

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



Don't Sell the Old Clock

By Aedine MacGillivray

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 dusted 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 heartily and in stamped Edgar, throwing down his cap and wanting to know "how about eat."

He had been working in his garden patch all the morning and was ravenous. A smell of Irish stew came from the kitchen where

Mrs. Bennett hummed a tune as she worked. Constance ran to help, as the old clock gravely tolled the hour.

"Mummy dear," said Constance, arranging the dishes on the plain kitchen table, "don't you think Great Grandpa Bennett was kind of silly to write that in the clock. How was he to know what was going to happen?"

"He left your grandfather well off, with a good farm and house," replied Mrs. Bennett.

"Well, Grandpa didn't need to sell the clock and neither did Uncle Harry," Constance said.

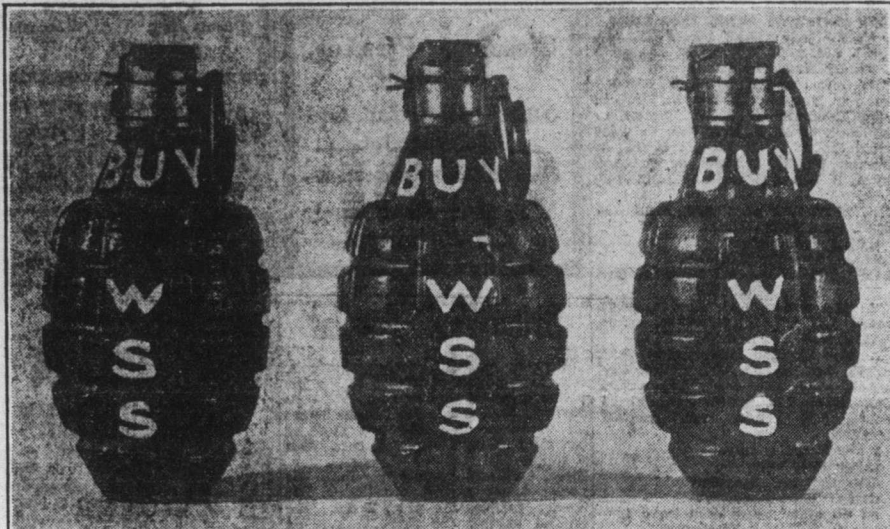
"And neither would we need to if Daddy was alive," put in Edgar. A sad little silence fell on the three and at last the mother said cheerily: "We don't need to sell the old clock yet, though it is nice to know that at any time I can sell the case alone for a hundred dollars. It's like having so much money in the house. We'll never sell the works, but if worst comes to worst there's always the case."

"Remember how Dad used to stand



"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 of 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 Stamp and War Savings Stamps. They will be distributed by the Savings Directors 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?" "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 at 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 would 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, easiest 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

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.

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 care.
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 dynamo's are the best in the world.
8. Where did you stop last Ernest.

FLORAL FRACTIONS

- 2-7 of an army officer.
- 3-4 of grade.
- 1-6 of a European country.
- 2-6 of a brownish color.
- 3-5 of an animal.
- 2-7 of to get.
- 3-8 of dauntless.
- 1-7 of a small elevation.
- 4-12 of recovering.
- 2-5 of a tree.
- 3-7 of a bird.
- 2-3 of custom.

BURIED BITS FOR SOLDIER'S KITS

1. Bandage.
2. Quinine.
3. Matches.
4. Soap.
5. Brush.
6. Sweater.
7. Candy.
8. Plaster.

FLORAL FRACTIONS

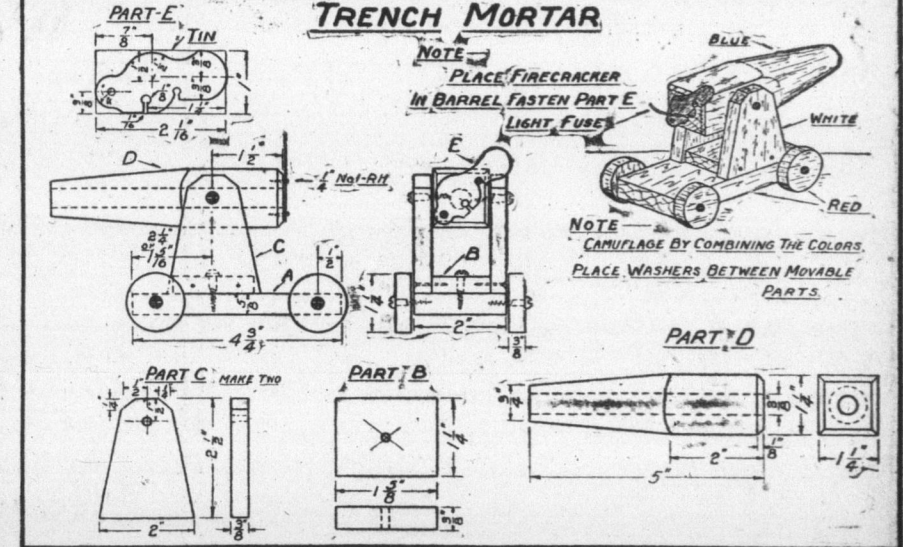
1. GE-n-ral.
2. L-e-n-y.
3. U-M-b-er.
4. H-Y-e-n-a.
5. A-C-quire.
6. I-N-T-repid.
7. H-u-m-m-ock.
8. C-O-N-V-alescent.
9. O-L-I-v-e.
10. V-U-L-ture.
11. U-S-E.

ANIMAL PUZZLE

ANTelope.

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE BY FRANK I. SOLAR

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



TRENCH MORTAR

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 it is not merely a toy to be drawn about by the little folks, but is enjoyed by the older boys and for any little fellow who is old enough to shoot a firecracker 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$. 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 get 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$. 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$, 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ for the barrel. Draw diagonals on each end to locate the centers and with a pencil compass or pair of dividers scribe a $\frac{1}{4}$ 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

A WISE TEACHER

Henry Ward Beecher — Born June 24, 1831

I DON'T know what is the matter with Polly Drake," pouted Sue. "She's 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 a 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—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 comes 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 answered, 'Before you can sit up your concentration, 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 I 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 wake Sue up first so 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.'

"He was a wise man," said Sue. "I'm going to try to follow his advice, too." 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 blazing 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

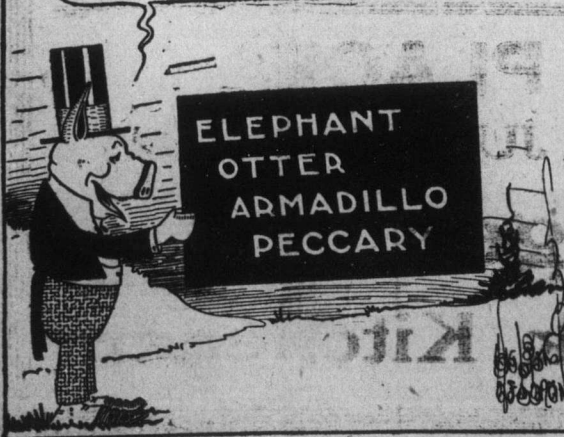
blessed her as she came to their aid. Fighting men blessed her for the relief she brought them. Molly was ready for any emergency. Her husband was in charge of one of the large cannons. Often he had explained the workings of the machine to his wife during his hours of 'leave' and Molly had remembered 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 pails 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 lines and the tale 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

BY WALTER WELLMAN

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



ELEPHANT
OTTER
ARMADILLO
PECCARY

ANIMAL PUZZLE

CONV-alescent, O-L-I-v-e, V-U-L-ture, U-S-E.

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."