

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

BY ROSEMARY WIGMORE

IT HAD been snowing all night and in the morning the world was covered with a deep white mantle. It was Saturday morning too. Elizabeth looked out of the window and said:

"My gracious! I never did see so much snow in my life! I'll wear my red cape and red hood and rubber boots when I go with the basket to Maum Lisa."

It was Elizabeth's custom to take a basket of good things to eat to Maum Lisa every Saturday morning. Maum Lisa was Elizabeth's old nurse, crippled with the rheumatics and quite poorly, but dearly loved by her "honey child."

"The snow is pretty deep, Elizabeth," said Mother. "Perhaps I had better send Joe with the basket today."

"Oh, please, no!" cried Elizabeth. "I'd rather take it myself. I just love snow!"

So then Elizabeth's mother said all right and packed the basket with great care, laying a snow-white cloth on top. There was jelly and celery and a roast chicken and ham and a loaf of corn bread and apples in the basket so it was quite heavy, but Elizabeth put it over her arm and stepped out into the snow with her red hood and cape on, and red mittens besides.

"I'll take a short cut through the woods," thought the little girl. "My, how nice and white the snow is! How it crunches when I walk! I wish it would snow oftener down this way."

She reached the woods and began to trudge along, crunch, crunch, crunch! under the trees. Almost all the trees were evergreens and right pretty they looked trimmed with snow.

"But how dim and mysterious it is!" thought Elizabeth, stopping to rest beside a stump. "It reminds me of fairy stories. How still it is!"

She listened and listened. Not a sound did she hear. It seemed as if every twig and branch on every tree were asleep or bewitched by a magic spell. These woods had been a favorite playground of Elizabeth's in other days. She had gathered early autumn leaves, she knew, creeping down through the moss and ferns from the icy spring. Somewhere near was the rock under which two friendly chipmunks lived, and a chipmunk tree grew close by, but where was it now?

It was all changed, and as strange as if she had never been there before. "Fairy stories could happen here," said Elizabeth out loud, taking up her basket and trudging on again.

It was stiller and stranger than ever as she went on, her footsteps crunch, crunch, crunching through the snow—

as if I was a big, enormous giant coming," thought she. So, to make it more sociable, she began talking to herself. "Snow White and Rose Red—That's a nice fairy story. Wish I had a little house in the woods. One night a bear came—ahem!" The mention of "bear" gave Elizabeth an uncomfortable feeling. She looked over her shoulder and said hastily: "It wasn't a real bear. It was a prince. He had

with this basket to my grandmother's house in the woods." She picked up her basket and went on, making up this little song:

"I'm little Red Riding Hood, I'm walking through the wood To see my Grandmamma. Tra-la-la-la-la!"

"Red Riding Hood" walked and walked and pretty soon she met a wolf.

Her eyes looked over her shoulder again and said "Ahem!" very loud.

"Oh, well, I'm not Red Riding Hood," she sang:

"I'm going through the wood, To see Maum Lisa-za, Tra, la-la-la, li-di-la."

Just then she heard a sound! Ex-

hurry a bit," said Elizabeth. "Maum Lisa's expectin' me."

She began to hurry and the more she hurried the faster she went, until she was almost running. Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch! Footsteps coming nearer. She looked over her shoulder and there peering through the tree was a large, shaggy animal with a pointed nose, pointed ears, bushy tail and bright eyes.

"The wolf!" thought poor Elizabeth. The basket was heavy and her boots were clumsy, but how she did run! Down she fell in the snow! Up she got and away she raced. She heard the animal following close behind. She thought she felt his hot breath on the back of her neck.

"What will Mother say when I don't come back?" thought Elizabeth. "She'll look for me, but she won't find anything but my red hood because I'll be eaten up!"

This was a sad thought and made her cry. Then she thought of the chicken and good things in the basket.

"I'll throw something out to the wolf," she thought, "and he'll stop to eat it and I'll get ahead."

She reached into the basket and grabbed the first thing that came to hand, which was the ham. She threw it on the ground and the wolf pounced on it and gobbled it up in three licks. Then Elizabeth seized a drumstick and drew out the roast chicken. Down she threw it, and away she fled.

She was near Maum Lisa's cabin now. In a minute she had reached it and pushed open the door and latched it.

"Po' de lan's sakes!" cried Maum Lisa. "Wot de matter, hon?"

