



For the Young People



A Loaf of Bread

It was Saturday morning, which of course, means baking day. Jamie's mother had made a lovely cake, and while she frosted it with rich, chocolate icing, Jamie told her what he remembered about chocolate and cocoa.

Then she was ready to knead her bread, which by this time was light and fluffy in the big bowl. She sifted white flour from the sifter into the dough and worked and patted it into smooth, round loaves.

Jamie always helped on baking day, and made cunning little loaves from the piece of dough his mother always gave him for his very own. While they were both busily kneading their loaves, Jamie said, "Oh, mother, please tell me how flour is made?"

Jamie's mother always tried to tell him the things he asked about, so as she shaped the dough into loaves and greased the tops, she said, "Flour is made from grains of wheat. Wheat grows in almost every country in the world, although, of course, it grows better in some places than in others."

"Does Grandpa raise wheat on his farm, mother?"

"Oh, yes, lots of it! Some of it he plants in the fall, after all the other crops are gathered and it begins to grow before the cold weather comes. It does not freeze when the snow and ice cover it and is pretty and green all winter. It lies there quietly and does not grow much during the winter, but when the first warm days of spring come, it wakes up and grows as fast as it can. Then, early in the summer, when it is a golden brown, and each blade has a heavy head filled with tiny grains of wheat, he cuts it and stacks it up in the field to dry."

"This is called winter wheat—other wheat planted in the spring is called spring wheat. Then some day a big, noisy machine snorts into the barnyard, with lots of busy men, and the wheat is taken out of the stalks. The machine is called a threshing machine, and separating the wheat grains from the straw is called threshing. The wheat is packed into cloth bags, all ready to be taken to the mill to be made into flour, and a big pile of straw is left for little children to slide down."

Jamie laughed. "Oh, I did that once at Grandpa's, and it was such fun!"

"Well, some day Grandpa loads his wagon with the sacks of wheat and drives off to the flour mill, where the wheat will be made into flour."

"Long, long ago, flour, which really means fine meal, used to be made by putting a little grain—corn or oats or wheat—between two stones, and pounding it hard until it was ground fine. Every family made its own flour. I suspect that sometimes little boys like you helped to grind the grain, for it was not a hard thing to do—it just took a long time. How would you like to make all the flour that mother uses for bread and pie and cake?"

"Oh, that would be lots of fun!" Jamie cried.

"Well, after while the people got tired of making flour that way—I guess it was too much work—so some one invented a mill which was run by water. This kind of a mill was used a good many years and then some one else invented a wind mill. The wind turned the wheels of this mill. Then, finally, the machinery of the flour mill was turned by steam, and that is used now."

"A flour mill is a most interesting place to visit. The sweet smell of the grain, the whirring of the machinery, the busy millers, powdered with flour, from the tops of their white caps to the soles of their feet, the great piles of golden wheat, and the neat bags and barrels of flour make one wish to stay there all day and to learn to be a miller." "Oh, mother, let's go to see a flour mill, sometime!"

"Some day we shall," Jamie's mother promised. "And how surprised the miller will be if you can tell him something about how flour is made!"

"The first thing the miller does is to clean the wheat, for there are lots of other kinds of seeds, and dirt and stones mixed in with it, and if that were ground up with the wheat, the flour would not be good. So they have big fans, worked by machinery, to blow out the light stuff. The heavier impurities are washed out with water. Then, of course, the wheat must be dried. Sometimes it is not dried right away, but left damp for a while to ferment it, so that the outside husk of the grain will come off easily."

"A grain of wheat has several layers, and flour is made of the inside of the heart of the wheat. The outside of the grain is made of several layers or husks. These husks must be taken off the wheat very carefully by a special kind of machinery. Did you ever see Grandpa give his cows a bucket of brown stuff mixed with water, for their breakfast?"

"Yes," answered Jamie. "Bran meal," he called it."

"Well, bran is the outside husk of wheat, and is very good food for cattle. Now, next to the outer layers is a layer of gluten, the best food in the wheat, although the whitest flour does not contain very much of this gluten, and so is not as healthful as the flour that has lots of gluten in it. You have seen mother use Graham flour, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Graham flour has every bit of the wheat grain in it, husks and all. And whole wheat flour has had the husks taken off, but contains all of the good stuff."



