

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



Don't Sell the Old Clock
By William Macomber

THE old grandfather clock stood in the little bare hall. It was a tall dignified clock in a beautiful mahogany case, which made the woodwork of the little hall and narrow stairway look all the more shabby and cheap by contrast. Constance thought of this as she gazed at the shiny old wood, and little Pauline who sat on the last step of the stair said: "We got the old clock anyway, hasn't we?"

"Yes," Connie replied, "but we wouldn't have it if it wasn't for Great Grandpa Bennett's writing inside."

She opened the clock and looked in at the square of yellowed paper pasted in the back behind the pendulum. The ink on the paper was faded a rusty brown, but the writing was bold and clear.

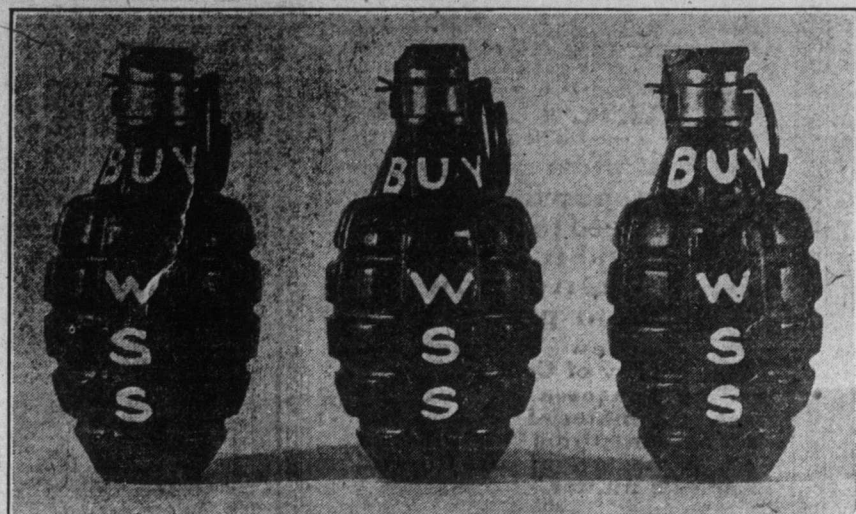
"Don't sell the old clock,"

Just then a door banged heavily and in stamped Edgar, throwing down his cap and wanting to know "how about eats." He had been working in his garden patch all the morning and was ravenous. A smell of Irish stew came from the kitchen where



"We Got The Old Clock Anyway, Hasn't We?"

Boys and Girls, Here is a Chance To Get a Real Hand Grenade



A COMPLETE change in the life work of a large number perfectly good hand grenades has been effected by the Savings Division of the Treasury Department. The grenades started out in life to spread death and destruction in the German Army, via the fighting units of the Yanks. The signing of the armistice halted them on their way. As a result they will work out their existence encouraging thrift among the school children of America.

The War Department was ready to sell the grenades, which were complete and ready for active service except for the charge of explosive which each one was designed to carry. The Savings Division, however, decided that the souvenir value of the grenades should not be lost.

The grenades will be transformed into savings banks which will hold pennies and dimes of school children throughout the country, who are saving to buy Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. They will be distributed by the Savings Division of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks. The Treasury Department has approved a plan whereby all children under ten years old who earn enough money during their summer vacation to buy a War Savings Stamp, and who submit to their teachers when school is resumed in the fall a story on how they earned the money will be entitled to receive a grenade bank. Children more than ten years old will be required to buy two stamps. Fifteen million of these hand grenades are available for transformation into savings banks, but the number to be distributed will be decided by the District Savings Directors.

In front of it after he'd wound it and say: "Well, we'll never sell the old clock!" said Edgar.

"Yes!" cried his mother. "And we never will unless our very lives depend on it. We have sold everything else, children, but we'll keep the old clock!"

Constance looked about the poor little room, the soap boxes used for chairs, her mother's battered old rocking chair and thought what a very great deal a hundred dollars could buy. Dinner was ready at last. Connie sliced the bread and put on a pitcher of milk, then she called Pauline. There was no answer.

"Pauline never comes when I call," Connie said impatiently.

Mrs. Bennett was the jolliest, rosiest and plumpest of mothers, with the bluest eyes and readiest smile and the best of tempers. She merely laughed at her daughter's crossness and went out to look for Pauline. "I'm getting real mean," Connie said a little ashamed. "But do you know why? It's because I keep looking at that old clock and thinking what a great big useless thing it is!

and how silly and out-of-place it looks in the hall and how much we need some money. Tick-tock, tick-tock! The very sound makes me tired!"

