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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME XXXVI.

PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1908, TO APRIL, 1909.

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXVI.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1908, TO APRIL, 1909.





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# St. Nicholas

## For 1909

THE new volume of ST. NICHOLAS, which begins with the November number, will offer to its young readers a most attractive list of serial features. One of these will be a unique and wonderfully illustrated series of humorous rhymes entitled

### “WHEN I GROW UP”

By W. W. DENSLOW



The series will set forth in amusing form the “day dreams” of an American youngster, as to the wonderful things which he will achieve in his grown up days, as an Admiral, or a Soldier, or an Orator, or a Hunter, etc., and each “day dream” will be illustrated, not only with *two*

#### FULL-PAGE PICTURES IN COLOR

but, in addition to these, with numerous clever Denslow drawings in black and white. The text is natural, boylike, and amusing, and the pictures are inimitable in fun and of surpassing merit artistically. Of all the artists who have made illustrations for young folk, there is probably no other who combines in equal degree with Mr. Denslow the gifts of abounding humor, bold and masterly skill in drawing, and a genius for decorative effect.

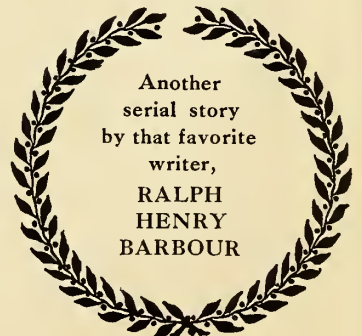
His fame was long ago established by his drawings for “The Wizard of Oz,” and his color books for children, such as “Father Goose,” “The House that Jack Built,” “Humpty Dumpty,” etc. But this series, as he himself declares, represents the best work that he has ever done, and therefore justifies the heavy expense involved, and the great outlay which the Publishers have bestowed upon it. It cannot fail to win wide popularity.

Another important contribution is the serial story

### “CAPTAIN CHUB”

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

This story will fitly round out the “Ferry Hill Series” which Mr. Barbour has written especially for this Magazine, and will end it in a blaze of glory. For, popular as the trio, “Dick,” “Harry,” and “Roy” are, there can be no doubt that the clever and care-free “Chub” Eaton, with his good humor and his keen wit, is really the most popular of all. Hitherto he has played only a subordinate part, and it is only fair, now, that he should occupy the center of the stage as the leading character. Mr. Barbour has given him the rôle of hero for the next twelvemonth and the story also chronicles more important happenings than any of the other tales. No admirer of those stories should miss reading “Captain Chub.”



ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1909—Continued

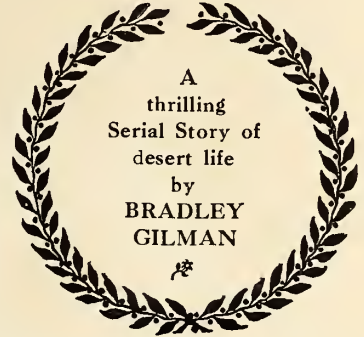
Another serial of absorbing interest to boys is a story of adventure entitled

## "A SON OF THE DESERT"

By **BRADLEY GILMAN**

The scene of the story is laid in Egypt, and the hero, after being befriended by a young American boy, repays his obligation in a thrilling manner. The story teems with interesting incidents and stirring description, including an account of a terrific sand storm, and a capture by brigands who are outwitted by an explosion of dynamite, and a subterranean escape.

Mr. Gilman was a classmate of President Roosevelt at Harvard, and this story took shape in his mind during a recent visit to Egypt, in which he had special opportunities for becoming acquainted with many places and features of the country that are not open to the ordinary tourist. He has written a story which deserves to rank with the best work of Henty and Mayne Reid in sustained interest and a succession of stirring adventures.



The Magazine will also offer to girl readers a delightful and spirited serial story entitled

## "THE LASS OF THE SILVER SWORD"

By **MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS**

Author of "Elinor Arden" and other tales. Though it bears a romantic title, the story deals with American girl life, in most entertaining fashion.

Opening with a basket-ball game and the formation of a league or society in a girls' school, the action is speedily transferred to a girls' camp in the Adirondacks, where a fascinating variety of sports and adventures leads to a culmination of intense power and interest. The two leading characters, Jean Lennox and Carol Armstrong, will win the hearts of girl readers everywhere.

Another series aimed directly at youngsters from six to twelve, is a set of "storiottes," called "DOCTOR DADDIMAN'S STORIES." The originality and humor of these whimsical little tales will charm the whole household.

On the practical side, also, there will be serial contributions that will appeal strongly to both boys and girls. One of these,

## "The Art of Conjuring"

By **HENRY HATTON**

will not only explain many of the leading tricks performed by conjurers on the stage, but will also give directions, bringing these sleight-of-hand wonders within the range of Parlor Magic, and enabling boys to perform the same tricks themselves.

Mr. Hatton was for several years a public performer and is well known as one of the most expert conjurers of the day.





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ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1909—Continued

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A companion series of a very different sort is intended for girls, and will consist of two pages each month devoted to

### **“The Cozy Cooking Club”**

By **CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN**

The “cooking” will be hardly more than play, for the recipes will be of the simplest kind and given in easy rhyme (with, of course, a brief prose list of ingredients). Moreover, the things to be “cooked,” are simple dainties specially appropriate to the season. For instance, in November, “GOODIES FOR NUT-CRACK NIGHT” including “Mock-nut Wafers, Nut Syllabub, Hallowe’en Fudge.” Each month of the year will thus have its own menu, and the girls will find its preparation only fun, but with a delicious reward.

### **Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett**

will contribute a “Queen Silverbell” story

### **“THE SPRING CLEANING**

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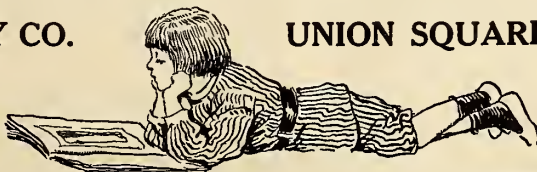
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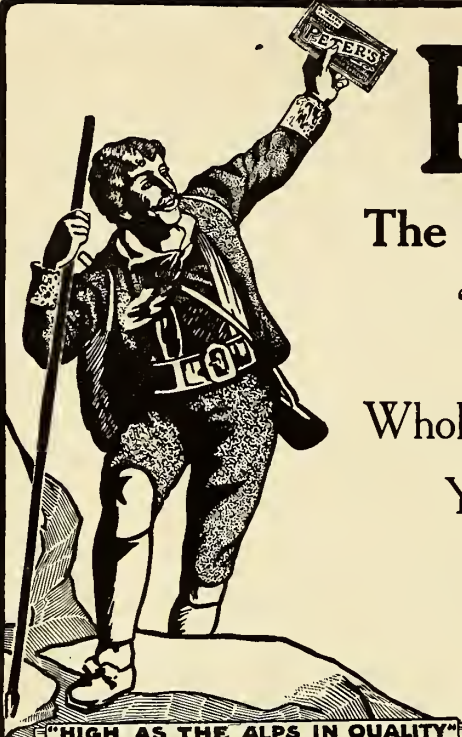
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# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVI

NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 1

## A SON OF THE DESERT

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

### CHAPTER I

#### "BETTER THAN FOOT-BALL"

It is not very good fun for a boy of fifteen to sit at a window and watch other boys play foot-ball; if he has any spirit in him he longs to go and take a hand in the sport; but if the doctor has warned him solemnly not to go out unless the sun is shining, he would do well to heed the warning, and restrain his impatience as best he can, and get what little fun he may from watching the game. But it was only natural, I admit, that impatient Ted Leslie should be drumming restlessly upon the window-pane.

Ted's home was in Lexington, Massachusetts, a few miles north of Boston; but he was living in lodgings, for a few months, with his father in that quarter of London known as Hampstead.

Just at the point where Ted thought he could not possibly stay in any longer, the door of the library opened, and his father entered.

One glance through the window, and another at his pale hollow-eyed boy, and Colonel Leslie grasped the situation. He went over toward the open wood fire, backed up to it in a comfortable position and remarked: "I wonder if there is anybody around here who would like to take a trip to Egypt?"

He looked steadily at the rug under his feet as he spoke, as if he were studying its texture; but a twinkle was in his eyes, and a smile played about the corners of his mouth.

Ted Leslie drew a long breath, glanced at his father, and quite forgot about his youthful

friends and their game of foot-ball outside. The two were more like older and younger brothers than like father and son. Ted's mother had died, years before, and the Colonel had drawn very close to his boy, and had taken him frequently on journeys in Europe.

Ted rose slowly, still keeping his inquiring gaze fixed upon his father, and came over to the fireplace. He walked insecurely: evidently he was recovering from a serious illness. He took hold of the lapels of his father's loose coat, and asked, with a mischievous air of scolding authority: "What is the meaning of that remark? Come, out with it, sir."

Colonel Leslie's face now changed to a more serious expression. He took his boy's thin hands in both his own and said: "Well, this is what I mean, Ted. My old friend, General Hewatt, who is stationed at Cairo, has been home for a furlough; I met him last week at the Army and Navy Club, where, as you know, I have a non-resident membership. He is to return to his post in Egypt next week. Now, it occurred to me," here the quizzical expression came back to his kind face, "that if you happened to know a young fellow of about your size, a young fellow, I say, who has been having a rather hard run of illness, and so needs a warmer, drier climate than London offers,—well, you might say to such a young chap that General Hewatt is willing to pilot him to Egypt, and entertain him there for a few months, until the extremely hot weather comes on."

Ted Leslie's face began to tinge with red, and

he felt his heart thumping with eagerness. "I'd like to go!" he broke out. "By jingo, I would!"

"Well, Ted, my lad, your health is of the utmost importance to me, and the climate in and around Cairo will be just right for you, during the next three months. So I think you might write a letter to your cousin Bob Laurie, in Boston, to tell him the scheme, and let him alter his plan about coming over, if he needs to do so."

Ted Leslie's face was flushed and his hands were moist with excitement. His watchful father observed this, and at that moment the sun began to break through the heavy enveloping London fog. So Colonel Leslie said: "Come, Ted, let's go for a drive in the park."

The two were soon in the Colonel's dog-cart, rolling along the level roads of Hyde Park, "talking things over," and more calmly planning for Ted's journey. "I like General Hewatt very much," he remarked, "or I would n't quite care to go so far away with him."

"The General is, you know, a brave soldier, a veteran of the wars in India and Afghanistan, and he is just now commandant of a large prison near Cairo. You will have to obey him better than you do me, my boy, or he will lock you up" said Colonel Leslie.

Ted answered with a pinch of his father's arm, and asked: "When do we start, Daddy?"

A slight clouding of the loving father's face was unnoticed by the lad, as the Colonel responded: "Early next week, Ted. That is rather short notice, for to-day is Thursday; but I think we can fit you out, and—and you will have a fine holiday, and you will come back wonderfully recruited in strength and health."

Ted drew close to his father, as he thought of the impending separation, and his heart was not altogether joyful. He knew—for he was a thoughtful lad—that hard as such a parting would be to himself, it would be even harder for his father; and he realized that only a parent's intense anxiety about his boy's health would have led him to suggest and arrange such a journey and so long an absence.

After an hour's drive, Colonel Leslie returned, by way of Piccadilly, to the Army and Navy Stores, where he produced a list, already carefully drawn up, of articles which Ted would need. This list was lengthened by the lad's suggestions, and Ted soon lost his mood of depression in the excitement of the purchasing. Then they drove back to their lodgings in Hampstead, and Ted returned to the big chair by the window. But he did not notice that the game of foot-ball, outside, had ceased; for he had now abundant cause for eager, joyous anticipation.

## CHAPTER II

### OFF FOR EGYPT

"TAKE good care of him, General!" was Colonel Leslie's last injunction, as he parted from his faithful old friend, General Hewatt, and from Ted, at the wharf. "Treat him exactly as if he were your own son! And I trust that he will prove no discredit to either you or myself." Then Colonel Leslie walked briskly but with a lonely heart up the landing-stage, and disappeared in the crowd.

Ted subdued, as best he could, the swelling emotions of his warm young heart, and tried to take an interest in the final preparations which were going on upon the great P. & O. steamship which was to be his home for the next fortnight.

He felt the greatest confidence in General Hewatt, of the British army, his father's intimate and trusted friend; and the grizzled old veteran, with his scarred, resolute face and clear gray eyes, was indeed a man to be trusted.

After stowing away their luggage in the smallest space and the most orderly manner, the two fellow-voyagers went on deck, and found that the great steamship was already well down the river and her decks were assuming a snug, orderly appearance. Ted glanced about him at the other passengers, and tried to judge their characters and guess their destinations. Several military-looking men were walking up and down the promenade deck; they were probably returning to posts in India, going by way of the Suez Canal. A few women also were visible, most of them seeming rather forlorn, and inclined more to talk of "old England" than of India or Australia.

In due time Ted came to know most of the passengers. General Hewatt found two or three old army friends, and introductions were in order.

The days passed pleasantly. The staunch old P. & O. steamer ploughed her way down through the Bay of Biscay, entered the Strait of Gibraltar, and pushed on and on over that vast inland ocean, the Mediterranean Sea. Ted had been over the route, in part, once before, so that the lighthouses and "old Gib" were familiar landmarks to him.

As the steamship drew near Alexandria, where General Hewatt and his ward were to disembark, Ted was struck by the low, flat character of the land. There were no lofty rose-tinted, blue-veiled mountain ranges to catch the eye, twenty miles away, as in Spain and along the African coast near the strait; indeed, no land whatever was visible until after the lighthouse, at the en-



trance of Alexandria Harbor, had been discerned above the blue ocean for half an hour. Then gradually came into view a flat, yellow shore and the white walls of the city itself, with the Khedive's seashore palace, most prominent and pleasing of all the buildings.

Ted had been slowly gaining in strength, day by day, and his interest was now greatly aroused

few phrases, such as "Tah-la henna! (Come here!)" and "Imshi ruh! (Go away!)"

His stock of words grew rapidly in numbers; and, after the steamer had entered the harbor, and when the native boatmen, in red shirts and blue shirts, and many-colored turbans, and red tarbooshes, and dirty, baggy knee-breeches and bare legs,—when these fellows, at the giving of



TED AND THE DONKEY-BOYS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

in the Land of the Nile which lay before them. He had brought with him two or three books on Egypt, among which, of course, was a guide-book. He had read industriously, during the voyage, and had tried his hand, or, rather, his tongue, at a few Arabic words and phrases. He found the language much harder to pronounce than French or German; some of the words had harsh, guttural sounds not only at the ends, like many German words, but at the beginning also and even in the middle. Nevertheless, he tried to learn the first ten numbers, and memorized a

signal, swarmed up from their rowboats to the steamer's deck, he was really able to help himself with them, nicely, by a judicious use of the Arabic he had gained. As for General Hewatt, he was quite at home now; he spoke Arabic fluently, having learned it thoroughly after he was forty years old.

So General Hewatt strolled leisurely with him about the fascinating lanes and byways of the famous city of Cleopatra; and the picturesque costumes and the strange customs were an endless source of delight; and Ted was fortunate,

indeed, in having for a companion a person of such experience and judgment as his father's old friend. General Hewatt was as good as a walking guide-book, and, in fact, very much better. He knew all that Baedeker knew, and much more.