A Big Pile of Straw is Left for Little Children to Slide Down.

gluten. And white flour, like we make bread and cake of, is made of the heart or starchy part of the wheat grain, with just a little of the gluten in it. You see this inside is made of many little pockets each one filled with starch, and that is what the miller tries to get at with all of his different kinds of machinery."

"Uh! Huh!"

"After the outside covering is taken off, the wheat is broken up into tiny bits. Then it is run through different sized sieves—do you know what a sieve is?"

"A strainer!" Jamie cried.

"Yes, a strainer covered with silk cloth—bolting cloth, it is called. The holes in the silk are of different sizes and the coarse bits of wheat cannot get through. The broken wheat is sifted and rolled between heavy rollers, over and over again, and the impurities are all taken out by machinery, called 'middlings,' and separated, and from these middlings the different grades of flour are made. The middlings are then run between the smooth rollers, which press it into

SHEDDING TEARS

Beneath a weeping willow tree
Stood little Mary Jane—
A big umbrella o'er her head,
Although there was no rain.

Why hold that umbrella up,
Inquired Willie Green,
There's not a drop of rain about,
Nor one cloud to be seen?

"O silly boy!" said Mary Jane,
"This weeping willow tree
Is shedding bitter tears, you know,
And they may fall on me!"



LITTLE STORIES OF THE GREAT WAR

SAW SOMETHING TO DO—AND DID IT.

HERE is a message straight from the battle which every boy grows up to manhood in the fact that a young Canadian Sergeant, H. A. Jarvis, of Winnipeg, has been awarded a distinguished conduct medal for gallantry in action—just because he saw something to do and did it without waiting to be told.

This is the way in which he modestly tells his story in a letter home: "That evening I was sent out on a very dangerous job. We had to dig a communicating trench out of another trench which had been taken by us from the Germans. It was to enable the men to go to and fro without being seen. I did not know where to go so I followed the men in front till they halted. When I got to the front I asked for the officer in charge, but no one knew where he was. There I was with sixty men with shovels and empty sand bags, and no one to show us what to do. I went ahead and came upon a place that had been blown to pieces, and another place where there was no trench. I went back and put it up to the men. I told them that we could do some good work, and asked them to help out. They were all out in the open about midnight, and although the enemy's rockets made the place look like day and though they were continually firing yet I had a charmed life. I walked backwards and forwards on a stretch of about one hundred yards, urging, cheering and encouraging the men. No one was hit.

"About 1 A. M. a captain of the engineers came along and wanted to know who was in charge, and they sent him to me. He started to get on to me about being in the wrong place. I told him it was not up to me and explained about being left with no instructions. He asked me who told me to dig the trench, and I told him no one. I thought it was

defiant and energetic. The nose resembling the beak of an eagle is the sign of an adventurous spirit, greedy for gain. The broad nose with spreading nostrils indicates great sensuality.



"Bang! Bang! And Then An Extra-Loud—Bang!"

and the nose which is furrowed reveals kindness and benevolence.

The fleshy, arched nose is indicative of a cruel, domineering nature, and is to be avoided when possible. The blunt, slender nose, indicates that its possessor is quick-witted, somewhat nose is claimed to be the mark of a feeble mind, even coarse in breeding; their owners are usually cheerful and gay, however. Pale noses show egotistic qualities, envious natures and cold-heartedness, but often great intelligence.

Bang! Bang! A Creepy Story

SOMETHING creepy!" laughed Big Sister, as Fredy and Mabel took their accustomed places on the floor to listen to a "story" before going to bed. "You want a creepy story tonight, eh? Well, well, it seems to me you two little rascals are always scared enough as it is when bedtime comes without having your imagination all stirred up by—"

"Aw, I ain't scared!" interrupted Fredy in scornful tones. "I just laugh at noises, I do!"

"You aren't? Why you know you are!" Mabel insisted.

"Huh! I don't put my head under the bed clothes like you do!" objected Fredy.

"Yes you do! Yes you do—I guess I can see!"

Fredy hesitated a moment, greatly embarrassed. "Well," he admitted finally, "I leave one ear out, anyway—and that's more than you do, 'Fraidy-cat!'"

