambition—especially brother Jim.

"You'd faint away or go into a stiff spasm if you had to help saw off a person's leg!" her brother taunted. "You have no more nerve than a rabbit." But, he added, kindly, "you're a pretty nice kid at that. Girls don't have to have nerves."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Milly. "I guess you think girls are poor sumps."

"Oh, no!" replied her brother, grandly. "They're very useful, in their place. And to show that I don't feel above you, I invite you to go coasting with me this afternoon."

Milly was delighted at the weather and snow were just right. Their favorite coasting place was a fine meadow on the side of a hill, especially when the snow was deep enough to cover the fence dividing the meadow from the road, because then they could coast straight down over the fence and, making a turn in the road, go more than half a mile down. Jim said he thought the fence was covered, at least by drifted snow.

"But the crust isn't as hard as it ought to be," Milly said, as they started out in the crisp air. In fact, as she spoke Jim's right foot went through and his whole leg went down into the drift, and Milly had to tug and pull to help him out.

"There you see!" she exclaimed. "There're big spikes in the fence, you know, and if we fell through—"

"Aw, there you go!" cried Jim. "No nerve at all, just nerves."

Milly felt ashamed of herself for being timid, so she said no more about the crust. In fact, when they got to the top of the meadow the snow did seem firmer.

Jim sat down and held the guide ropes while his sister got on behind. "Ready! One-two-three!" Off they swooped like birds on the wing over the smooth unbroken snow. It was wonderful! Milly liked that scared feeling she always got when sledding with her brother. Her heart seemed to jump right into her mouth, and she could hardly get her breath. But it was fun!

INDIAN WIT

They said they had seen him and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison during his absence, they asked how he could give such an accurate description of one he had never seen. The Indian replied:

"I know that the thief is a little man by his having to stand on a pile of stones to reach my venison. That he is an old man, I know by his short steps which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods. That he is white I know by his turning out his

This Little Pig Stayed At Home

FOR almost seven dreary days—in other words, a week—F that pig didn't really stay at home, nor for adventures seek. Where'er he walked outside or thro' a window chanced to peep. He thought in every shadow he could see old Bruin creep. But soon, despite his many fears, a neighbor's handsome grounds Enticed him forth to wander far beyond the proper bounds. And you may well believe that he was sorry as could be That he had not controlled his foolish curiosity.



THE ENGINEER



Of course I am the engineer And you a passenger— Or you can be conductor, if To be so you prefer.

But I should think a lady would Just rather sit and ride. It seems to me, like mother says, You haven't any pride.

No, no! You can't be engineer— That's settled! Needsn't cry! It's not a woman's place, dad says, All kinds of work to try.

And daddy says it takes an arm That's mighty strong and true To drive an engine, and a nerve Possessed by very few.

And then you know an engineer Is always full of grease— You wouldn't like that much, Oh, girls Are just a pack of geese!

The train is going to start—you'd best Imagine you're inside, And either be conductor Or decide to take a ride!



"What's The Matter, Buddy," She Asked, Anxiously

Milly expected to hear him laugh, as he always did when he fell through, but this time he was very still. So still she became frightened and ran over the crust to him.

"What's the matter, buddy," she asked, anxiously.

He eyed around at her and his face was white, even his lips. His look frightened her.

"Milly," he said, "my arm! Something's happened to my arm. Look! It's bleeding and I can't move it."

Milly lay down flat and peered into the hole which her brother had broken with his arm when he fell through. The snow was red. She put her hand down and brushed it aside. The sight she saw brought a cry of horror from her lips.

"Jim, you're on the fence!" she gasped. "One of the spikes has gone through your arm—straight through! I can see the end of it through your coat. Oh Jim! What'll I do?"

She took hold of his hand and tried to pull his arm up, off the spike, but

Junior Cook

Put in 1 cupful milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon butter
and 1/2 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoonful salt
Beat well.
Add 1 cupful milk.
3 cupful flour into which has been sifted 4 level teaspoonful baking powder. Sift out a little of the flour and mix with 1 cupful raisins and add to the dough after the main part of the flour has been well beaten in.
Drop by spoonful into greased muffin tins and bake about 30 minutes in a quick oven.
Serve hot. This recipe makes 12 very large or 18 small muffins. A fine dish for luncheon.

The WEDDING of POCAHONTAS

Of course, you know the story of how Pocahontas saved the life of Captain Smith when he was about to be killed by the Indians. But have you ever heard the true story of the wedding of Pocahontas and John Rolfe, about a year and a half later?

The marriage ceremony was curious because it combined many crude Indian customs with the English ways, which were very much the same then as now.

