



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



THE BOX FROM OVERSEAS

ON THAT wonderful day in November when word of the ending of fighting made everybody so happy, Edmund and Betty were very glad of all the happy children in Forest Glen School. They waited in the procession that paraded the city streets; they waved their hands and shouted and could hardly keep in the line correctly they felt so happy. For if the fighting was over, Edmund and Betty were sure that their brother Lynn would come home at last. Of course, he would! And with him home again, there would be peace and joyous evenings of stories and all the fun Lynn could make and which they had missed so much since he had been in the army.

But the day passed and Lynn didn't come home. Letters came though, letters full of news about the camp and about the little French boys and girls Lynn saw every day. Betty and Edmund read to hear about those children and their quiet polite ways. They had exchanged looks pictures with a few little folks that Lynn knew. Edmund and Betty were very well acquainted with them. And how glad they were that their big brother Lynn had gone over to France to help keep those very little children safe and in their homes!

And then one day, there came letters written after the signing of the armistice—the letters Betty and Edmund had been looking for. But there wasn't a word about Lynn's coming home—not a word! Down at the bottom of the letter, after he had told them all about the soldiers' celebration of the ending of the fighting, Lynn said, "But you folks mustn't look for me home for a while yet, you know. For our company is ordered into Germany. We're to have the big title of 'The American Army of Occupation'—some like for your big brother, eh, folks? And it means that some of us fellows are going to stay over here a while to see that everything is safe. So, since we're moving, I'm sending you home a box of odds and ends I've picked up and you can keep them for me till I get home."

Now, of course Betty and Edmund were disappointed to know their big brother wasn't coming home just yet, but they really couldn't feel very badly when they knew a box was on the way home. You know how that is yourself.

"Do you 'spect I'll have a German 'snub in it?" asked Edmund after the letter had been folded up and put away and there was plenty of time for talk. "I've always wanted to see a German 'snub."

"Hump!" granted practical Betty. "Do you suppose there's a German 'snub left anywhere? Why the Ger-

mans fired everyone they had before they gave up! And after a bomb's fired I guess there isn't much of it left to send home."

"Well," said Edmund, "I hope he spent a helmet anyway. I'd just love to show the boys a helmet, I would."

It was weeks before the box came. Weeks of anxious waiting and watching they were too for the children could think of a hundred things that might happen to that precious box as it took the long journey across the sea. Then one day as they were coming home from school what should they see in front of their house but an express wagon! It didn't take long to run the rest of the way home, you may be sure of that! And when they got there they found a great big box in the front room.

"Looks like from overseas," said the expressman.

"Yes," agreed Edmund, "it's from our brother Lynn. He sent it to us." But the children couldn't stop for talk. What they wanted was a hammer to open the box. Betty dashed off after it and Edmund, close at her heels, remembered the chest to pry the cover off easier.

With mother's help the box was soon open and such fun as it was to look at the wonders inside! There were helmets—two of them, one French and one German. There were gas masks—one of every one of the big countries that took part in the war. Lynn must have known that

folks would like to see the different makes. There were uniforms and swords and hats and caps and—well just most everything that a big soldier brother could think of to send home. And all so well packed that not a thing was broken.

Down in the very bottom, after they thought about everything was unpacked, Betty found what seemed to her the most interesting thing in the whole box—a queer looking black thing that mother said was a periscope. A trench periscope that the soldiers in the trenches used to see what the Germans were doing when it wasn't safe to stick their heads out and look.

The box was not more than unpacked before Betty, periscope in hand, ran out to the back yard and, safely hidden by some bushes, looked into the next door neighbor's yard. So great was her delight at being able to see that she forgot to be quiet. She called out in her loudest tones, "Oh, Billy! I can see you and Catherine! I can see you both!"

Of course, that brought Billy and Catherine running and they were as interested in seeing the wonders from overseas as Betty and Edmund had been.

"I tell you," said Billy when he had tried on the gas masks for about the tenth time, "I wish you could take these things to school. I just know all the fellows would like to see them."