Big Sister laughed. "Enough!" she declared. "How can I tell any story at all if you two quarrel about which one is the most scared? To tell the truth, both of you are. And also to tell the truth, you are both very foolish to be frightened at little noises when you are tucked snugly and safe-

"Now, Tommy wasn't a 'fraidy-cat.' And, after a long afternoon of romping in the fields and woods with Laddie, his fine Scotch collie, he was no sooner in bed than he was off in the Land of Nod. So, you see, he had but little opportunity to lie awake and stare in the dark and—imagine that the dross and one squeaky little noise he heard were all sorts of weird and horrible things.

"But one night, not long ago, he woke up suddenly out of a sound sleep. It was late, perhaps after midnight. Outside an owl was uttering his mournful cry and the night birds were croaking dimly.

"What had awakened him? Something—something, he knew. But what? Tommy lay so still that he seemed not to be breathing at all and—listened. Tick-tock-tick-tock, went the clock over on his bureau. Then, suddenly:

"Bang!—bang!—bangedy—bang—bang!"

Tommy sat bolt upright in bed. Yes, he knew now that it was that strange, awful banging which had awakened him. And it came from the side porch, right under his window.

"A burglar! There was no doubt about it—perhaps two of them! And it was an awful long distance to Papa and Mamma's room, even though it was right next to his! What should he do? What—?

"Bang! Bang! And then an extra loud—Bang! Poor Tommy. He wanted to yell, but just couldn't. Something seemed stuck tight in his throat. Very quietly and, oh, so slowly, he moved one foot until it hung out over the edge of the bed. Then the other foot. And then, as noiselessly as an eel in water he glided out of bed and tip-toed across to the open door to his parents room.

"And just as he reached it, came that awful banging again. Tommy screamed and rushed into the room. 'Burglars! Papa! Burglars!' he yelled. 'Listen!'

"Papa woke up instantly. 'What's all this? What's the matter, Tommy?' he demanded. 'So Tommy repeated his warning. And right then came a loud series of those awful 'Bangs!'

"But Papa, sleepy though he was, threw back his head and laughed. 'Burglars?' he said. 'So you think that burglars tearing the house down, eh? Go back to bed, son. It's nothing but Laddie scratching fleas off himself. He's lying on the side porch, and every time he scratches with a hind foot he hits the floor of the porch. Watch him tomorrow and you'll see him do it a hundred times. Burglars! Ah, no, son, you may be certain burglars wouldn't make that much noise!'

"So now, you see, children," concluded Big Sister, "what Tommy's imagination did for him. The idea—thinking that a dog scratching fleas was a burglar! I think, Fredy, you'll be perfectly safe tonight if you leave the other ear out! And as for you, Mabel, you'll smother to death one of these nights if you pull the covers all the way over your head as you have been doing!"

TABBY-CATS.

Many of you own Tabby-Cats. Do any of you know from what the name "Tabby-Cat" is derived? Tabby herself is unconscious that her name comes from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad. This street is inhabited by the manufacturers of the silken stuff called Atab. The wavy markings of the watered silk made by these people resembles pussy's coat.



Solution to Apple and Pear Puzzle.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

HIDDEN TREES.

- When interviewing the chief, I recalled my father's advice.
- Without further ado, a knot was tied.
- We were told to help Alma all we could.
- Grace darted forward, unafraid.
- We placed a tulip in each person's hand.

WORD SQUARE.

My first is where the family wash is hung.
My second is enclosed space.
My third is not in front.
My fourth is what mother will do to the socks.

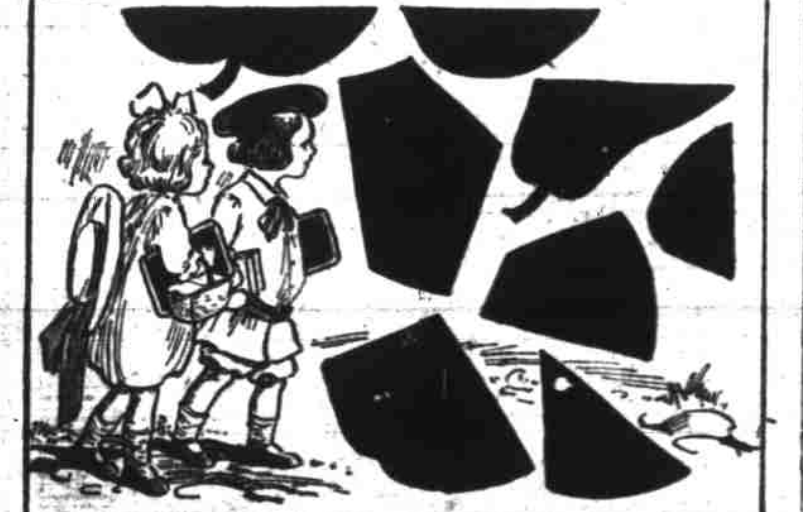
Answers.