The wedding was celebrated in the only church in Jamestown, Virginia—a crude little building of stone and logs. The inside walls were covered with sweet-smelling evergreen great clusters of flowers and scarlet holly berries were placed here and there till the church was as gay and fragrant as could be.

The bride Pocahontas was dressed in a long, loose robe of hand-woven white muslin and from her head hung a long white veil very much the same as brides wear now.

Fastened loosely around her feet was a rich robe given her by Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor of the colony, and heavily embroidered by Pocahontas and her maidens.

A gaudy fillet was bound around her head and held in place feathers and wings of birds of gorgeous colors. Her wrists and ankles were adorned in real Indian style with bands of Indian jewelry—carved and twisted bands of metal and beads in bright colors.

The wedding procession started into the little chapel they marched and the marriage service was read by the minister of the Church of England.

Afterwards bread and home-made grape wine was served to all and a gay little party drank the health of the happy bride and groom.

Pocahontas always proved to be a real friend to the Virginia colonists and they were glad to have her marry one of their number.

Not long after the wedding the bride and groom went to England and their friends wished them joy and a safe return.



Down The Street They Walked

Little Ellen

Little Ellen kept a-smellin', Smellin' all round the house, First at this door, then at that; 'Twas in air like pussy-cat— Then she squeaked just like a mouse.

At the kitchen odors rich in Every kind of fragrant spice Made her caper, dance and shout: "Now I've found the secret out! 'Twas for dinner—ain't that nice!"

TO JOG YOUR MEMORIES

SEVERAL of Tom's classmates had gathered on his porch steps on their way home to discuss the new teacher.

"I felt so ashamed today," said Jim, "when Miss Maud asked those review geography questions I realized that I had forgotten almost all I ever knew."

"So did I," confessed Helen, "and I felt sorry for what Miss Maud must be thinking of Miss Jones' teaching. We all know so little."

"Well, it wasn't Miss Jones' fault," spoke up Tom. "She was a good teacher, it's just that we'll have to do something to jog our memories along a bit."

Mother who had been listening unnoticed at the window, smiling, went into the pantry for a box of cookies and then approached the group on the steps.

"Did I hear someone asking for a memory jogger?" she asked as she passed the cakes around amongst the children. "I know a good game for the purpose. Would you like to try it?"

"On yes—sure thing—you bet—please yes," cried the children, so mother seated herself beside them and explained the game.

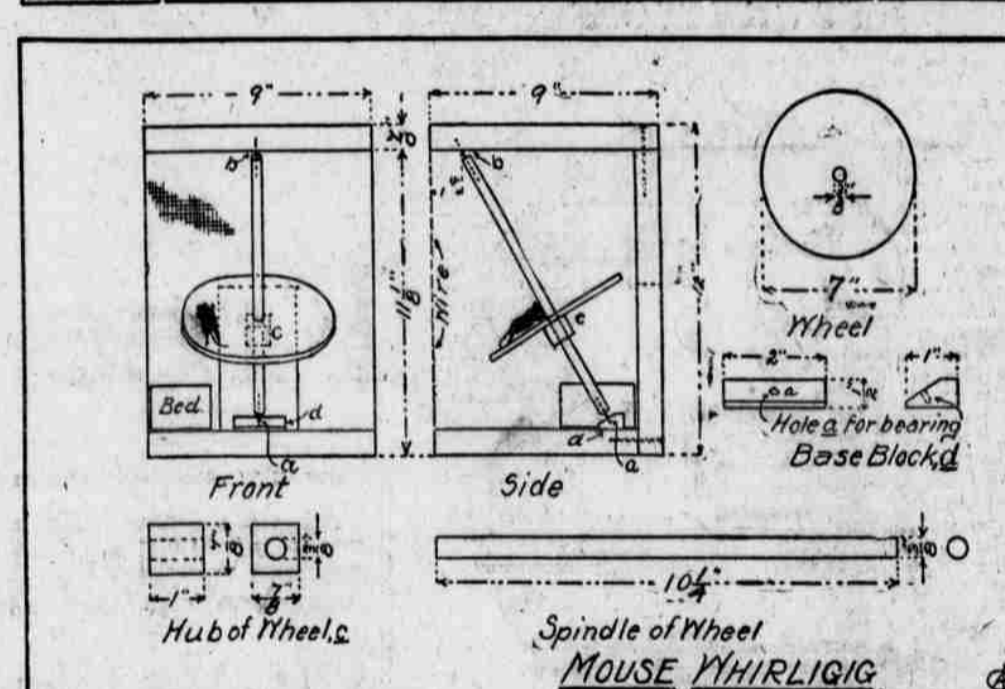
"This game is a geography help," she said. "You begin by naming a city in the United States that begins with an A. The next boy must tell you what State it is in and if he does not correctly, he in turn names a city commencing with B. Then you must tell what State that is in, because you sit next, and then she must name a C city. So the game continues until the alphabet is used up."

