For the YOUNG PEOPLE

COMPANY FOR LUNCH

THE house where Bob and Jack spend the summer was on the edge of a beautiful big woods and a wide meadow. The boys thought that a most convenient place for a summer home for, you see, when they wanted to play under trees or climb trees, there the trees were, right by the front door of their home. And when they wanted to fly kites or run races or anything like that, there was the flat, beautiful meadow, right at the back door.

But there was one thing they could do on the meadow that they never even thought of doing when they moved into the house. They could watch the aeroplanes sail by. Now when the boys and their parents moved into this particular house, they didn't know that one of the U. S. aviation fields was only about ten miles away. So when they began to notice aeroplanes go by, two and three and sometimes ten a day, they began to wonder and to inquire. And then they found that those planes they saw were mail planes and practice planes and all sorts of planes from the field not so far away.

Bob and Jack used to sit on the fence at the edge of the meadow and watch and wish that the planes would fly close enough and low enough for them to signal the men aboard—but the planes never did. Always they went by so far over head that they looked like beautiful big birds—only the noise they made was a lot more than the noise any bird makes in flying, that was sure!

"You boys stay out in that meadow so much," laughed their mother one day, "that I think I'll give you your lunch and let you stay out there all the time!" Of course, she meant it as a joke, but her words gave Bob an idea.

He thought and thought and finally decided he wouldn't tell anybody, not even Jack, till he had thought about his idea long enough to know just whether it would work.

Look! Jack! Look! It's Coming Down

Instead of telling, he bagan to make an airship of his own, from a pattern he got in a book. He whittled the wooden parts, and glued the paper parts and made everything just in ship shape according to directions. And, of course, that was very interesting work. Even the boys' father thought it was, and he helped all Bob would let him—which wasn't so very much, for Bob believed in doing everything himself if he could.

One fine day the airship was finished and the family and the two or three boy friends near by, all went out to the edge of the meadow to see if it would really fly as Bob promised it would. The day was perfect—wind enough to take it up, but not enough to make bad currents of air or tugging at the string. A little help from his friends, a couple of bad starts and away the airship flew! Higher and higher as fast as Bob could let out the string she went, till the little ship seemed like a bird just as the big ones had. Bob was very proud.

While the toy airship was high in the air, one of the really-truly airships went sailing by, fast, oh, so very fast, and lower than any aeroplane that Bob had ever seen pass their meadow. Bob looked and looked, and sure enough, he could actually see the man driving the plane, actually see him looking over the edge! "Could the man see his own airship?" Bob wondered.

And from that minute, the big idea grew and grew till it just had to come true, Bob thought. So the very next morning he set to work.

He gathered a lot of old newspapers and went out into the meadow. First he went alone, but Jack followed and Bob let him stay though he didn't explain a bit what he was doing and Jack, for the life of him, couldn't make head nor tail of the funny business.

The day was hot and not a breath of air stirring. "Just perfect!" Bob declared happily, the Jack confessed that he liked a breeze better.

Keeping his eye on the sky all the while, Bob began to spread out the newspapers he had brought. One long line, then a funny curved line—such a crazy way to act Jack thought when he had that lovely new airship he might be flying.

"What you going to make now?" asked Jack finally, when he grew more and more puzzled," did mother say you had to spread 'em all out to dry? They don't look wet."

"They aren't, silly," laughed Bob, excitedly, "though wetting them would be a good idea for a windy day. This isn't work and it isn't play, it's an invitation."

That puzzled little Jack more than ever and he decided he could find a pleasanter game for a hot day so he went up to the sand pile and left his industrious brother all alone with his papers.

"That's all right," said Bob to himself approvingly as he looked at the spread out papers. Now I'll start the next. And if I don't get it all done today maybe he'll remember today when I finish the rest tomorrow."

And then he worked away harder than ever at the funny job of spreading papers in long, queer looking lines on that smooth meadow.

He was still hard at it when the whirr of a motor told him that an aeroplane was coming. He stopped his work and strained his eyes to see the pilot, but though he looked hard and though the plane flew rather low, not a sign of anybody did he see.

"Never mind," he said comfortably, "it may take several days, "but I can do it I know."

So the next morning he worked at his papers till the plane went by, and the next and the next and still nothing happened and still he wouldn't explain to anybody what he was trying to do.

The morning of the fourth day he finished his paper work early and was getting ready to fly the airship kite for Jack when the aeroplane motor sounded in the distance.

Not so far away this time it was, and getting louder and nearer every minute.

"Kinda scares me, it does, when it comes so near," said little Jack, and he stood close to his bigger brother.