The sight-seeing hours of the two days in Alexandria passed swiftly. Ted took good long nights of sleep, and evidently was none the worse for his strolls about the city. And on the third day the two companions, now becoming very close friends despite the difference in their ages, set out for Cairo.

When they reached there, our friends debated a little as to what hotel they would choose. General Hewatt wished to remain a few days in the city to attend to some official business, before going fifteen miles out of the city to the great prison of Tourah, of which he was commandant. "Once," said he, "there was only one well-known and well-kept hotel here in Cairo; that was Shephard's, made famous by all the books of Egyptian travel; but now there are several others, equally good. Yet to me the old hotel is still the social center, the real rendezvous of tourists, in all the city." So to Shephard's they went; and Ted soon found no end of entertainment in sitting upon the low terrace in front of the famous hotel and watching the various types and races included in the throngs which passed on the sidewalk.

There were venders of all sorts of knick-knacks, exhumed images and coins, and brilliant draperies and rich rugs. To Shephard's also came all the sidewalk acrobats and jugglers and snake-charmers. The whole day, during the season, from November to April, is like a variety-show, and is admirably adapted to the needs of people, invalids like our young friend Ted, who wish to sit in the balmy open air and be amused.

Ted restrained his eager curiosity, on the whole, fairly well. The lad had splendid control of himself, as a rule; but one day he sauntered over to the Ezbekiah Garden, a few rods away, where were gathered scores of donkey-boys, awaiting patrons; coarse, bold fellows they were, of the fellaheen class, and they accosted every passer-by with vigor, and noisily sounded the praises of their various donkeys. "Here you are! Here 's Mark Twain! Here 's General Grant! Here 's a good donkey, Mary Anderson!" And so on, evidently having taken the names of their beasts from celebrities who had formerly visited Cairo.

If left to themselves, these rough fellows, sixteen to twenty years old, do no more than proclaim the merits of their "mounts"; but woe to

any tourist who, unsupported by a native dragoman or guide, shows an inclination to select one of the donkeys; the donkey-boys crowd upon him, pushing and abusing one another, with great discomfort and even danger to the tourist. It is always best to have your dragoman engage your donkey for you, and this was what Ted should have done. But thoughtlessly he went across to the disorderly mob of donkey-boys and asked "Bee-kam? (How much?)"

In an instant the whole mass of donkeys and donkey-boys surged toward him, and brown arms and harsh voices were raised in fierce competition.

So bent were they all upon getting near this possible patron that they pushed violently, and kicked one another; and those behind crowded those in front; so that in a moment or two Ted was rudely hustled about and nearly deafened by the noise.

He backed against the high iron fence which surrounds the Ezbekiah, and motioned the fellows to keep away. "Imshi! Imshi, ruh!" he cried. But his voice was drowned in the tumult. The rapacious donkey-boys acted like a gang of jackals around a wounded camel left on the caravan-route.

Then Ted became angry; first surprised, then annoyed; then very angry. And with a sudden access of his old-time spirit and strength, he shot out his right fist and then his left, and he struck the dirty, ugly brown faces with all his force.

That was exactly the proper course to pursue, as General Hewatt afterward told him; the donkey-boys of Cairo are not much above the level of beasts, and the only way to deal with them is to mete out strict justice.

Ted's vigorous attack proved efficacious. How many ugly, insolent faces he struck he knew not; the fellows who were hit made no attempt to hit back; they knew too well that they were in the wrong, and they pushed away from the active fists of the pale young traveler with the greatest alacrity. And Ted, now feeling the reaction coming upon his over-taxed nerves, clung for support to the iron fence.

Luckily, a fellow-tourist who had noticed him at Shephard's was at that moment passing; and he hurried the lad into his carriage, and carried him across to the hotel, where the General found him, an hour later, feeling weak, but not seriously harmed.

There were so many matters which General Hewatt needed to attend to, after his absence in England, and there was so much that Ted wished to see in Cairo, that the General put the lad in



charge of a fellow-officer, and told him to stay at Shephard's a month, before coming out to take up his quarters at Tourah.

Lieutenant Whitmore, the officer thus intrusted with Ted's sight-seeing, was an excellent fellow, of about twenty-eight, a good type of the British army man; and the two became the best of friends. They visited the dancing dervishes, and the ostrich-farm, and a dozen other interesting places. Ted was especially delighted with the ostriches. There were hundreds of them, in pens, assorted according to age; and he laughingly told Lieutenant Whitmore that he had half a mind to try and mount one of the great creatures and have a spin out over the desert.

With the passing of the days in moderate sight-seeing, and with plenty of sleep and good food, Ted gained steadily in strength and weight. He found the mild, dry climate good for his sensitive throat and lungs, and the cough which had troubled him for several months perceptibly diminished. The lad read all the books on Egypt, ancient and modern, which he could find; and he made surprising progress in learning Arabic; not that he expected to master the language, but he acquired much more than what Lieutenant Whitmore called "kitchen Arabic"—Arabic which will enable a European to manage his marketing and housekeeping. He was able, ere long, to carry on quite a conversation in the Egyptian tongue.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE PRISON AT TOURAH

THERE was nothing in Tourah but the prison; the prison was Tourah: a half dozen four-story stone buildings, set in a vast rectangular inclosure of white glaring stone wall, twenty feet high and four feet thick; upon this wall black sentinels in khaki, with loaded rifles, ceaselessly patrolled, proud of their official importance, heedless of the hot rays of the sun, ready and even eager to meet any attempt at escape, with a ball from their Remingtons. The expanse of cloudless sky above was matched by the expanse of hot brown and red sand below.

Tourah was a place not usually sought by tourists; the very railway trains, which stopped at the station near-by, seemed to creep up to it reluctantly, and, when leaving, appeared to hurry, that they might the sooner pass beyond the zone of scorching heat. Within the vast inclosure distrust was the watchword; distrust on the part of surly, malicious men who had broken the laws of the land; and distrust on the part of stern, self-reliant men who were there to enforce the mandates of the law. A taciturn place, where

the silence was broken by no cheery song or laugh, but solely by the muffled throb of the engines in the low stone building by the west wall, and by the curt "click, click, click," from the hammers of the convicts, who cut the nummulite limestone hewn from the quarries.

To Ted's fanciful mind it seemed as if a human eye, looking down upon it from some point in the sky, a half mile above, might have likened Tourah prison to a great octopus, with long metallic tentacles stretching out, the one toward Cairo, the other toward Helouan, the railway terminus, and with numerous smaller tentacles of roads and paths and dykes, radiating from the great shapeless central bulk, with its scores of eyes, the unwinking eyes of its grated windows. A huge moral desolation it was, rooted firmly in the physical desolation of the Arabian desert.

And yet, to the observant person, there were many things beside the stern old prison, and Ted soon found them out. From a position on the "swell" of the parade-ground one could look over the high stone wall which inclosed the total prison area; down the slope of land, on the west, the eye ran over the narrow fertile strip of cultivated land which borders the Nile. Irrigated by the annual overflow, and by the assiduous use of "shadoofs" and "sakiyehs," that fertile land edges the great life-giving river like a green ribbon. Across the Nile, amid the red sand of the Libyan desert the pyramids of Dashur and the step-pyramid of Sakkara lifted their pointed heads in silence and mystery; along the narrow dykes, near the river, trotted heavily-laden donkeys, goaded by their remorseless Egyptian drivers. At the north one could see the smoke of some slow-coming railway train from Cairo; in a land where centuries are no longer than years, why should even European locomotives hurry? The dead hand of Egypt's antiquity seemed laid upon man and beast, and even upon the handiwork of man. The very vultures and buzzards in the heavens seemed to soar and circle with an eternal continuousness. At the east, through the red glare of the Arabian desert, the serrated Mokattam hills were outlined, and their white cliffs looked like gigantic gravestones. With a field-glass the black mouths of the caverns in their sides could be plainly seen; from those caverns were torn, centuries ago, by gasping slaves, under relentless taskmasters, the great stone blocks which built up the pyramids of Dashur, Sakkara, and Gizeh. Along the lower edge of the white cliffs could be seen an even white glare which marked the position of the terrible "quarries of Tourah," known and dreaded by every convict in the Delta. A delicate pink light, like

a thin flame, played over the intervening space as it dances over the surface of a superheated furnace. Across the desert, at the south, a long train of camels was approaching, majestic, mysterious creatures, high-headed and contemptuous, products of silent, sandy centuries.

Ted was comfortably installed in a semicircular room high in the northeast tower of the main building. His trunk was unpacked by a Soudanese soldier, and the lad felt quite at home after he had put his father's photograph on the mantel, and had written a letter to Bob Laurie, to tell him of his trip, thus far.

Ted was of course free to go anywhere about the place that he liked. Usually, however, he liked to make his tours in company with General Hewatt, the commandant, or with some officer; for thus he could have most of the questions answered, which sprang up so readily in his active mind.

One day he was accompanying the General in his daily round of inspection, and they entered the hospital building. Ted had brought along a few bunches of flowers from the flower garden, and distributed them among the sick men, some of whom, the most feeble or the least violent, were in open wards, while others were safely locked into cells.

With his supply of flowers nearly exhausted, Ted was following the General along one of the corridors, lined with cell doors on either side, when from one of the cells, which he had supposed empty, he heard the sounds of a fresh, young voice. The voice was continuous and sustained in pitch, as if the speaker were intoning. Ted paused, and the General mechanically did likewise. "Who is in there?" Ted asked, with momentary curiosity; "I thought most of the cells were empty."

The commandant crossed to the iron door, pushed aside the little cover over the peep-hole, which is cut through all the cell doors in the prison, and looked in. "Saying his prayers," he replied, and dropped the cover back into its place. "A young Arab sent here from Cairo, last night; a savage chap from the desert, they report; killed a man in the Ezbekiah Garden, last week; will have to hang for it, I am afraid."

Thus briefly disposing of the case, he was about to lead the way along the corridors, when Ted asked: "Let me have a look at him, please." And without waiting for a reply, he went over, lifted the little cover, and peered through the tiny opening, an inch in diameter. Presently he came thoughtfully away and the two continued their walk. But the condemned Arab lad at his prayers seemed to weigh upon the American

boy's mind; and, after he had disposed of all his flowers, except one little cluster of rosebuds, he turned to General Hewatt. "I think I would like to go and give these last," he said, "to that poor Arab boy, who—who—who is—to be—" he hesitated about finishing the ugly sentence and hurried impulsively toward the cell.

With an air of resignation, the commandant followed him. While he was taking out his keys Ted again lifted the cover of the peep-hole and looked in. By this time the condemned youth had finished his devotions, and Ted could plainly see his slight boyish figure and thin, bronzed face, as he paced restlessly, like a caged wild animal, up and down the narrow confines of the cell.

"He seems to be about my age," responded Ted, sympathetically. "Perhaps a year or two older. And he does n't look like a murderer."

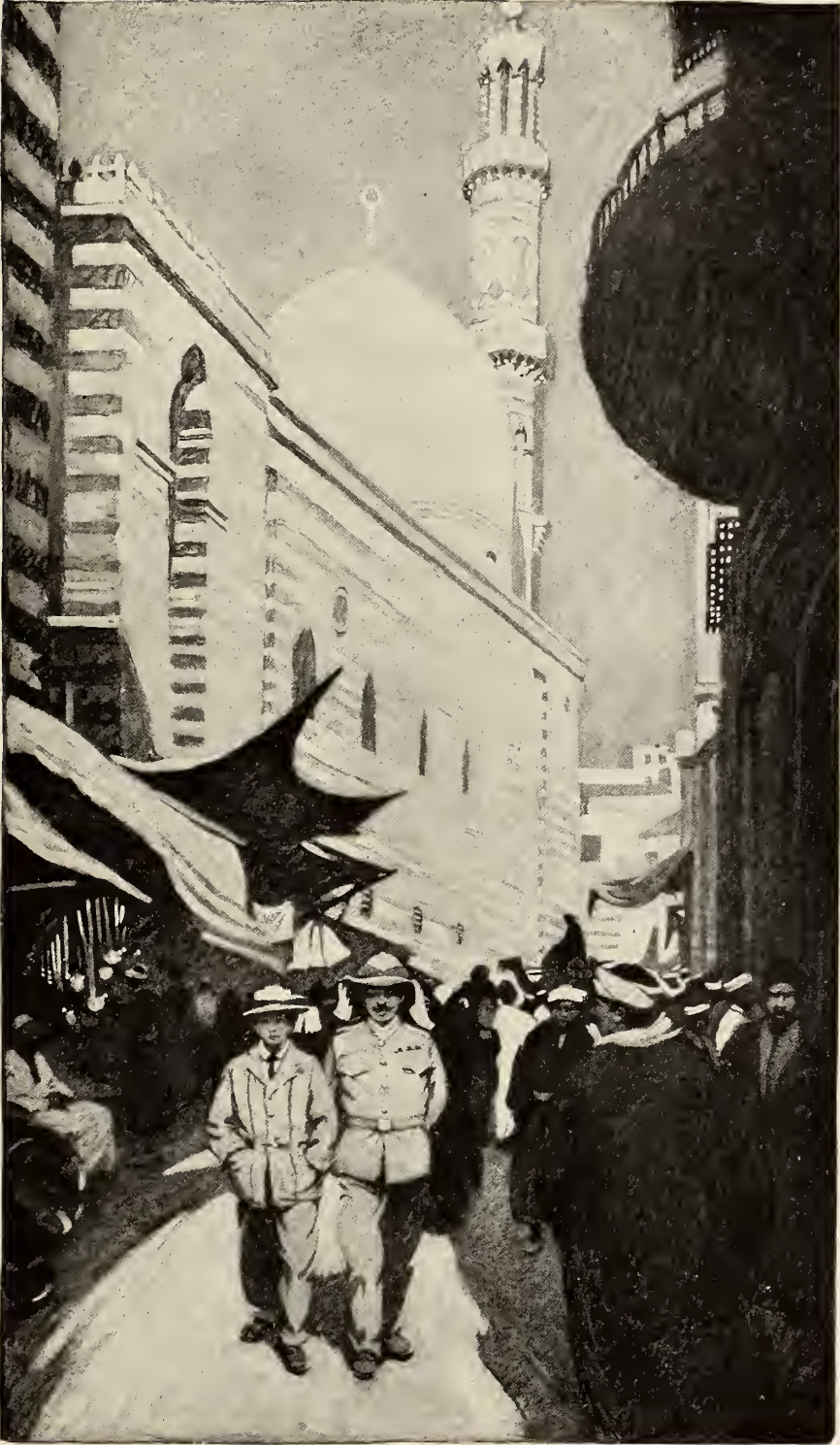
"Appearances are deceitful," responded the commandant, with a grim smile, drawing out the keys, and awaiting his young friend's pleasure.

The lad, however, chose to keep his position of scrutiny at the keyhole. There was a fascination in thus gazing at a condemned prisoner, when he was all unconscious of being seen. Ted noted the garb of the young Arab, a meager, coarse shirt or gown covering his body, leaving the brown throat and arms and legs bare; he saw that the youth was standing upon the one straw mat which served as a bed, and he was looking intently up and out through the narrow window, a mere slit, a few inches wide, in the massive wall; his manner indicated that he was watching something. Through that narrow aperture the sky could be seen—the clear, free sky, the same sky that could be seen from the desert; and occasionally a swallow, on fearless vibrating wings, dashed across, just outside the opening; while beyond, far up in the blue, a great vulture could be discerned, soaring in conscious freedom, with pinions slanting to the various air-currents as the sail of a felucca slants to the breezes on the Nile.

