



# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



## WHAT SUSIE GAVE UP



HE five little Tupper sat at their supper. Margie Tupper shook her head when the sugar was passed around. Ernie Tupper shook his head too, so did Freddie Tupper, who usually did whatever Ernie did. The baby was too little to know about giving up things for Lent, but Susie wasn't. Susie was seven years old and came next to Ernie who was nine. Susie didn't shake her head when the sugar was passed around. She took a whole heaping spoonful and spread it thick on her baked apple.

"I'd like to know what you are giving up," said Ernie. "I bet you aren't giving up anything!"

"So do I!" said Margie. "I'd be ashamed! Even Freddie is giving up."

"Are you giving up?" asked Freddie. Susie nodded her curls.

"What is it," said Freddie. "Please tell!"

"No, Freddie," said Susie. "It's a secret."

"Is it something you don't like any- way?" asked Ernie, who liked to tease sometimes.

"Or something we never have?" put in Margie.

Susie's black eyes flashed but she replied gently.

"It's something quite hard to give up."

"Muddy-kin didn't say we had to give up anything," Margie said. "We could if we felt like it."

"And we ought to give up something we like best," put in Susie.

"Well, you don't like anything better than sugar, do you?" Ernie asked.

Susie nodded her curls again. "Is Polly coming tomorrow?" she asked, to change the subject.

Polly was a little neighbor who came nearly every day to play with the five little Tupper. The other children knew Susie was trying to change the subject, but she spoke so nicely and smiled too, which wasn't like Susie somehow, that not even Ernie said any more about keeping Lent.

The next day Polly did come to play and just as they had decided what to play, Muddy-kin came to the door carrying Baby all dressed for going out. Ernie was saying: "I'll play Father if you'll let me spank the children."

"You horrid boy!" cried Margie. "Spank my dollies! I guess not!"

"Why don't you be shopkeeper," suggested Susie quickly. "We'll get some leaves off the box hedge for money. Oh, Muddy-kin!"

The children ran to their mother and kissed Baby, who looked "as cunning as a sugarplum," so Margie said. "Dears," said Muddy-kin, "Fritz has taken her afternoon off and I expected to take Baby out but Mrs. Thomas has just come to call. Which one of you will take Baby out for me?"

"There was hardly the weeniest pause and Susie said: 'I will! Is his carriage ready?'"

"Oh dear!" sighed Margie. "Babies are cunning but they are so much bother!"

Susie tucked Baby in his carriage and soon she was wheeling him up and down the pavement singing to him about Pussey-meow and her silk petticoat.

Soon Freddie came out of the house, looking a little guilty, and took hold

awful sorry!"

"He broke Clarissa!" cried Polly. For a minute Susie felt all stuffy and queer, as if she couldn't breathe. Clarissa was her favorite doll. Margie held it up showing the damage. Freddie began to howl and woke up the Baby.

"Hush!" said Susie. "Hush, Freddie! I know you didn't mean to. It's all right."

There were tears in Susie's eyes and she walked quickly away to hide them and Freddie came too, muffling his howls as best he could.

"Well I never!" exclaimed Margie turning to Polly. "What can be the matter with Susie? She used to be the baddest-tempered creature! I was sure she would give Freddie a good cuff on the ear."



"I Think Clarissa Can Be Mended As Good As New," Said Polly.

of the handle and walked along beside Susie. He thought it was more fun to walk and hear about Pussey-meow than to play with old dolls, he said. But it wasn't long before Margie and Polly came out.

"Susie, what do you think?" cried Margie. "That's a wicked, bad, little boy and I wouldn't let him walk with me, if I were you!"

Freddie pucker up his face ready to cry, and said quickly: "Susie, I'm

"I think she's a dear!" cried Polly. Polly left Margie's side and ran to Susie and put her arm through Susie's.

"I think Clarissa can be mended as good as new," she said. "My big brother, Bob, can mend anything. He often mends dishes for Mamma."

"Oh, how nice!" replied Susie, gulping down the last tear. "Hear that, Freddie! Polly's brother can mend Clarissa!"

Freddie was much consoled, for he was a dear little fellow and just lately he had come to love his sister, Susie, "next best to Muddy-kin."

Meanwhile Margie ran into the house where Ernie was fixing his shop.

"Say!" she cried excitedly. "I bet I know what Susie's giving up."

"What?" asked Ernie. "I suppose now the game is all spoiled. I told you not to go and tell Susie about her old Clarissa, until afterwards. Now I s'pose she's gone and hit Freddie and Muddy-kin's sent Susie upstairs and you'll have to mind the baby and the game and the sugar."