But Elizabeth could only cling tight to her and sob out something about a wolf. Maum Lisa held her tight and rocked her saying:

"Now den, honey child, tell youah mammy all 'bout it."

Just then there was a scratching at the door.

"The wolf! The wolf!" screamed Elizabeth, hiding her face in Maum Lisa's shawl.

"Lawdy, hon, dat ain't no wolf!" cried Maum Lisa. "Dat's Ebenezer, de fine sheppa' dog dat Sam done bring me fo' to keep youah ol' Mammy company. Go open de do' fo' him, honey."

Elizabeth went and unlatched the door and peeped out. There stood her wolf with a roast chicken in his mouth. In he came and laid the roast chicken down at Maum Lisa's feet.

"Dar now!" cried Maum Lisa. "See you-all mus' have dropped dishab. Ain't he a good doggie to bring it back!"

Elizabeth agreed that he was a good doggie and in a minute or two she and Ebenezer had made friends, and in five minutes they grew so fond of each other they were sitting side by side by the fire.



She Looked Over Her Shoulder And There Peering Through The Trees Was A Large, Shaggy Animal.

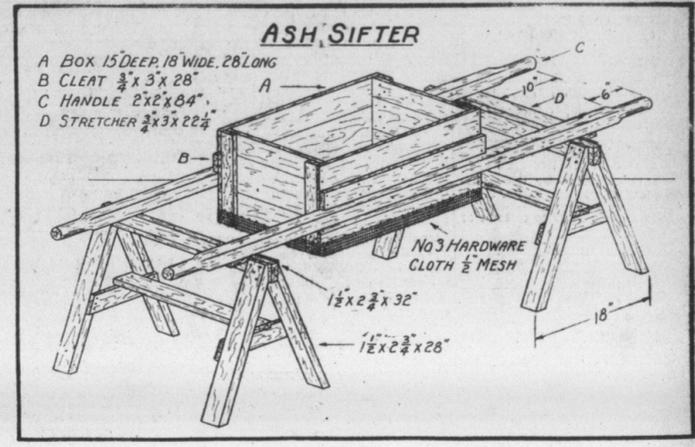
been bewitched by a wicked dwarf, ahem! Guess I'll think of something else. Let me see!

"There was once a little girl called Red Riding Hood." She stopped short, then she put down her basket and clapped her hands. "Why that's me!" she cried. "I've got a red hood. I'm little Red Riding Hood. I'm going

cept for her own little voice and her own crunching-through the snow, it was so very still in the woods that the tiniest sound could be heard clearly. Elizabeth stopped and listened. Crunch, crunch-crunch-crunch! Something was trotting towards her through the snow.

"I'm not scared but I might as well

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE. BY FRANK I. SOLAR. INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT



ANY FAMILY possessing a good supply of hard coal this year is considered lucky and any scheme to make it last longer is well worth knowing. The sifting of ashes is a very common practice but many sifters that may be purchased are so small that they are not convenient.

Sifting ashes is not a very attractive job but if one is prepared for the work and has a good sifter it will not take long to sift a quantity of ashes and it will be surprising how much good coal can be saved for either banking the fire at night or checking the fire in the day time.

The sifter shown in the drawing is only suggestive, but it is of good size and made of material that may be found in most any basement.

Part A is an ordinary box about 15" x 18" x 28". If not well constructed additional nails should be put in and cleats fastened to strengthen the box as it is subjected to much hard use.

Fasten two cleats (B) to the sides of the box driving the nails through the cleats and side of the box and clinching on the inside. These cleats should be located about two inches above the center of the side of the box.

The handles (C) may be pieces of 2" x 2" or any strips that may be on hand. Cut a good hand hold on each end and nail stretchers (D) 10" from the end of handles.

Number 3 hardware cloth which has a one-half inch mesh is desirable to cover the bottom of the box and should be fastened to the sides and ends of the box with small staples or double pointed tacks. When fastening fold the corners to make a neat job. The cloth can be purchased at any hardware store for about thirty cents.

By placing a box, slightly larger than the sifter, under it to catch the fine ash, much of the dust will be prevented from flying about.

Two people can operate the sifter easier than one. To operate place the handles on horses, boxes or other available stands and either slide the box back and forth on the handles or lift the handles at one end, dropping them more easily if the box is only partly filled with the ashes. The good coal

will then only cover the bottom of the box and any clinkers can be easily seen and picked out.

