

ares

dwelling  
make  
more  
turns.

Co  
exchange  
RONT

es

RES MADE"

aly  
ide  
tra  
uy.

ERS



DOMINION  
RUBBER

a man with the bag  
up his hold on the  
security and, while  
he is carrying him to  
bills, Ryan retrieved

EVENTS.  
nters upon its 20th  
ory of the United

all parts of the  
expected as Bur-  
y to attend the an-  
f the general coun-  
l Society of the

Pritchett, president  
Foundation for the  
Teaching, is to be  
eaker at today's  
ercises at Reed

Or.  
Republican leaders  
been called to as-  
sachusetts today to  
plans in behalf  
W. Johnson as a  
Republican presi-

and demonstra-  
by delegations  
, is planned to be  
the National Cap-  
in protest against  
as applied to  
beer.

curities  
ry.

to every-

y. It is  
ie would  
ause we

ps. Say  
my pay  
ith each  
Stamp.  
it in my

75 cents  
files.

of War  
ch have  
ida will

You  
rest  
ips.



THIS is the saddest day in the year for me," said Uncle Jonathan, knitting his bushy white eyebrows and looking with a mournful expression over the lawn and the clover field close by.

Tom and Sally knew what he meant for they had often heard the story. In fact Uncle Jonathan had talked of nothing else for a week. Every year it was the same way. Uncle Jonathan usually the best of uncles, would become very cross as well as sad, which was very distressing indeed. "It happened so long ago," said Tom, trying to be comforting. "Boy!" cried Uncle Jonathan, "would you be a traitor to the cause for which your grandfather died and died? Would you soil your name and bring shame to my gray hairs? Whose namesake are you?" "Sawyer Jackson's," replied Tom. "But—"

Uncle Jonathan looked at him so sternly and was so suddenly and firmly in his gray uniform with his eyes fixed down over his nose and his hand at his side that Tommy did not dare to argue any more. But Sally said:

"Dear uncle Jonathan, we know you feel sad today but Miss Ellie says there isn't any more North and South, we're all one now. The Yankees are our friends and—"

"Friends!" cried Uncle Jonathan. "Why, child, what right had the Yankees to come tampering with our affairs? Didn't they ruin your grandfather, Andy? Didn't they kill our bravest and best? Ah, the graves in the lonely cemetery, and my gallant comrades sleeping there!"

He turned away and covered his eyes while warm-hearted little Sally's tears started.

"Yes, dear," she said softly, putting her arms around the old soldier's neck. "It is very sad, but Miss Ellie says we must forgive—"

"What do I care what Miss Ellie says!" burst forth Uncle Jonathan, all fire again. "If an angel from Heaven should come down and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"

Poor Uncle Jonathan! This is the way it was every blessed Memorial Day.

"He'd go out and fight the Yankees tomorrow," whispered Tom to his sister, as they walked sadly away. "And since no angel will come down to explain and we do more harm than

good by arguing with him, I don't see what is to be done."

Later as Uncle Jonathan sat alone on a bench under the hickory tree he saw Tom canter past on the farm mule, Jeff, and he was too melancholy to call out and ask where the boy was going.

Tom went at a hard trot into the village and stopped at Mrs. Winfield's cottage with a message from his mother, and then as he was riding home he saw a big crowd gathered in a timothy field behind the First Presbyterian Church, so he rode up to find out what the excitement was all about. He was surprised to see a huge machine, with wide wings, lying in the field and standing beside it a tall young figure in a leather coat and puttees and goggles. Although he had never seen one before he knew at once that the machine was an airplane.

"He was a flyer to Atlanta to drop flowers on the cemetery when a gale came down upon us and he was out of his wits, so he made a landing here," explained one of the colored boys. "Ain't dat some bation!"

Tom pushed Jeff on until he could clearly see the strange machine and the young aviator who looked about nineteen years old but a steady, dependable, businesslike fellow as any one could tell at a glance.

"No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"



one could tell at a glance. "No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"

"You see, sir," explained Tom, "it's like this. Today is Decoration Day and my grandfather was killed in the Civil War and my Uncle Jonathan's a veteran. He still thinks that the Yankees are our enemies and he can't forgive them which makes him awful sad. He says if an angel from Heaven came down from the sky and told him it was all right he'd believe it. Now, I know no sure-enough angel would come down from the sky and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"

Poor Uncle Jonathan! This is the way it was every blessed Memorial Day.

"He'd go out and fight the Yankees tomorrow," whispered Tom to his sister, as they walked sadly away. "And since no angel will come down to explain and we do more harm than

good by arguing with him, I don't see what is to be done."