"That's just it!" cried Margie. "Susie didn't hit Freddie or even scold. That's what she's giving up! I've been wondering and wondering what was the matter with Susie."

"That's right!" replied Ernie after a moment of thought. "I remember now she hasn't said anything mean or cross for weeks! Well, it certainly makes her nice! I'll be sorry when Lent is over—except, of course, I'll be glad to have some sugar again."

Margie was looking thoughtful. She sniffed a little with the corners of her mouth turned down.

"I s'pose if Susie's got to be so nice I'll have to reform too," she said with a sigh. "What bad habit do you think I ought to give up, Ernie?"

"I dunno," replied her brother. "I know what mine is."

"If just one person giving up being mean makes it so much pleasanter, I guess I'll be awful-awful agreeable if you give up," said Margie.

"Or three," put in Ernie. "I think it would be much pleasanter if I didn't tease so much, wouldn't it, eh?"

"I'm always picking a quarrel!" sighed Margie.

"That, of course, we've done our giving up," Ernie said. "It wouldn't be fair to change from sugar to teasing now, would it?"

"I should think it would," said Margie. "I'm going to change any- way."

Later the five little Tupper sat at their supper. Margie took a whole heaping spoonful when the sugar was passed around and Ernie took some too. Freddie looked a little surprised and asked: "Is Lent all over now?"

But Ernie and Margie only looked at each other and smiled.

**TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.**  
By FRANK I. SOLAR  
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**BATH ROOM CUP HOLDER**

FASTEN A AND B TO C WITH FLAT HEAD SCREWS

TO CONSTRUCT AN OCTAGON—

LAY OUT SQUARE OF REQUIRED SIZE AS ABCD FIND CENTER O BY DIAGONALS FROM CORNERS A, B, C AND D. WITH COMPASSES DRAW WITH RADIUS EQUAL TO 1/2 OF A DIAGONAL, AS AO, SWING ARCS LOCATING G, H, I, J, K, L. M AND N. CONNECT THESE POINTS FOR REQUIRED OCTAGON.

THIS is a little convenience that will appeal to your mother right away. Hurry up and make it so that you can have a nice surprise for her. Do not stop with just one—I am quite sure you will find there will be use for several. No longer will it be necessary to have a cup sitting around on the window sill. That looks very untidy and you know mother likes to have everything look very neat.

The design shows the shape of the holder octagonal. This can be varied if it is desired to do so. For instance, it might be made hexagonal in shape, or it might be made round. There is also plenty of room for an expression

of your own ideas in the design of the back piece. As shown in the drawing, it is rectangular with the corners chamfered, and while this looks well, and is good design, there is no reason why it should not be changed. The back could be made longer also, or perhaps a bit narrower. These suggestions are made only with the idea of showing you that it is possible to exercise a little originality even with a design that someone else has made. This particular one has purposely been left quite plain in order that you may have an opportunity to do this.

Very little material will be required for this holder. Almost any wood will be suitable for use, as no doubt it will be painted to match the woodwork of the room in which it is used. White enamel makes an exceedingly nice finish, especially if the bath room is finished in white.

If you decide that you wish to change the design along the lines suggested above, make your drawings of it before you attempt to start work. In other words, having something definite to work from before you start. Having decided exactly what you are to do, proceed to get out your stock and work it to shape. The work on the back piece will be very easy, the other two parts requiring more care. The small bracket for supporting the octagonal piece should be laid out by means of small squares. No compass

## THE JUNIOR COOK

**EGGLESS MUFFINS**

Measure out,  
1 cup flour,  
1 cup bran,  
2 tablespoons of sugar,  
1 teaspoon salt,  
2 tablespoons butter substitute,  
4 teaspoons baking powder,  
1 cup milk.

Put the sugar, salt and butter substitute in a bowl and mix well. Sift the flour and baking powder and add to mixture.

Grease a muffin tin of twelve rings. Add the bran and milk and beat till the dough is smooth.

Turn at once into the muffin rings and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Turn out onto a napkin covered plate and serve at once.

If any are left over they are fine split upon spread with jam and made warm in the oven.

## PUZZLE CORNER

**ADAPTABLE AL**  
Each word end in AL.  
1. The edible AL.  
2. The icy AL.  
3. The deadly AL.  
4. The musical AL.  
5. The non-artificial AL.  
6. The AL that retaliates.  
7. The AL that pens up.

**GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND**  
1. In Siam.  
2. An offense.  
3. A kind of shoe.  
4. A country in Asia.  
5. Pertaining to Scandinavian Countries.  
6. To fasten.  
7. In Siam.

