

PUZZLING STATESMEN



Guess the name of the statesman that's cured in the sun.
The statesman that's made into bricks,
The statesman where chestnuts are hid while they grow,
The statesman that's farmed for his tricks.

The statesman that wields a sharp knife at the feast.
The statesman you cannot call high.
The statesman that's heard in the sound of church bells,
The statesman that dazzles the eye.

The statesman that's noted for hurry and haste,
The statesman that veers with the breeze,
The statesman that yawns in the wrongdoer's path,
The statesman that lives in the seas.

F. G.

SATURDAY MORNING STORIES

Mary Makes a New Acquaintance.

By Alice Latimer.



"Sting Get Shoes," Lipped Alice

It was Saturday morning after a week of rain, and Mary Oimstead was busy polishing up the family overalls in the summer house while her baby brother and her little sister Alice were playing around in the sun where she could watch them.

There were a great many of them, too, because the minister had six children in his family, all of whom, with the exception of the baby, wore rubbers. Then there were his own large ones, and Mary's mother's, and the very broad pair that belonged to Joanna, the maid of all work.

Mary had been warned not to get her feet wet and to be as quick as possible about her task to keep from taking cold. She finished the row of newly shining rubbers in a great hurry and then ran in to get her reward from Joanna, who had promised her a fresh sugar cookie just out of the oven if she got all the shoes done by five o'clock.

After she had eaten the cookie she ran back again to the children and to see if the overalls were dry enough to be taken into the house.

They were all arranged on one of the side walls of the summer house, but it suddenly occurred to Mary that there were not so many of them as there had been when she went into the house. She counted them, and yes, surely there were three missing. Both of the minister's overalls were gone and one of Baby Alice's own little shoes.

For a moment she suspected that either Alice or the baby had done it, but the baby was too little to take the shoes outside. He had been lifted out of his plaything and into the summer house, and Baby Alice was such a good little thing that it was next to impossible to imagine her doing anything that she had been told to do.

Nevertheless, Mary questioned her closely, but the little girl replied in a vigorous shake of the head.

"No, Baby Alice not take shoes, no, no," the little blond head wagged convincingly and the small plump finger pointed upward in vague baby fashion.

"Sting get shoes," lipped Alice.

Mary was absolutely bewildered by the disappearance of the shoes when she had been gone only a short time. Surely no one could have entered the garden without being seen and the boys were all away for the morning. She ran into the house to tell Joanna and her mother about it, and in a moment they both came out as much perplexed as herself.

"There," said Mary, pointing triumphantly to the row of shoes on the summer house seat, "you see father's are both gone and one of Alice's."

Then suddenly a thought occurred to her. She looked at the shoes with a sharper eye. The row, it seemed to her, had grown even shorter than before and she counted breathlessly. There were no doubt about it—another pair of rubbers had disappeared. Mary could hardly gasp out the fact to her mother and Joanna, she was so excited. All three went over the shoes again and found that Mary was right—one more pair of rubbers were gone, this time Brother Bob's.

Just the Sort of a Little Girl Who Couldn't Say "Boo" to a Gopher.

The house now I'll tell you what kind of a bird I think it is that took them.

Mary and her mother followed Joanna into the house obediently.

But to the surprise of both of them Joanna did not stop in the house. She led the way out the back door, which could not be seen from the side garden where the summer house was, and down through the chicken yard.

She went along very softly and said "Whist now," when Mary made the kitchen door creak, which was Joanna's way of saying "Don't make such a noise." They both followed quietly to the other side of the chicken yard where they could look through the palings up toward the summer house.

Joanna pointed dramatically. Baby Alice had been right when she said "a sting had taken the rubbers." At this very moment the "sting" was engaged in getting more rubbers from the summer house seat. It was a long fishing line attached to a pole, and on the other end of the line was a large hook with which even while they looked Joanna's own rubber was being fished up from the seat. The pole itself went over the top of the fence, and it was easy enough to see that it was being operated by some one in the next garden.

They are sure people, next door. It must be their little boy," said Mary's mother.

I haven't yet seen him, ma'am," said Joanna. "But it looks like it. Let's be crepin' a little further along this way and surprise him."

The chicken yard extended across the end of both gardens, and presently all three were looking through the palings at this unusual sort of neighbor.

