

The Saturday Page For Boys and Girls

SHORT STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A Thousand Dollar Pup

Bill saved a life every day. And didn't think it out of the way. But the prize that he won. Through the millionaire's son. Showed him how bravest could pay.

It was the Fourth of July and blustering hot. The beach was packed with bathers. Through the crowds the dark-skinned lifeguards paced up and down, trying to keep a sharp lookout in all directions at once.

Suddenly Bill, the oldest lifeguard, and the one who held the record for saving more lives than any guard on the coast, stopped short. His sharp eyes had caught sight of a small figure, too near a big, devouring wave. Before he could reach the boy the big wave had wrapped itself around him and drawn him into its plunging depths. Immediately Bill was in after him, but he was not any quicker than a little pup that stood by. The little dog was not used to the strong waves, as Bill was. The lifeguard carried both the limp little form in the blue bathing suit and the pup back to the shore in his arms. He was used to saving lives. It was all in the day's work.

No one seemed very much interested in the little boy whose life had just been saved. A big gray automobile had drawn up to the edge of the sand. "It's Pierson, the multi-millionaire," the bathers whispered. "His boy is lost. Kidnapped, most likely." Nobody connected the little fellow in the blue bathing suit with

the millionaire's son. Suddenly a streak of brown shot through the crowd and stopped, yelping, at the side of the big car. Everyone made way for the millionaire as he jumped out and followed the little dog across the beach to where Bill bent over the boy.

"He'll be all right in a little while now," Bill said, answering the agonized question in the father's eyes, "but you shouldn't let such a little shaver come to the beach alone." Bill did not recognize the millionaire.

"He ran away. We did not know," he answered. He took the boy in his arms. "I'd like to reward you." His hand went in his pocket. "Nope!" Old Bill shook his head. "That's just my business."

"But you'll take a present, won't you? You saved the dog's life, too. I'd like to give him to you. He's a pretty valuable pup."

"I would kind of like to have the little pup that stood by. He's a nice little cur, and I've a mind I could teach him to be quite a help in my work."

That night Bill's wife met him at the door. "Did you hear about the lifeguard that saved?"

"Yes," she said. "Here it is in the paper. He gave him a thousand-dollar dog for a reward."

"Gee, some guys have all the luck. Now look what I got." Bill set the little brown pup down before his wife.

"Why, Bill," she gasped, "that's the thousand-dollar dog. See, there's his picture in the paper."

with jealousy. She had never been out of her own home town. Eleanor went south every winter with her parents.

Eleanor's happy face suddenly clouded over. "Oh, Dr. Owl," she cried, "I cannot afford to go abroad for study. I've always heard those foreign masters were terribly high priced. You know we are poor."

Blanche smiled for the first time during the evening. The Jays were the richest family in the woods. Blanche was happy to think that she had something Eleanor had not. With all her talents Eleanor could not get far without money. Blanche flew off to talk to the other girls.

After all, a beautiful voice wasn't everything. She would get her father to let her travel. Wouldn't Eleanor be jealous if she should go abroad? She decided she would go. "Oh, my dear Miss Oriole, you must not give up your musical education with a voice like that," Dr. Owl insisted. "I shall see what I can do. Perhaps I can borrow the money for you."

"Father," Blanche asked the next morning at breakfast, "I would like to go abroad."

"Impossible, daughter," Mr. Byron B. Jay shook his head. "I can't afford it just now. I just made a loan to Dr. Owl to educate a musical friend of his."

"Your voice is really good, my dear," said Dr. Owl to Miss Oriole after the performance. Blanche B. Jay sniffed in disgust. It was too much for Eleanor to have all the advantages. Blanche was burning

Get a Thrashing Machine. "You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new clerk. "Yes," returned the boss. "Well, I was just thinking that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

Get the Vacuum Cleaner. "Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled." "Gawan wid yez, Mrs. Murphy!" "Well, if you don't believe me, come and see what the steam-roller did to it!"

Cartoon Magic—The Hidden Frog

When you look at the picture of the hill you'd never guess that there's an animal concealed in it. But if you'll add to the big picture the lines shown in the key pictures below you'll find old Grandpa Frog himself.

