

Stories—Sports—
GamesThe BOYS and
GIRLS PAGECrafts—Jokes—
Puzzles

SECRET MISSION

More Exciting Adventures of Ronnie and Hicky

BY W. BOYCE MORGAN.

INSTALLMENT IX.

THOUGHTS tumbled over themselves in Ronnie's mind as he realized the man in the doorway was the thief who had stolen the professor's car. He didn't know whether to run, or stand still, or tell Hicky or what!

Then he saw the man wasn't looking at him.

"Where'd you come from?" he was asking Slug as the latter stepped in.

"Thought you was in for a while yet."

"We took it on the lam, Mike," growled Slug. Then he turned back toward Ronnie and Hicky, still on the porch.

"These here is two guys made the break with me—Hicky and Ronnie. They're O. K. They want to do a couple jobs."

"Good," Mike said. "Come on in."

Ronnie hesitated, then Hicky shoved him in the ribs and they

and where to meet us. Then you can ride in the front of the truck with the driver to the next town. You'll get your pay when the job's done. We're gonna meet the chief outside the next town," Mike explained further, giving them directions and telling where the cars would be.

Night was an age in coming. It was nearly midnight when they stole down the rickety back steps and crept up the dim alley. Slug and Mike walked behind Ronnie and Hicky. The boys had been told where to go. In their hands they clutched automobile keys, made Mike had explained, from wax impressions taken in public garages.

Following directions, they walked several blocks down dimly lighted back streets. They were in a residential district. As they came in the shadow of a tall hedge near a better-lighted street, they heard Mike hiss.

Kitchen Talks

BY BESSIE E. EARLE.

BETTY sat at the kitchen table, with Dinah in her little chair by her on the table, both looking at a seed catalogue, planning Spring gardens.

"Oh, if my vegetable gardens would only look like these pictures," Betty sighed. "Just look at these cabbages." Dinah peered at the colorful pictures with her beady eyes. However, her mind was not on gardens, but on ways of cooking vegetables.

"Betty," said Dinah, breaking the silence, "we had better stop this day-dreaming and get to work if we want to do any cooking for supper. Which vegetable do you want to cook now?"

"Oh, I don't know," Betty replied. "Those beans look nice, so do the peas. And I love beets. I know! I'll close my eyes and put my finger on the page and whatever vegetable I point to I'll fix."

"That's a good way to decide," laughed Dinah.

So Betty closed her eyes tightly and pointed her finger right on a bunch of carrots.

"Breaded carrots it will be. Ever hear of them?" questioned Dinah.

"No," Betty answered. "They sound good. I do get so tired of carrots cooked in the same old way."

With pride Betty served the carrots in a new fashion for supper, and both her grandmother and grandfather agreed they were delicious and nice for a change.

Breaded Carrots.—Wash and scrape small carrots. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. When cool dip in light cream, or milk will do. Roll in buttered cracker crumbs. Arrange in a shallow pan and bake uncovered in a 375-degree oven for 20 minutes or until carrots are brown.

Edelweiss, Flower of Legend.

ACCORDING to Swiss stories, only the brave and the pure may find and pluck the edelweiss, a little white star-shaped mountain flower.