"Yes, let's!" exclaimed Betty. "Think what fun it would be to look at our desk. Billy with this periscope and all the time he's seeing the things written on the top of the board!"

Of course, their teacher was happy to have the things brought and the children ran home at noon the next day full of plans for taking the box to school.

But when they rushed in to tell their mother they found that the box was gone! Gone and not a trace left! Bridget knew nothing about it; mother was nowhere to be found and the precious box was gone! It was a gloomy pair who tried to eat a bit of lunch and then slowly and disappointedly went back to school.

"Let's both go right up and tell her," said Edmund bravely. "Let's go tell teacher first and get it over with and then we can play till bell."

And wasn't he glad he went right up for there, right inside the door of their room was that box—their precious overseas box! And there was their mother, busy helping the teacher unpack.

"Did you have a scare?" asked Mrs. George when she saw their faces. "Well, I am sorry! But I suddenly had a chance to have the box brought here so I just came along with it and

didn't even stop to tell Bridget the delivery man was in such a rush. I knew you would want to bring it to school if you could get it here!"

"And what do you think we've planned?" interrupted the teacher happily. "We're going to have a show up in the assembly and you and Betty are to display the trophies your brother sent and every child in the school who, sometime this year, has earned a thrift stamp is welcome to come."

So as soon as school began, notices were sent to all the rooms and—would you have guessed it?—every child in that whole school building had earned the right to come!

As for Betty and Edmund, when they held up the trophies for every one to see they were the proudest, happiest brother and sister in all America.

There were helmets—two of them, one French and one German.

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AN OPEN WINTER



DON'T like this open winter, When we have no ice or snow; Gimme good old frosty weather, Let the nippin' north winds blow.

Then the streams an' ponds are covered With a solid sheet of ice, An' we skate for days together, Not a stinky once or twice.

Gimme snow an' plenty of it, Not these squalls that's worse than none— Why, here's spring just round the corner, An' we've had no coastin' fun.

Made no Snowman like we used to, Haven't rolled a single ball— Shucks! to me this kind of winter Ain't like winter time at all.

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THE STORY THE REDROSE TOLD

I AM an American Beauty rose. I first opened my wonderful red petals in a florist's show window among all sorts of cut flowers and green foliage. The place was cool and sweet-scented. Many persons bought roses from my vase. I wished to be taken, for I wanted to see the big wide world.

At noon that very day a little girl came into the store. She seemed frightened at first, but when the clerk asked her what she would like she replied, "I have just thirty cents. I want a

hear. At that moment I was happy, for Miss Collins exclaimed: "Oh, you sweet lovely thing!" Then she put me in a bud-vase in cool water and sat me where the breeze from the open window fanned my leaves.

The children were all surprised and pleased when they marched in and beheld me. "Oh!" they said as they went by. Then Mary danced in somehow. I did not like the way she pointed at me and next at herself.

At recess Mary asked Miss Collins if she might stay in and help up

fine red rose for my teacher."

I was delighted when the clerk picked me out of the vase, wrapped me in oil paper and gave me to the little girl. She was so excited that she almost forgot to leave the quarter and the nickel.

Then the little girl whisked along many streets and dashes up a flight of stairs into a school room; before I could catch my breath after the hurried trip, she had placed me in her teacher's hands.

Miss Collins, here's a beautiful rose for you."

"Thank you, Mary," the teacher feelingly declared, but the little girl had raced down the stairs and did not

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papers. The teacher looked surprised but shook her head. In the evening I noticed that Mary hung around the teacher before she got into the line of march. I did not like that; I wondered if Miss Collins did. Mary even ran back to turn me around and give me a pat.

When the children had gone, Miss Collins picked me up and carried me down stairs. At the door of another room she halted and looked in. The teacher was standing before a window while a rechartered girl was finishing a paper at a desk.

"Oh, Miss May," said Mary's instructor, holding me forward, "look what a little girl brought me today."

Isn't it perfectly exquisite!" "Lovely," exclaimed Miss May. "Let me smell it."