Later as Uncle Jonathan sat alone on a bench under the hickory tree he saw Tom canter past on the farm mule, Jeff, and he was too melancholy to call out and ask where the boy was going.

Tom went at a hard trot into the village and stopped at Mrs. Winfield's cottage with a message from his mother, and then as he was riding home he saw a big crowd gathered in a timothy field behind the First Presbyterian Church, so he rode up to find out what the excitement was all about. He was surprised to see a huge machine, with wide wings, lying in the field and standing beside it a tall young figure in a leather coat and puttees and goggles. Although he had never seen one before he knew at once that the machine was an airplane.

"He was a flyer to Atlanta to drop flowers on the cemetery when a gale came down upon us and he was out of his wits, so he made a landing here," explained one of the colored boys. "Ain't dat some bation!"

Tom pushed Jeff on until he could clearly see the strange machine and the young aviator who looked about nineteen years old but a steady, dependable, businesslike fellow as any one could tell at a glance.

"No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

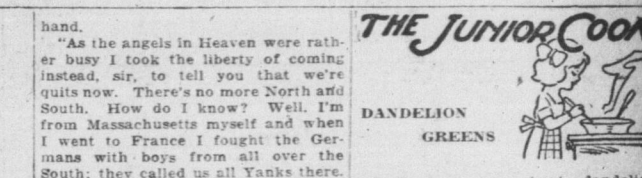
"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"

"You see, sir," explained Tom, "it's like this. Today is Decoration Day and my grandfather was killed in the Civil War and my Uncle Jonathan's a veteran. He still thinks that the Yankees are our enemies and he can't forgive them which makes him awful sad. He says if an angel from Heaven came down from the sky and told him it was all right he'd believe it. Now, I know no sure-enough angel would come down from the sky and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"



one could tell at a glance. "No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"

"You see, sir," explained Tom, "it's like this. Today is Decoration Day and my grandfather was killed in the Civil War and my Uncle Jonathan's a veteran. He still thinks that the Yankees are our enemies and he can't forgive them which makes him awful sad. He says if an angel from Heaven came down from the sky and told him it was all right he'd believe it. Now, I know no sure-enough angel would come down from the sky and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"

Poor Uncle Jonathan! This is the way it was every blessed Memorial Day.

"He'd go out and fight the Yankees tomorrow," whispered Tom to his sister, as they walked sadly away. "And since no angel will come down to explain and we do more harm than

good by arguing with him, I don't see what is to be done."

Later as Uncle Jonathan sat alone on a bench under the hickory tree he saw Tom canter past on the farm mule, Jeff, and he was too melancholy to call out and ask where the boy was going.

Tom went at a hard trot into the village and stopped at Mrs. Winfield's cottage with a message from his mother, and then as he was riding home he saw a big crowd gathered in a timothy field behind the First Presbyterian Church, so he rode up to find out what the excitement was all about. He was surprised to see a huge machine, with wide wings, lying in the field and standing beside it a tall young figure in a leather coat and puttees and goggles. Although he had never seen one before he knew at once that the machine was an airplane.

"He was a flyer to Atlanta to drop flowers on the cemetery when a gale came down upon us and he was out of his wits, so he made a landing here," explained one of the colored boys. "Ain't dat some bation!"

Tom pushed Jeff on until he could clearly see the strange machine and the young aviator who looked about nineteen years old but a steady, dependable, businesslike fellow as any one could tell at a glance.

"No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"

"You see, sir," explained Tom, "it's like this. Today is Decoration Day and my grandfather was killed in the Civil War and my Uncle Jonathan's a veteran. He still thinks that the Yankees are our enemies and he can't forgive them which makes him awful sad. He says if an angel from Heaven came down from the sky and told him it was all right he'd believe it. Now, I know no sure-enough angel would come down from the sky and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"

Poor Uncle Jonathan! This is the way it was every blessed Memorial Day.

"He'd go out and fight the Yankees tomorrow," whispered Tom to his sister, as they walked sadly away. "And since no angel will come down to explain and we do more harm than



one could tell at a glance. "No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"

"You see, sir," explained Tom, "it's like this. Today is Decoration Day and my grandfather was killed in the Civil War and my Uncle Jonathan's a veteran. He still thinks that the Yankees are our enemies and he can't forgive them which makes him awful sad. He says if an angel from Heaven came down from the sky and told him it was all right he'd believe it. Now, I know no sure-enough angel would come down from the sky and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"

Poor Uncle Jonathan! This is the way it was every blessed Memorial Day.

"He'd go out and fight the Yankees tomorrow," whispered Tom to his sister, as they walked sadly away. "And since no angel will come down to explain and we do more harm than

good by arguing with him, I don't see what is to be done."