Ted Leslie kept his position for several minutes. The significance of the scene impressed him; it reminded him of Jules Breton's famous picture "The Skylark"—the heart yearning for what is above it, while the tired feet are held fast on the earth; the eyes look longingly upward, but the ideal is beyond the reach of the hands.

Ted reflected, as he silently gazed, that very likely this youth was a savage fellow, as General Hewatt had said; certainly he was known to have killed a fellow-being; but he was a son of the desert, a youth accustomed to the free life of





TED AND LIEUTENANT WHITMORE SIGHT-SEEING IN CAIRO.

the great sand-tract. Here he found himself shut within this narrow cell, his movements restrained, his actions fettered; only in spirit could he share the free life of the winged creatures outside; only in his memories could he live again the unbounded life of God's great world. In his dreams, perhaps; he might be free; ah, was he not dreaming, standing there with upturned boyish face, dreaming of the pathless desert, his true home, now shut away from him forever? The face was so good a face, so pure and earnest a face, that Ted murmured, under his breath, "He cannot be, he cannot possibly be so very wicked."

This youth was of a different type from the other criminals. His clear eye, his frank countenance, the very grace of his bodily postures showed the difference. He probably had slain a man, some enemy, perhaps (Ted knew the deep Bedawi nature); perhaps he had cause; per-

haps there was some deep injury to be avenged, some mortal feud to be wiped out only in blood.

As Ted stood thus, sadly musing, stirred by sympathy, his finger clicked the little cover of the peep-hole.

At once the sensitive ear of the young prisoner caught the faint sound; he turned instantly, and a look of watchful, baffled distrust clouded his frank countenance. The situation was unequal; the lad outside, unseen, could observe the prisoner's every movement and expression; the latter knew simply that he was being watched; and this consciousness found expression in a futile straining of the eyes, and then in impotent strides up and down his narrow cell.

Ted Leslie felt, immediately, the unfairness of the situation; and, dropping the little cover back into its place, he asked the commandant to open the door.

*(To be continued.)*



UNSELFISH BETTY: "WELL, NURSIE, IT 'S A COMFORT THAT ROSABEL DOES N'T HAVE TO TAKE IT, TOO!"





# THE PENSIONER IN GRAY

BY MARIAN LONGFELLOW



Thou little pensioner in gray,  
Who, dauntless, now dost bar my way,  
With tiny paws upon thy breast  
And eyes that challenge and arrest.

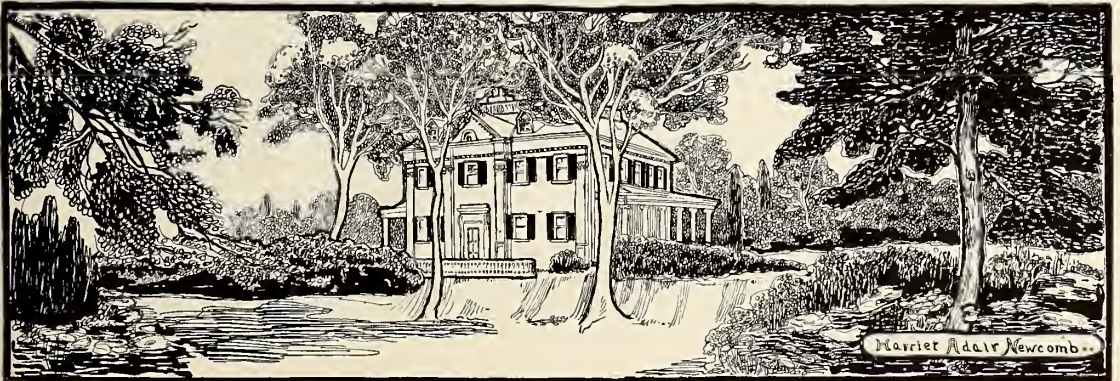
Prithee what wouldst thou have of me,  
Thou denizen of forest free?  
Who all day long in sun or shade  
Thy home in wildwood ways hast made—

Yet in the city's busy mart,  
'Neath college spires of lore and art,  
Here on the path dost sit and wait  
Under the elm trees at the gate.

Had I a dole to give thee, dear,  
Who art so wild, yet without fear,  
Gladly would I that proffer make  
For thy sheer courage; thy bright sake!

But, little pensioner, my hands  
Are empty spite of thy demands.  
I can but offer thee a verse  
That shall thy pretty ways rehearse.

Then, little pensioner in gray,  
Meet me, I pray, another day,  
And I will strive thy grace to find  
Where Cambridge streets 'neath elm trees wind.







"GOING BAD."  
Drawn by Paul Bransom.

## “GOING BAD”

THE picture on the opposite page illustrates a time of danger that is well described, as follows, by Mr. Frank C. Bostock in his book: “The Training of Wild Animals”:

“What those who have charge of wild animals in captivity, and especially trainers, dread most among the lions and tigers, is that unexplainable change of temper called ‘going bad.’ Lions are likely to ‘go bad’ about the tenth year of life; tigers two or three years earlier. The male tiger is the dread of the profession when he reaches this condition, because he is more likely to go into a frenzy without warning, and once gone bad, nothing will satisfy him but murder. He will leap for any man within reach, and when once his teeth are on the bone, nothing but fire will make him let go—and not always that.

“This going bad may come in the nature of a

sudden attack, or it may come on slowly and be headed off if taken in time. An old trainer can usually detect the symptoms of this curious ailment. It seems to be in the nature of a disease, and other animals recognize it and shun the affected one. When one is warned of its approach the danger is not great; all that is required then is a level head, and the good sense not to interfere with the animal.

“A good trainer never dreams of interfering with an animal in this condition. If attacked, his one aim is to defend himself, until he has a chance to escape from the cage, and to separate the animal from his fellows as soon as possible. Sometimes this bad temper will continue but a short time, and again it will become a lasting mood. In that case, the lion or tiger is sent to the lonely cage to spend the rest of his life there.”

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## HOW CONSTANCE CONQUERED

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

THE long-dreaded time had come. Constance was allowed to remain home from school all day, so that she might be thoroughly rested and in good trim for the evening.

In all the fifteen years of her life there was nothing that Constance Holbrough had ever looked forward to with so much mingled anticipation and fear as that recital. She had been taking lessons on the piano from Madame de Chanwix for four years, but not till now had she attained the dignity of being allowed to take part in the annual recital of the great Madame’s older and more advanced pupils.

And Constance *was* proud of that honor. She had really remarkable musical talent; she was by far the youngest of all the performers that season, and she was to render a long and exceedingly difficult composition—none other than Beethoven’s “Moonlight Sonata.” The choice of the selection had been Uncle Geoff’s. Madame de Chanwix had fairly gasped when she was informed what he wished Constance to play, and secretly entertained grave doubts as to whether so young a pupil could do justice to the wonderful composition. But then it was Uncle Geoff who was furnishing the means for Constance’s

music lessons, and his wishes were not to be lightly disregarded. Therefore, they started in bravely, several months before the appointed time; and before long it became evident that Constance would be equal to her task. In six weeks she had mastered the technical part, and in six more she was able to execute the entire piece without her notes, and with extremely creditable expression and style.

Constance loved the “Moonlight Sonata,” both for itself, and for the beautiful story that Uncle Geoff had told her of how it came to be written: How the great master, while out walking one moonlight evening, happened to pass a cottage whence came the sound of a piano playing one of Beethoven’s own compositions. How he knocked and, though a stranger, gained admittance, and found that the musician was a young blind girl. How he had asked permission to play, and seating himself, rendered exquisitely the music she had striven inadequately to draw forth, and the inhabitants of the cottage knew that their visitor was none other than Beethoven himself. Uncle Geoff told her how, when he had ended, he looked toward the window and said: “I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight,” and under his



touch the gracious harmonies grew like the silver, shimmering light, transmuted into sound; and, when the last note died away, and the wondering listeners pressed him with further hospitality, he refused to stay, saying that he must hurry home to write down the new sonata before it escaped him.

Constance thought of this story whenever she played it, and once or twice, on a moonlight night, she had turned down the light, raised the shades, and in the semi-darkness had tried it over for Uncle Geoff, as they sat together in the moonlit parlor. To her own and his astonishment, she found that she was able to do so without a mistake.

"I believe it 's because I 'm thinking of the story," she exclaimed, "and not about my notes!"

Uncle Geoff was delighted. "Constance," he announced, "if you do as well as that on the night of the recital, I 'll take you with me on my trip to Europe this summer."

That almost took Constance's breath away.

"Oh, Uncle Geoff, you darling!" she replied. "I can hardly believe it. But there 's just one trouble. It 's all right when I play for just you, or Mother and Father, but I 'm horribly nervous about playing before many people. I always make some dreadful mistake, or have to stop entirely. I 'm certain I 'll do something awful on the night of the recital. I fairly shake with fright whenever I think of it; but, oh! I do so want to go to Europe with you!"

"You may be frightened for a moment or two, when you begin, but that will pass away, and I 've perfect faith in you, that you will do well. Remember, Constance, I have *absolute confidence* in you, and you must n't disappoint me!" answered Uncle Geoff.

Thus, on the morning of the eventful day, was Constance filled with delightful anticipation and nervous dread. So much hung in the balance: not only the trip to Europe, and the approval of her parents and friends, but Uncle Geoff's *confidence* in her. And, somehow, that counted most of all.

Madame had advised her not to practise much that day, but twice she went to the piano and played the sonata through, and each time she made several new and hitherto unthought-of mistakes. This, of course, worried her greatly, and added to her nervousness. In the afternoon, her mother insisted that she must lie down and try to take a nap. But sleep was far from her, and her restless fingers were constantly shaping themselves to execute the familiar chords and runs. Finally, after an early dinner, the time came for her to be arrayed in the dainty blue

*crêpe-de-chine* dress that her mother's skilful fingers had for days past been fashioning. Then they were all whirled away in the carriage Uncle Geoff had provided for the occasion. A splendid full moon flooded the May landscape with almost the brightness of day.

"This is just the night for a 'moonlight sonata,' little one," whispered Uncle Geoff, pinching the serious face laughingly. "Cheer up, my hearty!"

But Constance was feeling anything but cheerful, and grew soberer every moment. The next thing she knew, they were in the great studio, unfamiliar in its gorgeous decorations, and rows upon rows of chairs steadily being filled by invited guests and friends of the students.

Constance found herself seated by the two grand pianos, among a crowd of pupils gaily dressed, all older than herself—some long since "grown up." They were all chattering among themselves, and nervously fussing with their music, ribbons, and bouquets. She felt very much alone, and horribly frightened. The white glare of the electric lights, the sea of unfamiliar faces, Madame de Chanwix moving about majestically in a wonderful spangled robe, the ceaseless buzz of conversation all over the fast-filling room, oppressed the nervous girl with a dreary sense of forlornness. In a far corner she could catch a glimpse, now and then, of Uncle Geoff's smiling face. She longed to rush to him, implore him to take her away, and never, never ask her to play a note of music again.

Suddenly Madame stepped to the front of the pianos and there was a hush. The silence seemed to Constance more appalling than the previous noise. The program was to begin with an eight-handed selection on the two pianos. Constance fairly jumped at the crash of sound with which it commenced, but the remainder of it was only an unmeaning, idle clatter in her ears, and she sat with her hands gripped together in her lap; for her turn was to come next.

There was a burst of applause as the music ceased, and then another tense silence. Constance wished madly that they would all chatter and buzz again as they had before the program commenced. As Madame led her to the piano, she broke into a cold perspiration, and her knees shook so that she could hardly walk. In all her consciousness, nothing stood out but the blinding glare of the lights, and the sea of staring faces.

She was to play without her notes, and when she was seated she raised her hands to the keys. Then she realized with a great throb of her heart, that she could not, for the life of her, remember how the thing began. Her memory was as blank of all those months of practice as





"HER THOUGHTS WERE BACK IN ANOTHER CENTURY AND ANOTHER LAND."

though she had never touched a piano! Madame's quick eye discerned her predicament, and in an instant she had the notes on the rack before the trembling girl.

Constance's fingers found the proper keys and she played the opening bar, but in a moment the page blurred and became a mere meaningless jumble before her eyes. Again she began it, got to the same place, and again the notes ran together. Then, scarcely knowing what she did, she closed the music, left the piano-stool, and found herself in her seat. Two or three of the pupils giggled hysterically, and she was conscious that Madame was apologizing to the audience for her nervousness. Another performer took her place and the concert went on.

Constance heard nothing, saw nothing, realized nothing but the crushing burden of her humiliation and defeat. She had forfeited the trip to Europe, of course. That was as nothing to her now. She only longed for the evening to end, that she might crawl away and hide herself like some wounded animal. Her parents and friends were all sorry for her, and rather ashamed of her blunder, she supposed. But even that was nothing to the fact that she had forever destroyed the confidence of Uncle Geoff. He had believed in her. He had spent his money on her musical education—and for *this!*

She sat white and motionless during the rest of the program. Student after student performed her part with more or less credit, and was duly and enthusiastically applauded. But Constance heard naught of it. Her one thought was: "Will it never end?" She did not dare to glance at Uncle Geoff's corner. Just before the last selection—another eight-handed piece—some one handed Constance a small folded note. She opened it mechanically, and read these words:

I know all about how you felt. Please ask Madame to let you try once more, for my sake. Remember, I have *perfect confidence* in you.

UNCLE GEOFF.

The little scrap of paper pierced Constance's gloom like a ray of hope. She had n't forfeited that confidence yet! It hardly seemed possible! A moment ago, nothing would have induced her to touch the piano again. Now a sudden idea occurred to her, and she beckoned Madame to her side and whispered timidly:

"I think I could try again, if you wanted me to; and, Madame, could you turn out the lights and let in a little of the moonlight?" It was a novel idea, but Madame was clever enough to seize it and put it to excellent use. She stepped to the front, and announced that Miss Constance was now ready to perform her part—the "Moonlight

Sonata." Then, in a few short, telling sentences she gave the history of its composition—the story so dear to Constance—and ended by saying that with the permission of the audience, the lights would be extinguished and the selection rendered in the moonlight.

With a "click" the electric lights were turned off, and simultaneously some one drew up the shades of the broad, high studio windows. The silvery, misty light fell directly on the piano, and left the rest of the room in practical darkness. A fragrant May breeze wafted in the perfume of the wistaria vines. There was breathless silence in the room.

When Constance again took her place at the piano, she found that her heart had stopped the terrible thumping, she breathed naturally, and her fingers sought and found, without effort, the correct opening notes. All the staring sea of faces was shut away by the friendly darkness, and only the familiar moonlight was about her. As the hushed harmonies flowed forth under her fingers, almost of their own accord, she forgot her audience entirely, and even Uncle Geoff. She only heard the indescribable succession of sounds, but her thoughts were back in another century and another land: in a little cottage where a great master was drawing from a humble instrument the wonder of an improvised moonlight sonata.

When the last chord of the *agitato* had died away, she dropped her hands in her lap, and sat dreaming through a moment of intense silence. Suddenly there was a deafening burst of applause, the lights went up with a snap, and Constance, dazzled and bewildered, realized that it was all over, and for some reason—she could n't imagine what—the people were wild with enthusiasm—clapping, cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and Madame, with true French effusiveness, was hugging and kissing her, and calling her "vun leetle darling!"