"It's a coming!" exclaimed Bob, excitedly. "Look! Jack! Look! It's coming down!"

And sure enough! The great birdlike plane that for days had passed over the meadow, was circling lower and lower right over their own meadow! The boys could hardly believe their eyes.

Lower. Lower. Still lower. They could see the lettering; they could see the patches on the wings; the man in the pit and every little part of the machine. And still it came lower, down—till it came to a stop on the ground in the middle of their very own meadow.

The driver got out of the plane and called to the boys.

"Your father home?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Bob and he was so excited he could hardly say the word. "Ask him if he'll help me a bit," added the driver. "I need some help and I don't believe I'll have to go clear back to the school."

The boys' father heard the talking and he and mother came hurrying out of the house to see if they were needed. The slight repair was easily made and the driver got ready to start again.

"You're not going off right at lunch time without a bite, are you?" asked Bob's mother hospitably. "You know how these two boys would like you to stay."

"Well I don't care if I do," said the driver. "I'd been thinking I got to accept your invitation and to tell the truth, madam, that's partly why I stopped right here in this good meadow."

"My invitation?" asked Mrs. Reynolds much puzzled, "before now do you mean?"

Bob flushed and said, "my invitation, he means mother. Each day I've been asking him to come."

"But I don't understand," said his mother.

"Well, he's a smart chap if he's done it alone," said the aviator. "Every day he has had letters spread out on the grass of the meadow. The first day or two I didn't think much of it, but as it went on I was sure he meant it for me. The letters spelled "Please stop here for lunch. And so I did."

And that's how it happened that Bob had such fine company for lunch.

GARDEN HINTS

BREATHES there the man
with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath
said,"
I want to do whate'er I can
To banish all the ills of man?
We hope not many such exist;
That none the impulse will resist
To swat the Fly—that insect
dread
That's always hovering round our
head.
See how, just come from dirty
stable,
He dances on our breakfast table!

THE JUNIOR COOK

STUFFED PRUNES

This time of year it is hard to think up new things for the school lunch. When in doubt, try this recipe.

Wash two dozen fine prunes in three waters.

Put in an earthen bowl and cover with water.

Cover tightly with a plate and let stand 24 hours. By this time all the water should be soaked up and the prunes should be plump and tasty.

Put in a wire colander to drain.

Cut open each prune and remove the seed.

Mix two tablespoonsful of chopped nuts with one-half cupful of cottage cheese. Add enough cream or cooked salad dressing to make a stiff paste.

Stuff the prunes with this mixture, being sure that they are made pretty shaped and plump.

If desired these prunes may then be rolled in sugar, but they are every bit as good without.

Wrap each prune in a small piece of oiled paper and put four or five in the lunch box for a dessert.

BUDDY'S DREAM

Dear Little Buddy was down on the beach,
Happy as ever could be,
For there's nothing so sure to make a child glad,
As a nice sandy shore by the sea.

Now, as he wandered along by the shore,
What do you think came to view?
A dear little rider and horse from the waves—
Just like a dream come true!

"O, I am a Merboy," the sea child cried out,
"And if you would like a nice ride,
Come along quick, hop on and you shall
Ride safely and fine at my side."

And out in the ocean in a gay ring,
Some Mermaids were dancing in glee,
And each had a gift for small Buddy Boy,
Taken from far 'neath the sea.

Star flowers and coral, mosses and fern,
Jewels and gold, mercy me!
Did ever a child have such marvelous gifts,
From the people under the sea?

Then home rode they and back to the shore,
Over the tossing billows,
And I must confess that Buddy awoke,
To find himself on his pillows!

All About July

IT is named for the Roman Emperor, Julius Caesar, who in remaking the calendar gave July thirty-one days, where before that time it had been reduced to thirty. July also typifies the power of Caesar for in this month the sun is the strongest. Long, long ago July was the fifth month of the year and was therefore called Quintilis, but all that is changed now that the month has been moved back to seventh place and we never even remember that it had any name other than July. The old Anglo-Saxons called the month "Hey-monath" because it is the time when the hay harvest is gathered in. Still another peoples called this month "Maed-monath" because it is the season when the meads begin to bloom.

Other things than its name—July—suggest the strength of this month. The zodiacal sign is Leo, which means lion, and it, too, stands for strength. It is thought that if your birthday falls between the first and the sixteenth of July you will be very affectionate, and having once formed an attachment you will hold by it. You will sympathize with others readily and you will share their joys and sorrows equally with them. You will be emotional and you will have a strong love of nature. You will be thrifty and industrious and you will choose wisely the things to make your home life more comfortable. Your likes and dislikes will be formed hastily and they will be very strong. You will have literary tastes.