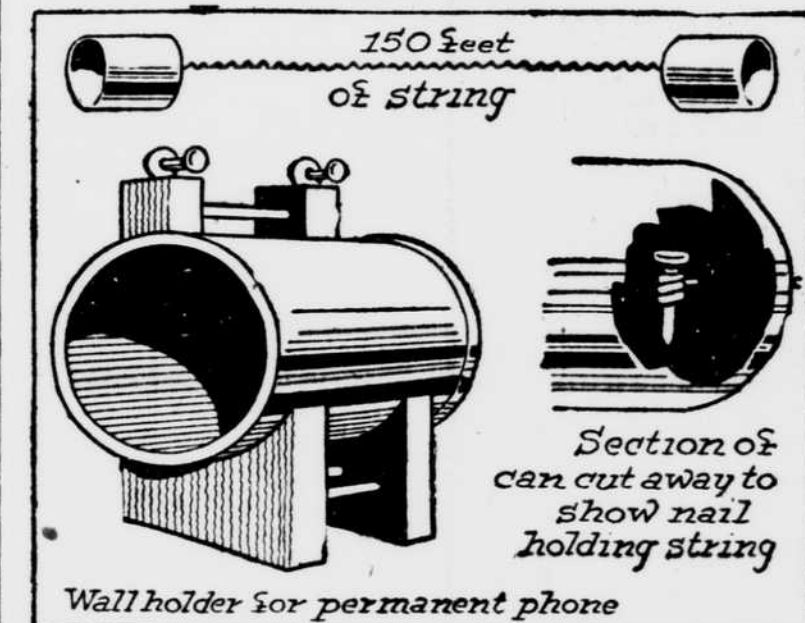
Many poems and songs have been



written about the little flower which grows high up in the Alps and the Pyrenees, and perhaps it is because of these stories that the edelweiss has

Fun at Home

BY RAY J. MARRAN.



Tin Can Telephone.

WITH two empty tin cans and 100 to 150 feet of kite string, you can make a telephone to communicate between your friend's house and your own. Voice vibrations in the cans will be carried very distinctly over the tightly stretched string at these distances, without electricity.

For each can cut a small tin disk to fit loosely over the bottom of the can. Punch a hole in the center of each disk, also in the center of the bottom of the cans, then thread one end of the string into the hole in the can, then into the hole in the disk and tie the end of the string to a shingle nail. This disk and nail assembly acts as the phone diaphragm and converts the sound of your voice into vibrations.

When each can is mounted to one end of the string in this manner, you can talk into the one you hold and your friend, 150 feet away, can hold his to his ear and hear every word you say. For outdoor communication you will not need any holders for the

cans. Only be sure to pull on the string tight enough to stretch it, but just so it won't break.

For a permanent indoor phone between your room and your friend's room across the street, rig up a holder for your tin can phones similar to the one illustrated. A holder like this will not interfere with the voice vibrations.

For across-the-street talking use wire instead of string. Wire is stronger and can be stretched tighter. Any sort of thin wire will do. Old copper wire salvaged from discarded radio equipment is excellent. The wire, or the string, should be stretched very tight, and high enough to avoid traffic, and it must not touch anything.

Longer distances than 150 feet can be tried out on this novel phone system. For a call signal small hand bells can be hooked on the wire so when the wire is jiggled the bell will ring, but the bell must be removed from the wire before you start talking.

won the reputation of growing only in remote and inaccessible places where he who would pick it must be daring to venture.

Only part of these legends are true. For the edelweiss is grown in many English and American gardens. It is a hardy little flower, kin to our daisy and black-eyed susan, and it flourishes with very slight encouragement.

On the other hand, left to its own devices, the edelweiss takes only to its favorite mountain heights, where it wears a little fuzzy coat as if for warmth against the icy mountain blasts. High up on rocky cliffs, it thrusts its roots into the cracks of limestone rocks and blossoms in a profusion of starry white flowers surrounded by woolly leaves. Its center is clustered and yellow.

But whenever and wherever it is domesticated, it invariably loses its fuzzy cloak of hair and assumes the more commonplace texture of its garden neighbors.

Because of its romantic history the

edelweiss has been much sought and much picked, until now it is protected by law in most of the Swiss cantons. Like the orange blossom in the United States, it is the bride's flower of Europe—a symbol of purity. Literally translated, its name means "noble white."

Minor Operation.

"WHY did you tear the back part out of that new book?" asked the long-suffering wife of the absent-minded doctor.

"Excuse me, dear," said the famous surgeon. "The part you speak of was labeled 'Appendix,' and I took it out without thinking."

Compliment.

"BUT I've signed your book before," said the fairly distinguished film actor.