With a half timid bow she reached her seat, just as a lovely little bouquet of pink roses was handed to her. As the cheering finally ended, and the last number was being given, Constance came gradually to herself, and knew that she had vindicated the faith of her dear ones, and scored the success of the evening. Attached to her bouquet was a little envelop, and from it she drew a tiny card on which had been hastily scrawled:

Confidence intact. Trip to Europe safe. Congratulations!

UNCLE GEOFF.

"But it was only Uncle Geoff's belief in me that did it!" sighed Constance happily.



# WHEN I GROW UP

By W. W. Denslow

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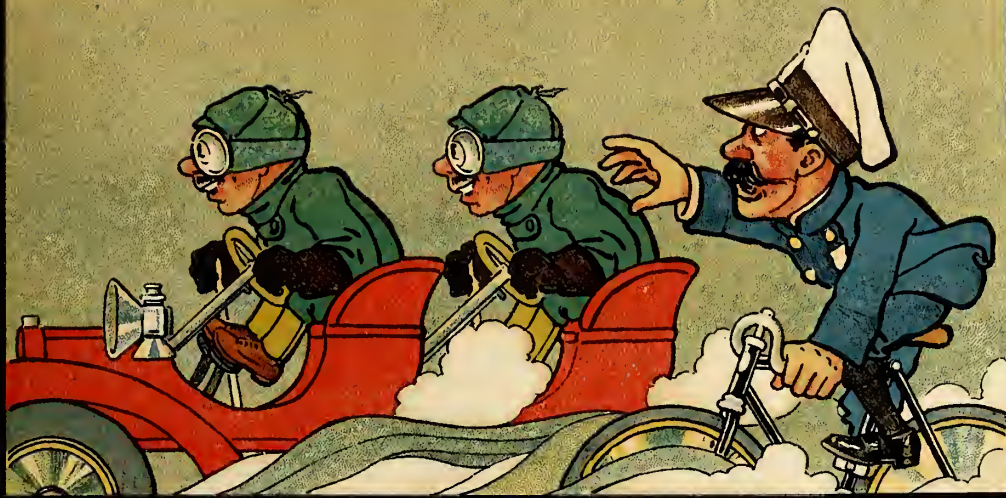


I'd like to drive an Auto-Car  
A thousand miles a day,—  
And should I be arrested  
My Pa would have to pay.

If they'd discharge the Traffic Squad  
And constables, also,  
And put no limit on the speed—  
Well, wouldn't motors go!







I'd like to drive an Auto Car  
A thousand miles a day,—  
And should I be arrested  
My Pa would have to pay.

Then we could “honk” through city streets  
As if shot from a gun;  
While over plain and country lane  
We’d make a record run.

I’d take the “Crimson Terror” then  
Through every foreign clime,  
From Tokio to Timbuctoo,—  
And have a great old time.

The fastest Autos in the world  
With mine could not compare;  
My “forty-thousand-power” car  
Would beat them everywhere!





# CAPTAIN CHUB

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## CHAPTER I

### THE STOLEN RUN

"THAT settles that," groaned the captain of the Crimson nine as the long fly settled gracefully into the hands of the Blue's left-fielder. The runner who, at the sound of bat meeting ball, had shot away from second base, slowed his pace and dropped his head disconsolately as he left the path to the plate and turned toward the bench.

"Come on, fellows," said the captain cheerfully. "We've got to hold 'em tight. Not a man sees first, Tom; don't lose 'em."

Pritchett, the Crimson pitcher, nodded silently as he drew on his glove and walked across to the box. He did n't mean to lose them. So far, at the beginning of the ninth inning, it was anybody's game. The score was 3 to 3. Pritchett had pitched a grand game: had eight strike-outs to his credit; had given but one base on balls, and had been hit but three times for a total of four bases. For five innings, for the scoring on both sides had been done in the first part of the game, he had held the Blue well in hand, and he did n't mean to lose control of the situation now. The cheering from the stands occupied by the supporters of the Crimson team, which had died away as the unlucky hit to left-fielder had retired the side, began again, and continued until the first of the blue-stockinged batsmen stepped to the plate.

It was the big game of the year, the final game and the deciding one. The stands, which started far beyond third base and continued around behind first, were filled with a gaily-hued throng, every member of which claimed allegiance to Crimson or Blue. Fully eight thousand persons were awaiting with fast-beating hearts the outcome of this last inning. The June sun shone hotly down, and the little breeze which came across the green field from the direction of the glinting river did little to mitigate the intolerable heat. Score-cards waved in front of red, perspiring faces, straw hats did like duty, and pocket-handkerchiefs were tucked inside wilting collars.

Half-way up the cheering section sat a little group of freshmen, hot and excited, hoarse and heroic. At every fresh demand from the cheerleader they strained their tired lungs to new excesses of sound. Now, panting and laughing, they fell against each other in simulated exhaustion.

"I wish a thunder-storm would come along," said one of the group, weakly.

"Why?" asked another.

"So they'd call the game and I would n't have to cheer any more," he sighed.

"Then why don't you do as Chick does?" asked a third. "Chick just opens his mouth and goes through the motions but does n't make a sound."

"I like that!" exclaimed the maligned one. "I've been making more noise than all the rest of you put together. The leader's been casting grateful looks at me for an hour."

There was a howl of derision from the others.

"Well," said a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, "I don't intend to yell any more until something happens, and—"

"Yell now, then, Porter," said Chick gloomily as the first of the opponents' batsmen beat the ball to first by a bare inch. But instead of yelling Roy Porter merely looked bored, and for a while there was silence in that particular part of the stand. The next Blue batsman bunted toward third, and although he went out himself, he had placed the first man on second. The Blue's best batters were coming up, and the outlook was n't encouraging. The sharp, short cheer of the Blue's adherents rattled forth triumphantly. But Pritchett was n't dismayed. Instead, he settled down and struck out the next man ignominiously. Then, with two strikes and two balls called by the umpire, the succeeding batsman rolled a slow one toward short-stop and that player, pausing to hold the runner on second, threw wide of first. The batsman streaked for second and the man ahead darted to third and made the turn toward home. But right-fielder had been prompt in backing up and the foremost runner was satisfied to scuttle back to third. The Blue's first-baseman came to bat. He was the best hitter on the team, and, with men on second and third, it seemed that the Blue was destined to wave triumphantly that day.

"Two down!" called the Crimson captain encouragingly. "Now for the next one, fellows! Don't lose him, Tom!"

"Two out!" bawled the coaches back of first and third. "Run on anything! He's worried! *Look out!*" For the "worried" one had turned quickly and sped the ball to third.

"That's all right!" cried the irrepressible coacher. "He won't do that again. Take a lead; take a lead! Steady!"

Pritchett glanced grimly at the two on bases and turned to the batsman. He was in a bad place, and he realized it. A hit would bring in two runs. The man who faced him was a veteran player, and could n't be fooled easily. He considered the advisability of giving him his base, knowing that the next man up would be easier to dispose of. It was risky, but he decided to do it. He shook his head at the catcher's signal and sent a wide one.

"Ball!" droned the umpire, and the blue flags waved gleefully.

The next was also a ball, and the next, and the next, and—

"Take your base," said the umpire.

"Thunder!" muttered Chick nervously as the man trotted leisurely down the line and the sharp cheers rattled forth like musketry. "Bases full!"

"He did it on purpose," said Roy Porter. "Burton's a hard hitter and a clever one, and Pritchett did n't want to risk it."

"Well, a hit now will mean something!" grieved Chick.

"It'll mean two runs; just what it meant before," answered Roy. "Who's this at bat?"

"Kneeland," answered his neighbor on the other side, referring to his score-card.

"What's he done?"

"Nothing. Got his base twice, once on fielder's choice and once on balls."

"That's good. Watch Pritchett fool him."

They watched breathlessly, in an agony of suspense. One ball; one strike; two strikes; two balls; a foul; another foul.

"He's spoiling 'em," muttered Chick uneasily. But the next moment he was on his feet with every one else on that side of the field, yelling wildly, frantically. Pritchett had one more strike-out to his credit, and three blue-stockinged players turned ruefully from their captured bases and sought their places in the field.

The Crimson players came flocking back to the bench, panting and smiling, and threw themselves under the grateful shade of the little strip of awning.

"Who's up?" asked some one. The coach was studying the score-book silently. Pritchett was up, but Pritchett, like most pitchers, was but a poor batsman. The coach's glance turned and wandered down the farther bench where the substitutes sat.

"Eaton up!" he called, and turning to the scorer: "Eaton in place of Pritchett," he said.

The youngster who stood before him awaiting instructions was a rather stockily-built chap, with brown hair and eyes and a merry, good-natured face. But there was something besides good na-

ture on his face at this moment; something besides freckles, too; it was an expression that mingled pleasure, anxiety, and determination. Tom Eaton had been a substitute on the varsity nine only since the disbanding of the freshman team, of which he had been captain, and during that scant fortnight he had not succeeded in getting into a game.

"You've got to get to first, Eaton," said the coach softly. "Try and get your base on balls; make him think you're anxious to hit, see? But keep your wits about you and see if you can't walk. If he gets two strikes on you, why, do the best you can; hit it down toward third. Understand? Once on first I expect you to get around. Take all the risk you want; we've got to score."

"Batter up!" called the umpire, impatiently.

Eaton selected a bat carefully from the rack and walked out to the plate. The head cheerleader, looking over his shoulder, ready to summon a "short cheer" for the batsman, hesitated and ran across to the bench.

"Who's batting?" he asked.

"Eaton," he was told. "Batting for Pritchett."

"A short cheer for Eaton, fellows, and make it good!"

It was good, and as the freshman captain faced the Blue's pitcher the cheer swept across to him and sent a thrill along his spine. Perhaps he needed it, for there was no denying that he was feeling pretty nervous, although he succeeded in disguising that fact from either catcher or pitcher.

Up in the cheering section there was joy among the group of freshmen.

"Look who's here!" shrieked Chick. "It's Chub!"

"Chub Eaton!" cried another. "What do you think of that?"

"Batting for Pritchett! Can he bat, Roy?"

"Yes; but I don't know what he can do against this fellow. He has n't been in a game since they took him on. But I guess the coach knows he can run the bases. If he gets to first, he'll steal the rest!" And then the cheer came.

In the last inning of a game it is customary to replace the weak batsmen with players who can hit the ball, and when Chub Eaton stepped to the plate the Blue's catcher and pitcher assumed that they had a difficult person to contend with. The catcher signaled for a drop, for from the way Chub handled his bat it seemed that he would, in base-ball slang, "bite at it," and Chub seemed to want to badly. He almost swung at it, but he did n't quite, and the umpire called "Ball!" Well, reflected the catcher, it was easy to see that he was anxious to hit, and so he signaled for a nice



slow ball that looked for all the world like an easy one until it almost reached the plate; then it "broke" in a surprising way and went off to the left. Chub almost reached for it, but again not quite. And "Two balls!" said the umpire. Chub swung his bat back and forth impatiently, just begging the Blue pitcher to give him a fair chance. The pitcher did. He sent a nice drop that cleared the plate knee-high. "Strike!" announced the umpire. Chub turned on him in surprise and shook his head. Then he settled back and worked his bat in a way that said: "Just try that again! I dare you to!"

The pitcher did try it again; at least, he seemed to, but the ball dropped so low this time that it failed of being a strike by several inches. Chub looked pained. On the bench the coach was smiling dryly. The Blue pitcher awoke to the fact that he had been fooled. He sent a high ball straight over the plate and Chub let it go by. "Strike two!" called the umpire. The Blue stands cheered mightily. Two strikes and three balls! Chub gripped his bat hard. Again the pitcher shot the ball forward. It came straight and true for the plate, broke when a few feet away and came down at a weird tangent. Chub swung desperately and the ball glanced off the bat and went arching back into the stand. "Foul!" growled the umpire. Chub drew a deep breath of relief. Once more the pitcher poised himself and threw. The ball whirled by him and Chub dropped his bat and started across the plate, his heart in his mouth.

"Four balls! Take your base!"

The umpire's voice was drowned by the sudden burst of wild acclaim from the Crimson stands, and Chub trotted to first, to be enthusiastically patted and thumped on the back by the coacher stationed there. Up in the cheering section five freshmen were hugging each other ecstatically. The head of the Crimson's batting list was coming up, and things looked bright. The cheering became incessant. The coach shouted and bawled. But the Blue's pitcher refused to be rattled. He settled down, held Chub close on first and, before any one quite realized what was happening, had struck out the next man.

But Chub had made up his mind to go on, and he went. He made his steal on the first ball thrown to the new batter and, although catcher threw straight and fast to second-baseman, Chub slid around the latter and reached the bag. Then, while the cheers broke forth again, he got up, patted the dust out of his clothes, and took a fresh lead. The pitcher eyed him darkly for a moment and then gave his attention to the batsman. *Crack!* Ball and bat met and the short-

stop ran in to field a fast grounder, and as he ran Chub flashed behind him. Gathering up the ball, short-stop turned toward third, saw that he was too late, and threw to first, putting the batsman out by the narrowest of margins. Two out!

The Crimson captain stepped to the plate, looking determined, and hit the first delivery safely. But it was a bunt near the plate and, although Chub was ready to run in, he had no chance. The captain stole second and Chub looked for a chance to get home; but they were watching him. The Crimson supporters were on their feet, their shouts imploring victory. The next man up was an erratic batsman, one who had made home runs before this in time of stress and who had, quite as often, failed to "make good." Amid the wildest excitement, the Blue pitcher pulled down his cap, calmly studied the signal, and sped the ball toward the plate.

"Strike!" again, and the batsman swung and the ball glanced back against the netting.

"Foul! Strike two!"

Then came a ball. The batsman was plainly discouraged, plainly nervous. Chub, dancing around at third, worrying the pitcher to the best of his ability, decided that it was now or never for him. Taking a long lead, he waited, poised on his toes. As the ball left the pitcher's hand he raced for home.

"Hit it! Hit it!" shrieked the men on the bench. The batsman, awakening suddenly to the demands, struck wildly as the ball came to him, struck without hitting. But the catcher, with that red-stockinged figure racing toward him, made his one error of the game. The ball glanced from his mitt and rolled back of the plate, and although he had thrown off his mask and was after it like a cat after a mouse, he was too late. Chub Eaton was lying in a cloud of dust with one hand on the plate, and the crowd was streaming, shouting, and dancing on to the field.

## CHAPTER II

### LETTERS AND PLANS

THAT 4 to 3 victory took place on a Thursday, in the third week of June.

Some two hours later the hero of the conflict lay stretched at full-length on a window-seat in the front room of a house within sound of the college bell. His hands were under his head, one foot nestled inelegantly amidst the cushions at the far end of the seat and the other was sprawled upon the floor. The window beside him was wide open and through it came the soft, warm air, redolent of things growing, of moist pavements, of freshly sprinkled lawns. The sounds of passing

footsteps and voices entered, too; and from across the shaded street came the tinkle of a banjo. The voices were joyous and care-free. To-morrow was Class-Day; the year's work was over; books had been tossed aside, and already the exodus from college had begun. The twilight deepened and the long June day came unwillingly to its end. Shadows lengthened under the elms and here and there a light glared out from an open window. But in the room the twilight held undisputed sway, hiding the half-packed trunks and the untidy disorder of the study.