And it wasn't a little boy at all; it was a girl, a sweet looking little girl with golden curls and blue eyes. Just the sort of little girl who couldn't say "Boo!" to a gopher.

She was so intent upon her fishing that she didn't even notice when Joanna and Mary's mother and Mary all scrambled over the fence and crept right up to where she was standing, until suddenly she turned around and saw them all.

"You been havin' very good luck with your fishin', Miss," said Joanna grimly.

The strange little girl answered with a word of Mary's warmest friends, for you see her rubber fishing expedition was only the way of getting acquainted after all.

THE AEROLITE'S INVASION

What Resulted When Austen's Aeroplane Landed on the Enemy's Territory

By Arthur Morgan Langworthy

THE "Aerodrome of the Oakdale Field Club" sounds very high-toned, doesn't it? But that is not all. The baseball diamond lies to the left of the aerodrome, then further along are the golf links, and on the fourth, or water, side are spacious bathing grounds where the aquatic sports take place.

And in the centre of all this magnificence? Well, I'm sorry to say, if you were now looking for the white marble walls of the handsome club house you'd find a hole in the ground. There was also something in the hole which resembled a foundation. The last stone was being laid by some very soiled young workmen, who were working under the direction of the boss contractor, architect and landscape gardener.

This was Pliny Quick. And he bossed a pretty well lot of laborers. His brother, Austen, sweating and toiling under his "despotic sway," was only the president! The secretary, first, second and fifth vice presidents had just set the last stone in place and here came the seventh vice president with the last trowelful of mortar. Pliny, who was also treasurer, did not do manual labor. He was the club's "boss."

Well, gentlemen, that job is done—and I now call a directors' meeting to provide for further funds to buy lumber."

The Board of Directors, whose several backs were nearly broken by their late toil, gladly went into executive session. Pliny, the planner, must have been a trifle brain fagged, for the hour's wrangle that followed developed nothing clearer than that the \$2,000 in the club treasury would not suffice for the \$10,000 absolutely demanded for the first payment on the required lumber.

Finally they temporarily gave up the vexing problem of how to make the needed \$8,000, and adjourned to the aerodrome for aviation practice. Aviation was an important sport on the list of outdoor amusements pursued by the Oakdale Field Club. Nearly every one of its twenty members was an enthusiastic (model) aeroplane. That is, his model aeroplane did the flying—he did the chasing.

And it was this after occupation that kept up a perpetual border war with neighbor Crawford. He was the meanest man in the county, and two generations of malicious boys had been his enemies. None could calculate the fabulous sum in broken greenhouse shades that this enemy had, in the last twenty years, won right and left, even the best count being reckoned at "plunging" that tempting expanse of greenhouse roofs. Consequently, Crawford was hated on the box question.

The usual match these were being held was naturally anything but pleasant when this enemy had, in the last twenty years, won right and left, even the best count being reckoned at "plunging" that tempting expanse of greenhouse roofs. Consequently, Crawford was hated on the box question.

The boys were highly careful not to encroach on the "beginning of their feud," which Crawford was the proudest of. Besides, he was always at the County Court House. Crawford's home was, for a reason to be explained shortly, and had an eagle eye out for every trespasser.

The aerodrome was but a week old. In fact, the Oakdale Field Club had been organized during the last month. Its grounds were really part of a large tract of meadow land owned by Mr. Quick, a mile or two out of Oakdale. This the boys had not become thoroughly acquainted with the ground. It was excellently suited for aviation purposes, flat and treeless. There was a grand straight stretch of 500 feet from the starting point, or point of take-off, to the end of the field, exactly one-third of a mile. Every boy who owned a model aeroplane was a member of the club. The aerodrome was situated on the edge of his field.

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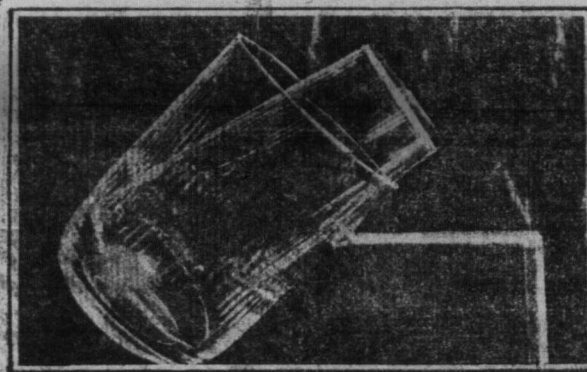
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It Instantly Became a Question of Who Reached the Hedge First, Nero or Austen.