**ANSWERS**  
ADAPTABLE AL—1. Vicious AL. 2. Glacial AL. 3. Fatal AL. 4. Instrumental AL. 5. Natural AL. 6. Requit AL. 7. Corral AL.

**ANIMAL PUZZLE**  
1. E A F  
2. N A I L  
3. S T O N E  
4. P L A T E  
5. H A N D L E  
6. A E R O P L A N E  
7. P I N  
8. T R E E  
Elephant  
Antelope

**WISHY AND WOSHY**



**W**Henever the boys in the village went out to play plunder and pillage, they'd drag little Wishey behind them and shove little Woshey before; Poking fun at the Twins to remind them they were cowardly down to the core.



Poor Wishey and Woshey were nervous and whispered, "How ugly they serve us— I wish we had courage to fight them; Why haven't we some of their nerve? Perhaps there is some way to slight them. Though beating is what they deserve."



Well one day a thin little fellow With a face that was sickly and yellow, Came out of a broken-down shanty To get a good taste of the breeze, And because he was with his old Aunt, The big fellows followed to tease.



As soon as they started their jeering, And whispering, laughing and sneering, The Twins drew their fists and went plunging Like billy-goats into the crowd, And never stopped hitting and lunging Till the bullies were beaten and cowed.



And now it's quite changed in the village: The boys play at plunder and pillage, But the Twins march ahead to remind them They aren't afraid any more; And they've drilled the big bullies behind them Into solders right down to the core!

## Weather Prophet

IT is said that March usually comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Here are a few hints that will help you to judge the state of the weather, so that this changeable month will not be able to steal a march on you.

A red sky at sunset will mean "fine weather tomorrow."

A red sky in the morning will mean "wind or rain."

A yellow sky in the evening will also mean "rain tomorrow."

If the sun appears through a mist haze in the morning it means "the day will be warm."

If it is cloudy in the morning but the clouds begin to break it means "the day will be fair."

When the stars are very bright and twinkle more than usual it means "rain in the morning."

If your cat rubs himself behind his ears more than is his custom or is restless and lies with his back to the fire you can usually tell that bad weather is coming.

With these hints in mind you should all be little weather prophets and March should never be able to catch you unawares.

## CORK

JAMIE had a very bad cold and was lying in bed. He wanted to go coasting on the beautiful white hill in front of the house, but his mother had said "No" when he asked her, and to make things worse she had brought out a big brown bottle of cough medicine. She began to take the cork out, and you know what that means. "Woof! Woof!" Jamie coughed, "I won't take that nasty stuff!"

"Very well," said his mother, putting the cork back into the bottle. "Then I won't do what I was going to do for you."

"What was it?" Jamie asked, eyeing the brown bottle.

"It was a story," replied his mother, as she started toward the other room.

"Oh, come back! Please!" Jamie cried. "What was it about?"

His mother popped the cork out of the bottle and held it up for him to see. "It was about this cork," she said. "Do you know what cork is?"

And she poured out a teaspoon of the medicine.

"No," answered Jamie, opening his mouth and swallowing the medicine before he thought. "Tell me about it, mother."

"Cork grows on a kind of oak tree," she told him, setting down the bottle. "It does," Jamie asked. "Where do the cork oak trees grow? Not around here, do they? Did I ever see one?"

"No, you never did, for they grow mostly in countries in the southern part of Europe. Spain and Portugal

supply most of the cork used.

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not be cut too deep nor too soon. The first cutting is made when the tree is about 15 years old, then it is cut again every 8 or 10 years. With proper care the trees live to be 150 years old.

"What do they do with the bark after they cut it off?" Jamie asked.

"Well, the pieces of cork are first soaked in water, then they are dried and when nearly dry pressed flat under heavy weights. Then they are heated over a fire of coals to remove any decayed parts and to hide the bad places. Then they are packed in bales to sell."

"But how do corks get round?" Jamie asked again.

"Corks used to be cut out in those round shapes entirely by hand with very sharp knives that had to be sharpened after every cutting. But now there is a machine, which was invented in this country, that cuts corks."

"Is cork used for anything else besides stopping up old medicine bottles?" Jamie asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered his mother. "It is used in life-saving belts because it is light, and will keep people up on the surface of the water. Then, because it does not soak up water easily it is used for inner soles in shoes. The little pieces that are left after cork is cut, are saved and burnt to make a kind of black paint."

"Why do they use corks in bottles?" Jamie asked.

"To keep the moisture in the medicine," his mother told him. "It's time to take another spoonful of this medicine, now."

And because she had told him such a nice story about cork, Jamie opened



Men Take Sharp Axes And Cut The Bark Into Squares.