



# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



## THE DISAPPEARING DOG

BY ADELINE M. GILBERT

IVAN and his brother Peter had been much troubled by wolves—although there is nothing strange about that when you consider where they lived, and what they did to earn their bread. In fact, their home was a regular stamping-ground for wolves; up high in the Caucasus mountains, between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, in a land called Georgia. They were caring for a little flock of sheep entrusted to them by their widowed mother.

What the boys needed above all else was a good sheep dog. Their old dog had been killed in a fight with a wild bear. A sheep dog, you know, is a better guard than a man.

One day Ivan bought a fine, big, shaggy dog from a stranger. Two days later he paid from the family's money hoard, and it seemed to be money well invested for the dog—Kasbek, they called him, after the mountain near by—seemed unusually strong and alert. He sat by the fire, he pictured of dignity and decorum, while the boys and their mother studied his good points with a practiced eye.

He was not long in proving his worth. For the very next day he helped guide the sheep from their fold to the meadow on the mountain side. You should have heard him barking orders at the lagging ones and marshaling them like a general! Back once they all came in the evening with not a lamb or a sheep or goat missing.

The boys were much delighted, but for long. The next day when they went to the sheep-fold to lead out their sheep, no Kasbek did they find. He was gone. They called and whistled but all in vain.

"Strange!" muttered Ivan, taking off his shaggy sheepskin hat and scratching his head. "The dog seemed contented enough and I never heard of a sheep dog running off like this before."

He went with his brother and the sheep to the grazing-land, and then he determined to go to the nearest village and there inquire if anyone had seen his dog. He was soon in the long, steep road, riding his little, mouse-colored donkey.

When he reached the village, the dog was high in the sky. The village blacksmith's shop was a good place to which to stop. As Ivan reached the doorway he looked in. The blacksmith was hard at work at his forge and there sitting in a corner watching

the sparks fly from the anvil sat Kasbek. Ivan rubbed his eyes to make sure that he saw aright, then he said: "Why, this is lucky! I came here to the village to ask if anyone had seen my new sheep dog and there he is now!"

"Eh?" demanded the blacksmith gruffly—he was a gruff man. "Your dog, eh? Nothing of the sort. He is my dog."

"I am sure he is Kasbek," replied the boy. "Let me try him. Here, Kasbek, here, Kasbek!" The dog never looked up.

"Out with you, young scamp!" shouted the blacksmith. "Would you try to take away the dog I purchased only this morning for two silver rubles?"

"But I am sure it is the dog I bought last night for two silver rubles," protested Ivan, tears starting to his eyes as he thought about the money which had been so hard to spare.

"A likely story indeed," retorted the blacksmith. "Begone with you!"

Sadly Ivan mounted his little, mouse-colored donkey. He was sorely perplexed for he was sure that the dog was Kasbek, yet he did not believe that the blacksmith was a dishonest man.

"Someone must have stolen the dog and sold him again," mourned the poor lad. "Well, we must bear the loss as it would never do for us to argue the blacksmith, who is noted for his violent temper and the sharpness of his kinsal."

The next morning Ivan and his brother Peter were sitting in the corner watching the sparks fly from the anvil at Kasbek.

Ivan rubbed his eyes to make sure that he saw aright, then he said: "Why, this is lucky! I came here to the village to ask if anyone had seen my new sheep dog and there he is now!"

"Eh?" demanded the blacksmith gruffly—he was a gruff man. "Your dog, eh? Nothing of the sort. He is my dog."

"I am sure he is Kasbek," replied the boy. "Let me try him. Here, Kasbek, here, Kasbek!" The dog never looked up.

"Out with you, young scamp!" shouted the blacksmith. "Would you try to take away the dog I purchased only this morning for two silver rubles?"

"But I am sure it is the dog I bought last night for two silver rubles," protested Ivan, tears starting to his eyes as he thought about the money which had been so hard to spare.

"A likely story indeed," retorted the blacksmith. "Begone with you!"

Sadly Ivan mounted his little, mouse-colored donkey. He was sorely perplexed for he was sure that the dog was Kasbek, yet he did not believe that the blacksmith was a dishonest man.

"Someone must have stolen the dog and sold him again," mourned the poor lad. "Well, we must bear the loss as it would never do for us to argue the blacksmith, who is noted for his violent temper and the sharpness of his kinsal."

The next morning Ivan and his brother Peter were sitting in the corner watching the sparks fly from the anvil at Kasbek.