"Yes, sir, but when I got 10 of your autographs I can swap them for one of George Arliss."

Caring for Pets

BY HORACE MITCHELL.

More Eagle News.

THE king of birds is still around. He comes to the place and perches on one of the chimneys or on the big wooden ball stop the cupola and looks down across the country. When Everett Billings gets within sight of him, the bird cocks his head and watches to see if "Ev" has any meat for him. At nights the king roosts in the pine trees a quarter of a mile away, where the town has a park.

Once the crows see the eagle they mob him, swooping after him and cawing distractedly. But they never dare to get within reach of his long black talons, or that wickedly sharp bill. So far, the bird hasn't killed anything, not even for food. We've watched him down on the shore eating dead fish washed in by the waves, and he'll feed on whatever dead animals or birds he finds. But after a good while of observing him it seems that the bird books are right. Bald eagles don't ordinarily kill their food themselves. If the birds are very, very hungry, it may be another matter.

One of the families that live in town only during the Summer has the local storekeeper to feed the eagle on clean meat scraps and send



ONE WOMAN WAS AFRAID TO GO TO CHURCH.

the bill for it to them. So far the eagle has had about five pounds of raw beef trimmings a week.

The whole town is interested in him. Every day somebody reports having seen him. And one woman was afraid to go to church because the eagle was roosting high in one of her big elm trees. But it doesn't seem possible that he will harm any one.

Don't some of you members of this pet gang know a few good eagle stories? I'd like to find out, and I'd like to publish in this column, any material on whether any species of eagle carries off live things. Golden eagles may do it. I wouldn't be surprised if they did. And there is at least one other species that kills its own food.

Let's see what we can find out about all kinds of eagles.

Getting a Bite.

TRAMP—Could you give a poor fellow a bite?

Housewife: I don't bite myself, but I'll call the dog.

Two-Wheel Skates

SOME day when you're tired of using regular roller skates, try making this kind. The whole job doesn't take more than an hour to finish up.

Make up two wooden blocks of hard wood, 18 inches long, 3 inches wide and 1 inch thick. Chisel out the two mortises, as shown in the illustration and use a small bit to drill out the hole for the axle. Either wooden wheels or regular skate wheels may be

Get two wooden blocks 18 in. x 3 in. x 1 in.

Chisel out 2 Mortises

Screw heel block down 2 in. in front of rear wheel

Drill holes for axle

Adjust straps to fit foot Paint gray

used, with a carriage bolt as the axle. The heel block must be adjusted about 2 inches in front of the rear wheel, and should be screwed down instead of nailed. Where to place the straps can only be determined by the wearer after fitting his own foot into the skates.

These skates are easy to use and tumblers are not as frequent as with ordinary four-wheel skates. After a little practice, great speed can be obtained and many new stunts, impossible with four-wheel skates, can be performed. The skates should be painted a dull grey, to look like steel, but a bright or fantastic coloring may be used if desired.

Plenty of Citrus Fruit.

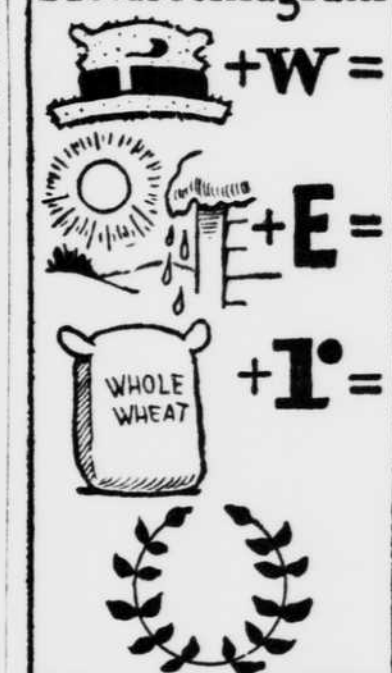
A TREMENDOUS increase in citrus fruit production for the current year is expected as a result of a survey by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Last year's production was 61,500,000 boxes. The estimates this year indicate a yield of 72,700,000 boxes.

