

# For the YOUNG PEOPLE

## CONSEQUENCES



"WHERE'S Bert?" was the question that sounded on all sides.

"Let's stop at his house and see," suggested one of the girls and to this all the Hikers agreed.

Bert Roth's home was not far. It was a comfortable frame farmhouse nestled in the valley half a mile from the little village of Monterey. Bert's crowd of friends was soon knocking at the door.

"Come in," Mrs. Roth said cordially. "I'm glad to see you. Bert hurt his foot, you know."

"Oh yes," said Tom Taylor. "I remember he got a stone-bruise in the brook yesterday."

"Well," Mrs. Roth continued. "It is quite serious. The doctor came last night and lanced it, and Bert has to stay in bed. Now it happens that Mr. Roth is away and I have to go to Great Barrington on important business this morning, but I don't like to leave Bert alone. Won't one of you boys stay with him?"

"Of course, Mrs. Roth," the Hikers cried with one voice.

Mrs. Roth seemed satisfied and led the Hikers up to Bert's room, where he lay reading.

"Now go on, Muddy," he said cheerfully. "and don't worry about me. The fellows will look after me."

So his mother hurried off in her car, with an easy mind.

Meanwhile Tom, George, Nettle and Grace were jollying the sufferer.

"But its just foolishness for any of you to stay in on my account," Bert argued. "I'm comfortable and I've got a handy book to read and if I need anything I guess I can hop on my good foot."

"Well, old cripple, we promised your mother," Tom answered. "and I'm going to stay—so there!"

After the others had gone for their regular Saturday hike, Tom sat down by his friend's bed. Something at the window made him look up. A wisp! He killed the wisp, little dreaming what the consequences of his act would be.

"Oh say!" cried Bert suddenly. "I just remember something. I have the geographic map. The Hikers will need it sure. Isn't it the dickens? Why didn't I think to give it to them?"

"Never mind," Tom replied. "They

can't have gotten very far and I know the road they were to take, so give me the map and I'll take it in a jiffy. I'll run both ways and be back in a couple of shakes."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Bert.

OK darted Tom, and Bert opened his book again with a satisfied grunt. It was a lazy kind of summer day and Bert had lain awake half the night suffering with his foot so it was natural if he dozed a bit. Suddenly he started awake with a strange choking feeling. His throat felt dry and he began to cough. His eyes watered so he could scarcely see. Then as his wits cleared he realized what was the matter. The room was full of smoke. Was the house on fire? He raised himself on one elbow and listened. There was a crackling sound.

"The fireplace in the sitting room!" was his first thought. "An ember must have popped out and started a blaze. I may be able to do something."

He rolled out of bed and took four hops on his good foot, meaning to get his cane which was leaning against the wall, when suddenly he gave a sharp cry and sank to the floor. What was it? Had he hopped on a burning coal or a darned needle? He looked at his foot and found that he had hopped on the half dead wisp and his foot had been badly stung. He sat a moment groaning with pain, both feet quite out of commission and the house on fire! It was indeed a desperate situation.

Meanwhile Tom had hastened on his mission and run himself nearly out of breath. The route hid out by the Hikers the day before, lay along the valley, then up over a high hill.

Tom was half way up the hill when he happened to turn. He remembered that only the week before Bert had pointed out his home from that spot. Tom looked down the valley and saw the Roth farmhouse with a wave of smoke around it. It struck him as a bit strange but not until he had gone on to the top of the hill did it occur to him that anything could be wrong.

"Whew!" he said. "the crowd must have gone on another road or something. Some hot! I must have been a long time, poor, old Bert!" Then he suddenly thought of the queer smoke he had seen and with a funny feeling around his stomach he raced back down the mountain road. At the place where he had stopped before, he looked again and his eyes opened wide with horror. The farmhouse was on fire!

"Bert! Bert!" gasped Tom, and his legs flew over the ground.

Never had he run like that in his life. He thought he would die before he reached the house, so out of breath was he. Before his eyes danced an awful vision of his crippled friend being burned to cinders with nobody near to save him. On and on he flew and over the lawn scarcely realizing what he was doing. Sparks and brands were falling about him but he didn't mind them. He was set on saving Bert.

"Catch that boy! Stop him! He must be crazy!" shouted voices and Tom felt himself being grasped and dragged back. But he struggled hard gasping: "Bert! Bert!"