"You are out-of-sorts today!"

"I hear Mummy calling," Constance said listening. "She hasn't found Pauline yet. We'd better help."

"She must have dropped to sleep somewhere," said Edgar. "She always comes for Mummy."

They went out into the hall and Constance's eye fell on the clock. She noticed that the door was slightly ajar. She opened it and there stood Pauline inside.

"You naughty little thing!" cried Constance. "Didn't you hear us call?"

"Yes," said Pauline meekly. "New Pauline was only meek when she felt guilty. Her big brother and sister looked at her suspiciously. Then Edgar saw what she had done. She had torn Great Grandpa Bennett's writing off the back."

"Mummy will scold you for this," he said severely as he picked up the torn bits of paper scattered on the floor.

"But look!" cried Connie excitedly. "There's more writing underneath." Edgar took out his knife and carefully scraped away the old writing. Underneath in the same bold hand he read the words:

"One Thousand Dollars in the Strong Box."

"Lots of good that does us!" sighed Connie.

"Will Mummy be very mad at me?" pined Pauline meekly. "The floor got cracked too."

"Where?"

The chubby little finger pointed to the bottom of the clock.

"Oh dear, dear!" cried Connie. "Why did you ever do it?"

But Edgar was on his knees examining the broken case.

"There's something inside," he said in an excited voice. "It's hard and black. The clock must have a false bottom and something is hidden here."

Constance ran to the kitchen and got a knife, a can opener, a corkscrew and a screwdriver. Just then Mrs. Bennett came in looking worried.

"What is the matter, child?" she asked, watching her daughter.

A WISE TEACHER

Henry Ward Beecher — Born June 24, 1833

I DON'T know what is the matter with Polly Drake," pouted Sue. "She is the most uninteresting girl I ever talked to. Why we walked all the way home from school together today, and I was never so bored in all my life."

"What an awful confession," laughed Aunt Mary. "But I can't believe that Polly Drake was all together to blame. You are telling tales on yourself, as well as on your friend."

"I don't think I understand what you mean," stammered Sue, growing very red.

"Sit down, and I will tell you a little story," answered Aunt Mary, and Sue, who loved her Aunt's ever-interesting tales, settled herself to listen.

"One of the wisest teachers and best preachers that this country can boast of was Henry Ward Beecher, whose birthday occurs on the twenty-fourth of this month. The fame of the good man had spread far and wide, and every Sabbath day his church was filled to the doors with an enthusiastic congregation and visiting friends who flocked to hear the wise man's teachings. Now one Sunday there came to the church a preacher from a small town nearby, who had heard of the wonderful sermons that Beecher always gave and who had come to seek inspiration. With astonishment he looked around the crowded church. Not a head was nodding, not a soul was snoring, everybody was wide awake and all were listening attentively to their teacher's words. 'Surely,' thought the visiting preacher, 'there must be some secret in being able to attract and hold a congregation as



Henry Ward Beecher Listened In Silence.

shoulder he answered, "Before you stir up your congregation, my man, you must first wake up the preacher. Aunt Mary paused. "Oh, I know why you are telling me this story," cried Sue. "You think that before you look for things the matter with other people I should see what is the matter with me!"

"Just that," agreed Aunt Mary. "Perhaps you could wake Polly up and find her interesting if you would draw Sue up first so that she could draw the best out of Polly. Whenever I find myself wondering what is wrong with other folks I think of wise Henry Ward Beecher's words and try to 'wake up the preacher.'"

"It was a wise man," said Sue, going to try to follow his advice, and she did.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH COURT HOUSE—JUNE 28, 1778.

"WISH I was a boy," sighed Dolly, "girls never amount to anything anyhow."

"How can you say such a thing?" exclaimed mother. "Why women are doing more and more wonderful things every day."

"But I meant that I wanted to be a boy so I could fight it ever we have another war. Who ever heard of a girl amounting to anything in a real war?"

"How about Joan of Arc?" said Cousin Betty.

"Oh that was in France and ever so long ago, besides—"

"And Florence Nightingale," interrupted mother.

"But what girls ever did anything worthwhile in our history?" asked Dolly.