DOG FAVORITES CONSTANTLY CHANGING. The great number of entries in wirehair foxterriers all over the grand circuit again offers proof that the popularity of the different breeds in dogs runs in circles, for the wires have taken the largest entry honors away from the German shepherd, the Boston terrier and the Pekie. Certain breeds remain dormant for years,

then suddenly a flock of puppies appear, and before the startled fancy can rub his eyes this particular breed dominates the lists.

It has been freely predicted in certain quarters that the shepherd was being overdone and he would go as he came, but he has hung on surprisingly well. The Boston is gaining rapidly all over the United States, and the Pekie has a firm foothold, but the remarkable comeback of the wires

is really astonishing. Space has much to do with the popularity of any breed, and this is why the Dane and the St. Bernard have not held the ground so well in this land.

No Self-Stopper. Si Perkins wouldn't buy the Smith's horse last week because he said the horse would go ten miles without stopping, and Si only lives five miles from town.

TYPICAL GIRLS



Enter Dorcas, the Artist

Dorcas, the artist, enters the group of "Typical Girls" amid a chorus of admiration for the decorative beauty of her self-designed costume. Have you a talent that finds such delightful expression, or are you more the type of Lou, the student, who will be shown next week?

Dorcas, the Artist, Imaginative, Dexterous, Creative

Did you ever study people and try to guess their occupation or favorite pastime? The butcher's fingers seem less nimble than the candle-maker's and somewhere on the baker's person lies the telltale streak of flour. Thus when Dorcas parts the curtains we cry, "An artist," though her palette and paint brush are well out of sight.

We know she is an artist because the cleverly chosen colors and adept designing of Dorcas' costume proclaim her the sort of girl who can do things with her hands. Not only does she keep a notebook in which she sketches things she sees, but she puts her ability to practice when she draws fashion plates, using them as guides in real dresses which she makes with the loveliest of tiny stitches.

Dorcas is interested in basketry and weaving and all the useful arts. Have you a talent to develop? Maybe you're artistic too.

Piffles Says



"Most boys think it's all right to have just one vacation—lasting from January 1 to December 31."

HOW TO SWIM



Correct Breathing

(This is one of a series of articles by Pierson L. Maxwell, a swimming expert who has taught boys and girls to swim at municipal beaches, ocean beaches and private pools. Mr. Maxwell has been a lifeguard and a racing swimmer for a number of years. He knows what he is talking about when it comes to swimming. Clip these articles and follow them if you want to become a good swimmer.)

Do not attempt these breathing exercises until you have a fairly easy action with your arms and legs, keeping the leg kick fast and the arm movement slow.

Blow Bubbles. To start the breathing exercise, get in the water, take a deep breath of air, put your head under the water, and blow bubbles, forcing the air out of the mouth and nose. Do this until it does not cause any particular effort—three or four times will probably be enough to get the hang of it.

Now comes the real test. Start the dead man's float, legs and arms.

THE FUN BOX

Randy Riddle Says— "How do you know that Robinson Crusoe was a great acrobat?"

Use the same five letters to form the two words that fill the blanks below:

The _____ are hard to see among the _____

Peter Puzzle Says— You can form a word-square by rearranging the following groups of letters to form words and placing them in the right order: Garb, hacc, acre, btee.

If you take one-half of each of the following words you can arrange the letters to form the name of a Canadian city: bear, cent, quit.

You can rearrange the letters in the following words to form the name of a popular movie actress: bees, bean, lid.

(The answers will be found elsewhere on this page.)

Fixing Social Status Through Voice. Mr. Sinclair Lewis tells us that England is the country in which it is easiest to fix a man's social status by noting his manner and intonation. Not only is it possible, as he says, to distinguish a naval man from a military officer without the help of the uniform, but the initiated can also distinguish an Old Etonian from an Old Harrovian or an Oxford man from a Cambridge man.

When Bedtime Stories Interfere with Jazz Band Music.

Do You Know How They Make BASEBALL BATS AND GLOVES?



Below are two stories—one telling how a second growth ash tree becomes a baseball bat; the other explaining the process by which a piece of a wild South American cow may become part of a ball glove.

Boys who play baseball will be especially interested.



It's "Better up" and "Better out!" It's bats this story tells about. Just read below and you will see how baseball bats have come to be.