"Bert's all right!" It was George's voice. Bert turned to find his friend George and the other Hikers standing near him. "You see," said George. "we didn't go after all—that is, we only went a little way, then we went into the barn to hatch up something to do to amuse Bert because we didn't feel we'd enjoy our hike without you two. Well, we smell smoke and ran to the house and there was Bert hitting it out on all fours like a bucking bronco or something. You should



have seen him gallop down the front steps shouting, 'Fire! Fire!' Well, Nettle ran to the village for help while Grace and I tried to put out the blaze. It's under control now and only part of the house will be burned."

"Geef!" exclaimed Tom, wiping his brow, "after this when I've got a job I'm going to stay on it, maps or no maps."



## A Poet Who Wrote for Children

(Eugene Field—Born Sept. 2, 1850)

WHAT would you think if you walked into a grown-up man's study and saw scattered about the room many dolls and trumplets, drums and stuffed animals, lead horses and tin soldiers?

"Surely," you would probably say to yourself: "This is not the study of a grown man, but a children's nursery. I must have strayed into the wrong room by mistake."

But no; you were in the study, sure enough; and the study of a man who has no doubt won the way into your heart with his many pretty and well-known verses, for the man who owned this queer collection of toys was no other than Eugene Field, the poet who wrote for children.

Field was born in St. Louis, Mo., on the second of September, 1850. He was always fond of children and liked to surround himself with things that held appeal for his young friends. He collected all kinds of things; souvenirs from many of his long journeys and interesting gifts that had been presented to him by famous and distinguished persons, but he never passed by a queer toy without adding it to his valuable collection. Now, I guess you are wondering why, if he did collect these toys he should keep them in his study where he naturally would go to read and write and think. And in asking this question you have almost answered it for yourself. He kept the toys in his study so that when he did write, and most of his writings were for his young friends he would see and think about the

things that children were interested in and he would write about them. If you could but see the collection of toys in Field's study and then read his poems you would recognize many of them in the verses. Perhaps you do know the "Tin Soldier," and the "Calico Dog," and the "Gingham Cat"—Yes, they are all there, and you have been immortalized by the children-loving poet, for all the children of all ages.



## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES Born August 29, 1809.

It is not often that we find a man of letters following another profession, while plying his pen, yet one of our most lovable of American writers did this very thing. Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Cambridge on August 29, 1809, the son of a minister. He was brought up in an atmosphere of culture and learning and no pains were spared in his education. Unlike most of the great men of whom we hear Holmes did not have to struggle to educate himself. He was sent to a university to study law and then, not finding that study to his taste, he studied medicine and took his degree as a doctor of medicine when he was 27 years of age.

From his earliest days in college Holmes wrote verses, which had from time to time been published in a Boston paper. When he graduated, these poems were collected and many more added to them and his first book was published. Holmes' poems are not great, but they are pleasing and his style is so genial and hearty that when you read his works you feel as though you knew their author well.

All the while that he wrote, and he did write much—prose as well as verse—he was building up for himself a good practice as a doctor and he occupied a chair as Professor of Medicine at Harvard University.

Perhaps Holmes' own estimate of himself and his recipe for his works will help us to understand why the charm of his style and his noble sincerity still live in the printed page.

long after their creator is no more. Holmes said: "I know that I am like so many others of my fellow-creatures, that when I smile, I feel as if they must; when I cry, I think they are all; and it always seems to me that when I am most truly myself, I come nearest to them, and am surest of being listened to by the brothers and sisters of the larger family into which I was born so long ago."

## THE JUNIOR COOK PEACH PUDDING

Peel and slice 6 or 7 good sized peaches.

Put the sliced peaches in the bottom of a baking dish and sprinkle with one cupful of sugar. One-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful white corn syrup will do nicely if desired. The dish should be one that can appear on the table as the pudding is served at once, as cooked.

Sift together 3 times:

- 1 cupful of flour.
- 1 teaspoonful of baking powder.

1/2 teaspoonful of salt.

With the fingers work in two teaspoonful of vegetable oil.

Add one-third cupful of milk or enough to make a soft dough.

With a small spoon drop small lumps of the dough over the top of the peaches till all is used.

Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

Serve at once with cream and sugar.

In this recipe the peaches taste very fresh and are delicious.

## PLAYING BY THE CREEK

I WISH there was somebody to play with!" sighed Ellen Borland one fine summer morning.

"I just have chickens and pigs and a dog and everything but people."

"I should think you had enough," said her father, laughing. "You have every sort of a pet you can think of that ought to satisfy one little girl."