Should your birthday come in the last half of the month it is thought that you will be jolly and lively—have lots of wit and be able to tell an entertaining and amusing story. If you follow your emotions you will be led to extremes of conduct, and you had better warn your friends to beware of your temper for it will be decidedly stormy. You will not be overly fond of studying but you will observe carefully. You will be strong and well built and you will have it in your power to accomplish whatever you set out to do.

The birthstone for July is the ruby, which stands for charity, dignity and divine power. The flower for the month is the water-lily which symbolizes purity of heart. An old verse for the month says:

"The glowing ruby shall adorn
Those who in July are born;
Then they'll be exempt and free
From love's doubt and anxiety."

A weather prophecy for July says:

"If the first of July it be rainy weather
'Twill rain more or less for four
weeks together."

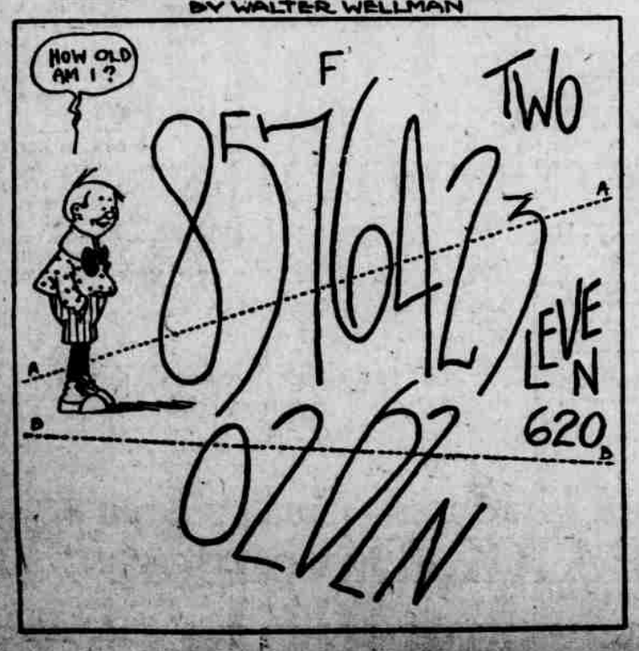
July is a month of revolutions and battles. It is indeed a month of strength and power. Nations have been born and monarchies dethroned in this month, the month of heat and struggle—July. Our own United States shook off the yoke of English power and rose a free nation on the fourth of July. The French peasants rebelled against a cruel and oppressive government on the fourteenth of July. The Battle of Gettysburg in the Civil War was fought on the first of July. General Washington took command of the United States Army on the third of July. The Reign of Terror in France ended on the twenty-eighth of July.

What other things do you know that happened in this month of mid-summer?

Puzzle Corner

HOW OLD IS BOB?

BY WALTER WELLMAN



THE CONCEALED ORCHESTRA

A letter taken from each word will reveal in each sentence a musical instrument.

1. Housekeeping requires experience these days Dora.
2. Great singers, undoubtedly, must protect their throats.
3. Florence, will you telephone Edna.
4. Traveling in foreign lands aids education.
5. These grapes are splendid.
6. Alfred disappeared after dinner.

FOUR LETTER SQUARES

1
what the clock does
a thought
a room of confinement
a vegetable

2
a piece of money
an ugly giant
a Japanese flower
found in the tree tops

3
paradise
a shady valley
a girl's name
orderly

ANSWERS

THE CONCEALED ORCHESTRA—1. *Guitar.* 2. *Trumpet.* 3. *Flute.* 4. *Violin.* 5. *Harp.* 6. *Fife.*

1	2	3
TICK	COIN	EDEN
IDEA	OGRE	DALE
CELL	IRIS	ELLA
KALE	NEST	NEAT

HOW OLD IS BOB?—Seven. Fold forward along A-A and backward along B-B.

SUMMER FUN

OH, Summer is a dandy time,
For after school is done,
Comes one grand long vacation—
Ten weeks of play and fun.

There's time to wade and time to swim
Out in the lake so blue,
And time to play upon the sand,
Which I love best to do.

There's walking time, and resting time,
And time to eat three meals;
In Summer time there's always time
To do just as one feels.

