



For the YOUNG PEOPLE

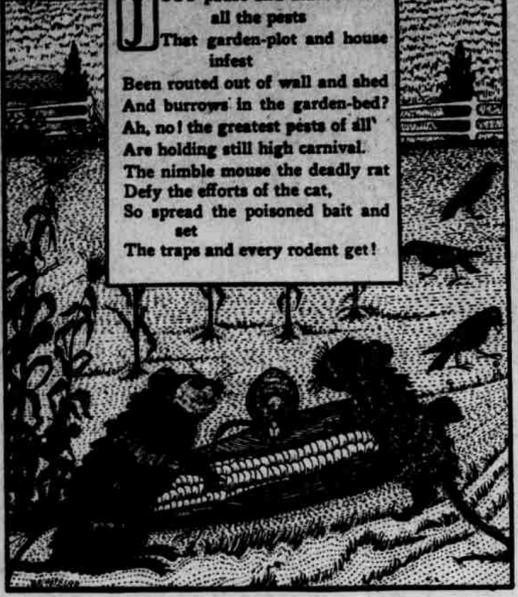


GARDEN HINTS

JUST pause and think: Have all the pests That garden-plot and house infest

Been routed out of wall and shed And burrows in the garden-bed? Ah, no! the greatest pests of all Are holding still high carnival. The nimble mouse the deadly rat Defy the efforts of the cat, So spread the poisoned bait and set

The traps and every rodent get!



THE PATIENCE KITE

If I want to do a thing—well, I guess I'm going to do it," announced George Brown to his sister Grace.

"But suppose you can't do it," broke in Grace, "suppose things interfere and you just can't go against them."

"Aw, nothing's goin' to interfere if you want to do a thing badly enough," replied George.

And with that he sauntered off to the playhouse, and Grace was left to think over alone what he had said. George seemed a hero in her eyes and she never doubted his power. It seemed that he could always do a thing if he had a mind to do it.

With puzzled brow Grace walked slowly towards the house. On the front porch her mother was busily sewing on a dainty white dress for her. She dropped into the soft cushions of the swing and turning to her mother asked her advice.

"Mother, can people always do what they want if they want to hard enough?" was her question.

Looking up from her sewing, Mrs. Brown replied, "Sometimes they can and sometimes they can't. Why, dear?"

"Well," Grace answered, "I told George that I didn't think he was right when he said that nothing would interfere if a person wanted to do anything hard enough. Sometimes I try ever so hard and work like sixty to make things come as I want them.

I'm as patient as anybody could be, and yet I don't always do what I set out to do. How is that?"

Mrs. Brown pondered a moment.

"We must all learn that things do not always come as we wish them, even though we try hard to make them come," she said. "Sometimes things get in the way, and if they cannot be removed we must be patient and let things take their course."

"Patience is something that I believe George never heard of," put in Grace.

"Well, then he must learn it," said Mother. "What can we do to make him see that he can get what he wants if he will wait hard enough to wait for it if it doesn't come right away?"

It was a calm, sunny day. A little breeze was blowing and the leaves on

the trees were fluttering. Suddenly they crossed before them, high in the sky over the top of their neighbors' houses, a gay kite, with a long tail trailing gracefully after it.

"See the kite," cried Grace. "Doesn't it sail along beautifully?"

Mrs. Brown watched it with great interest. "Then slowly a smile of satisfaction spread over her face.

"I have it," she exclaimed. I believe it will work and George will not fail to realize that success de-



After A Few Attempts It Began To Soar

sticks and some tissue paper in the attic you may use.

"Gee," shouted George, "that is a fine idea. Come! Let's get to work on it now, Grace."

And so the two of them raced to the attic and started to work. By dinner time they had it all ready and they went to bed that night in fine spirits ready to fly it the next day.

But things were not to go forward as they hoped. Mrs. Brown read the weather report in the newspapers and

THE DOG DAYS--AND OTHERS

THE hottest days of the year are the dog days of August, when every one prays that a cool wave will dispel the warmth and gloom. There is a mad rush for the seashore and mountain, and the thought uppermost in the minds of all is of the most pleasant and profitable way to spend the summer vacation days. But August stands for other things than heat and summer madness. It is the month that has seen the rise of many a great man's sun; and the setting of the sun of those famed the world over.

At the beginning of the Common Era August was the sixth month marked on the calendar, and was called Sextilis. It was in this month that many of the victories of Augustus, the Roman Emperor, were won, and in celebration of these he changed the name to August, thus immortalizing himself.

The birthstone for August is the Sardonyx, standing for that which wards off misfortune. If you are an August child and are without a Sardonyx—beware! Loneliness is destined to be your lot, and happiness will not cross your path. There is an old verse which says:

"Wear a Sardonyx or for thee No conjugal felicity; The August-born without his stone, 'Tis said must live unloved and lone."