"Maybe some company would be a good idea," suggested her mother. "I was thinking this morning that it would be a good idea to invite her cousins, Bob and Horace, to pay us a visit. Ellen is twenty old enough to get used to playing with other children."

So the cousins were invited. Unfortunately Horace couldn't come, but Bob, who was two years younger than Ellen, came the next week and Ellen had the fun of showing all the wonders and joys of her summer home to him. They went up in the pine grove and played there, they went down to the beach and built houses in the sand. Of course, they got their shoes damp, for who can build sand houses

and forts and watch about stepping into the water? So Ellen suggested taking off such troublesome articles of clothing. "Mother won't care a bit," she assured Bob, "she always lets me take 'em off when I play down here, only I forgot." So shoes and stockings were stowed away under a nearby tree and the building went on.

The lake by which Ellen's summer home was situated was an inland lake into which flowed many tiny creeks. One of these creeks ran close by Ellen's home and tumbled into the lake only about fifty feet from where the best sandy beach tempted the children to play.

As Ellen and Bob wandered along the beach in search of just the right sort of sticks for the towers of the fort they were building they came upon the mouth of the creek. And there they found Ellen's father digging bait for fishing.

"Goody!" exclaimed Ellen, "now that you are here, we can wade."

"Couldn't we before?" asked Bob, for he didn't see what his uncle had to

do with their wading.

"No," explained Ellen, as she waded into the creek, "cause mother never lets us go into the water even a little bit, unless somebody grown-up is around. But we can now."

But Bob was more interested in the worms his uncle was getting by the bank than he was in what Ellen was doing.

"Can't I help, Uncle Allen?" he asked eagerly, and he started to wade across the tiny creek to his uncle on the other side.

"Surely you can, Bob," replied his uncle. "Come on over and help dig."

As Bob waded across, stepping carefully as the stones in the bottom felt queer to his feet, he watched the bottom of the creek. And there he saw many a living creature he had never spied before.

"Here's a worm for you!" he shouted, and making a dive into the water pulled out a worm—not the kind his uncle was digging to be sure, but Bob didn't know the difference.

"Ellen who thought all boys were

wanting to tease, looked up just in time to see Bob hold out the worm and, supposing he meant to throw it at her, shouted in dismay.

"Bob Holden! If you throw that worm at me, I'll throw water all over you!"

Bob, with the worm dangling from his right hand, held up his left arm to protect himself and called, "I wasn't a throwing any worm to you!"

In such a surprised voice that Ellen was ashamed of herself and her hasty speech.

"I'm sorry Bob," she said quickly. "I ought to have known you wouldn't act like those rowdy boys who come over here sometimes—they're always throwing things at me. Come on, let's help father and then maybe he'll take us fishing with him."

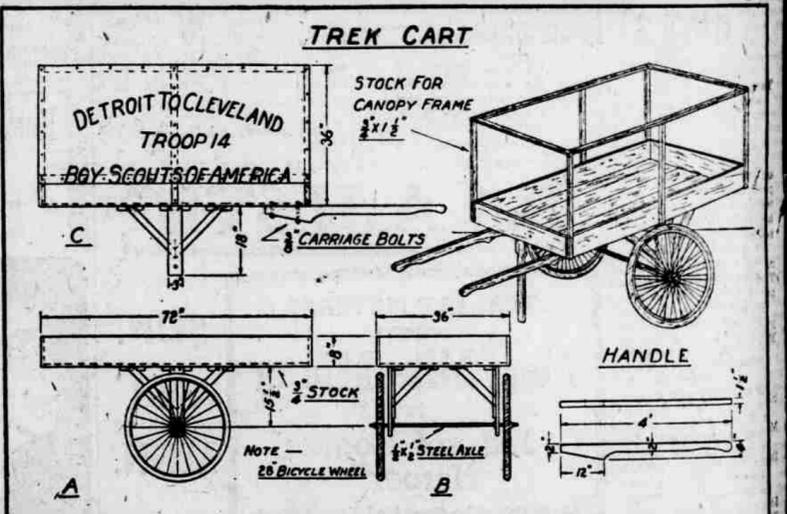
"Can you sit real still and hold a line?" asked her father, who had seen her hasty act and been pleased with her quick apology.

"Deed we can!" cried Bob.

"You don't know much about it."



## TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE. BY FRANK I. SOLAR. INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT.



All boys like to go on hiking parties. But especially groups of Boy Scouts enjoy this pastime because they usually have camping equipment which is very convenient for short hikes and even long ones that take several days.