Ivan rubbed his eyes to make sure that he saw aright, then he said: "Why, this is lucky! I came here to the village to ask if anyone had seen my new sheep dog and there he is now!"

"Eh?" demanded the blacksmith gruffly—he was a gruff man. "Your dog, eh? Nothing of the sort. He is my dog."

"I am sure he is Kasbek," replied the boy. "Let me try him. Here, Kasbek, here, Kasbek!" The dog never looked up.

"I am sure he is Kasbek," replied the boy. "Let me try him. Here, Kasbek, here, Kasbek!" The dog never looked up.

"Out with you, young scamp!" shouted the blacksmith. "Would you try to take away the dog I purchased only this morning for two silver rubles?"

"But I am sure it is the dog I bought last night for two silver rubles," protested Ivan, tears starting to his eyes as he thought about the money which had been so hard to spare.

"A likely story indeed," retorted the blacksmith. "Begone with you!"

Sadly Ivan mounted his little, mouse-colored donkey. He was sorely perplexed for he was sure that the dog was Kasbek, yet he did not believe that the blacksmith was a dishonest man.

"Someone must have stolen the dog and sold him again," mourned the poor lad. "Well, we must bear the loss as it would never do for us to argue the blacksmith, who is noted for his violent temper and the sharpness of his kinsal."

The next morning Ivan and his brother Peter were sitting in the corner watching the sparks fly from the anvil at Kasbek.

Ivan rubbed his eyes to make sure that he saw aright, then he said: "Why, this is lucky! I came here to the village to ask if anyone had seen my new sheep dog and there he is now!"

"Eh?" demanded the blacksmith gruffly—he was a gruff man. "Your dog, eh? Nothing of the sort. He is my dog."

"I am sure he is Kasbek," replied the boy. "Let me try him. Here, Kasbek, here, Kasbek!" The dog never looked up.

"Out with you, young scamp!" shouted the blacksmith. "Would you try to take away the dog I purchased only this morning for two silver rubles?"

"But I am sure it is the dog I bought last night for two silver rubles," protested Ivan, tears starting to his eyes as he thought about the money which had been so hard to spare.

"A likely story indeed," retorted the blacksmith. "Begone with you!"

Sadly Ivan mounted his little, mouse-colored donkey. He was sorely perplexed for he was sure that the dog was Kasbek, yet he did not believe that the blacksmith was a dishonest man.

"Someone must have stolen the dog and sold him again," mourned the poor lad. "Well, we must bear the loss as it would never do for us to argue the blacksmith, who is noted for his violent temper and the sharpness of his kinsal."

The next morning Ivan and his brother Peter were sitting in the corner watching the sparks fly from the anvil at Kasbek.

Ivan rubbed his eyes to make sure that he saw aright, then he said: "Why, this is lucky! I came here to the village to ask if anyone had seen my new sheep dog and there he is now!"

"Eh?" demanded the blacksmith gruffly—he was a gruff man. "Your dog, eh? Nothing of the sort. He is my dog."

"I am sure he is Kasbek," replied the boy. "Let me try him. Here, Kasbek, here, Kasbek!" The dog never looked up.

"Out with you, young scamp!" shouted the blacksmith. "Would you try to take away the dog I purchased only this morning for two silver rubles?"

"But I am sure it is the dog I bought last night for two silver rubles," protested Ivan, tears starting to his eyes as he thought about the money which had been so hard to spare.

## THE JUNIOR COOK

ONE-TWO-THREE FOUR JAM

This time of year the jam cupboard gets very empty and it is nice to have a recipe for jam that can be made at once and is as easy to make as it is good to eat!

1 can grated pineapple (or 1 fresh pineapple),  
2 lemons,  
3 oranges,  
4 apples.  
Grate the rind of the oranges and lemons.  
Put the apples and oranges and lemons  
Put all four kinds of fruit through a coarse grinder.  
Measure and take an equal amount, cup for cup, of granulated sugar.  
Stir the sugar through the grated fruit.  
Put over a moderate fire and cook 20 minutes after the jam comes to a boil.  
Put into glasses and cover with paraffine.  
This recipe makes about 12 to 15 glassfuls.  
If apples are very small take double the number.

"Ah!" cried Ivan. "I have an idea!" That night he and his brother crept out of the house with a lantern. It was dangerous journeying on the long road because of bandits and outlaws, but they walked cautiously with their light dimmed. There was a spot on the road where the great cliff beside it acted as a sounding board. The slightest sound was magnified and a about three long, low notes, three short, high ones. After some time had gone by, they heard quick padding steps. Ivan drew his kinsal, for who knows? It might have been a wolf. A dark form approached them. Peter flashed the lantern on it and there sure enough was Kasbek!