A reduction in the Florida prospects has been more than offset by the great increase in California and other States. Below freezing temperature in California was experienced in the citrus areas, but no damage resulted because the fruit was sufficiently matured and contains sufficient sugar to prevent any harm to the crop.

PUZZLES

A PICTURE ANAGRAM starts off this group of puzzles.

Picture Anagram



We haven't had a word triangle for several weeks, so let's try one. The second line is to awake, the third is a point of the compass, the fourth is a moral obligation, the fifth is a kind of tree, and the sixth is an abbreviation for left end. Can you complete the triangle?

V A N D A L S
A _ _ _ _
N _ _ _ _
D _ _ _ _
A _ _ _ _
L _ _ _ _
S _ _ _ _

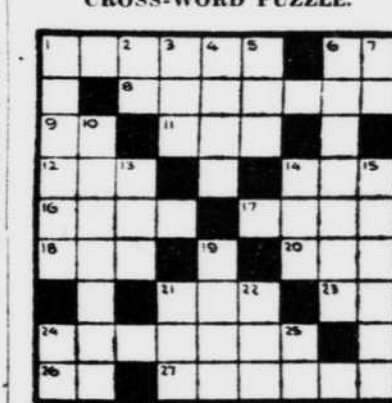
Here are a number of words that start with the syllable "fan." Can you guess them? The spelling of the second one is tricky!

1. The fan the Spaniards dance.
2. The fan that is ghostly.
3. The fan the Chinese play.
4. The fan the trumpets make.
5. The fan that is grotesque.
6. The fan that is a pigeon.
7. The fan that is very enthusiastic.
8. The fan that is a whim.

Take a four-letter word for something to burn, add T, and form a musical instrument.

Take a four-letter word for pets, add K, and form a chimney.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



HORIZONTAL.

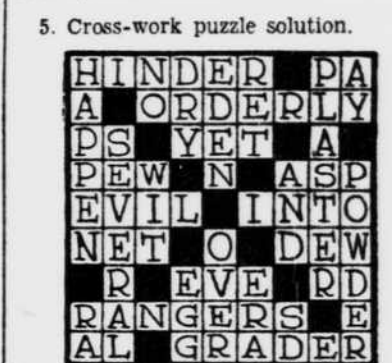
1. Obstruct, retard.
6. Father.
8. Hospital attendant.
9. Postscript (abbr.).
11. Still, nevertheless.
12. Seen in a church.
14. Serpentine.
16. Wicked.
17. To the inside.
18. Fishing device.
20. Moisture.
21. The night before.
23. Road (abbr.).
24. Men who patrol the forest.
26. Boy's nickname.
27. One who grades.

VERTICAL.

1. Occur.
2. Negative.
3. Arid.
4. Home of Adam and Eve.
5. Return (abbr.).
6. Material for covering walls.
7. Yes.
10. A few.
13. Humor.
14. Conjunction.
15. An explosive.
16. Above.
17. Food eaten for breakfast.
22. Period of history.
24. The sun god.
25. Western State (abbr.).

ANSWERS.

1. Hat, thaw, wheat and wreath.
2. Vandals, arouse, north, duty, ash, L. E. and S.
3. Pandango, phantom, fantan, fan-fan, fantastic, fanal, fanatic, fancy.
4. Fuel, add T, form flute. Cats, add K, form Stack.
5. Cross-work puzzle solution.



Stimulate Fish Use

THE Bureau of Fisheries, charged with the preservation and general welfare of the various types of fish caught in this country, is going a step further. A special kitchen has been set up for proving ways of preparing fish to make them more attractive and bring out their full food value.

With the rising cost of meat, a greater use of fish in the diet is being urged by the bureau. Many kinds of fish not in general use are excellent food if properly prepared, but the preparation is a matter which requires considerable research for perfection.

