



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



THE HIPPO BABY



(X.D.A.V.I.)

"This Picture Was Made When I Was Just Six Months Old."

I AM six months old today, and I thought I would have my picture taken. Hope you will like it, it ought to be good, as I have just had a bath, finished drinking a gallon of milk, and now I am lying in the sun, so what more could a five-hundred pound youngster ask? My mother thinks I'm pretty whether anybody else does or not, and she ought to know as she has known me ever since I was born. I am so fat and my legs are so short, that when I lie down, I feel just like lying there forever and never getting up anymore. But mother says I must take exercise, or when I'm grown I won't have a graceful form like hers, and that would be awful, wouldn't it? My complexion is a sort of a reddish-pink, and there are millions of tiny bumps all over my skin, that you might think were the measles, but they are not as everybody in our family has them, so just let's call them "beauty spots," and say

THE JUNIOR COOK

CORNMEAL MUSH

Three cups of water.
Three-quarters teaspoon salt.
Put in a two quart pan and bring to a boil.
Just before the boiling begins, while the bubbles are ready to dance up from the bottom, shake in very slowly: One cup of yellow cornmeal.
Stir till smooth and then cook for ten minutes over a slow fire.
The success of this cornmeal depends on adding the cornmeal gradually just before the water boils. If done right the mush will be smooth and delicious.
Serve at once with cream and brown sugar.
This makes a nourishing dish for lunch or supper and is very quickly prepared. This amount serves four large dishes.

A PAIR OF SHOES

GOING down to the shoemaker's shop was almost as much fun for Jamie as reading that fairy tale about the elves and the cobbler, who was a shoemaker, too, you know. There were such mysterious-looking nails and odd-shaped pieces of leather with cleanly-cut edges lying around, and wheels that made such funny noises. The shoemaker himself was strange-looking, old and bent, probably from leaning over thousands of scuffed shoes belonging to boys now grown into men. When he raised his eyes from his work, they twinkled from out his white eyebrows in quite a pleasing way, and he didn't care a bit if Jamie poked around in things and asked questions. So, of course, Jamie considered him one of his best friends.

One morning Jamie's mother said, "Oh dear! Your shoes need mending again! Take them down to old Martin's and see what he can do with them."

When Jamie got to the shoemaker's little shop old Martin was blackening the soles of a shoe that he had just finished. "Howdy, Jamie," he said, putting the shoes up on a shelf where many others stood in prim rows waiting their owners. "Shoe need mending again?"

"Yes," Jamie said.

"Well, sit down and I'll tell you a story about them. I've got plenty of time today."

Jamie was delighted. He had wanted to know how shoes were made for a long time, and had asked old Martin, but Martin was a busy man, and never before had he had time to do anything except pound and pound with only a word or two between pounds.

First old Martin took a sharp knife and ripped off the worn sole as quick as a wink. "My, they wear out quick, don't they?" Jamie said.

"Yes, but they'd wear out quicker if they weren't preserved," the shoemaker said.

"Preserved?" Jamie laughed. "I never heard of preserved shoes!"

"You didn't know your shoes were part of a horse or cow, either, did you?" asked Martin.

"What part?" Jamie wanted to know.

"The skin or hide," said the old man. "That's what leather is made from."

"Tell me about it!" begged Jamie.

"Well, first the hides are salted to



"You Didn't Know Your Shoes Were Part Of A Horse Or Cow, Either Did You?" Asked Martin.

keep them from spoiling. Then they are taken to a place called a tannery. There they are split into two halves called sides and soaked in borax water to loosen the hair and any flesh that has stuck to them. A machine scrapes it all off. Then they are tanned or preserved."

"What with—sugar?" Jamie asked, thinking of strawberry preserves.

"No, with the barks and roots of different kinds of trees, or with a mixture of chemicals to make it soft. This sole is called the outsole and is the last thing to be put on the shoe. After the rest of the shoe is made the outsole is cemented on with rubber cement, then pressed down by one machine and sewed by another. Do you see this little extra piece of leather that goes all around the shoe beginning with the heel?"

Jamie nodded.

"That is the welt, and is put only on good shoes. Cheap ones don't have it."

"What are those little cuts on the welt for—to look pretty?" Jamie asked.

"No, it's so the leather won't pull harder on the outside than on the inside. Guess you need new heels, too," the old man said, ripping the old run-down ones off.

"How funny it looks!" Jamie cried. "What's that short piece of leather in the middle?"