"Quick! We must get back home with him!" whispered Ivan, for he had heard another sound which made his heart stand still. It was the pounding of hoofs on the road.

"Come Kasbek!" urged Peter, and tomorrow, I can tell you teased me in the dark, by the black I rubbed on his face.

But the next morning a very sad thing happened. When Mary came to say "Good Morning" to Peter, she saw his face covered with black dirt; and she was so ashamed that she had spoken crossly to her own brother that she started to run away to hide from him. And Peter was sad too.

He wanted to say: "Forgive me, Mary, I didn't mean to hurt you." So he ran after her.

Away they sped, Mary first, her golden hair flying in the wind, and then Peter, his blackened face running after her. They ran on and on until they came to the place where the earth and sky seemed to meet. And as there was no other place to go, Mary ran right up into the sky. There they raced around and around; Mary's golden hair glowed and lit up the earth, and the people said:

"See the sun! A sun is really shining!" And when Peter came along, they cried, "And now that the sun has passed here comes the moon, see the moon going through the sky, and look at the black spots on his face!"

In a few minutes somebody pulled again. "Ouch," cried Mary again, and she ran around it, but never catching up to it; and I'm afraid he'll never be able to catch his runaway sister.

"Ouch," cried Mary again, and she ran around it, but never catching up to it; and I'm afraid he'll never be able to catch his runaway sister.

"You naughty boy," she said, "how dare you pull my hair!" and she thought to herself: "In the gray light

tomorrow, I can tell you teased me in the dark, by the black I rubbed on his face."

But the next morning a very sad thing happened. When Mary came to say "Good Morning" to Peter, she saw his face covered with black dirt; and she was so ashamed that she had spoken crossly to her own brother that she started to run away to hide from him. And Peter was sad too.

He wanted to say: "Forgive me, Mary, I didn't mean to hurt you." So he ran after her.

Away they sped, Mary first, her golden hair flying in the wind, and then Peter, his blackened face running after her. They ran on and on until they came to the place where the earth and sky seemed to meet. And as there was no other place to go, Mary ran right up into the sky. There they raced around and around; Mary's golden hair glowed and lit up the earth, and the people said:

"See the sun! A sun is really shining!" And when Peter came along, they cried, "And now that the sun has passed here comes the moon, see the moon going through the sky, and look at the black spots on his face!"

In a few minutes somebody pulled again. "Ouch," cried Mary again, and she ran around it, but never catching up to it; and I'm afraid he'll never be able to catch his runaway sister.

"Ouch," cried Mary again, and she ran around it, but never catching up to it; and I'm afraid he'll never be able to catch his runaway sister.

"You naughty boy," she said, "how dare you pull my hair!" and she thought to herself: "In the gray light

tomorrow, I can tell you teased me in the dark, by the black I rubbed on his face."

## KNITTING BEE

JANEY AND ALICE AND LITTLE KIT

ARE ALL AS QUIET AS MICE

THEY ARE EVERY ONE OF THEM LEARNING TO KNIT.

AND IT REALLY LOOKS VERY NICE—

NEAT LITTLE SQUARES OF PINK AND BLUE

IT WILL MAKE A QUILT WHEN THEY GET THROUGH

AND SOME WEARY SOUL WILL GRATEFUL BE

FOR THE PATIENCE OF THESE

CHILDREN THREE!

## QUEER WOOL

WHEN we say "wool" we think

of a sheep's back or of the

clothes we wear or of the

yarn our sisters are using to

make into warm sweaters and

socks for our soldiers. But the

queerest wool was not sheared

from a sheep. One day a man, who

worked at a great furnace where

iron was extracted from the ore

and then melted and moulded

into blocks or pigs, accidentally

discovered the new wool.

He noticed that a stream of

water from a hose he held

struck some of the hot slag.

Feathery bits flew in all

directions.

He told his employer all about

it and showed him how to water

and the hot slag formed wool.

They made many experiments, and

fashioned a way by which the

waste from the iron furnace

could be changed into wool.

But what was this mineral or

slag wool good for? How would

it help American enterprises? Builders

of refrigerators line them with this

queer wool because it keeps the

heat outside, and the makers of

fireless cookers use it because

it keeps the heat inside. It is

also used in walls so that persons

talking in one room cannot be

heard in the next.

Wool is also made from limestone.