For a time the children played this memory jogger laughing at each other's mistakes and varying over details of location. When mother saw that they were tiring of this fun, she suggested a new game.

"This game will aid your spelling," she explained. "It also has to do with geography. The first child names a city, State or country. Now you must go on the next to discover which was named—city, State or country and then you must name a new place whose first letter shall be the last letter of the place you named. This game may be played with many variations. Some you may name a city and the next person must name another using the second letter of the name; the next must begin the city with the third letter of the name, the fourth with the fourth letter, etc., until the first place is entirely spelled out in the initial letters of new places. Then a new place may be named."

If your memory needs jogging, try these games and you will find them a great help and at the same time lots of fun.

The HANDY BOY AT HOME



THE "Mouse Whirligig" is an interesting project for the boy who keeps pets and who likes to fix things up for their comfort. For the mouse seems to enjoy running on the wheel which turns by his weight as he runs upon it; even though he travels miles every day, the fact that he never loses his interest in attempting to reach the top of the wheel shows that it is anything but a hardship to him.

The top of the cage is 1/2" x 9" x 9", the back, 3/4" x 9" x 1 1/4", the bottom, 3/4" x 9" x 3 1/4". It may be of any kind of soft wood, or a wooden box of about this size may be used, though the latter would be open upon only one side instead of three sides as shown in the sketch.

Cut a door or hand hole about 3" x 6" in the back and fit a door or cover that can be opened easily, and closed securely and nail pieces together. Make the 7" wheel of the whirligig of a piece of heavy paper packing board, or of a piece of very light wood. Make the spindle of a piece of straight round wood, a dowel, for example, and 1/4" long. Bore a small hole in the exact center of each end and drive a 1/4" No. 16 brad into each hole for about half of its length. File the head off and make the brads as smooth as possible for the whirligig turns upon them. Make the hub of the wheel of a piece of 3/4" square wood through which a 1/4" hole should be bored; fasten this upon the spindle at the height to support the wheel. For it depends upon the hub to keep the wheel fastened firmly to the spindle. Balance the wheel by supporting the spindle horizontally upon the brads; turn the wheel, and if one part of it stops at the bottom every time, either cut the wheel away at that place or drive a nail in the opposite side to make the wheel balance.

Bore a small hole at b in the under side of the top to receive the brad in the top of the spindle; it may be easier to bore through from the top, but in any case it must be bored at the right slant to permit the brad to turn easily. The block d should be made of a piece 1/2" x 1" x 2" long with a hole bored at a to receive the bottom brad of the spindle; this also must be bored at just the right angle to permit the brad to turn easily in it. With the top brad of the spindle in the hole in the top, and the bottom brad in hole a of the base block b, place the latter upon the floor of the cage and move it until the wheel turns freely, at which place the block should be fastened by a couple of 1" brads.

Cover the three sides of the cage with wire netting not coarser than 1/4" mesh as indicated in the front view; place a square baking powder or spice tin upon its side and fill it loosely with cotton to serve as a bed chamber, strew some sawdust on the floor, provide a small dish for drinking water, and the cage will be ready for the mouse. If he shows a tendency to gnaw out the wire netting may be extended around the inside, or a piece of tin may be tacked around the floor to protect the wood, for if the ferocious animal should escape he would undoubtedly create a panic among the feminine members of the family.

Catch one or two mice and place them in the cage; if they do not learn how to run on the wheel, bore a hole through the top of the cage over the back or upper edge of the wheel and dangle a piece of cheese or other delicacy there, which will encourage them to attempt to reach it, with the result that the wheel will turn, after which no coaxing will be necessary.

PUZZLE CORNER

WORD SQUARE
My first is used in the winter.
My second is not early.
My third is a volcano.
My fourth is a term of endearment.

FLORAL WORD DELETIONS
1. Take a catalogue from a flower, and leave a spice.
2. Take a vehicle from a flower, and leave a forbidden beverage.
3. Take a color from a flower, and leave wrong-doing.
4. Take a girl's name from a flower, and leave to purify.
5. Take a number from a flower, and leave advantage.
6. Take an idol from a flower, and leave to move swiftly.

ANSWERS
WORD SQUARE
S L E D
L A T E
E T N A
D E A R

FLORAL WORD DELETIONS —
1. Last-Olemaite-Mace. 2. Van-Verbena-Cent. 3. Gray-Syringa-Sta. 4. Erid-Jeandine-Clean. 5. Ten-Centian-Guin. 6. Image-Geranium-Rus.

LET'S GO FLYING



"Let's go flying," said Mary to Joe; "Get your skates and away we'll go."