"But the sad part of it is," added Miss Collins, "that tomorrow is promotion day, and the girl that gave me the rose has been very naughty and lazy all term. She has told the other children she did not have to work in order to be promoted. Now at the last moment she becomes afraid and offers this beautiful flower as a bribe."

Miss May smiled knowingly, but I was very sad. Miss Collins continued: "I cannot promote the child. I am sorry she spent her money for this gift when I must disappoint her tomorrow."

"Irene," Miss Collins said to the little red-haired girl who had been talking to Miss May, "if I gave the rose to you what would you do with it?"

Irene's eyes sparkled. "Oh!" she said, "I know a little girl whose leg is broken and she's in bed all the time and can't play or go to school or any thing."

Miss Collins gave me to Irene and I was rushed away. But I heard Miss Collins tell Miss May:

"Tomorrow I shall speak to Mary. I shall tell her that a rose is too pure to be used for any but a noble purpose."

And that is how it happened I am now bringing joy to a poor little sick girl. How glad I am! If Mary learns well next term, I feel sure Miss Collins will promote her.

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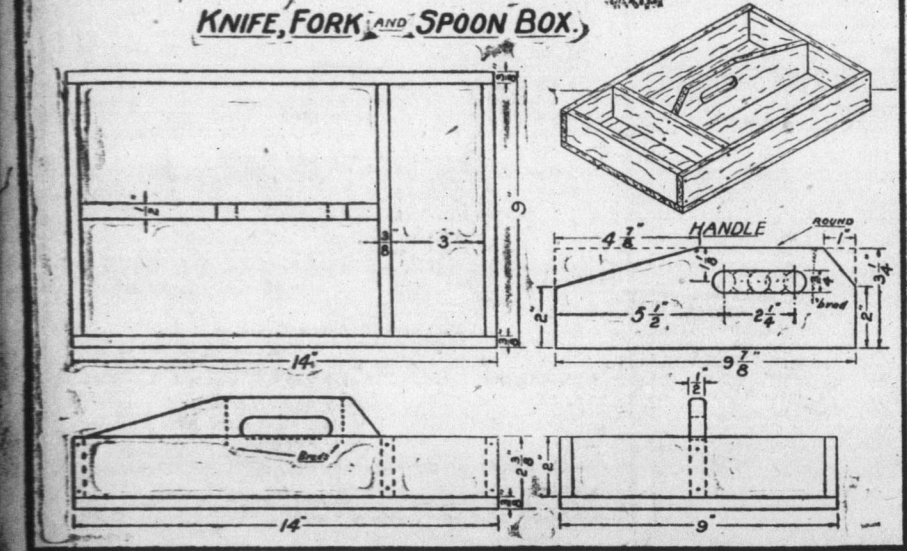
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TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR
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BOYS it is time to think of the summer camp whether you have a cottage of your own or go camping with the Scouts or some other organization. During the busy evenings and Saturdays begin planning for it by getting fishing tackle and other equipment ready.

Any boy who is at all mechanically inclined can make his own fishing tackle boxes, bobbers, special hook boxes, minnow pails and bait boxes.

He can also cast his own sinkers of shape of lead; this is simple and done by making a mould of clay or wood and pouring hot lead into it from an old long handled spoon in which it has been melted.

Home made hammocks made from barrel staves, springs and other necessary camp articles can be made and add greatly to the enjoyment of the camp.

Knives, forks and spoons are always handy things to find a suitable place for in a camp, especially where they will be used up little room and be kept clean.

With a box like the one shown in the drawing this problem will be solved unless Mother sees your knife box, in this case you will no doubt have to make two.

The box is very convenient for it has special compartments for each utensil. The knives, forks and spoons

can be washed, dried and put in their place in the box, ready to be carried to the table, thus saving the time of sorting and counting later.

Pine lumber from a good shoe box makes excellent material as it will take a good shellac or varnish finish.

To make the box it is advisable to first get out the sides, ends and partitions. They are $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick and 2" wide; the lengths can be learned from the drawing. The ends must all be sawed perfectly square as a piece of work never looks well when a butt joint is made leaving a crack.