But wear the August flower—the Poppy—and consolation will be yours. In what part of the month were you born? If in the first half it is thought by some that you will be emotional and go from one extreme to the other in temper. You will be only a fair student, but you will be a close observer and you will be witty and tell a story well and entertainingly. You should be healthy and well built and you should be able to accomplish anything that you set out to do. Should your birthday fall in the last half of the month it is thought that in addition to all these qualities you will be cool, collected and calm, you will have self confidence and you will be a good executive. You will study things carefully and analytically and you will be artistic, excelling either in art or music. Yours will be a sunny disposition and you will be cheerful and optimistic.

An old weather prophecy tells us that if the twenty-fourth of August is fair the harvest will be a good one and the autumn will be prosperous. On the whole August is a lucky month in all respects, but tradition attaches a warning to the nineteenth, and we are told that that is an unlucky day for any special undertaking, so beware; start off your trip on the eighteenth or the twentieth, but do not tempt fate by beginning anything on the unlucky day.

chucked to herself when she saw that showers were promised for the next day.

"Ah," she mused to herself, "I think my George will have a disappointment. We'll see if he learns a lesson."

The next day, true to the weather report, was rainy. It was dark, and when George got up in the morning he went to the window and gazed out. His face fell and he rushed to call Grace.

"It's raining," he said, "we cannot fly the kite today, can we?"

"Guess not," said Grace.

It rained all day. It rained the next day, and it rained the next day.

Once Grace said to George, "You cannot fly the kite no matter how hard you want to when the weather is against you, can you?"

He growled, "No, I guess not."

The next day the sun came out and George was smiling with glee, and he and Grace took the kite carefully out and attempted the great flight. George ran up and down the garden with the kite trying to get it started. It flew behind him, but it didn't rise above the level of his head.

"What's the matter with it?" George cried in dismay.

"Let's go in and ask Mother," suggested Grace.

They went indoors and told their troubles to their mother.

"Why, I suppose the answer is that

there is no breeze today to carry it up," said Mrs. Brown. "You'll have to wait for the right wind."

"Gee, it looks as though we'll never fly that old kite," said George.

"Oh, I thought you said one could do anything if one wanted to hard enough," piped up Grace.

"Well, it seems that you can't do it if the weather is against you," said George haltingly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "and many other things too. I hope you have learned that patience is necessary in all things and that sometimes patience is worth more than strong desires for a thing. Wait awhile patiently and a good day will come for the kite flying."

"All right," said George, somewhat subdued.

The next day was beautiful and a slight breeze was stirring. George and Grace took the kite to a nearby field and attempted another flight. They ran with the kite on its string and after a few attempts it began to soar. Slowly, it rose and George saved it more string. Soon it was above the house and then it went higher and higher. George let it out the full length of the string. The breeze carried the kite along and then Grace said, "Let go."

But George said no.

"I want to keep this kite," he replied. "We'll sail it lots more. This is my patience kite and I want to keep it to remember."

THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK

JACOPO JOCANTE CASABIANCA was a young Corsican sailor ad, who roamed the seas with his father, commander of the good ship "Orient". When the war between the English and the French took place at the end of the 18th Century, young Casabianca was a midship on the ship which had been taken over into the French service.

On the afternoon of August 1, 1798, Lord Nelson and the British fleet attacked the French in the Mediterranean Sea. Finally, after an exciting attack the English boats worked their way between the French ships and the shore and fired on the ships from both sides at once.

Broadside after broadside was directed against the sturdy French boat, all without avail, until a deadly fire wounded the captain and set fire to the vessel at one end and the same time. The flames rose and swept over the boat. Inch by inch the sailors were driven back. One by one they were forced to leave their brave captain and jump into the waters, from whose current many were rescued by the English.

They called for the captain to jump, but while he had life in his body and the ship was afloat he would not desert



his post nor his country. Then they shouted that Casabianca should jump while there was yet time for him to be saved. What, leave his father in this hour of peril? Not he! The English and the French soldiers implored him—his father was wounded, perhaps fatally—he should save himself. But the boy refused to move.

Hand in hand the two—father and son—stood on the deck while the flames shot up from the port holes and the deck about them caught fire. The watching sailors from the enemy's ships turned away in horror as the flames swept over the boat. Then with a mighty explosion the vessel sank, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean closed over the brave boy who had guarded the ship with his dying father.

But the waters could not close over the memory of his bravery, and the tale of Casabianca has been told in song and story all over the world. A very pretty poem has been written about the Corsican boy in the Battle of Aboukir Bay. It begins:

"The boy stood on the burning deck Whence all but he had fled—"

But why should I tell it to you? Some day you will read the poem for yourself, and admire again the brave spirit of the noble Corsican lad.