THE JUNIOR COOK

HURRY-UP MACAROONS

Put one cup sugar, one tablespoon butter substitute and yolks of two eggs into a bowl.

Beat till creamy. Add one teaspoonful vanilla and one tablespoon milk and beat again. Add two cups cornflakes, one-half cup raisins, one-half cup nut meal (these may be omitted) and two teaspoonful baking powder. Mix well. Beat whites of eggs and fold into mixture. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon and bake till nicely browned in a moderate oven. Fine to use for a school party.

MISS TALK-EY

WHEN ELEANOR ROBBINS was six years old she and her father and mother moved back from China where they had lived for two years to America where Eleanor had been born and the very first thing she did was to put Eleanor into school. Not the big public schools where Eleanor would be proud to go later, but a tiny little school in a friendly town where the little girl might learn something of the ways and customs of the country she loved but knew so little about.

All the first day Eleanor kept very quiet and watched what the others did but the second day she felt more at home and then she began to talk. She talked about the room and the lessons and the children and everything that happened to go into her head and all the polite little hints the kind teacher gave her about stopping did no good.

So finally the teacher said, "Eleanor, I guess we'll have to call you little Miss Talk-ey! Don't you see you'll have to keep quiet, dear. Suppose we see if you can. You put on this paper cap and hold my ruler and see if you can stand on this little stool for five whole minutes without saying one word."

Eleanor didn't mind, in fact she thought it would be fun to stand on the stool in front of everybody and see how long five minutes was. One minute went by; two minutes, and

then Eleanor happened to look down at the floor. There, right below the stool was a tiny, tiny mouse nibbling at some crumbs left from luncheon. Eleanor thought she'd have to scream, but no, she'd promised not to speak and promises were things one couldn't break. So she opened her mouth all ready to speak—and then kept still! Three minutes; four minutes; the teacher looked over to praise the little girl who was keeping so still—and saw the mouse.

Then there was a hurry-and scramble in that school room and not one bit of quiet till Mr. Mouse, who was the most frightened of all had folks only known, had skipped off into the safe darkness of the basement.

"Eleanor," said the teacher, "I think you were the quietest of us all. I wish you would tell me why, when you can be so good and still, you talked so much before."

Eleanor blushed shyly at the praise and said, "I thought I was helping. I thought I ought to talk that's the way they did when I went to school to visit."

The teacher laughed and patted her on the head. "Why didn't I think of that!" she exclaimed, "of course they did." And then she let Eleanor tell the school about her visit to a Chinese school; about the queer boys and girls who dressed so much alike and how they all studied their lessons out loud and made the biggest noise they could. "And I thought that was the way to do," ended Eleanor.

"Not here," laughed the teacher as Eleanor took her seat, "but I think I'll still have to call you Miss Talk-ey because you talk so well about a land we have never seen."



Three Minutes; Four Minutes.

STUMBLE AND TUMBLE



WHEN Stumble and Tumble were sent out to play, they stumbled and tumbled—well—most of the way; And not because sidewalks and playgrounds were rough. For everything ran along smoothly enough.

I'm sure you will ask me, "Well what made them fall—The other small children don't do it at all?" The reason is this—other children go slow And watch very carefully, which way they go.

While Stumble and Tumble kept looking behind, And sideways, and upways, and downways combined! At noon when they tumble back home from their school, They can't find the door-knob at all as a rule.



For while their fat little hands are feeling the door, Their eyes as a rule are cast down on the floor, Or up the long street or perhaps on the sky, Or maybe they're gaping at some passer by.

Now children there's only one way to be great— You must pay attention! You must concentrate! Now concentrate seems a most dreadful, big word— In fact, the most dreadful you ever have heard.

But all that it means is to play when you play! To work when you work and be gay when you're gay! To think when you think and to hook when you hook! To laugh when you laugh and to LOOK WHEN YOU LOOK!



LOOK!



ODD FACTS AND MICROSCOPIC WONDERS

THE BOY or girl who is fortunate enough to have in his possession a microscope, or who can gain access to one, will be astonished at the new wonders he discovers from time to time.