Later as Uncle Jonathan sat alone on a bench under the hickory tree he saw Tom canter past on the farm mule, Jeff, and he was too melancholy to call out and ask where the boy was going.

Tom went at a hard trot into the village and stopped at Mrs. Winfield's cottage with a message from his mother, and then as he was riding home he saw a big crowd gathered in a timothy field behind the First Presbyterian Church, so he rode up to find out what the excitement was all about. He was surprised to see a huge machine, with wide wings, lying in the field and standing beside it a tall young figure in a leather coat and puttees and goggles. Although he had never seen one before he knew at once that the machine was an airplane.

"He was a flyer to Atlanta to drop flowers on the cemetery when a gale came down upon us and he was out of his wits, so he made a landing here," explained one of the colored boys. "Ain't dat some bation!"

Tom pushed Jeff on until he could clearly see the strange machine and the young aviator who looked about nineteen years old but a steady, dependable, businesslike fellow as any one could tell at a glance.

"No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"

"You see, sir," explained Tom, "it's like this. Today is Decoration Day and my grandfather was killed in the Civil War and my Uncle Jonathan's a veteran. He still thinks that the Yankees are our enemies and he can't forgive them which makes him awful sad. He says if an angel from Heaven came down from the sky and told him it was all right he'd believe it. Now, I know no sure-enough angel would come down from the sky and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"

Poor Uncle Jonathan! This is the way it was every blessed Memorial Day.

"He'd go out and fight the Yankees tomorrow," whispered Tom to his sister, as they walked sadly away. "And since no angel will come down to explain and we do more harm than



one could tell at a glance. "No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"

"You see, sir," explained Tom, "it's like this. Today is Decoration Day and my grandfather was killed in the Civil War and my Uncle Jonathan's a veteran. He still thinks that the Yankees are our enemies and he can't forgive them which makes him awful sad. He says if an angel from Heaven came down from the sky and told him it was all right he'd believe it. Now, I know no sure-enough angel would come down from the sky and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"

Poor Uncle Jonathan! This is the way it was every blessed Memorial Day.

"He'd go out and fight the Yankees tomorrow," whispered Tom to his sister, as they walked sadly away. "And since no angel will come down to explain and we do more harm than

good by arguing with him, I don't see what is to be done."

Later as Uncle Jonathan sat alone on a bench under the hickory tree he saw Tom canter past on the farm mule, Jeff, and he was too melancholy to call out and ask where the boy was going.

Tom went at a hard trot into the village and stopped at Mrs. Winfield's cottage with a message from his mother, and then as he was riding home he saw a big crowd gathered in a timothy field behind the First Presbyterian Church, so he rode up to find out what the excitement was all about. He was surprised to see a huge machine, with wide wings, lying in the field and standing beside it a tall young figure in a leather coat and puttees and goggles. Although he had never seen one before he knew at once that the machine was an airplane.

"He was a flyer to Atlanta to drop flowers on the cemetery when a gale came down upon us and he was out of his wits, so he made a landing here," explained one of the colored boys. "Ain't dat some bation!"

Tom pushed Jeff on until he could clearly see the strange machine and the young aviator who looked about nineteen years old but a steady, dependable, businesslike fellow as any one could tell at a glance.

"No! the 'a boy he be,' Tom heard some one say. 'Been in France too a-fightin' de Germans!'"

"All right!" shouted the young man. "Here goes! Stand back everybody. I'm off for heaven now!"

Something in front of the airplane gave the propellers a few turns and just when Tom had an inspiration. He jumped off Jeff and ran to the young man's side. The engine was now roaring and panting like a wild beast anxious to be gone. Tom touched the aviator's arm.

"Which way would you be going, sir?" he asked.

Something in the eagerness with which he spoke made the young man look around and ask, "Why?"

"You see, sir," explained Tom, "it's like this. Today is Decoration Day and my grandfather was killed in the Civil War and my Uncle Jonathan's a veteran. He still thinks that the Yankees are our enemies and he can't forgive them which makes him awful sad. He says if an angel from Heaven came down from the sky and told him it was all right he'd believe it. Now, I know no sure-enough angel would come down from the sky and tell me that the Yankees were our friends I might believe him!"

## THE MAID OF ORLEANS

(Joan of Arc Died May 30, 1431.)

IN the little town of Domremy in France a little girl was born close within the shadow of the village church. Her name was Joan, and when she was old enough her father said to her one day: "You are old enough to help me with my work, Joan, tomorrow you can begin to take the cows and the sheep to pasture. The journey was a dangerous one, for the enemies were trying to capture this girl who they thought was a witch. At last she reached the palace. The King doubted the powers of Joan and he tested her by dressing her in plain clothes and had one of the nobles take his royal robes. But Joan was aided by God and she was not to be deceived. She fell upon her knees before the real King and kissed his hand, calling him the King of France."