That bat which you are so proud of took a great deal of trouble and labor to make. Before it ever thought of being a bat, it was part of an ash tree and might have grown in one of twenty different states.

Finding good, straight-grained ash to make baseball bats is a problem nowadays, because ash is also used for wheel spokes, and there is a limited supply.

The best ash for making baseball bats is what is called "second growth white ash." This second growth ash is the part of the tree which grows after a tree has first been cut down.

Second growth is tougher and straighter grained than the virgin ash.

Logging the trees to a lumber mill after they are cut is the first thing which must be done to make your baseball bat. At the lumber mill the tree is barked, sawed, and cut into handy lengths.

Buyers from the great sporting goods manufacturers inspect this wood at the lumber mills, buy up a lot of it, and have it sent to their factories.

The bat is then finished off, the ends being smoothed up and trimmed. Next, it is oiled and waxed. Then a coat of a special sort of shellac is put on it and set on fire. This gives the finished product the nice, burnt, smooth finish.

The baseball bat that scores the hit has nothing on the fielder's mitt! To make it is hard work indeed, and you'll find when you this story read.

Your baseball glove was probably wandering around the plains of Argentina, three or four months before you bought it, as a part of some very wild South American cow, for much of the leather which goes into making baseball mitts is imported from South America.

In the making of good baseball gloves, only a very small portion of a hide can be used, and much of the leather in the very high priced mitts is of Wapiti elk, a leather which is difficult to obtain.

Before the crude leather can be used at all it must go through a number of processes to soften and preserve it. The leather goes from chemical vat to chemical vat and is finally ready for its start in being made into a baseball glove.

Skilled men cut the good portions of the hide into convenient sized pieces and the pieces are then cut according to a pattern. There are twenty-five separate pieces of leather in the mitt used by one famous big league first baseman, and each of these pieces must be cut with great accuracy and sewed together just so.

Padding a glove successfully also calls for expert work, and special designs are kept busy inventing new and better types of pads to be used in gloves. During the entire manufacture of the glove, inspectors are busy looking for articles which do not come up to the standard.

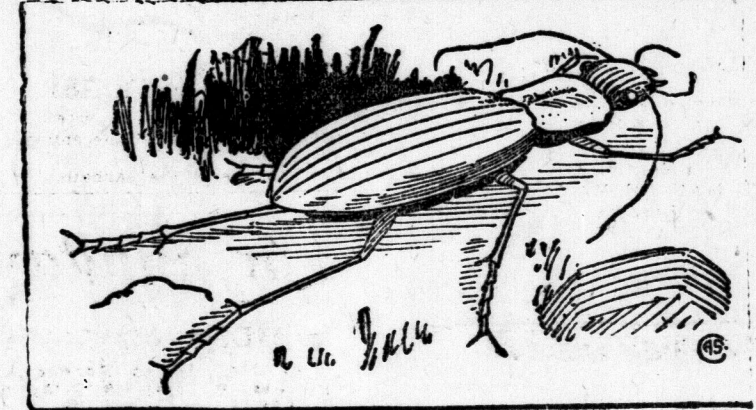
Killing Caterpillars Is His Favorite Sport

"Curabus Auratus" is the name which the scientist gives to the common golden garden beetle, one of the best insect friends of our gardens.

Very often this creature is a peaceful, lazy sort of a chap and he likes to lie half buried in sand. This only happens when his stomach is full and there is no more food in convenient sight. But, just let a troop of caterpillars come ambling along—

When this happens, all of the lazy sand-resters come to life and dash out like an Arab band attacking a caravan. The golden gardeners are a vicious slayer and there is nothing in the world he would rather kill and eat than caterpillars.

If there were enough caterpillars around, a band of 100 beetles would slaughter and consume 36,000 caterpillars in a single day. One job of the beetle's sharp pincers and the caterpillar is done for. Only the very bushy haired species have chance



The Golden Garden Beetle

One hundred of these fellows could slay 36,000 caterpillars in one day—if they could find that many.

Of surviving, because the beetles only the fatal wound when the hair on the pull out hair instead of any inflicting caterpillar is very thick.