After these parts are finished and carefully sanded, make the handle. It acts as a partition separating the knives and forks. The piece for the handle is thicker than the rest of the box, to give it additional strength. The handle is $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x $9\frac{1}{2}$ ", the parts indicated by the dotted lines are to be removed with a saw or chisel and finished with a plane.

Make the finger holes by boring five $\frac{3}{16}$ " holes on a line $1\frac{1}{4}$ " from the top edge of the handle. Hold the piece in a vise while boring so it cannot crack. Bore the two outer holes first, their centers are $2\frac{1}{4}$ " apart.

Smooth the sides of the finger hole with a knife or chisel. Drive a long band into the handle each side of the

finger hole. This will keep the handle from splitting. Round the top edges of the handle with sandpaper.

Begin assembling by fastening the partition and one end piece to the handle with 1" or $1\frac{1}{2}$ " brads, size 18 or 16.

Then fasten the sides and other end to the partition and end with the same size brads. The bottom should next be fitted to the box. One side might be left projecting a bit and dressed off after it had been braded in place, to assure a perfect fit.

The finished box can be finished with white shellac, varnish or enameled. If the wood is treated in some way it will be easier to keep clean than left in the natural.

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Puzzle Corner

EIGHT "ATES"

Each word ends in ATE

1. To reduce.
2. To distend.
3. To scold.
4. To transgress.
5. To reckon.
6. To put in order.
7. To imprison.
8. To banish.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND

1. In Mabel.
2. In the Psalm; a word signifying a musical pause.
3. A much talked of country in Europe.
4. To pollute.
5. A small dwelling.
6. In Mabel.

Each Of The Four Signs Represents A Forest Tree. Can You Guess Them.

A TREE PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN



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GOOD SAINT PATRICK

HERE are many legends about the good old saint of Ireland, who drove the snakes from the Emerald Isle. Some folks think that like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Patrick enticed the snakes to the edge of the bog or marsh in which they were swallowed up, by the means of weird music played upon a reed. Still others like to think that Patrick, by some clever trick, got all the snakes of Ireland into one large trunk, that he managed to close it despite some unmanageable tails that would persist in sticking out of the bulging trunk, and then threw the snakes, bag and baggage into the sea.

Not much outside of these fanciful

tales is known. Of the real Patrick we know that his mother and father were killed by the Druids, a religious band who lived in Ireland, and who worshiped images of stone and wood. For a time the boy, Patrick lived as best he could in hiding in the woods, where he was found by a band of pirates and sold as a slave to some merchants who were bound for France. There the story of Patrick ends for a time. Many years later he came to Ireland from the shores of France a venerable Priest with a few staunch followers. The old man was called Father Patrick, and much to the dismay of the Druids, he set out to preach the new religion of the Christian nations to the heathens of Ireland. Many wondered who the Priest could be that he would thrust aside all thought of himself and the hatred that he was bringing down upon his head from the hearts of the Irish Druids.

Then some of the older folks remembered the little Patrick who had been so wronged by the Druids long before, and thought that this must be the same Patrick returned to have revenge upon the idolatrous band. But no thought of revenge lived in the heart of Patrick. His one thought was to give to the people of Ireland the beautiful religion that he had come to believe and love while in France. Many of the people listened to his teachings and stories of his wonderful God, and were so impressed that they returned to their humble churches to tear down their wooden idols and build new altars to their new belief. But the Druids turned a deaf ear to Patrick, and tried in every way to cast doubt into the minds of his followers.

One evening as Patrick and a few of his faithful followers were going through a wood a storm arose and they were forced to take shelter under the trees for the night. It was bitter cold and the aged man suggested that wood be gathered to build a fire. "Oh, no," cried his companions drawing back. "No, no," we cannot do that.

"Pray tell me why," the old man asked. No one wished to speak and finally one man said: "Tomorrow is a festival day for the Druids and on this night may no fire be kindled else their Gods will