One day when she was thirteen years old, a strange thing happened to Joan. She had been sitting in the church yard watching her sheep, upon the nearby hill, when she heard some one call to her: "Joan, leave your sheep and go out from Domremy. God has chosen you to help the Crown Prince, and drive the enemies from France. Joan stood aghast. 'Surely you cannot mean me,' she faltered. 'I am only a poor girl and know nothing of the court or the war.' But

the urging voices did not stop. Again and again they called to her and when she was sixteen she could refuse to listen no longer and started out to help the King. As she had been bid, before her she led the soldiers to the fight. She was brave and true, and her faith in God never faltered. She made it possible for the King of France to be crowned, and all the people came flocking to see the young girl who had accomplished these wonderful things for France. Joan was wounded in one of the great battles in which she participated, and while she lay ill, she fell into the hands of the enemy. She was placed in a dungeon and put on trial for her life. But still she was not afraid. "God will protect me," she said, "I but do his will, and I am not afraid."

The French King for whom she had done so much was too lazy to come to her rescue. Her army deserted her and she was left alone during the last days of her trial. She was condemned to die, and on the thirtieth of May, as was the custom in those long ago days, she was burnt at the stake for a witch. Every one present at the execution repented of the deed, but too late. Tears rolled down the cheeks of all the spectators. One of the soldiers who had helped in the capture of Joan, cried, "Heaven protect us, we have burned not a witch but a saint."

"Listen to this story in reverence, my dear children," writes the artist, Boutet de Monvel, "for it is in honor of the peasant girl who is the saint of her country, as she was its martyr. Her history will teach you that in order to conquer you must believe that you will conquer. Remember this in the day when your country shall have need of all your courage."

Joan Fell Upon Her Knees Before The Real King And Kissed His Hand.

Children of Many Lands

WE think it is proper and natural for baby to be taken for an outing in his pretty white coach or go-cart, but many a mother coming from a far off country would stare at the baby going thus for an airing as though it were an outlandish sight. Do you wonder what children in other lands do that would seem queer to us?

The Lapp baby's cradle is his mother's shoe. It is large and covered with animal skin, and the inside is lined with moss. When his mother goes to a party she hangs the shoe on a tree outside the house until she comes out to take it home.

The little baby in Guinea has no cradle. His mother buries him in sand up to his waist, and there he stays, while she works, safe from harm and out of mischief's way.

The baby in India takes his airing in a basket, suspended from his mother's head or hip. In some parts of the country the baby has his face covered with a veil so that he looks much like his mother.

In China the baby is taken out tied to the back of his older sister. The Arab baby is tied in a bag and strapped onto a camel's back. He sometimes gets seasick when he is taking his bumpy-bumpy airing.

I think the American baby would prefer his go-cart to these methods, don't you?

## TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

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



POST BOX

FRONT VIEW

END VIEW

SIDE

ALL STOCK 3/4"

USE 8d CASING NAILS

PAINT GREEN

SMALL plant box that can be put on a post or porch ledge is often desirable and the one shown in the drawing is a good size for this purpose.

In selecting lumber for a plant or window box the fact that the earth placed in it is going to be kept wet should be considered and some wood used that will not warp readily.

Cypress lumber is very desirable and not more expensive than other common lumber, it will stand up well under constant exposure to moisture without warping.

For the ends cut two pieces ten inches long and plane to seven inches in width. Draw a center line and measure four inches on each side on the bottom edge and four and seven-eighths inches each side on the top edge. Connect these points with pencil lines and saw to line.

Cut two pieces fourteen inches long for the sides, reduce to width and draw center lines. On the bottom edge measure off six inches each side of the center line and connect this point with the corners on the upper edge. Saw to line and if necessary smooth the ends with a plane. As these ends are exposed they should be finished.

Fasten the sides to the ends with eight penny casing or finishing nails. Set the nails a little way below the surface with a nail set. Before painting fill the holes with putty. Make the bottom which is twelve

## A Prolonged Christmas

LAST Christmas when Old Santa brought A hoop and jumping rope, I thought it was a stupid thing. And sat around to mope.

But since the winter's gone for good, And spring's sun flood the skies, I think that old Kris Kringle Is Not stupid now, but wise.

For long ago I broke my doll And ate my candy cane, I've read my books a dozen times When kept indoors by rain.

There's nothing left but memory Of all my Christmas toys, Excepting for the rope