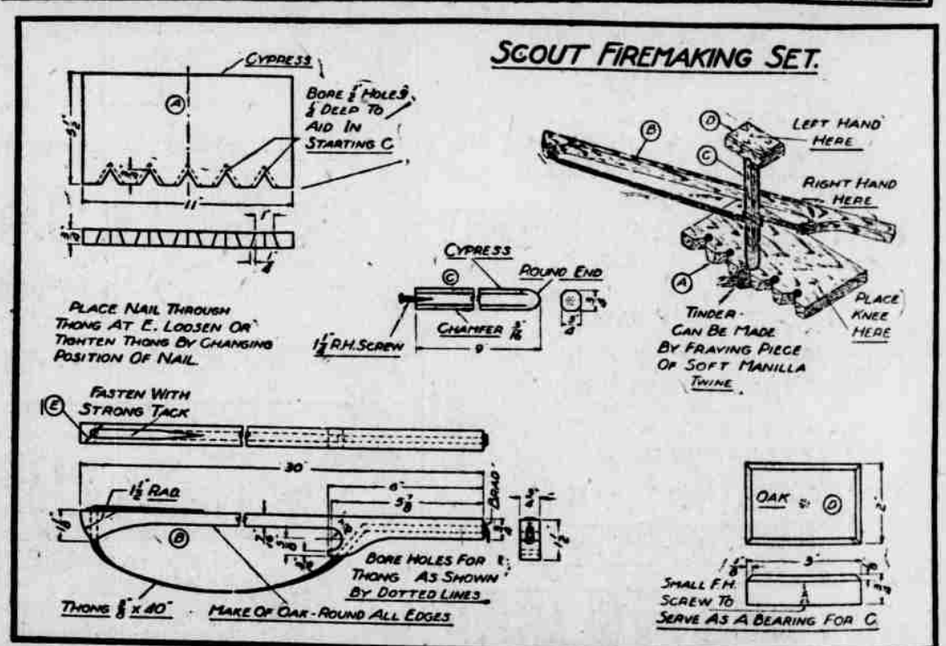
There's time to read and time to sew,
Or pay a social call;
Oh, dear, I wish time would stand still
And never move to Fall.

For everything in Summer time,
From dawn to set of sun,
Is just as nice as nice can be,
For Summer time is Fun.

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

INSTRUCTOR, DEP'T OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT.



EVERY BOY is familiar with the Boy Scouts and very few boys do not at one time or other belong to a troop.

One of the requirements to obtain a first class scout degree is to be able to start a fire without matches. There are many different devices used. Some of them resemble the old Indian methods and require a great deal of physical strength and patience, but with the equipment shown in the accompanying drawing after a little practice, a fire can be started very quickly. Outfits made from these plans have won several contests for speed in setting fires.

Begin work on the outfit by making the bow B. For this get a piece of oak wood ¾" x 1½" x 30". Lay out on the piece the pattern given on the detailed drawing of the bow. Bore a ⅞" hole to form the round part of the cutout just ahead of the hand hold. With a coping, keyhole, or turning saw cut to line. Next make the holes for the leather or buckskin thong. These holes are bored with a ⅛" bit. After this finish the bow by first scraping all corners round with pieces of broken window glass, and then smoothing with fine sandpaper. Spend plenty of time scraping and sanding, so the handle will be nicely rounded and all parts perfectly smooth and free from slivers. Rub the bow with linseed or other oil so if you are caught out in the rain with it, the wood will not be affected. A leather thong can be bought at almost any hardware or sporting goods store. It is to be threaded through the holes and held in place by a brad pushed through the leather so it cannot slip back through the hole.

The block D is also made of oak. The drawing shows the corners chamfered, and a screw driven about 3-16" below the surface at the center. This screw acts as a bearing against which the head of the round head screw in the end of the drill C is held.

The drill C is to be made of cypress as this material will start the tinder more readily than other wood. It can be made perfectly round left square or have the corners planed off. One end is nicely rounded and the other has a screw driven half way into it.

Part A, the tinder board is made of cypress. Lay out the notches as shown in the drawing and before cutting bore ⅛" hole ¼" deep. The holes are to receive the end of the drill. The notches are cut with a saw.

The tinder is made by fraying a piece of manilla rope or twine. Other materials such as oiled cotton might be tried.

To start a fire make some shavings from a dry piece of stick. Collect some dry grass and twigs. Place the board A on the ground and below one of the notches place a bunch of tinder. Wind the thong on the bow about the drill as shown in the assembled drawing. Place the end of the drill in the hole, the block D held in the left hand on the screw, in the other end of the drill. Grasp the bow by the handle with the right hand, hold part A with which ever knee is most convenient and saw with the bow, causing the drill to revolve back and forth rapidly. As soon as the tinder begins to smoke remove the board, pick up the tinder and blow steadily on it, or swing it, holding in both hands till it begins to flame.