Of course, if a long hike is to be taken a great deal more equipment must be carried and some sort of cart or carry-all is needed to make traveling easier.

Two Detroit Scouts decided to tramp to Cleveland, but found that enough supplies with cooking utensils and sleeping paraphernalia was more than they could carry so decided to get a conveyance of some kind. But on consulting a catalogue they found that a Trek Cart would cost \$45, and that was much more than they could afford to spend. The only thing to

do was to make one and the Manual Training Shop was just the place to do the work.

The first thing done toward building the cart was to remove two wheels from an old bicycle. The tires happened to be in good condition so the boys were lucky in this find. Next lumber for making the box and canopy was secured, some of the parts were found at home and some pieces purchased at the lumber yard.

The box was not difficult to make and it will be noticed at A that the bottom is set inside of the sides and ends. The box can be put together with nails, but as these boys expected to take a long trip screws were used.

Then the braces and axle supports were made and fastened to the box with bolts and lag screws. The handles were formed with a turning

saw and spoke shave and fastened to the box with carriage bolts. The box was formed with the same tools and fastened to the box with a good strong strap hinge, and held in place by two screen door hooks.

The wheels were taken to a machine shop and an axle made for them from a piece of square steel of the proper length, the ends, of course, being turned and threaded for a nut to hold them in place on one side and bored for a pin and washer on the other. The cost of the axle was only a few dollars.

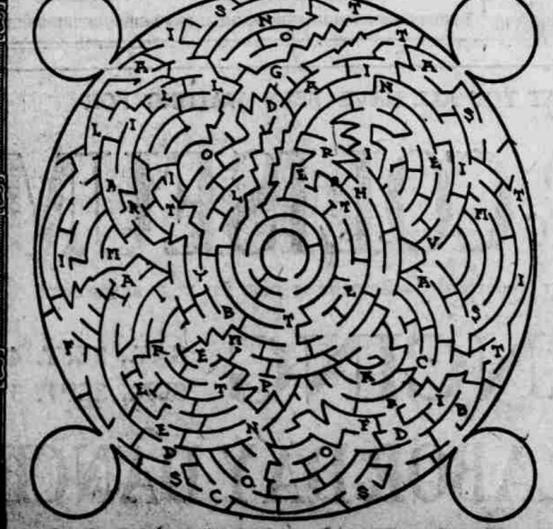
The canopy was made from an old kaffi tent and fastened to the box and frame with carriage buttons, eyes having been put in the canvas at a harness shop.

All parts except the canvas were painted to match the covering and when finished made a good looking outfit.

The cart carried a small tent, blankets and other bedding, extra clothing a cooking outfit and many other things to make the trip more enjoyable. You may think the cart and its load would be heavy to push, but it would surprise you how easily the bicycle wheels rolled along when the load was well balanced. If your troop needs a cart or you want to see some cross country walking, make a cart like this to carry your load.

## Puzzle-Corner

### PROVERB MAZE BY WALTER WELLMAN



### ENIGMA

I am composed of 12 letters.  
11-4-10 a tavern.  
6-7-12-8 an Eastern European.  
1-6-3-2 a part of a window.  
6 in everything.  
My whole is a State.

### CROSS WORD SQUARE

Upper Square:  
My first is a beverage.  
My second we do three times a day.  
My third you did to your breakfast.

Left Square:  
My first ladies wear around their necks.  
My second is used in rowing.  
My third is a part of the verb "to be".

Right Square:  
My first is in the head.  
My second is a word used for "yes".  
My third is used to catch sounds.

Lower Square:  
My first means before.  
My second is a part of a shad that is good to eat.  
My third is a slippery snake.

ANSWERS  
ENIGMA—Inn—Slav—Pans—Y. Pennsylvania.  
CROSS WORD SQUARE  
TEA  
EAT  
BOATEYE  
OAR YEA  
ARE REAR  
ROE  
EEL  
Familiarity Breeds Contempt

## GOOD NIGHT

THE sun drops down behind the hill,  
His light grows dim, the world grows still.  
The robin singing by his nest  
Let's die the song within his breast.  
The fire-flies glow;  
Eyes droop—Heigho!  
Little folks to bed must go!

Wee birdlings snuggle in their nest;  
Tired little heads on pillows rest.  
The robin troods till morning light;  
But mother breathes a sweet Good Night.  
And whispers low:  
"The bright stars glow—  
Little folks to sleep must go."