The Man Who Gave Life To the Fairies

(Hans Christian Andersen—Born August 4, 1805)

WHEN you read the thrilling fairy tales that make your blood tingle and your heart thump at the description of the three-headed dragons and the beautiful princesses, do you ever stop to think of the man who created these fairy folk? Hans Christian Andersen was born on August 4th, 115 years ago. He has produced the Fairy Tales that delight so many grown-ups and children, alike.

His father was a poor cobbler, who had to struggle to provide food for his family. Little Hans was left much to himself and the Fairy Tales wove themselves about his youthful imagination as he sought to amuse himself. At night, when work was done the father and son would get together, and Hans would stretch his lanky body upon the rough floor, while he listened to the adventures of life and living which his father would read aloud to him. Hans was a very nervous sensitive lad, and when he first went to school his mother had to make a special arrangement with the head-master that the boy should never be punished. One day, however, the teacher forgot and gave Hans a slight rap on the hands with his rod. Up jumped the boy, reached for his book and slats and home he ran, never to return to that school again. But his parents were anxious to give their boy an

education, so off he was packed to another school. There he met a little girl who longed to be a dairy maid at a large country house. Already Hans' imagination was at play, and fairy folks were whispering their lore into his waiting ears. Taking his slate he drew for his little classmate the picture of a castle and he said in a lordly manner: "You shall be dairy maid at my castle when I am a gentleman, for I am really of noble birth. When I was a tiny baby the fairies changed me in my cradle, but when I am grown I shall come into my own again." The children looked at him in fright at first, they shook their heads and said: "He is mad like his grandfather," who was in truth feeble-minded.

When Hans was eleven years old his father died and his mother remarried. The boy did not like his stepfather, and he made up his mind to go to Copenhagen, the capital of his country, and there earn his living. His great ambition was to be a dramatist like the wonderful Shakespeare, and so with dreams of a rosy future in the great city, he set off with his little bundle which his mother had packed for him and only nine dollars in his pocket. He did write plays and some

novels, too, for which he received some money, but so poor a business man was he that he had grown to be an old bachelor before he could afford to marry. His ambition to be a poet or dramatist met with some success, but the art of telling Fairy Tales, that was a part of his innermost being, brought him the greatest fame.

He wrote fairy tales to amuse himself or to please the children of his friends, for he never had the pleasure of taking his own children up on his knees and telling to them the tales that have entertained children the whole world over. For what child does not love to read of the wicked witch or the friendly elves, or the magic ring, without which no volume of fairy tales could be complete. And what child, in reading, does not love the weaver of these fanciful tales?

Many are the lovers of Hans Christian Andersen, one of the greatest tellers of fairy tales of our day—a dreamer of fairyland dreams—a dweller in enchanted places—a man safe in the fortress of every child's heart.

Puzzle Corner

ACROSTIC

1. What we are on hot summer nights.
2. Something we should all be.
3. What all children do.
4. Not pretty.
5. To divide.
6. To exchange.

My whole is a summer month.

ENIGMA

I am composed of 12 letters. My 9-3-4-12-11 form a spring flower. My 3-7-10-5 form an outer garment of clothing. My 1-4-8 form a big truck. My whole we are now enjoying.

WORD SQUARE

My first is dangerous to play with. My second is a bit of news. My third is a measure. My fourth is a girl's name.

ANSWERS

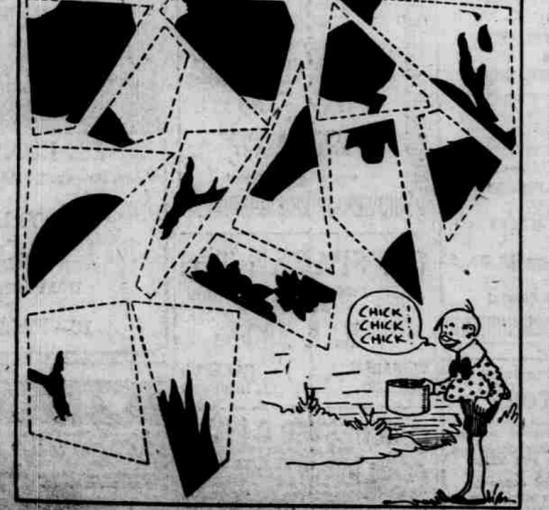
A snake
U seful
O row
U ply
S here
F rade

ENIGMA—Daisy, Coat, Van, Vacation days.

WORD SQUARE

FIRE
FEW
REAR
SENA

ON THE FARM CUT-OUT



Notice the spelling of his name on a farm and is very much interested in the animals. Can you find out what he is calling? (Cut out and paste on the black paper.)