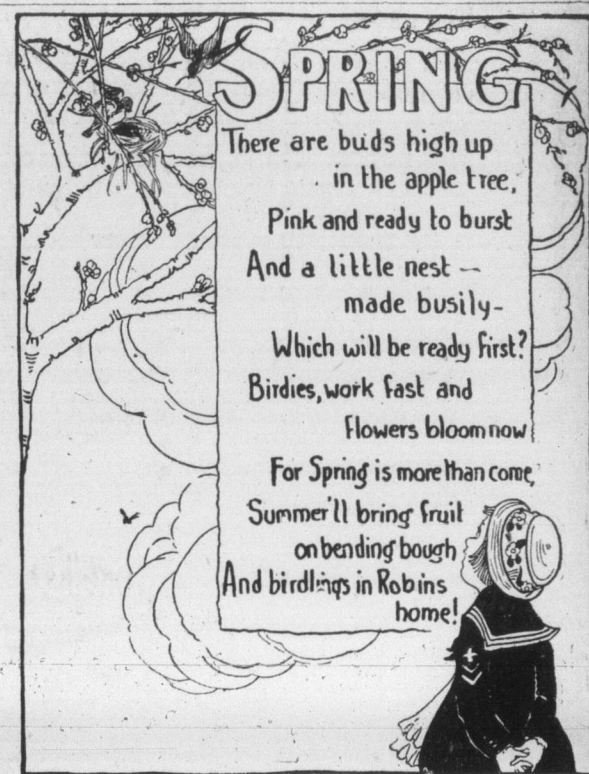
"That's the shank, and under the ball of the foot there is a filling of ground cork and more rubber cement," the shoemaker told him. He lifted up the shank a little. "What do you see?"

"Why, there is another sole there! What is that?"

"That is the insole," Martin said. "The welt is sewed to that by a machine that doesn't stitch all the way through. Feel how nice and smooth it is inside. When I was learning my trade that stitching was all done by hand and it was a big job too, for every stitch had to be pulled real hard. The machine does it better and faster than any man could. It sews the welt to the upper and the insole at the same time."

"What is the upper?" Jamie wanted to know.

"The upper part of the shoe that goes around your foot and ankle," said Martin. "Then another machine beats the welt to make it stand out from the shoe and those little notches are put in it. Other machines cut off the edges, and cut the leather for the upper. We used to cut out the uppers with a pattern with metal edges, and a sharp knife. Sometimes the knife would slip and cut gashes in the leather, and then we couldn't always get them exactly alike, either. But that



There are buds high up
in the apple tree,
Pink and ready to burst
And a little nest—
made busily—
Which will be ready first?
Birdies, work fast and
Flowers bloom now
For Spring is more than come
Summer'll bring fruit
on bending bough
And birdlings in Robins
home!

machine doesn't make any mistakes. After the uppers are cut the linings are put in and the parts sewed together."

"How do the eyelets get in so nice and even?" Jamie asked.

"Another machine puts them in both sides of the upper at the same time so quick you can hardly see it. The upper is laced together by another machine to keep it in place while the soles and heels are put on."

"What are the heels made of?" Jamie asked.

"Sometimes of wood, but usually of layers of leather cemented together."

All the time old Martin was talking he was cutting and pounding, and Jamie's shoes were beginning to look like shoes again.

"Another machine tucks the leather in nice and neat after it is put on a last."

"What is a last?" Jamie asked.

"One of these things shaped like a foot," Martin explained, taking Jamie's shoe off of one. "Then several tacks are driven into the upper to hold it down tight, but they are taken out afterwards, except the one at the heel which goes all the way through and are smoothed down on the inside."

"My, it takes an awful lot of machines to make a pair of shoes, doesn't it?" Jamie said.

"Yes, fifty-eight of them. And it goes through one hundred and six

pairs of hands before it is done."

"Wow!" Jamie whistled. "Who ever thought of so many machines?"

"A man named Lyman Blake, of Massachusetts, invented the first machine for making shoes, I guess, but it was known as the McKay Machine, for another man, Gordon McKay bought it just before the Civil War and spent lots of money on it trying to improve it. So a good many men thought of the shoe-making machines that are used now. The ones that make welts have been used only since about 1893—about 25 years."

He smoothed off the edges of Jamie's shoes on a wheel that made the dust fly, and picked up the blacking bottle.

"I wonder who the first shoemaker was, Martin," said Jamie, watching him.

"I don't know, but I guess there have been shoemakers ever since there have been people, Jamie. Folks had to protect their feet from stones or the cold with some kind of shoes. In some countries now they wear sandals made of leather or wood or straw. Don't you think you are a lucky boy to have such nice shoes as these to wear?" old Martin asked, handing Jamie his shoes that were almost as good as new.

"You bet I am," said Jamie, as he paid the shoemaker for them. "Thank you, Martin, for fixing my shoes, and for the story about them, too."