HIDDEN TREES: 1. Fir. 2. Oak. 3. Palm. 4. Cedar. 5. Pine.

WORD SQUARE:

YARD
AREA
REAR
DARN

APPLE AND PEAR PUZZLE.



Vanillon is over, and little Johnny and his sister are on their way to school next morn'. Their lunch basket contains, among other good things, a large apple for Johnny and a pear for his sister.

See if you can find them by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.

Back To School

IN the spring we hear the expression "Back to Nature." In the early fall we hear "Back to School!"

Some very queer mistakes have been found on school children's test papers. Here are a few blunders culled from a teacher's record-book.

"A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optimist; and a man who looks on the dark side of life is called a pianist."

"An optimist is one who attends to the eyes, while a pessimist is one who looks after the feet."

"The names of five Shakespearean plays are: Macbeth, Mikado, Quo Vadis, San-Toy, and the Sign of the Cross."

"Shakespeare was a great writer who he used too many familiar quotations."

"Milton's chief work was to lose Paradise. He also wrote a sensible poem called the 'Cantebury Tales.' They were too sensible to bury, for they still live."

"You ask what I know about Dryden and Pope. At first they were friends, when one day they became contemporaries."

"The three most important Feudal dues were Friendship, Courtship and Marriage."

"You want to know where the Kings of England were crowned. On their heads."

"The chief clause in the Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death or be imprisoned without his own consent."

"The principal products of Kent are Archbishop of Cantebury."

"Alexander the Great was born in the absence of his parents."

"Edward the Third would have been King of France if his mother had been a man."

"My favorite character in English History was Henry VIII because he had six wives and killed them all."

"It was said of William Rufus that 'The sever smiled again.' He did this after he was shot by an arrow with an apple on his head."



He Asked Me Who Told Me To Dig The Trench.

needed no dug it. He said he would like to see what I had done. I showed him and he said 'Splendid! You have done fine. What is your name?' I made a note of it and told me if I had not done as I had, the boys in front would have been cut off. They would have been unable to bring out their wounded or take rations in to the men across one hundred yards of open ground and the Germans only three hundred yards away. The snipers continually watch all weak places like that. I was pleased with the way he spoke. They say it means I shall get the Distinguished Conduct Medal—next to the V. C. I had no idea I was doing anything great."

Character in the Nose

THE nose plays an important part in character reading, according to those who make a study of the art. There are, of course, exceptions to the rules, but they are the exceptions that prove the generality of the rule. The long nose is agreed to be a sign of power, and even of genius. The straight nose is claimed to indicate a just mind, serious, ju-

THE GOOSE GIRL

THIS is little Gretel. She lives in Holland—the land of dykes and windmills, you remember—and she is a goose girl. No, no, that doesn't mean that she is a "goose," but simply that she tends to geese during the day while they are feeding in the soft, sweet marsh lands. Her father is very proud of his geese and, indeed, they are a very important part of the family's income each year.



Her Costume Suits Her Exactly.

What is so good to eat as a sleek, fat goose nicely cooked!

Awkward creatures they are, with nothing of the grace of the swan; and they are such silly things! Notice Gretel's wooden shoes, and see how she stumps along in them. Why, bless us, Gretel looks almost as awkward as the geese she is driving, doesn't she!

Also please note her queer head-dress—of which she is very proud, for it is as starched and stiff and white as the bosom of your Papa's shirt. And see the queer, old-time skirt and little jacket she is wearing. By all

THE STAR

BINKING star, up in the sky,
Do you wink star, can you tell why?
You look down so silently
On the sleeping earth and me?

I am wide awake tonight
So I love to see your light
Blinking, winking in the sky
While I lie here, wondering why.

When I close my eyes in sleep,
Do you still your vigil keep,
Or do you, too, close your eye
And then slumber in the sky?

Star, where you are, far away,
Is it night or is it day?
Blinking, winking star, still shine
While I dream that you are mine.