Chub lay on the window-seat and a few feet away, where he could look through the wide open casement, Roy Porter was stretched out in a Morris chair. We have already caught a brief glimpse of Roy in the cheering section during the game, but in the excitement we did not, I fancy, observe him very closely. He is a good-looking, even handsome, boy, with light, curly hair and very blue eyes. He is tall and well developed, with broad shoulders and wide hips. Roy and Chub have been firm friends for three years: for two years at Ferry Hill School and for one at college. In age there is but a month or two of difference between them. Both are freshmen, having come up together from Ferry Hill last September, since which time they have led a very interesting and, withal, happy existence in the quarters in which we now find them. And they have each had their successes. Chub has made the captaincy of the freshman Nine, they have both played on the freshman foot-ball team, and each has been recently taken into one of the societies. In studies Roy has accomplished rather more than his friend, having finished the year well up in his class. But Chub has kept his end up and has passed the finals, if not in triumph, at least without disgrace.

"Another big day for you, Chub," said Roy. Chub stretched himself luxuriously and yawned.

"Yes. There have been quite a few 'big days,' Roy, since we met at school, have n't there? There was the day when you lammed out that home run and won us the game from Hammond, two years ago. That was one of your 'big days,' old chap, but it was mine, too. Then, last year, when we won on the track. That was Dick's 'big day,' but we all shared in it, especially since it brought that check from Kearney and brought the affairs of the Ferry Hill School Improvement Society to a glorious close. And then there was the base-ball game last year—"

"That was your day, Chub, and none other's."

"Well, if I recollect rightly, there was a little two-bagger by one Roy Porter which had something to do with the result," returned Chub dryly.

"Oh, we 'd have won without that. Say, do you remember Harry after the game?"

"Do I! Shall I ever forget her? She was just about half-crazy, was n't she? And would n't she have loved to have been here to-day?"

They both chuckled at the idea.

"By the way," said Chub presently, "did we get any mail this evening?"

"I don't think so," said Roy; "but I did n't look. Expecting a check?"

"Well, hardly. But we ought to hear from Dick to-day or to-morrow. And Mr. Cole, too, about the boat."

"That's so. Maybe we 'll hear in the morning."

"Light the gas and have a look around," begged Chub. "Sometimes Mrs. Moore picks the letters up and puts them on the table, and we don't find them for weeks and weeks."

"If you 'd keep the table picked up," said Roy severely, as he arose with a grunt and fumbled for matches, "such things would n't occur."

"Listen to him!" murmured Chub, apparently addressing the ceiling. "I 'd like to know which of us is the neat little housekeeper!"

The study was suddenly illumined with a ghastly glow as Roy applied the match to the drop-light. Chub groaned and turned his face away.

"I give you notice, Roy, that next year we 're going to have a different shade on that thing. Green may be all very nice for the optic nerves, but it 's extremely offensive to my—my sensibilities. Besides, it does n't suit my complexion. I 've mentioned that before. Now a red shade—"

"Here 's a whole bunch of letters," exclaimed Roy, mildly indignant. "I wish she 'd let them alone. Here—two for you and one for me. This looks like—yes, it 's from Dick. And I guess this one—" he studied it under the light—is from the artist man. The postmark 's New York, and—"

"Well, hand 'em over," said Chub.

"Come and get them. You can't see to read over there," replied Roy tranquilly. Chub hesitated, groaned, and finally did as he was told.

"Yes, this is from Dickums," he muttered as he tore off the end of the envelop. "I hope he can come. Who wrote yours?"

"Dad," answered Roy, settling into his chair and beginning to read. But he was n't destined to finish his letter just then, for in a moment Chub had rudely disturbed him.

"It 's all right!" he cried. "Listen, Roy; let me read this to you!"

"He 's coming?" asked Roy eagerly, abandoning his own letter.

"Yes. Listen." Chub pulled up a chair, sat down, and began to read: "Dear Chub: Yours of no date—"





"CHUB EATON WAS LYING IN A CLOUD OF DUST."

"Good for Dick!" murmured Roy. Chub grinned and went on.

"—received the day before yesterday. I'd have answered before, but things have been pretty busy here. If we can get the house-boat, I'll go along in a minute. It will be a fine lark. I'm leaving here to-morrow for New York. My Dad's there now, and we're going to stay somewhere around there for the summer, he says. You let me know just as soon as you can. Send your letter to the Hotel Waldorf. I can start any time. I have n't written to Dad about it, but I know he will let me go. I hope we can get the boat. I told Harry about it yesterday, and read your letter to her, and she's wild to go along. Says we might wait until she gets back from her Aunt Harriet's. So I had to tell her I'd see what you fellows thought about it. Maybe we might have her along for a little while. What do you think? I suppose her father or mother ought to come, too, as a—"

"Chaperon," said Roy. "Harry's getting 'growed up,' you know."

"Well, we'll see. Here, where's that other letter? Let's find out what Mr. Cole says." He opened the second epistle and glanced through it quickly, his face lighting as he read. "It's all right!" he cried. "We can have the boat! Only—" he looked through the note again—"only he does n't say anything about the price. 'When you get here we'll talk over the matter of terms.' That does n't sound encouraging, does it?" Chub looked across at Roy dubiously, and Roy shook his head.

"Not very," he answered; "but you can't tell. He will let us down easy. He's a good sort, is the Floating Artist."

"Well—" Chub tossed the note aside and went back to Dick Some's letter.

"It would be awfully jolly if we four could get together again this summer, would n't it?" said Roy.

"Great!" answered Chub. "And we'll do it, too," he added stoutly.

"I don't believe so. Something will happen at the last moment," said Roy dejectedly.

"My gentle croaker, let me finish this. . . . I got through exams. O. K. and got my diploma to-day. So I'll see you fellows in the fall if we don't make it before. That is, if I can pass at college. I wish you'd speak a good word for me to the president. I suppose you know we won the boat-race by almost three lengths. That makes up for losing the ball game. We missed you on the team this year. They've elected Sid Welch captain for next year. Sid's so pleased

he can't see straight. To-day was Class-Day and we had a fine time. You ought to have heard me orate. How's old Roy? He owes me a letter, the rascal. Write as soon as you can to the Waldorf. I'll be there to-morrow evening. Tell Roy to come and see me as soon as he gets home. You, too, if you stop over there. I've got lots of news for you that I can tell better than I can write. Hope you fellows win your game to-morrow. They ought to have taken you on, Chub. But next year, when I get there, I'll fix that for you. So long. Don't forget to let me know whether we can have the house-boat. Yours, Dick."

"Good old Dickums," murmured Chub as he folded the letter. "Well, it's all settled," he went on animatedly. "We'll take the midnight train to-morrow, Roy; see Mr. Cole; look up Dick, and get ready for the cruise! Won't we have fun!"

"Did Mr. Cole say whether he'd let the boat to us furnished?"

"Yes." Chub referred to the note. "The *Jolly Roger* is quite at your disposal as soon as you want her. I'm going abroad in August, and won't want her at all this summer. She needs paint, but you'll have to attend to that if you're fussy. You'll find her all ready for you. I won't say anything about the engine, for you know that engine yourself. Treat it kindly and perhaps it will stand by you. When you get here we'll talk over the matter of terms. Regards to your friend and to you. Very truly yours, Forbes Cole." That's all he says. I don't believe he will want us to pay him much if he's going abroad and can't use the boat himself anyway, do you?"

"I hope not," answered Roy, "for it's going to be rather an expensive trip, Chub."

"Nonsense! Not more than ten dollars a week." Roy rose determinedly and threw back the lid of his steamer trunk.

"What are you going to do?" asked Chub.

"Finish my packing. There won't be any time to-morrow, and—"

But alas for good resolutions! There was a charge of feet outside on the brick walk, a hammering at the door, and a covey of happy, irresponsible freshmen burst into the room. There was no packing that night. But what did it matter? There was to-morrow and many, many other to-morrows stretching away in a seemingly limitless vista of happy holidays, and the fact that when the visitors finally took their departure the few things that the room-mates had packed had been seized upon by rude hands and strewn about the study worried no one. Nothing matters when "finals" are over and summer beckons.





THE CAVALRY GUIDON—UNITED STATES CADET CORPS.

## THE WEST POINT OF TO-DAY

BY COLONEL CHARLES W. LARNED

*Member of Faculty, United States Military Academy*

WHAT American boy who can read has not heard of West Point, the great War-School of America in the Hudson Highlands, whence rode out to fame the heroes of his school history—Grant and Lee, Sherman and “Stonewall” Jackson, Sheridan and Longstreet, Meade and the Johnstons, Schofield, Thomas, McClellan, Halleck, Hooker, Hancock, Howard, together with Hood, Bragg, Ewell, Hill, Wheeler, Pickett, and a host of others on both sides of the line during the great struggle for the Union in the Titanic days of “Sixty-One”?

How many Yankee lads have thrilled at the battle-splendor of the crisis at Gettysburg where Cushing, a boy of twenty-two, torn and bleeding to death at his guns, fires with his flickering spark of life the shot that shatters the hopes of

the Confederacy; and Webb, not yet thirty, his intrepid commander, lines with his thin brigade the high water mark of the Southern invasion? What lad of Dixie has not quivered at the echo of the “Rebel yell” that sounded the immortal charge of Pickett’s Brigade into the volcanic crater of the Union center?

What boy, North or South, but has felt his blood warm at the romantic stories of the long-golden-haired, blue-eyed, leather-fringed, Indian fighter, Custer, dashing and fearless, riding gaily to his death with three hundred of the famous “Seventh” into the fatal trap of Sitting-Bull and his murderous Sioux?—Custer who, a brigadier at twenty-three, a major-general at twenty-five, had eleven horses shot under him in battle; and whose Division in six months captured in the

field one hundred and eleven pieces of artillery, fifty-five battle-flags, ten thousand prisoners of war, and itself never lost a gun, a color, or a fight. There, too, is his corps-mate, Mackenzie, head of the next class of '61, who within ten weeks after graduation received his first wound and brevet for gallantry, and by the close of the war had achieved for bravery in battle every brevet possible, from first lieutenant to major-general; had been in eleven pitched battles, besides actions, combats, and skirmishes; and was three times severely wounded before his twenty-fifth birthday. Merritt, who was a brigadier in three, and a major-general in five years after graduation, with six brevets, fourteen battles, and thirty-two minor actions to his credit. Cushing, Custer, Mackenzie, Merritt—youngsters and

old time which tried men's souls and tore asunder families, setting father against son and brother against brother; State against State and South against North.

But it is close upon fifty years since then, and the world has hurried along at a tremendous pace, carrying West Point and everything else with it. Two powerful empires have come into the arena of modern nations; Germany on our right hand and Japan on our left. Electricity, with most of its mechanical applications, lights, telephones, dynamos, motors, and wireless telegraphy; gas-engines and automobiles; dirigible balloons and aëroplanes; torpedoes, torpedo-boats, and catchers; submarines; twelve-, thirteen-, and sixteen-inch steel guns, and smokeless powder; dynamite; concrete; automatic and rapid-fire artillery; high-power small arms, deadly at a mile and a half or even two miles; steel armor-plate, ships, and buildings; Röntgen rays and radium—all of these things were unknown to the men of '61, and of them all West Point, together with everybody else, has to "sit up and take notice."

At the outbreak of the war for the Union our standing army was about twelve thousand men; to-day it may be from sixty to one hundred thousand. Then we had no outlying possessions; to-day we have Alaska, Porto Rico, the Sandwich Islands, Panama, the Philippines, and Guam; and a fleet more powerful than ever before sailed the high seas has doubled Cape Horn to let the world know that we *are* "sitting up and taking notice." During the Civil War period the Corps of Cadets averaged, in the seven years from 1859 to 1865, 213 men. It now varies from 430 to 460, with a supposed maximum of 522. In the early days there were no service schools outside the Academy, except the Artillery School; to-day there are, besides this, the Engineer School at Washington; The School of the Line, Signal School and Staff College at Leavenworth; the Mounted Service School for Cavalry and Field Artillery at Fort Riley; the School of Submarine Defense at Fort Totten, now combined with the Artillery School; the Army Medical School at Washington; a special School of Application of the Ordnance at Sandy Hook; the Army War College at Washington, together with Post and Garrison Schools throughout the Service—making in all nine established army schools, and as many of the latter class as there are posts and garrisons—all these in addition to West Point. In fact, we are the most be-schooled army in the world, and our officers have plenty of opportunity to study.

To meet all these new conditions the Military



GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, IN HIS UNIFORM AS  
A WEST POINT CADET.

corps-mates—together with the heroic Pelham, who, on the Confederate side, was killed at twenty-five, after having won the praise of Lee for extraordinary courage, are types of the children of our Highland Mother whose names are writ in fire. But the story of the cadet days of these gallant spirits, and many more like them, must be read in the glowing chronicles of General Shaff's "Spirit of Old West Point," wherein he tells of the stirring doings at the Academy in the



Academy had to grow fast, and in growing it outgrew its clothes, so that Uncle Sam found it incumbent upon him to build it a new suit. The

nance construction, sanitation, new engineering methods, map-making, and building construction that had no existence in the old course; and his



VIEW OF THE NEW WEST POINT FROM THE RIVER, LOOKING NORTHWEST. POWER-HOUSE, RIDING-HALL, HEADQUARTERS.

buildings and improvements were first estimated to cost about \$7,500,000, but under present advancing prices, the total cost will be not far from \$10,000,000.

The cadet of to-day, therefore, has to learn a good many more things than did his predecessors. All the inventions I have referred to have made fighting machinery quite complicated. Then again, he is not merely marched about the parade in smart drills, dressed in tight uniforms as of yore, but has to go out on practice-marches in full campaign outfit; to groom horses; harness pack-mules; carry light artillery up mountainsides for artillery practice; dig trenches; live in shelter-tents; qualify at the target ranges; make topographical maps in the field; visit the great arsenals; practise with heavy guns at the sea-coast forts; work out tactical problems under arms—advance guards, outposts, and minor tactical manœuvres—all this practical work in addition to the regular drills, field engineering, pontooning, and signaling. In his academic study he has had to learn a great deal of electric, ord-

studies are being re-modeled along the lines of the most advanced technological schools, but with special reference to military requirements. Then he must learn to read and speak Spanish, besides acquiring a good knowledge of French and of technical drawing; he must know military and constitutional law well, and something about common law; about chemistry; the laws of mechanics, acoustics, optics, and astronomy; and, of course, this means a good foundation in mathematics.

But, above all, the Academy seeks to make a *man* of him; a sound, healthy, high-minded, well-disciplined citizen and soldier; and, like the Greeks and Romans of old, West Point esteems the making of *character* together with the vigor and discipline of the body as of equal importance with mind-training. It undertakes that he shall be kept away from dissipations, and shall have a healthy, well-developed body; that he shall be held responsible for every act and word; that he shall understand the laws of his country and his duties as a citizen; and that he shall know his





THE NEW WEST POINT. QUARTERS OF THE SUPERINTENDENT AND STAFF. BATTLE AND WASHINGTON MONUMENTS.



THE NEW WEST POINT. THE CHAPEL.

job as a soldier. "The Corps" sees to it that he is held to the traditions of honor, truth-telling, courage, and fair play which are its heritage from the past. The story of the West Pointer who "had the order in his pocket" is old and oft told, but it is characteristic of the ideal of duty which is the keynote of West Point training. It was related by General Gibbon, one of the bravest soldiers that West Point has produced, of a cavalry officer and brother graduate that, having received an order to capture a battery, a fellow officer asserted that the feat was not possible under the circumstances. "Possible, possible!"—exclaimed the West Pointer, "of course it 's possible: I have the order in my pocket."