THE LEGEND OF THE NORTH STAR

THE Ojibway Indians have a legend which tells of an Ojibway hunter who set out to find the "little people of the forest" showed the Indians how to find the North Star, the star that

forests, across streams and along great barren plains. But though they searched carefully and looked well, as good hunters do, not one bit of meat did they find; not a piece of game did they see.

At last they became so tired that they decided to give up their hunt and to return home even though that meant disgrace because of their failure. But when they turned about to go homeward, they found they had lost their way.

For three days they wandered about hunting the lost trail, but all in vain. Their food was gone these three days; they had not a drop of water and as no rain had fallen in a long time all the brooks were dry and bare.

Footsore, weary, hungry and thirsty, the three hunters at last sat down under the trees, lit their pipes and began to smoke the pipe of help. They believed that if trouble came to them while they were in the forest they should light their pipes and, as they smoked, blow the smoke towards the tree. The pudwujinnie, as the little people of the trees were called, would hear of their distress and would come to help them. The Indians had great faith in the help and comfort these pudwujinnie or tree spirits could give to them.

So the three hunters smoked and asked for help from the pudwujinnie. But there was no answer. Slowly the sun sank in the West and the dusk of twilight gathered over the forest. The three disheartened hunters covered their heads with their blankets and began to chant a chant of despair:

"No more shall our wigwams see us.
No more shall we sleep in our homes."

"No more shall we hunt;
Never again shall we go out for food."

"Never again shall we fight;
No more shall we do battle against our foe."

"In this spot shall we stay for ever;
Alas we are forsaken and alone."

Just at that minute a pudwujinnie stuck his head out of a nearby tree and looked at them. He listened to their sad chant; noticed their mournful looks and stepped boldly out of the tree to help them.

"Arise and follow me!" he said cheerfully. "I will help you."

The hunters threw off their blankets and looked up in amazement for they had given up all hope of help. They saw before them a funny, wise little old man, whose hands and face and dress were exactly the color of a

tree trunk, and who looked as wrinkled and dried up as a leaf in autumn. But they believed in his power as all Indians of their tribe did so without saying a word, they wrapped their blankets around them and followed him.

He led them through the bushes to where a herd of deer were feeding and then he disappeared.

The hunters killed and ate of the deer and were much refreshed. But as they still had no water they soon sank down again in their weariness and renewed their sad chant.

Again the pudwujinnie appeared from the tree and led them to a spring of wonderful water, one sup of which put new life into the weary men. They followed the pudwujinnie as he led them through the woods, till they came to the home of the king of the "little people," the king of the pudwujinnie, who knew all things even every trail of earth and heaven!

"You should never be lost in the forest," said the king to the hunters, "behold the star I have set to guide you so that never again need you be

hungry and thirsty and lost. Behold!" and he pointed through the trees to the North Star.

"Behold the star and never moves! Guide your way by it and never again will you lose the trail!"

He showed the hunters which way to start toward their homes and how to keep the trail by the North Star.

And so the hunters reached their homes in safety and taught all good Ojibway hunters the secret of how to guide by the North Star as taught by the king of the pudwujinnie.

The Three Hunters At Last Sat Down Under A Tree.

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Puzzle Corner

THE "GATE" FAMILY

(Each word ends in GATE.)

1. The gate that snorks.
2. The gate that detracts.
3. The representative gate.
4. The gate that masses together.
5. To announce officially.
6. The gate that isolates.
7. The gate that inquires systematically.

BURIED ANIMALS

An animal will be found in each of the following sentences. Mouse for instance in No. 1. Can you find the others?

1. Is it true that the Eskimo uses no butter.
2. Your unexpected visit will be a very pleasant surprise.
3. Ask Grace to lend me her sun-

MR. PIG'S PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN

13-10-19-26 15-6 LARGE GROWING ANIMAL. 7-25-5-21 IS AN ANIMAL THAT TRAVELS PACKS. 2-15-17 15 ME. 6-19-10-5-25 IS AN ANIMAL WITH VERY VALUABLE FUR. 24-10-19-12-25-22 IS A LONG, SLIM ANIMAL WHICH FEEDS ON MICE, MOLES, ETC. 7-25-11-27-10 IS A BEAST OF BURDEN USED ON EVERY FARM. 7-20-10-16-11 IS A LAUGHING ANIMAL. 25-14-18-4-16-10 IS A VALUABLE ANIMAL OF THE WHEELS KIND. 13-8-1-3 IS A WILD DOG. THE WHOLE IS A WELL-KNOWN SAYING.

shade, Ernest.