THE JUNIOR COOK

COCONUT PUDDING

Put one pint of milk in a double boiler and make scalding hot. Stir in one-half cup powdered tapioca and one-half cup of sugar.

Cook, stirring occasionally, till thick which will take about 30 minutes.

Remove from the fire and add one-half teaspoonful vanilla.

One-half cupful grated coconut. Mix well.

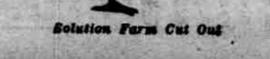
Set over the double boiler while two egg whites are beaten light.

Fold the tapioca into the beaten whites.

Pour into a serving dish and set in a cool place.

Serve very cold with cream and sugar.

This is a good dessert to make the day mother makes salad dressing, as it uses whites of eggs and salad dressing uses the yolks.

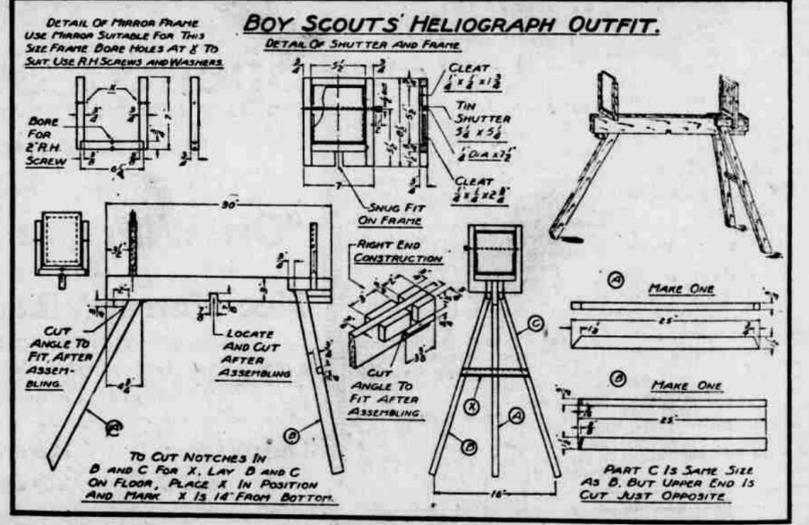


Solution Farm Cut Out

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT.



THIS outfit will very quickly interest any boy who is fortunate to belong to a troop of Boy Scouts, and that, of course, means a great many boys in both the cities and towns.

In designing this apparatus the aim was to produce something that was easy to operate and convenient to carry, and the success with which it has met proves that the work done upon it was not in vain.

The first thing to do is to go over the drawing carefully and make out a bill of material. Next get out all the various pieces to the overall sizes, reserving the cutting of joints, etc., until all the stock is ready.

Start work on the horizontal part of the frame, which has already been reduced to 1/4" x 3" x 30". Fit to this part the two pieces which fit just in front and back of the shutter frame, and which hold the latter in a firm, upright position. The cutting of the notch in this part is to be done later.

Next cut the angles on the upper ends of B and C. This will require some careful thought and also some careful work. First study the drawing, then hold the parts as nearly as you can in the proper position with reference to the pieces to which they are to fit. This method will assist you in understanding the drawing. Lay out the angles, then compare once more. When satisfied that you have the correct lay out, cut to shape. Next locate and cut notches for part X. To do this, lay B and C on the floor in the proper position, place X upon them so it will be 14" from the bottom of each piece, then mark. The cutting is an easy matter. Fasten X in position at once.

Lay out and cut A next. This is a very easy part to make. A, B and C may now be fastened in place by means of small hinges. Before doing so, it will be well to make a final test of the fitting of the parts. When these parts are properly assembled, the small blocks that rest just back of A, B and C may be fitted and fastened in place. To locate the notch to be cut in the horizontal part, fold B and C back so that X rests upon it, then mark and cut.

The mirror frame may next be cut. No difficult joints are involved, though accurate work is necessary for good results. The mirror should be one suitable for this size frame and is to be held in place by round head screws and washers. A 2" round head screw is used to hold the frame to the horizontal support. A washer should be used here also. Turn screw just tight enough to hold the frame securely and yet permit it to be turned as desired.

Next make the shutter frame. This has more pieces but should be found no more difficult than the mirror frame. It will be necessary, of course, to bore holes for the shutter support and to place the latter in position before assembling the parts. The shutter can be tacked in place afterwards. Small cleats are placed in front of the shutter at the top and back of the shutter at the bottom to keep it from swinging farther than is necessary. The opening at the bottom of the frame should be a size that will hold the shutter in a snug position when in use. When carrying from place to place, it is removed.

A coat of paint will add very much to the appearance and will also preserve the wood.

It is not necessary, of course, to tell a Scout how to use the outfit. It will be found that the apparatus can quickly be adjusted to flash the signals to any point desired.