If you would know how a cadet passes his day during the academic term, it is about as follows:

At a quarter to six in the early Fall the bang of a field-piece cracks the stillness of the frosty air, followed by the rattle of drums and the piping of fifes. Immediately the field-music starts on a lively march for barracks, and, passing through the reverberating sally-port, concludes its fracas in the barrack area. Sleepy, half-conscious cadets hear it all dreamily, and not until the separated drums explode like gatling guns in the hallway of each division do they



SHELTER-TENT DRILL.

think it imperative to heed the summons. There yet remain two or three minutes before the drums cease their clatter, at the end of which each man must be clothed and in his right mind, in ranks, ready for roll-call and for battle, if need be; although I much fear that if the enemy were to descend suddenly upon the battalion at reveille they would find a somewhat scantily-clothed force, under overcoats, opposed to them. In these precious last three minutes the cadets jump into shoes and such clothing as shows from the outside, and avalanche down the iron stairs just in time to avoid a "late."

And now the day's real grind begins. Back to his room to sweep and tidy and fold, ready for room-inspection in twenty minutes. Ten minutes later he is in ranks again, marching to breakfast after answering at another roll-call. In the Mess

Hall each mess of ten men has a separate table and commandant, and all must eat their food in conformity with Mess Hall regulations and traditional etiquette, which for the poor plebe has some nice distinctions that do not enhance his appetite or enjoyment, although, for the matter of that, his appetite does not need any encouragement. In about twenty minutes or so the senior cadet captain commands: "'A' company, rise"—the meal is done, and back marches the battalion to barracks and the day's work.

At a quarter past seven the academic bugle blows "Call to Quarters," that dreary trumpet that summons each would-be warrior to his cell and studious meditations. From 7.15 in the morning until 3.30 in the afternoon, with the exception of the dinner-hour, study and recitations claim him; and also must he be at all times ready for the un-



CAVALRY DRILL. COLUMN OF PLATOONS.





SEA COAST BATTERY DRILL.  
13-INCH BREECH-LOADING,  
RIFLED STEEL MORTAR.

sparing eye of the inspecting officer who descends upon him as the avenging angel of the "Blue Book," in which is writ the laws of his daily life, the unalterable Code of Regulations by which cadets breathe and move and



FENCING DRILL.

problems, practical military engineering, or something else, depending upon the season and class. At 4.40, back again at "double time," just in time to wash off and jump into full-dress for Dress Parade, which, in turn, is followed by Guard Mount. At last there comes a minute—thirty of them—in which to catch breath before the insistent call to supper and "Retreat Parade" at six o'clock. After supper, another rest of half an hour until the bugle sings its alluring vesper-song of "Call to Quarters" for the long evening grind at books and problems.



AT THE TARGET RANGE. THE BUTTS.

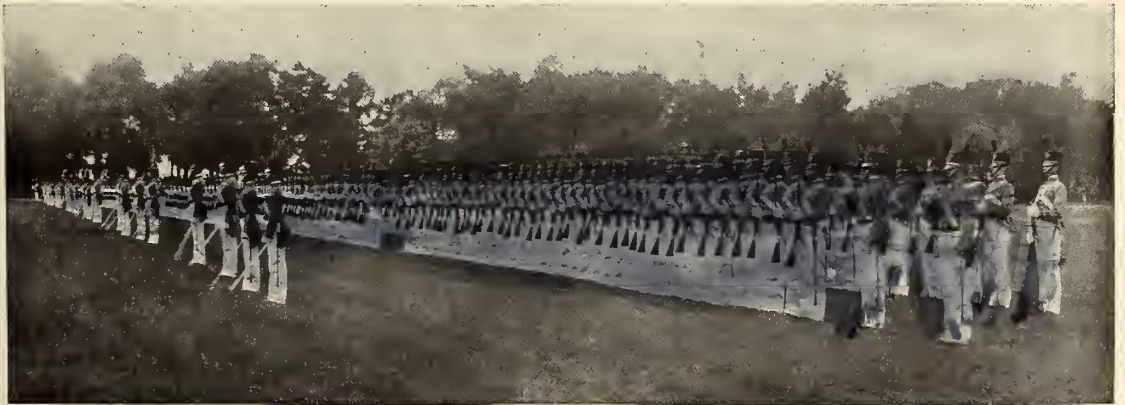




THE RIVER-FRONT, SHOWING THE RIDING-HALL, POST HEADQUARTERS, AND THE POWER-HOUSE.

At 9:30, out upon the Parade, under the twinkling stars, the drum and fife chorus assembles once again and beats "The Girl I Left Behind Me" off to dreamland; while the hard-worked cadets who are sometimes called the "petted

aristocrats" of the nation end their "luxurious" day by casting themselves upon their iron beds of roses, where, slothful and supine, they "waste" the midnight hours in sleep, and await the dreaded reveille "bang" that ushers in another day.



DRESS PARADE.

# “ FOOT-BALL ”

BY J. W. LINN

A GRIDIRONED field that huge stands defend,  
With a great grim gallows at either end,  
A bullying wind and a frightened sky  
And a leather ball that goes dancing by—

The hour has struck again for the doughty foot-ball men,  
And it 's “*Fall, there, fall, lad,*  
You 're snatching at the ball, lad,  
That 's not the game at all, lad!  
Again, now—*that 's well done!*  
Quick, now, *quick, man,*  
Don't lie there like a sick man—  
*Lively! That 's the trick, man, pick up your feet and run!*”

A-sprawl full-length on the short brown grass  
They watch the handling of kick and pass,  
And the slippery dummies squeak and swing  
As each in his turn the tacklers spring—

And the veteran may shirk but the novice he must work,  
While it 's “*Scoot now, scoot, lad,*  
Leave your feet and shoot, lad,  
That 's the way to do it, lad,  
You 're learning, learning fast.  
Low, get *low, man,*  
Must n't be so slow, man!  
*That 's the way to go, man, you 've got the knack at last.*”

Hark now to the whistle's silver call,  
“Line up!” and the center takes the ball.  
The signals follow, clear and quick,  
For run and line-buck, punt and trick,—

While the coach trots close beside, to each error open-eyed,  
And it 's “*You end, stay there!*  
Tackle, under way, there!  
Guard, you spoiled the play, there,  
*Don't stand like that and wait!*  
What are you about, man?  
Can't you hear me shout, man?  
*You might as well be out, man, as half a second late!*”

So the days go by and with each in turn  
Comes something new for the men to learn,  
But one great lesson is still the same,  
*It 's team-play only that wins the game!*

Nothing 's done by one and one, but by all in unison!  
For it 's “*Side by side, there!*  
Let the full-back guide, there!  
Half, don't run so wide there,  
*Never go alone!*  
Hard, now, hard, man—  
*Tackle, stick to guard, man!*”—

And the boys who learn the lesson may use it when they 're grown!

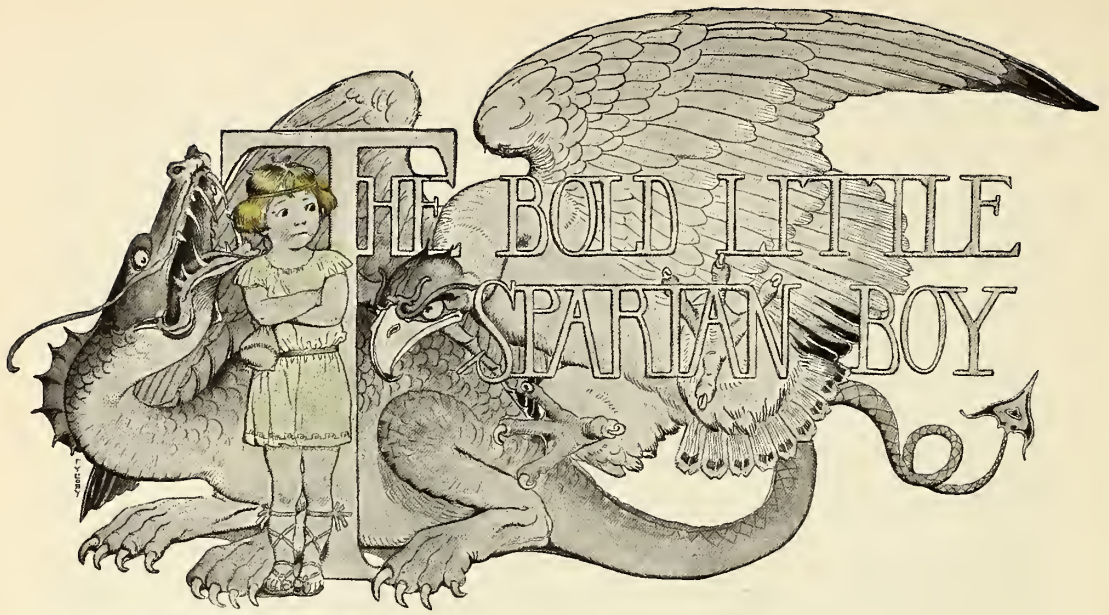




Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

FUTURE "STARS" OF THE "GRIDIRONED FIELD."





BY ELIZABETH HILL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FANNY Y. CORY

WHEN little Lysimachides was almost six years old,

His father said: "T is time to test his pluck.  
We want this little boy of ours to grow up brave  
and bold,

And no more fear a lion than a duck.  
To-morrow to the Hippodrome I 'll take him  
down to see

The Mighty, Far-famed, Fabled African Men-  
agerie."

"Now, listen, Lysimachides," his Spartan daddy  
said,

"A few more years and you will be a man;  
And so, no matter what you see down here, don't  
lose your head,

But show yourself a hero, if you can.  
These creatures may spit fire and roar, but even  
if they do,  
Don't dare to let me hear a single bit of sound  
from you."

So little Lysimachides determined not to quail,  
But bear himself as did befit his years;  
And when he saw the Dragon spouting flames  
he did not fail,

But proudly put a damper on his fears;  
And when nine-headed Hydra put forth an awful  
roar,  
He tried to act as if he oft had heard that noise  
before.



"AND ATE YOU IF YOU COULD N'T  
GUESS THE SAME."

He marched up straight and manly, with his  
 head held very high,  
 And dauntlessly examined every beast:  
 He looked the fierce Chimæra exactly in the eye,  
 And did not mind the Gryphon in the least;  
 Before the great (stuffed) Basilisk he paused  
 and did not "flunk,"  
 And when the Roc pecked at his nose he showed  
 the utmost spunk.

But even when he stood a  
 chance of being swallowed  
 whole,  
 He did not let his countenance  
 betray his anxious  
 soul.



"A CENTAUR TOOK HIM RIDING ROUND THE TRACK."

"AND TAKE A HEADER ON ITS HORN."

'T was really interesting (though it  
 was dreadful, too)  
 So many curious creatures to survey;  
 And it was quite exciting to see  
 the things they 'd do,  
 Although it  
 caused him  
 moments of  
 dismay.

There was that striking quadruped,  
 the lively Unicorn,  
 With body white and head of  
 crimson dye;

'T would give a sud-  
 den run and take  
 a header on its  
 horn,  
 Then calmly rise  
 and wink its  
 azure eye.  
 And, oh, to watch its  
 paces when it  
 raced around the  
 ring!  
 And, oh, to hear it bel-  
 low! And, oh, to  
 see it spring!



"HE LOOKED THE FIERCE CHIMÆRA EXACTLY IN THE EYE."



There was the Salamander spry, which in the  
fire did bask,  
And when it tired of play licked up the flame;  
There was the Sphinx, which stopped you,  
strange riddles for to ask,  
And ate you if you could n't guess the same;  
And there were monsters many more, too num-  
erous to tell;  
But little Lysimachides went through the trial well.

Of course, there were some animals that were  
not bad at all:  
A Centaur took him riding round the track;  
A pleasant-looking Dolphin came a-swimming  
up at call,

And let him have a sail upon its back;  
And, best of all, the Phoenix permitted him to  
come  
And feed it lumps of frankincense and sticks of  
scented gum.

So little Lysimachides had quite a jolly day,  
And never for an instant did he flinch.  
His daddy was delighted, and unto his ma did  
say:  
"This youngster is a Spartan, every inch!"  
And surely, everybody else must be of Daddy's  
mind:  
That a bolder little Spartan boy it would be hard  
to find.



"THIS YOUNGSTER IS A SPARTAN, EVERY INCH!"

## THE ROBIN AND THE BEE

BY JOHN LEA

"I SUPPOSE you know it 's autumn?"  
Said the Robin to the Bee,—  
"And the leaves are getting thinner  
On the most courageous tree.  
You have noticed that no butterflies  
Across the garden rove?  
And that every single chestnut  
Has been scattered in the grove?  
It 's a fortnight since the swallows  
Took their passage o'er the sea,—  
So perhaps you know it 's autumn,"  
Said the Robin to the Bee.

"Old Winter soon gets busy  
When the feeble sunbeams fade  
And he turns the flower-beds over  
With a white and frosty spade.  
He rolls the gravel pathways  
Till they ring like iron roads,  
And the twigs on all the bushes  
With a sparkling cloak he loads.  
That 's right! Let 's both fly Southward!  
Until May once more we see,—  
When we 'll find a warmer welcome,"  
Said the Robin to the Bee.



THE  
VISIT OF



WEE  
SHADOW

• A TRUE STORY •

BY EVA WILKINS

"OH, Miss Edith, here is a baby screech-owl for you! Want him?"

"Indeed I do!" replied the girl, as she stopped on the shaded clay walk and awaited the slow approach of the big Florida youth, who was balancing a tiny owl on his forefinger.

"But, Mr. Stiggins, the little creature is almost dead—oh, please take him back to his mother," Edith pleaded on getting a nearer view of the limp four inches of mottled gray and white.

"Impossible. All family ties are broken. The nest was under the eaves of the laboratory. We fellows did not mean to tumble it down, but just to get the little owls. This mite of a chap came fluttering down and I caught him, but the others got away."

"When did this happen?"

"Last evening just after sunset."

"Then, of course, he is hungry. Come, you funny, speckled baby, and I will find something for you to eat,—there, pet," and the girl gently removed the owl from its perch, and pressed it against her warm pink cheek.

"You reckon the bird will thrive in a college dormitory?" smilingly asked Miss Edith's escort when they reached the girls' hall.

"Thrive! indeed he will thrive in my quiet room among the tree tops. Now is a good time to smuggle him in while most of the girls are at classes, for he is not strong enough yet to be petted overmuch. He looks like the gray shadow of some happier bird. Shadow—Wee Shadow! that shall be his name.—Thank you so much for Shadow, and good-by, Mr. Stiggins," Edith said, as she entered a door of Cloverleaf Cottage.

When Edith reached her high-up, sunny room she laid the gray owl on the bed while she made him a nest of Florida moss which she pressed firmly into a small wooden box.

"What do owls eat? What do you want, Wee Shadow?" she had questioned anxiously as she worked.

"I'll try you first with soft bread. Here, dear," said Edith presently, as she seated herself by Wee Shadow's nest.

Firmly the girl forced open the owl's closed bill, and putting a bit of soft bread on the tip of an orange spoon she attempted to drop it into the bird's little, triangular pink mouth. To her intense relief she discovered that when the bread touched the bird's tongue it would swallow at once.