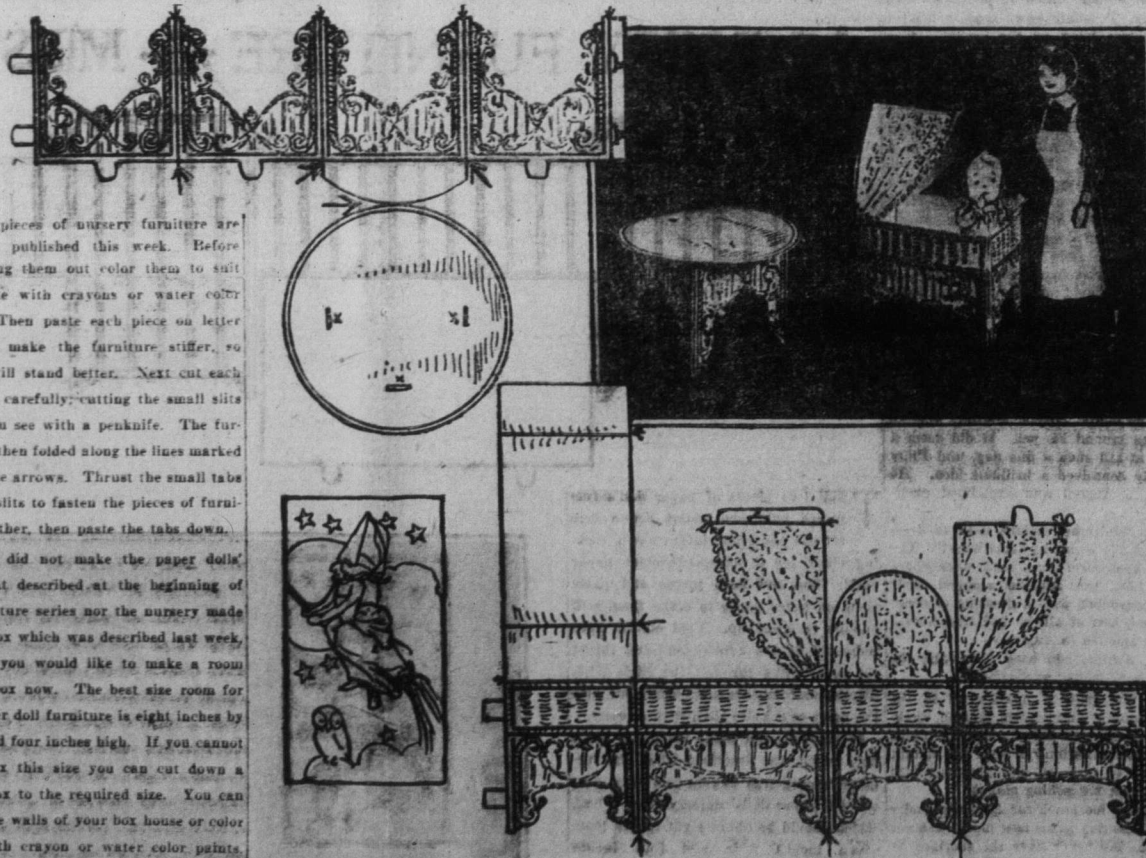
SIMPLE MAGIC

A Test for the Lungs



Take two glasses, one large and one much smaller, and place one inside the other, propping them against a book or block at the angle shown in the picture, on the edge of the table. Blow hard in the larger glass. The pressure of the air entering this glass will force the smaller glass out and it will fall in your lap. Be careful with the glass as it sometimes comes out very quickly.

FURNITURE FOR THE PAPER DOLL INFANT



TWO pieces of nursery furniture are being published this week. Before cutting them out color them to suit your taste with crayons or water color paints. Then paste each piece on letter paper to make the furniture stiffer, so that it will stand better. Next cut each piece out carefully, cutting the small slits which you see with a penknife. The furniture is then folded along the lines marked out by the arrows. Thrust the small tabs into the slits to fasten the pieces of furniture together, then paste the tabs down.