"I'll tell you about one," said mother. "Her name was Molly Pitcher. Molly was a young woman who loved her country and its cause above all

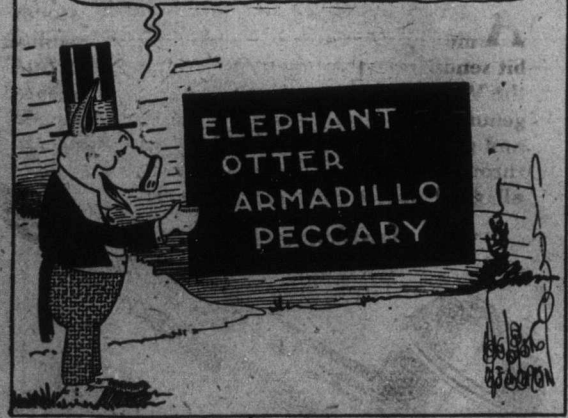
else. When the American Revolution was fought Molly's husband with many other young men of his town joined the American forces, and poor Molly left at home yearning to be with him and to help him and her country as well. But yearning serves no good end unless action accompanies it, and Molly Pitcher let no opportunity for service pass her by. When the Battle of Monmouth Court House was fought, Molly could stand the thought of her own uselessness no longer, so she went out onto the battlefield saying to herself: "Well, if I can't fight, at any rate I can help." The battle was fought in the summer on the twenty-eighth of June, a sizzling hot day. Molly did not have to be told what to do. With buckets of cold water she marched up and down the lines, braving the fire of the enemy guns and offered the cooling water to the parched and thirsty men. Dying men

blessed her as she came to their aid. Fighting men blessed her for the relief she brought them. Molly was ready for any emergency. Her husband was in charge of one of the large cannons. Often he had explained the workings of the machine to his wife during his hours of 'leave' and Molly had remembered all his words. An enemy shot and Molly's husband fell. What would the company do without their brave man at the cannon? Molly did not hesitate. She put aside her pail of water and stepped to the side of her husband's silent cannon. The men eyed her with wonder. Undismayed by the fury of the fight she kept at her post until the battle was over. Brave Molly Pitcher! The soldiers whispered her name with awe. It spread down the line and the fire of her valor with it. Finally General Washington heard of the brave woman who had so gallantly taken her husband's place at a critical moment, and Molly Pitcher was called before the great General to receive his praise. But more than that. Such bravery as hers was not to go unrewarded.

Puzzle Corner

ANIMAL PUZZLE

TAKE TWO CONSECUTIVE LETTERS FROM EACH OF THESE ANIMALS IN ORDER AND HAVE THE NAME OF A FIFTH ANIMAL.



BURIED BITS FOR SOLDIER'S KITS

1. Her husband, aged as he is, volunteered for service.
2. When I order a gown from Paquin, I never inquire the price.
3. We met them at Chester.
4. Don't trouble, Jenny has carfare.
5. When the bull came after us I jumped over the fence and Rob rushed after me.
6. Yes, we ate roast duck for dinner today.
7. American dynamite are the best in the world.
8. Where did you stop last Ernest?

FLORAL FRACTIONS—1. GE-n-eral, RAN-k, H-oly, UN-der, 2. HY-ens, AC-quit, 3. IN-fernal, HAM-mock, 4. CON-volescent, OL-ive, VUL-ture, US-A, ANIMAL PUZZLE—Antelope.

THE JUNIOR COOK

ICED TEA FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS

Put one heaping (teaspoonful) tea in the teapot.

Measure three cupfuls water and put into a small saucepan.

Bring to a boil.

As soon as water begins boiling pour it into the teapot.

Let stand till cool.

Put one cupful of this tea, six glassfuls of water, one cupful chopped ice and three thin slices of lemon into a pitcher.

Serve at once.

This is very refreshing in the middle of the afternoon and is not strong enough of tea to do harm to anyone.

This recipe makes two pitchers of tea—six glassfuls each.

band's place at a critical moment, and Molly Pitcher was called before the great General to receive his praise. But more than that. Such bravery as hers was not to go unrewarded.



She Offered The Cooling Water To The Thirsty Men.