"Now, Wee Shadow, sit back on your moss and in two hours you may eat again," said Edith after many swallows had been successfully accomplished.

This suggestion seemed very satisfactory to Shadow, who sank back, and dropped immediately into a peaceful sleep, and Miss Edith returned to her studies.

"Oh, you naughty little pepper-box!" exclaimed Edith two hours later, when she returned to give Shadow his supper, for on being disturbed he stood erect, and snapped his little hooked beak together most viciously.

During his supper Shadow gobbled and snapped, but when he had eaten all he could, like a dear, ungrateful pet he cuddled against Edith's cheek and went fast asleep.

The next day Edith decided that Shadow was strong enough to bear admiration, and the other

girls were invited in to see him eat. On that day shredded meat was added to his menu, but Edith never permitted anything more.

It was an accident, however, that revealed Shadow in what became his most popular "stunt." Once Edith failed to get the orange spoon out of Shadow's mouth with sufficient promptness, and he shut his curved beak down on the tip of the spoon. Then, perched on Edith's finger, firmly holding the spoon as long as himself at a dignified, downward angle, he stared with solemn, reproachful eyes.

The girls shrieked with laughter when Shadow went through his "spoon stunt," and certainly he was a very funny bird, for his small wings were held closely to his sides, and he had never a vestige of a tail, and above his solemn eyes his pert little ears made corners to his square head, which was quite as wide as his body.

Gertrude, who roomed across the hall, said Shadow's head looked like a little clock, his two yellow-green eyes making twin faces that said "hands off" plainly enough.

One morning Gertrude came in, and saying "Sweet one" in her pleasantest voice reached out her hand to smooth the baby owl's speckled breast.

"Careful, Gertrude, Shadow is never sweet-tempered in the morning," said Edith as she saw Wee Shadow getting very erect, but her warning came too late, for as she spoke the bird threw himself on his back, and with beak and claws made a fierce attack on the smoothing hand.

"Why, you horrid little thing!" cried the visitor drawing back, and nursing her wounded hand.

"No, he's not horrid, it's just his nature when he is not acquainted—and sometimes when he is," said Edith, as she handed out the cold cream and a bit of soft linen to her wounded friend, and then seated herself by Shadow's box.

"Now, Shadow, you little sinner, make Gertrude forget how naughty you are," Edith mur-

mured. "Just turn your little head as I move this spoon. That's right; quite around. Some time I shall forget, and keep moving the spoon in the same direction, and you will wring your own little head off. Now you may do your spoon stunt for Gertrude."

The little bird obligingly performed this act



"A LARGE OWL WITH NOISELESS WING HAD DROPPED TO THE WINDOW LEDGE."

with his usual dignity, turning his "clock face," as she called it, toward Gertrude, until for laughing she forgot to cool her fingers, and quite forgave the wee performer.

The little owl never attempted to fly by day, even when Edith darkened the room, but during the evening study-hour Edith would often pause in her writing to watch him first stretch up tall and think about flying, and then venture on his little wings. His flight, however, was swift and noiseless, though at first he did not select his perches wisely, but scratched and scrambled on the smooth wide chair-backs. Later, all was ac-



complished so silently that Edith would often be unable to locate him when she wished to put him back in his box.

Sometimes, however, the little owl would reveal his whereabouts by rapidly snapping his bill together when some object in his path aroused his uncertain temper.

"I have been poking Shadow out from under the dresser with this umbrella. He hates to be poked, and he hates this umbrella," Edith explained to Gertrude, who came in one evening to say good-night to Wee Shadow and to ask the cause of such continued snappings.

Edith explained further that she was almost worn out for lack of sleep, for, after a few evenings of flittings, Shadow showed his true owl nature, and many times during the night she was awakened by the falling of some object brushed down by his wings, or by the thump of his body against the mirror.

"Now, Shadow, I 'll put this orange branch up like a tree, and you must perch on it and keep more quiet at night, and let poor me get a little sleep—are you listening?" So Edith admonished the little owl one morning after a night of cat naps. For reply Shadow snapped very hard as though he knew he was being scolded, but he did not reform.

That evening, thinking that a moonlight walk might dispose the restless baby to a quiet night, Edith took Shadow all about the campus perched on her finger. He did not offer to fly, but stared contentedly about, and when returned to his orange-branch perch he was quiet until the lights were turned out, when he became very restless.

Soon Edith slipped from her bed and found the little bird, and cuddled him up against her cheek, talking to him the while.

"Oh, Shadow dear, if you are not happy here, I suppose I must soon give you up, but I love you, and am never one bit homesick with you for company. You have been here now a week. That is a very little while, and you will have months, perhaps years, to be a grown-up owl—Poor birdie, you are asleep and hearing nothing I am saying," and sadly Edith slipped Shadow onto his perch, and went back to bed.

That night Edith was awakened soon after midnight by hearing Shadow's claws on the window shade. She got up at once to prevent him from hurting himself, and in the dim moonlight could just discern him clinging to the shade. He seemed grateful, however, to perch on her finger, but she could not quiet him, and he kept making little squeaking calls.

"Why, Wee Shadow, why do you make this new call and open your poor little mouth so very wide?" questioned Edith anxiously, as, still holding the little owl, she sat down on the floor close to the screened window.

Edith had been quiet but a moment when she heard a gentle stirring among the branches of the oak-tree that brushed against the screen. Then came a low, sweet note, and bravely little Shadow answered.

"Oh, I 've lost you, my precious pet!" Edith breathed, and put the baby owl close up against her cheek. The caress did not quiet the little bird as always before.

Edith turned her head to look more closely among the oak leaves, and was startled to discover that a large owl with noiseless wing had dropped to the wide window ledge, and was sitting, still and dim, and peering with great mysterious eyes into the room.

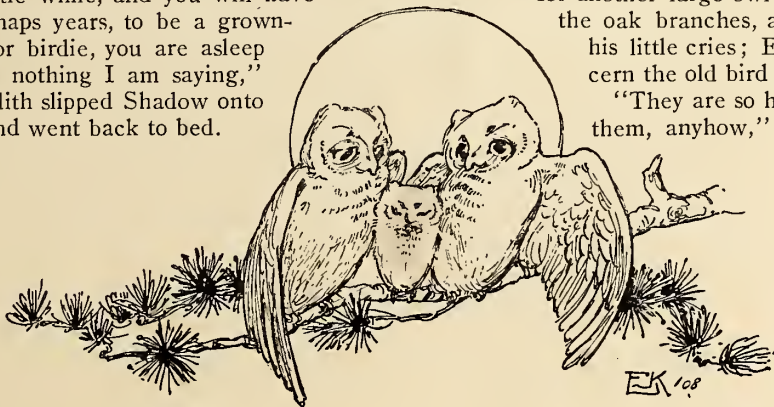
Startled as she was, Edith noted with surprise that the old bird was twice as tall as the baby that Edith had supposed almost full-grown, so pretty and perfect were his feathers.

Some movement of Edith's in making ready to raise the screen was heard by the owl without, and with no sound it disappeared into the oak branches and again repeated the low, sweet note.

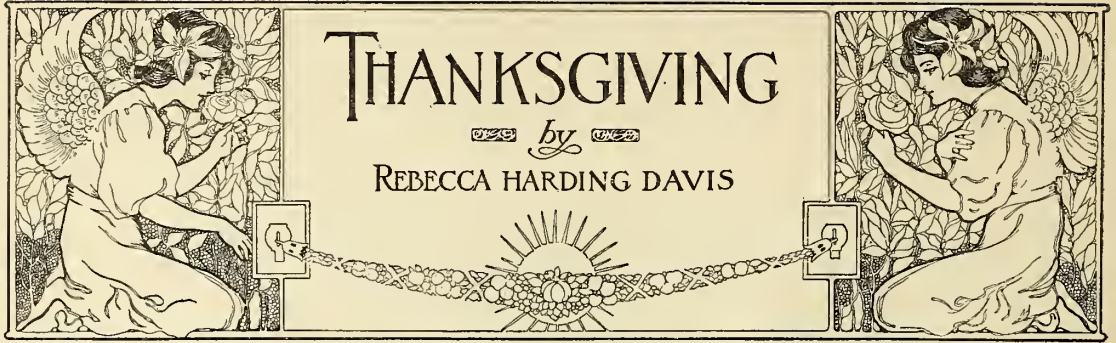
Edith opened the screen, and, after tenderly kissing the little bird, she held it out beyond the ledge. Wee Shadow spread his little wings and flew right toward the call.

"Ah!" exclaimed Edith under her breath after listening a moment to Shadow's excited squeaks, for another large owl dropped down into the oak branches, and Shadow ceased his little cries; Edith could just discern the old bird feeding him.

"They are so happy, and I helped them, anyhow," said Edith.







It is a fact that the single form of gratitude bequeathed to us as a habit by our godly ancestors was the "grace" before meals. But why limit our thanksgiving to food? Shall we thank God for beef and potatoes and not for the sunrise, or the flowers in the garden, or the wind among the trees, or the song that calls our souls up out of the valley of death? What of our eyes, our hearing, our power to think, above all, to love? Did He not give us these things as well as food?

Many of us are apt to lose much of the meaning out of life by failing to see that its innocent pleasures are direct messages from our unknown Father. Many pious, earnest people, striving to do their whole duty in their homes, starve and cripple their lives by failing to feed them with innocent comforts and pleasures. The real necessary sacrifices they make for those dependent on them are not a whit more effective because they never hearten themselves by a holiday or a joke. That wise woman, Charlotte Yonge, tells us in time of prolonged family worry to "Keep a good novel in the work-basket by way of repairs."

Whoever a young girl is, she may be sure of one thing,—that she will know her work in the world. The Master never leaves any of us in doubt about that. It may be hard and bitter. But He never fails, too, to give us strength in soul for it, and presently He sends the help we need in commonplace little ways, perhaps in the song of birds, in growing things, in the cheery gossip of neighbors. After all, the world itself is His great letter of love to His children, and many are the words of it. The growing corn has a message from Him to us, and every tree in the wood, and the chickens in the farm-yard, and the fishes in the stream, and all living things. Only, too often, we do not learn their language, nor listen to them.

Then there is the world itself, with its great nations and their gospels of knowledge which are ready to widen and strengthen our lives, but

which so many of us are apt to neglect, our minds being full of our own little concerns. It is Charles Kingsley, I think, who tells us of meeting in California an old friend who never had been known to leave England for a day.

"Why, John!" cried Mr. Kingsley, "what are you doing here, so far from Piccadilly?"

But his friend did not smile. He drew him gravely aside. "There was a queer thing happened to me," he said. "I dreamed one night that I had died and was making my way to the gate of heaven, when an angel met me. 'How can you face God,' he said, 'when you never have taken the trouble even to see the beautiful world He made for you to live in? Go back to it.' So I came back, and I am now finding out for the first time all that He has done for me."

The story may not be a fact, but there is a profound truth in it. The wonder and the beauty of this world which God made to be our home, are a part of the life which He gives us, which we often put aside and leave unnoticed and unknown through all of our busy years. True, we may not have money to travel, but if we never see the glories of the Jungfrau or of a Brazilian forest, wonders as mysterious and beautiful wait for us in every pool and on every mossy tree trunk. If we knew more of this house, built countless ages ago for us to live in, and of the tribes who inhabit it, we should not waste so much of our lives in brooding over our own little family and kitchen worries.

I once met a little woman whose plan of life and methods to defeat old age seem to me so sane and odd, that I will tell you of her.

She was the widow of an English physician, left with small means and two boys whom she had educated and placed, one in India, the other in Melbourne. Her work for them was done. She was sixty-five. Her income was small, her lungs were weak. Most women in such a case would have settled down with drugs and doctors as their only thought, and begun to prepare

for the next world. Not so Jane Perry. She made her home in a hill-town of Tuscany, where the air was pure and healing and never thereafter even mentioned her ailments. She already spoke Italian. "I have been studying languages all my life," she said; "I want to be able to talk to all of my kinsfolk." She had a sound, unpretentious knowledge of art and architecture; she eagerly studied the history of the place, and in six months there was not a legend nor a great picture nor a bit of medieval carving in the old fortress-like palaces of the town which she did not know and love as if she had been a native. She soon made friends with the good Sisters who nursed the paupers in the great Spedale or hospital; they took comfort in telling her of their patients, and she contrived to bring to them certain helpful appliances which were in use in London. One of the industries of the town was leather-work. She learned to bind books, to gild and tool them, and so was able to send home beautiful gifts to her friends.

She discovered in one of the cellars where poor folk burrow, a crippled girl who made fine lace, and she found regular sale for it in Rome with an English dealer. She was in the midst of the silk-raising district of Tuscany; in a year she had studied all the mysteries of the industry, knew the diseases which attack the tree and the cocoon and their remedies. She visited the con-

tadini, or peasants, in their little farms, and was counted as their best friend. Meanwhile, she kept up her knowledge of affairs abroad, read the English and French papers daily, and you may be sure no revolution could come to the light in Russia, nor royal wedding be planned in London, and escape Jane Perry's eye. Everybody in the strange old medieval town, from the stately Podesta [Chief Magistrate] down to the old women shrieking and pushing their carts of onions and artichokes through the narrow lanes, knew the queer little woman with her widow's cap, and her kind homely face, and loved her. She helped everybody, if but by a friendly look, and she never meddled.

"Why," I asked her, one day, "should you spend so much time in the study of the present condition of Italian emigrants? What possible use can you make of such knowledge?"

She laughed and colored. "As we grow near to the end," she said, "we are afraid to be ignorant of any work to which we may be called to reach a helping hand. Our time is so short."

That, it seems to me, is the kind of life which is one long, genuine thanksgiving. We may never reach the height of the great Danish Earl Brithnoll, who, with his last breath cried out: "God! I thank Thee for all the joy I have had in this good world!" but we can follow Jane Perry's humble methods of praising God daily.



## THE HOUSEHOLD FAIRY

HAVE you heard of the household fairy sweet,  
Who keeps the home so bright and neat?  
Who enters the rooms of boys and girls,  
And finds lost marbles or smooths out curls?  
Who mends the rent in a girlie's frock,—  
Or darns the hole in a Tomboy's sock?

If you don't believe it is true, I say  
You may search and find her this very day,  
In your home.

You must not look for a maiden fair,  
With starry eyes and golden hair;  
Her hair may be threaded with silver gray  
But one glance of her eyes drives care away,  
And the touch of her hand is so soft and light  
When it smooths out a place for your head at night.

If you know of some one just like this,  
My household fairy you cannot miss,—  
It's "Mother."