One of the problems, not affecting this section, of course, is that of transportation. Inland areas are not so easily supplied with fresh fish and the bureau is giving considerable thought to that situation as well. Locally, the regular markets, which formerly carried little fish other than for the Friday trade, now carry a good selection all week long.

High Lights of History—

Alexander the Great

—By J. Carroll Mansfield

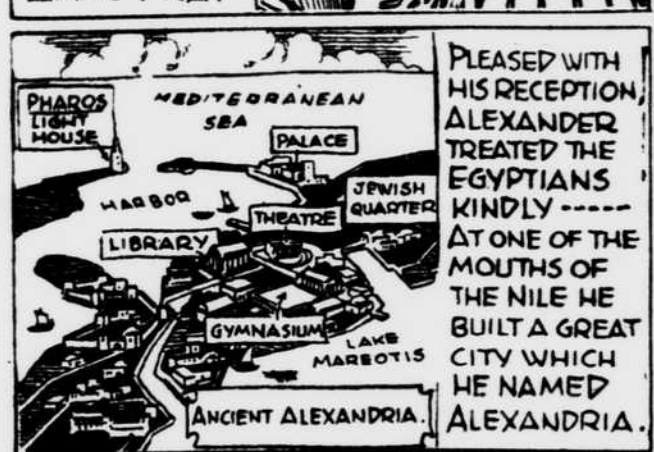
DURING HIS STAY IN EGYPT ALEXANDER THE GREAT VISITED A FAMOUS TEMPLE IN THE OASIS OF SIWA, WHERE THE CRAFTY PRIESTS HAILED HIM AS A DESCENDANT OF THE GOD, AMMON-RA.



ALEXANDER TOOK THIS FLATTERY SERIOUSLY. THE GREEKS AND MACEDONIANS WERE NOTIFIED OF HIS 'DIVINE' ANCESTRY. THE YOUTH'S HEAD WAS COMPLETELY TURNED.

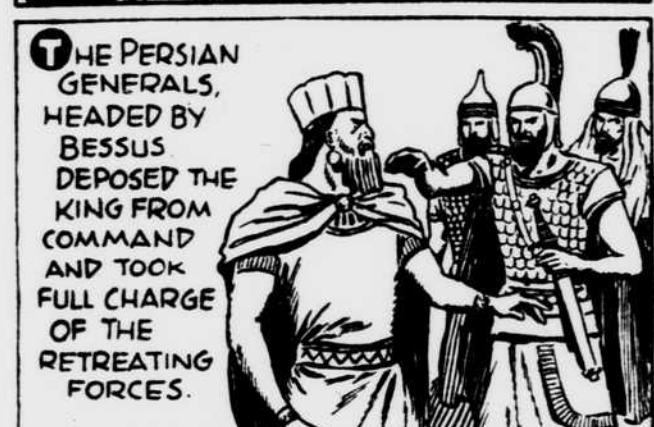


MANY BELIEVED THE HANDSOME YOUNG CONQUEROR WAS A DEMI-GOD. WAS HE NOT MARKED BY THE GODS? ONE OF HIS EYES WAS BLUE, THE OTHER BROWN.



PLEASED WITH HIS RECEPTION, ALEXANDER TREATED THE EGYPTIANS KINDLY. AT ONE OF THE MOUTHS OF THE NILE HE BUILT A GREAT CITY WHICH HE NAMED ALEXANDRIA.

HAVING RESTED HIS ARMY IN EGYPT, ALEXANDER RENEWED HIS ASSAULT ON THE PERSIAN EMPIRE. HE ADVANCED TO ARBELA WHERE DARIUS, THE PERSIAN KING, MADE HIS LAST STAND.



THE PERSIAN GENERALS, HEADED BY BESSUS, DEPOSED THE KING FROM COMMAND AND TOOK FULL CHARGE OF THE RETREATING FORCES.

ARBELA (330 B.C.) WAS ONE OF THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF HISTORY. DARIUS' ARMY WAS ROUTED, AND THE PERSIAN EMPIRE FELL AT THE MERCY OF ALEXANDER.