One day a naturalist slipped a slide with a tiny brown spot in the center under the lens of his microscope. The tiny brown spot was the foot of a spider, and the microscope revealed a marvelous equipment of brushes and combs. These brushes and combs afforded a long period of study.

Only the spiders that spin webs are provided with brushes and combs. The spider under observation was a Micromata Smaragdula. This name means emerald green, and the spider's body is that color. The body is half an

inch in length and its legs are so grotesquely long that they are all out of proportion to the rest of the body.

In the bodies of spiders are little sacs which secrete a sticky substance from which they make their web. This sticky substance is liberated by means of the spider's spinnerets. The spinneret is provided with several tiny holes and when he wishes to begin his web he presses the spinneret firmly against the object from which he starts his work. This fastens the web to a more or less solid foundation and the spider moves away.

It is most important that the fine gossamer threads, as they come from the spinnerets, do not get tangled, and to keep them from doing so the spider brings into play the combs on his

feet. Each foot is provided with a pair of combs, though, of course, the spider is not obliged to use them all at the same time, but it is often much more convenient to use the pair on one foot than on another. The combs prevent the tangling of the threads which go to spin the web.

It was discovered that there are as many intervals between the teeth of each comb as there are holes in the spinnerets. As the several slender silvery threads leave the comb the spider twists them all into one which forms a much stouter thread for the web. This solution is satisfactory in regard to the combs.

The brushes are not needed until later. After a web is finished it collects dust with a rapidity that discon-

certs the careful spider. This coating of dust tends to decrease his food supply. Flies, and other insects on which he depends for food, are very quick to spy a web if it is dusty, and, furthermore, they are wise enough to avoid it. The industrious spider will not allow a speck of dust to accumulate. Whenever there is an indication of a settling of dust particles, the discerning spider makes the rounds with his brushes and quickly scatters it.

Spiders that choose the best places for webs are those with a keen eye for abundant food supply. A well nourished spider has all the food he wants and he, as a consequence, energetic and industrious. He tears down his old web and constructs a new one each day.

When an unfortunate fly runs into the web he finds himself held fast by

Puzzle Corner

"GENTS ALL" Each word ends in GENT. 1. The convincing GENT. 2. The imperative GENT. 3. The brilliant GENT. 4. The rigid GENT. 5. The GENT that touches. 6. The GENT that stings. 7. The GENT who is the officer in a university. 8. The deputy GENT.

BOOKLOVER'S PUZZLE The primals spell the name of a favorite book for girls; the initials the names of the gifted authors.

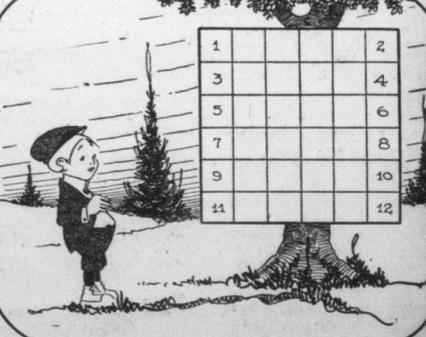
- 1. A hard glossy coating. 2. French for cake. 3. An island in the Pacific. 4. An English river. 5. A turret. 6. A lake in N. Y. State. 7. Slightly ill. 8. Pertaining to Austria-Hungary. 9. A color. 10. A jump. 11. Choice.

ANSWERS GENTS ALL—1. Co-GENT. 2. U-GENT. 3. Refut-GENT. 4. Strik-GENT. 5. Tan-GENT. 6. Pun-GENT. 7. Re-GENT. 8. AGENT.

BOOKLOVER'S PUZZLE 1. Enamel-L. 2. Indig-O. 3. Gato-O. 4. Hanc-O. 5. Thame-S. 6. Capot-A. 7. Onoid-A. 8. Unceel-L. 9. Slavie-C. 10. Indig-O. 11. N-ugge-T. 12. S-lect-T.

BIRD DIAGONAL P I I I O W S I D E S W A G E S B O R R O W R A I S I N

BIRD DIAGONALS BY WALTER WELLMAN



If you fill in the right words, the diagonals 1-12 and 2-11 will spell the names of two birds. 1-2. A pleasure excursion. 3-4. Used as a support for the head. 5-6. A seal. 7-8. Broadest. 9-10. To receive as a loan. 11-12. A dried grape.

The spider loses no time in getting to the side of his victim and throwing about him a net work of his threads which bind any insect fast.