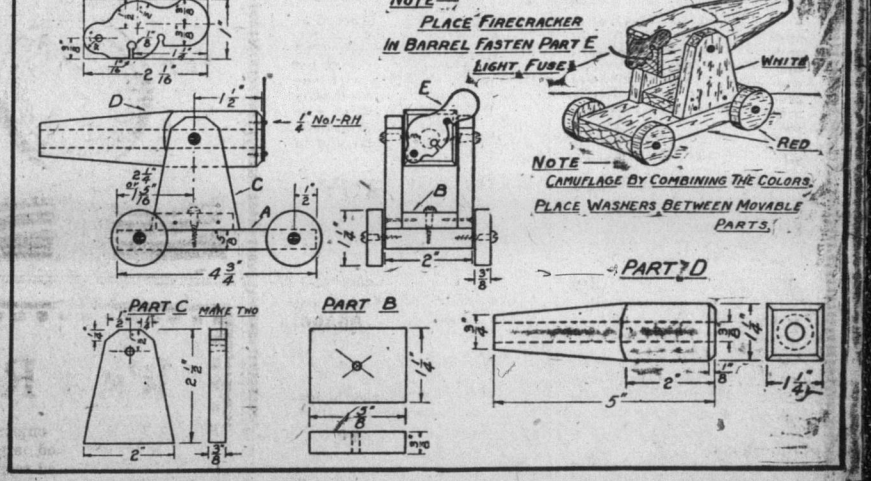
Molly Pitcher was given the rank of sergeant and commissioned as a fighting man in the American Army.

"Do you think that girls never amount to anything? That is what one brave woman did for America."

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT



BOYS, here is a real Fourth of July cannon that will do everything a war cannon will do except kill people, it will boom, shoot a projectile, belch forth flame and smoke and recoil if set on a smooth surface when fired. Besides doing all these things it has one big advantage it is not dangerous.

While this cannon is made of wood is not merely a toy to be drawn about by the little boys, but is enjoyed by the older boys and for any little fellow who is old enough to shoot a fire cracker it is a protection. Because ordinarily a firecracker is held in the hand not far from the face and eyes, but when shot in the cannon the fuse is the only part exposed and the barrel protects the eyes and hands from the sparks and flying parts of the cracker.

Start work on the cannon by making the floor of the car Part (A) it is $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 x $4\frac{1}{2}$. Next make the wheels, they can be cut from a piece of broom handle, or a stick whittled round with the jack knife. But if you can beg four wooden button moulds from Mother they will make the best wheels of all because they are nicely shaped and finished and have holes all bored for the screws.

Next make the mounting which consists of one piece of Part (B) and two of Part (C). Part (B) is a block $\frac{3}{4}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$. Draw diagonals from corner to corner to locate the center of the block and at this point bore a hole for the screw that pivots it to the floor of the car. For Part (C) square up two pieces $\frac{3}{4}$ x 2 x $2\frac{1}{2}$, draw a center line and from this line lay out the parts according to the detail drawing. Bore the holes and plane to the lay out lines.

Fasten Parts (B) and (C) together with one inch brads and then screw the mounting to the floor of the car. If it is desired to turn the mounting on the car locate the mounting in the center of the car although it looks well a little ahead of the center.

Square up a piece $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 for the barrel. Draw diagonals on each end to locate the centers and with a pencil compass or pair of dividers scribe a $\frac{1}{2}$ circle from the center just located on the front end or muzzle. Bore a $\frac{1}{4}$ hole about one inch deep into the back end or breech of the barrel, remove the bit and start from the opposite end and bore till the bit runs into the first hole bored. If the hole was bored half way from each end and did not meet as it should a

step would be left at the center of the barrel which might not allow the firecracker to pass out, while if the step is near the breech end of the barrel can be more easily remedied.

With a square and pencil draw all around the barrel two inches from the end and from this line to the circumference, round the barrel with a spoke knife or spoke shave. Chamfer the breech and muzzle. Fasten the barrel in place with $\frac{1}{4}$ No. 7 Round Head Screws.

Cut a piece of tin from a tin can and on it lay out Part (E) as shown by the detailed drawing. Cut with tin snips and file to line. Fasten to end of barrel with $\frac{1}{4}$ No. 1 Round Head Screws or cigar box nails so it will open and close over the hole easily.

Disassemble all parts except the mounting and paint as directed to the barrel blue, mounting white and end red. When dry assemble and draw small staple in the front end of the floor of the car to which to fasten string to draw the cannon.

Open the breech, insert a firecracker, leaving the fuse projecting through the hole in the tin Part (E) light the fuse and watch firecracker smoke and fire shoot from the muzzle of the gun.