If you did not make the paper doll apartment described at the beginning of the furniture series nor the nursery made from a box which was described last week, perhaps you would like to make a room from a box now. The best size room for this paper doll furniture is eight inches by seven and four inches high. If you cannot get a box this size you can cut down a larger box to the required size. You can paper the walls of your box house or color them with crayon or water color paints.

If you like to paint you can make a floral border around the top of the room. When this is done stain the floor brown, and make a rug for the centre of heavy dark paper. This should be pasted to the floor. You may have white tissue paper curtains for the windows and over these colored tissue paper long curtains, or flower paper ones to represent chintz.

If you would like a mirror for the doll's nursery you may make it by taking a very smooth piece of tin foil and smoothing it over a piece of cardstock. Then make a frame by pasting around the edge with the cardstock a band of white paper.

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A MARCH PUZZLE

By Robert Gilbert Welsh



MISTER MARCH, you puzzle me!

They draw you like a Ram, But Daddy says you're sure to be A Lion or a Lamb.

And you're the happy month that brings The Circus; so, you see, Good Mister March, I'm sure you are

The whole Menagerie!



one-eighty mile apart. The machine accomplishing this distance in the least number of flights won.

Austen hoped to achieve the lead on the next flight, and gave his rubber band motor 150 twists instead of the usual 125 in winding it up. As all machines could be launched by hand after the start, Austen lightly slid the Aerolite into the air and watched with satisfaction as it began to fly steadily down the field over the heads of the scattered contestants.

Then Pliny saw the danger. "Look out, Austen, there's going to be trouble if she doesn't stop!"

But she didn't! Everybody watched her glide right across the thick hedge row marking the boundary and continue in the air until she settled gracefully on Crawford's lawn, fifty feet inside the hedge. The Aerolite had invaded the enemy's territory!

Still there wasn't a sign of life about the house. Nero was evidently chained up. The other boys began to look very expectantly at Austen. Nobody volunteered. They had refuge in the good old excuse that it wasn't their property in danger. Still Austen had to keep up his reputation as the most daring boy in the crowd.

That was enough to nerve Austen on. In another minute he had slipped through the hedge and was dashing toward the Aerolite. He had nearly reached her when a snarl made him look toward the side of the house. There stood Crawford in the very act of loosing Nero from the leash!

And now it instantly became a question of who reached the hedge first, Nero or Austen. Austen arrived slightly ahead, leaving several inches of coat tail in Nero's mouth as a souvenir of the closeness of this new race. Then, incited by his chuckling master, Nero proceeded to chew the Aerolite to match wood. Yes, there could be no doubt of it. Mr. Crawford was home!

The next afternoon found Crawford eagerly waiting for the boys. The day before he'd been rather vexed that Hick's unexpected swoop had left him no time to unchain Nero, who was outside. But Nero's later work in the juvenile line was so pleasing that Nero got an extra platter of bones as a reward.

So with Nero he set himself to watch the yard through a crack in the door. And surely the boys didn't seem to profit by yesterday's experience! They flew their ships with even greater recklessness. Finally one actually dropped into the yard.

It was only a few feet inside the fence and Austen jumped over the hedge to get it, safe in the fact that Nero couldn't have got there in time to get him. Nero did his best, having been instantly loosed when the boy went after the airship.

But Austen reached the hedge way ahead. However in making the leap he lost his grip on the aeroplane and dropped it just inside the hedge on a small bush growing close to it. And then the dashing old man ran down to the bush to gain possession of his war prize.

A gigantic figure rose as by magic from behind the hedge, vaulted over it and, forced a folded paper into Crawford's nerveless hand. Husky Hicks had served his subpoena at last!

And it had all happened because of the man who drove up with Husky Hicks when he tried unsuccessfully to serve the paper day before yesterday. This was no other than Mrs. Simpson's lawn farm to see another client, and was on his way back when he witnessed the whole proceedings. This suggested the aeroplane idea to Mr. Ford, who immediately saw the Quick brothers, Austen, Pliny, Husky Hicks and Ford secretly plotted the hedge that night and Mr. Ford levered worked out a way by which the idea would be safely executed without injury to Austen, or his newly built Aerolite. The reason Husky Hicks was not seen by Crawford was that he did not arrive with the boys, but sneaked up by another route.

But don't think this was done for nothing. They agreed on certain terms in case of success. How pleased Crawford would be when he learned that he had helped build the hated club house! For there was no question about obtaining the lumber now—the "terms" were up and dollar bills.

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