WHEN DARIUS REFUSED TO GO WITH THEM, THEY RAN HIM THROUGH AND LEFT HIM DYING BY THE ROADSIDE!

ALEXANDER, PURSUING THE FLEEING PERSIANS TOWARD BABYLON, RODE UP JUST AS THE 'GREAT KING' WAS BREATHING HIS LAST.

went in. As the man closed the door he looked at Ronnie closely.

"Ain't I seen you somewhere, kid?" he asked, looking sharply at Ronnie.

Ronnie's heart jumped into his throat, but somehow he thought quickly. "Naw," he muttered, making his voice tough, "I never done no work for you."

The man looked at him intently for a minute, scratching his unshaven face, then he shook his head. "I would of sworn I seen you somewhere," he growled. Then he seemed to dismiss the thought. He turned toward Slug. "Well, tell me how you made it."

Briefly Slug described their escape. "Good enough," Mike approved when he had finished. "I guess you guys are ready for a little shut-eye, then. Come on upstairs."

THEY followed him through a narrow, dirty hallway and up a flight of creaking stairs. Mike showed Ronnie and Hicky a dusty room with an unkempt double bed in it. As he closed the door, they heard him walk into an adjoining room with Slug.

Too tired to take off their clothes, Ronnie and Hicky dropped on the bed. Hicky started to speak, but Ronnie put his finger to his lips. "Pretend you're asleep," he whispered.

For about a half hour they lay quiet, then they heard a soft footstep and the door opened quietly. They sensed some one looking at them, then Slug's voice muttered, "O. K. They're cold. Never even took their clothes off." Then they heard Slug go back into the adjoining room.

Ronnie nudged Hicky and put his fingers to his lips again. They lay still, hardly breathing. From the next room came Slug's muffled voice. They caught only phrases.

"so this Hicky done me dirt in the fight, see... gonna get him... suckers thought I helped 'em break 'cause I liked 'em... frame 'em for a double sentence..."

Ronnie felt Hicky's muscles tighten. He grabbed Hicky's arm and gripped it tight. Then Slug's voice went on, mentioning names they didn't know and talking of other things.

THEY lay still for perhaps a half hour, not daring to talk, then they heard the door open again.

"Hey!" yelled Slug's voice.

Ronnie sat up dazedly, pretending he had been asleep. Hicky grunted and rolled over. Ronnie shook his shoulder. "Wake up, Hicky. Slug wants us."

"Sleep good?" asked Slug, and there was a leer in his smile. "Come on down an' we'll get something to eat."

They heard Mike go down the steps and Slug followed.

When their footsteps had echoed on the last step, Ronnie turned to Hicky.

"What'd we better do?" he whispered excitedly.

Hicky shrugged. "I'd like to knock that bum's head off right now and get it over with," he growled.

Ronnie shook his head quickly. "Play up," he said. "Make 'em think we like it."

Downstairs they ate greasy fried eggs on a spotted table. There was little conversation, and distasteful as the food was, Ronnie and Hicky managed to wash it down with the lukewarm gray coffee.

WHEN Mike had swabbed the last crust of bread across his cracked dish and rubbed a greasy hand across his mouth, he turned toward Ronnie and Hicky.

"Slug tells me you wanta work for us," Hicky waited for their nod. "Well, we got a job on tonight you can start on. There are two cars in the next town—big cars—we wanta get 'em out of town and out on the road a ways. We got the keys, an' we know where they'll be parked. All we want you to do is drive 'em out of town and into a big truck about 10 miles out the road."

"O. K.," Ronnie heard himself say. His throat was dry.

Then Mike was talking again. "We'll tell you the direction to take



Thus, 12 pieces of bread and the one extra which was known as the "baker's dozen." The thirteenth was known as the "vantage loaf," and the expression, "baker's dozen" is still used in both England and America, to mean good measure.