Tool-Craft All Sorts of Things for Boys and Men To Make By Frank I. Solar



MATTRESS FOR CAMP COT

CORN HANDLES

BONFIRE FORK

How To Make Three Camp Accessories

Finding a good bed is one of the biggest problems of a camp or an all-night hike. The tick, shown here, makes a fine mattress when filled with hay or straw. The bonfire fork and corn handles are also just the thing to have on your camping trip or automobile tour.

All three of these articles have shown their worth by actual test use in a large boys' camp.

To make the bag, cut a piece of strong ticking twelve feet, eight inches long. Hem the ends of the cloth, turning in the 3-8 inch tapes 9 inches long, with the hem, as at A and B. Pin the tape in place to the sewing machine. Sew the other tapes in place. Stitch the edges with the bag turned inside out. The completed tick can be

rolled into a very small bundle and carried to camp.

No camp is complete without the campfire, and campfires mean roasted corn and toasted marshmallows. The "bonfire fork" shown

here, and made of an old table fork hammered solidly into a pipe, end, will make an excellent instrument to use for holding things to cook over the fire.

Roasted corn on the cob is always awkward to handle. These handy corn holders are quickly made by driving brads into the

Off to Camp!

Are you ready to leave for summer camp? Then tear out this page and take it along. Don't forget it.

Pay special attention to "Tool-Craft" which tells this week how to make three things you'll need at camp. Note also "How to Swim."

Before and After

Helen so longed to be fat—"Chubby," and "plump," and all that. While Gladys would wait "To be thin as a rail."

I'd give my best dress and my hat!"

Helen and Gladys were chums. You never saw one without the other. They were so different that they were good friends.

The other girls called them "Before and After." They called them that when they were not around. They had soon learned that both Helen and Gladys were very sensitive to teasing on that subject. Their younger brothers were the only persons that had no regard for their feelings.

More than anything else in the world Helen wanted to get fat. Gladys wanted, just as eagerly, to get thin. They had stopped in at Helen's on their way home from school one day, and were looking at a magazine. "Oh, look," Gladys cried, "it tells how you can lose twenty pounds in a month!"

"Well, you don't think I'm interested in that, do you?" Helen sniffed. "I'd be more interested in knowing how to gain twenty pounds a month." Gladys had not seemed to take a lot of interest in the advertisement. "It says it makes you weigh just what you should. Maybe you can gain by the same method. Yes, here it tells of a woman who gained ten pounds in twenty days."



Helen picked up her ears. "Where?" she cried. "Let me see it." The girls pored over the advertisement. After they had both read every word on the page they looked at each other with shining eyes. "Let's do it!" they cried. "We can go together and buy the course."

"It will take all the money I have," Gladys sighed, "but if I lose a pound it will be worth it."

The lessons came and Helen and Gladys set to work every morning to gain and reduce. Their younger brothers seemed to take a lot of interest in the process. "Why don't you get weighed and see what effect it's having?" they asked every day.

But the girls had made up their minds that they would wait a week before getting weighed. Finally, when the week was up, the boys insisted upon tagging along to the grocery scales, to see for themselves. The girls were heart-broken. Gladys, who already weighed 130, had gained 6 pounds, and Helen, who weighed 90, had lost 4!

"How did you work it?" giggled Gladys's little brother, after the girls had gone off home. "I just stuck my toe on the scales when Gladys wasn't looking."

"Oh, I set the scales to weigh light in the first place. I knew you'd put on enough to make up for it!"

An Outdoor Party Set

with a yard or two of black oilcloth, a set of aluminum plates and paper shakers, a tin muffin pan, a shallow saucepan, and some bright enamel paints, you can make a table set that will "dress up" the unsavory table.

Of the black oilcloth make a table cover, either round or oblong, according to the size of the table. Mark a very simple design along the edges or in the corners, and paint the decoration with the enamel in two or three colors.

The muffin pan should have eight cups in two rows. Enamel the back and frame black, and the inside of the cups with the outstanding color, and decorate the corners with the colors used on the cover. This will make a nice tray for lemonade glasses. Enamel and decorate the saucepan the same way, and you will have a nice fruit bowl for the table.

Snood Says

Love Croquet

"Archie is a guy I know—His name is Archipelago."

The Finest Green Tea is undoubtedly

"SALADA"

It is pure fresh and wholesome and the flavor is that of the true green leaf.