4. Tell Bella Madame Benoit is in the car waiting for her.

5. This package came last night.

6. Fresh air and sunshine are enemies of all harmful and bad germs.

ANSWERS

THE "GATE" FAMILY—1. Irrigate. 2. Derogate. 3. Delegate. 4. Aggregate. 5. Promulgate. 6. Segregate. 7. Investigate.

BURIED ANIMALS—1. Mouse. 2. Beaver. 3. Deer. 4. Llama. 5. Camel. 6. Badger.

MR. PIG'S PUZZLE

Bear Wolf Pig Sable Weasel Horse Hyena Ermine Boar

April Showers Bring May Flowers

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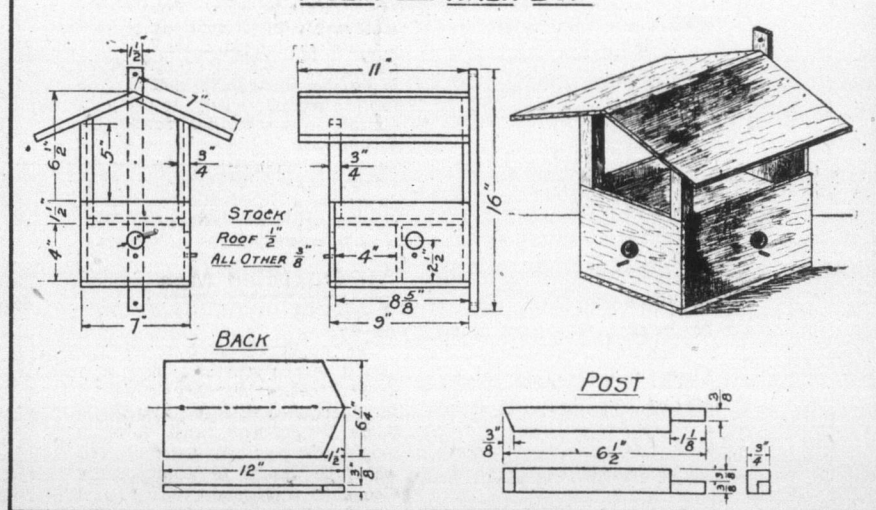
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TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

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

ROBIN AND WREN BOX



TWO YEARS ago a little wren bungalow was put out under the eaves of a garage. Not long after the bungalow was fastened in place a family of wrens discovered it and began building their nest. About the time the nest was finished along came Mr. Robin and planted his large nest right on top of the bungalow roof.

This prompted the designing of the combination house shown in the drawing, which was put up in place of the bungalow and inhabited by two families.

It is said that wrens will hatch twice in one season if conditions are favorable, and that they start building the second nest after the young are about ready to leave the first. For this reason the bottom was partitioned off making two compartments so Mr. Wren could stay at home, busy himself building the second nest, while Mr. Robin was sitting on the first.

Material can be obtained from a pine shoe box. A shoe box is suggested because the material is about

the thickness desired and the lumber dressed so very little planing is necessary.

Get out the back according to the details on the back drawing. Cut to the line and not on it, then carefully plane to the line, splitting it.

Make the side pieces $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $5\frac{1}{2}$ " x $3\frac{1}{2}$ ", and on one side only locate and bore the $1\frac{1}{2}$ " hole. If you have not a bit this size it may be cut with a knife. Do not make the hole larger than the dimension given as the hole for a wren should not be larger than a silver quarter.

The front is $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $5\frac{1}{2}$ " x $7\frac{1}{2}$ " and has the same sized hole bored in the center. The center can be located by the intersection of diagonals drawn from corner to corner.

Assemble the parts already made with 1" No. 16 brads, the construction can be learned from the isometric drawing. Next fit and brad the floor in place.

The partition is $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x $6\frac{1}{2}$ ", and can be fastened to the floor and sides by brads. Next make the floor $\frac{3}{4}$ " x

17" x 9". It should be fastened in place by screws or hinges and a hook, so it can be removed at the end of each season and the old nest cleaned out. The robins will use the old nest often, making some repairs.

The box ends are usually made of $\frac{3}{4}$ " stock and this can be used for the posts, which are next braded in place to support the roof. If $\frac{1}{2}$ " stock is not at hand $\frac{3}{4}$ " may be used for the roof and support which should be well fastened to the back.

Perches are not necessary, but if added for appearance, do not make longer than $\frac{3}{4}$ " as sparrows will light on them and bother Jenny Wren. The box may be covered with bark, twigs or painted gray, white or brown.

BACK YARD STRATEGY

Mother—What a dirty face! Go right in the house and wash it this minute!

Little Jack—I don't want to wash my face, I'm attacking an army in the next block and this is camouflage.