*Alice B. Huling.*



# The Three Queens at Melun

(With humble apologies to Sir John Froissart. See page 92)

BY ARTHUR UPSON

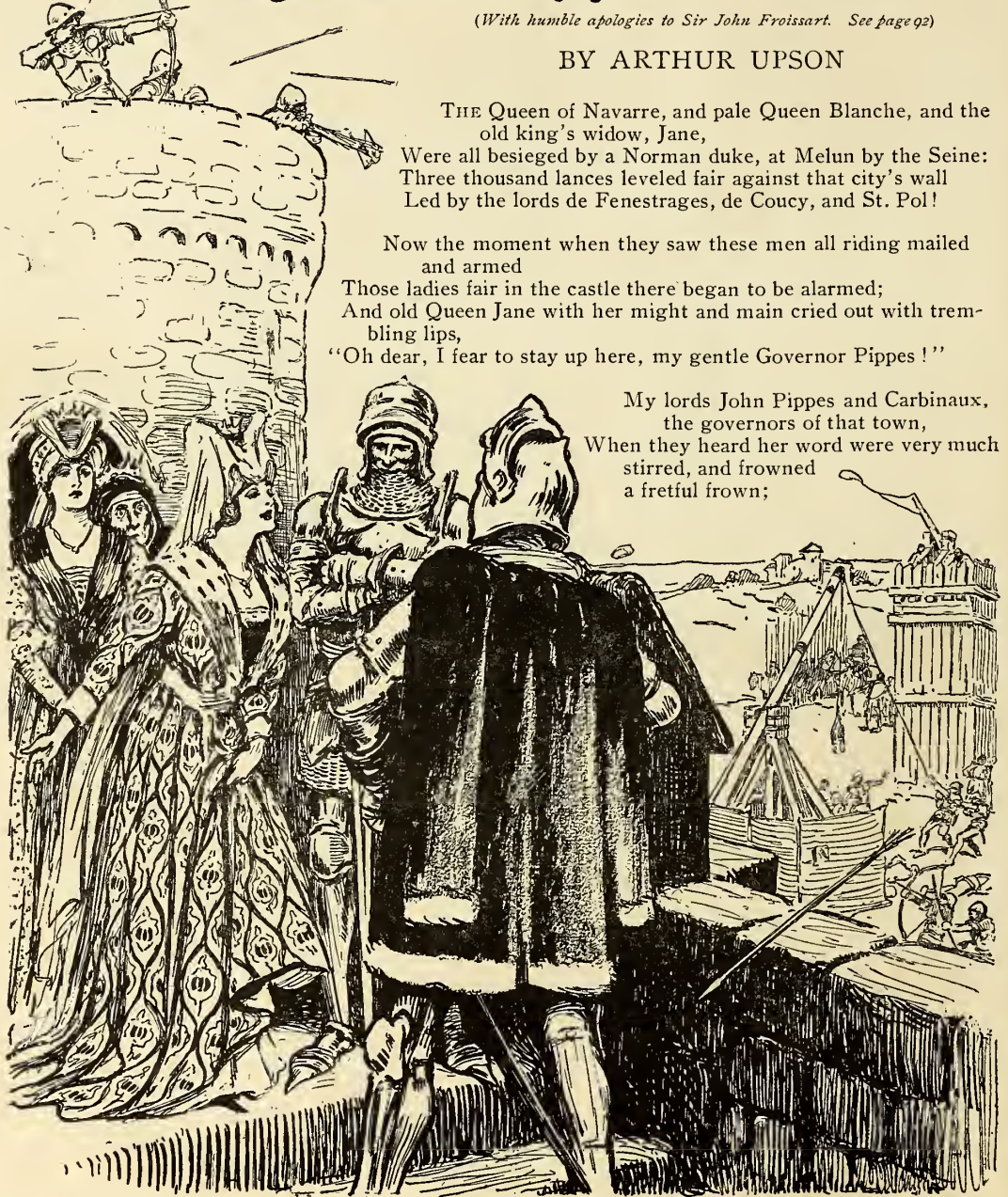
THE Queen of Navarre, and pale Queen Blanche, and the  
old king's widow, Jane,  
Were all besieged by a Norman duke, at Melun by the Seine:  
Three thousand lances leveled fair against that city's wall  
Led by the lords de Fenestrages, de Coucy, and St. Pol!

Now the moment when they saw these men all riding mailed  
and armed

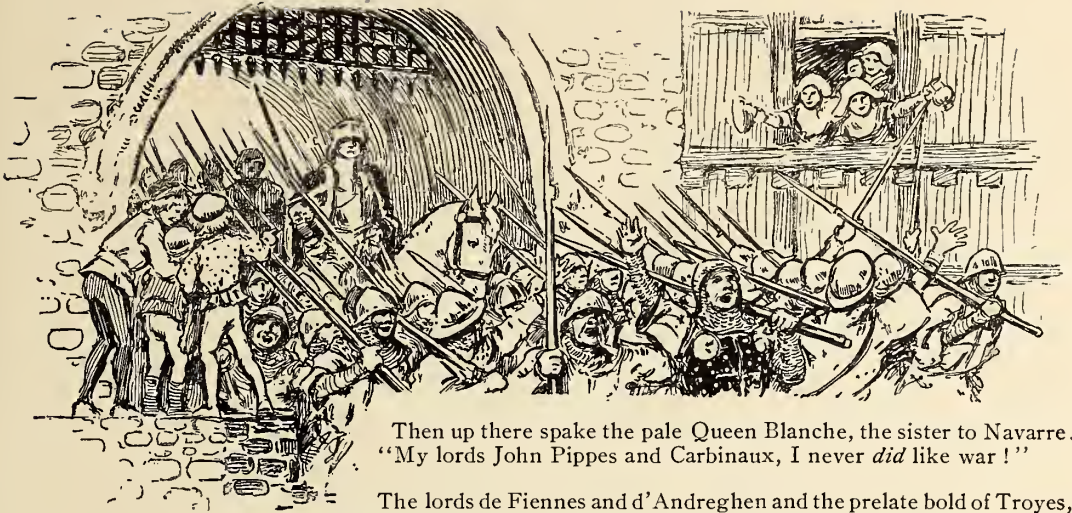
Those ladies fair in the castle there began to be alarmed;  
And old Queen Jane with her might and main cried out with trem-  
bling lips,

"Oh dear, I fear to stay up here, my gentle Governor Pippes!"

My lords John Pippes and Carbinaux,  
the governors of that town,  
When they heard her word were very much  
stirred, and frowned  
a fretful frown;





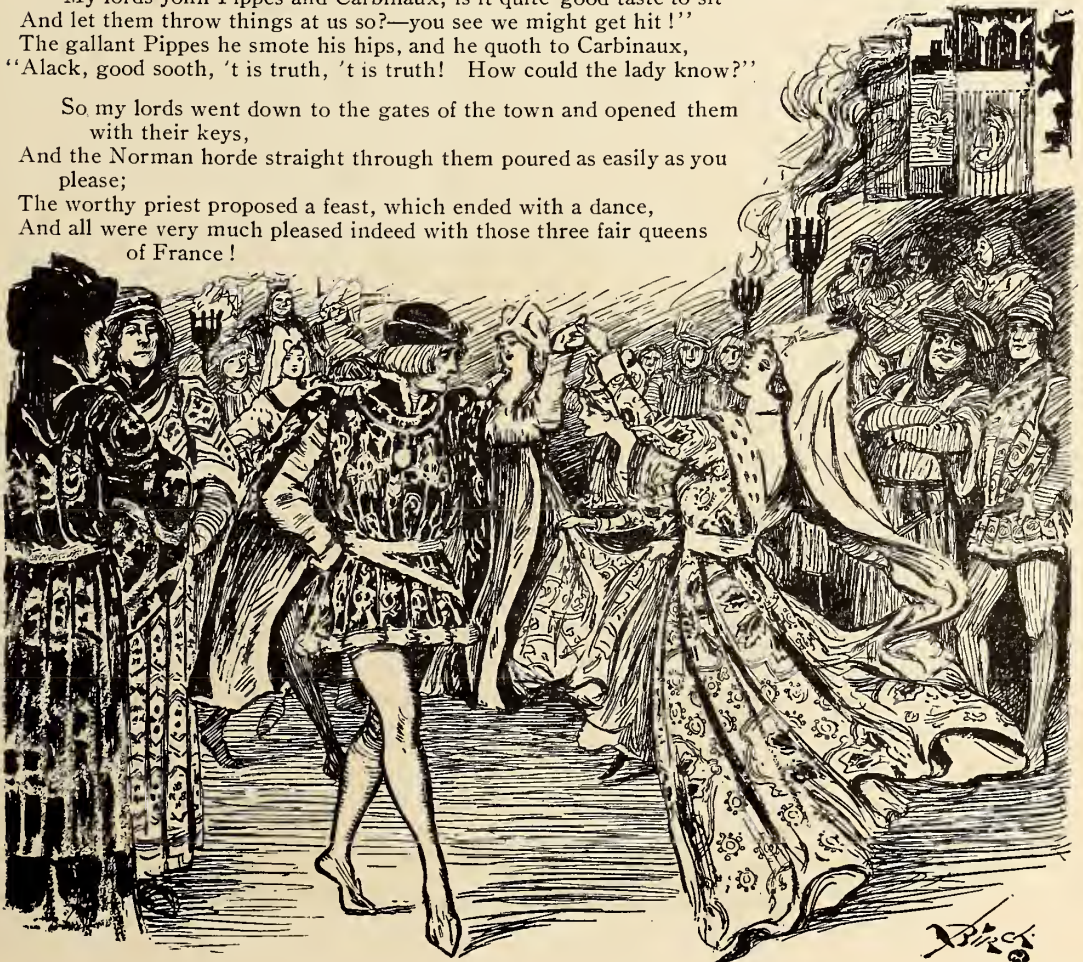


Then up there spake the pale Queen Blanche, the sister to Navarre.  
 "My lords John Pippes and Carbinaux, I never *did* like war!"

The lords de Fiennes and d'Andreghen and the prelate bold of Troyes,  
 Straight up they run towards Melun with a perfectly awful noise;  
 All round that tower for half an hour they cast so many stones  
 The Queen of Navarre at last gets up and says in cooing tones:

"My lords John Pippes and Carbinaux, is it quite good taste to sit  
 And let them throw things at us so?—you see we might get hit!"  
 The gallant Pippes he smote his hips, and he quoth to Carbinaux,  
 "Alack, good sooth, 't is truth, 't is truth! How could the lady know?"

So my lords went down to the gates of the town and opened them  
 with their keys,  
 And the Norman horde straight through them poured as easily as you  
 please;  
 The worthy priest proposed a feast, which ended with a dance,  
 And all were very much pleased indeed with those three fair queens  
 of France!





# THE LIFE-SAVERS

BY ARTHUR W. STACE

"Who-o-o-oh! Who-o-o-oh! Who-o-o-oh! Who-o-o-oh!"

Rising faintly above the roar of the surf and the howl of the wind, came the low, hoarse moan of a steamboat siren. The three children, their faces pressed close to the window, listened intently while their eager eyes tried to pierce the darkness that had settled down over angry Lake Michigan.

"Did you hear that?" whispered Dumpty.

"Is it the boat?" asked Twaddle, her eyes lighting up with expectation.

"Sounded like— Listen!" said Twiddle, interrupting himself.

"Who-o-o-oh!" Again came the hoarse moan from out of the distance. The children strained their ears to catch it, but a fierce, abrupt gust of wind shook the house and drowned out all other sounds.

The children shrank back from the window in dismay at the violence of the storm. They had spent the whole long summer beside changeable Lake Michigan, but never had they seen it rage under the lashing of such a gale as this. The uproar created by wind and wave would have been terrifying enough had Father and Mother been there to inspire courage with their comforting presence; but with Father and Mother miles away—perhaps at that very minute out on the tossing deep—it was no wonder the children felt their hearts go down, down, down!

That morning when Mr. and Mrs. Drummond had sailed away on the lake steamer *Prudence* for a few hours' shopping in the city up the shore, the great lake had rippled harmlessly in the sun. Then lowering clouds had blotted out the sunlight, and a sudden September hurricane had come up out of the west with startling abruptness. The dancing waves had mounted into mighty foam-capped billows and the gentle surf had turned into a roaring monster that crashed thunderously upon the beach and stretched forth ravenously as if to swallow all within its reach.

Night had fallen and still the *Prudence* had not appeared on its homeward trip, although it was due to poke its nose around the point at four o'clock. Even a Chicago liner would have had trouble in that awful sea, and the children hoped fervently that Captain Alber had kept the *Prudence* safe in port.

Then came the moan of the whistle. It told them what they feared—that the *Prudence* was out in the storm!

"That is the boat!" declared Twiddle.

"Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh!" Once more the siren sounded above the racket of the storm.

"Four blasts. That 's the signal of distress!" exclaimed Dumpty.

"Look! Look!" shrieked Twaddle, almost going through the window in her excitement.

Dumpty and Twiddle gave a sharp gasp. The sky to the north, which a moment before had been a vacant black, was now lighted by a blood-red glare.

"It 's a fire!" shouted Dumpty.

"Maybe the boat," echoed Twiddle.

"Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh!" wailed the siren as if in answer.

"I 'm going to see," declared Dumpty, taking the leadership by right of his two years superiority over the ten-year-old twins. "Come on to the lookout.

The lookout was a tall pine-tree on top of a near-by sand-dune. High up in the branches was a platform from which they could see across the point and far up and down the lake. The path up the dune was difficult even in the daytime, but now in the dark, with the hurricane lashing the trees and undergrowth, the children found it strewn with unfamiliar obstacles and chilling fears of vague, unknown dangers.

Near the top was an open stretch of sand. Here the gale caught them with such a fury they had to drop to their hands and knees, and creep across to the foot of the tall pine.

"Stay here, while I climb up," ordered Dumpty, and the trembling twins obeyed. The tree, exposed to the full force of the hurricane, swayed to and fro, its branches thrashing about furiously. Had Dumpty been less brave or less strong, he would have given up the perilous climb at the start. He could scarcely cling to the shaking trunk. The wind beat and tore at him. The boughs slapped viciously in his face. Only the fear he had for the safety of the boat kept him going upward. Inch by inch he mounted higher. Finally his head bumped sharply against the platform. Dumpty swung himself over the edge, and his eyes turned eagerly toward the north. Ah, there it was! The boat!

"What is it?" shrilled Twiddle and Twaddle from the darkness below.

"The boat!" shouted back Dumpty.

"Is it on fire?" cried the twins.

Dumpty looked sharply. The boat was nearly two miles to the north, yet the red glow revealed it plainly. No! It was n't on fire! Still, the light came from it! Dumpty was puzzled. The red flare looked like—yes, it was red fire such as he often used on the Fourth of July. Could the boat be celebrating? And why was it so close in shore? It should have been far out to keep off the dangerous shallows.

Then there flashed into Dumpty's mind the meaning of it all. The boat was already in the shallows! The red light was a signal—a signal of distress. Now he remembered having once been told that a red light on the water was a hurry-call to the life-savers—an alarm as sharp and emphatic as that which sends a fire department rushing pell-mell down a city street!

But would the life-savers see it? Dumpty's heart grew suddenly heavy as the thought came to him. The boat was four miles from the life-saving station. Between them was the high wooded point and a curve in the coast. The chances were that the life-savers would not notice the signal.

"Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh! Who-o-oh!" came the boat's moaning cry for aid. That call decided Dumpty. He and the twins must carry the alarm to the life-saving station, carry it through the storm and night, carry it swiftly and without halt. Another instant he was sliding, bumping his way to the ground. He landed in a heap almost on top of the frightened twins.

"The boat 's ashore in the shallows! We must fetch the life-savers! Come on!" shouted Dumpty, racing ahead of them down the path. At the bottom he paused. Which way should they go?—By the beach or through the woods?

The road through the woods was shorter, but it held many fears for the children. Once, in traveling it, they had seen a gang of tramp berry-pickers encamped beside a stream. Another time they had met three ragged Indians right where the forest was darkest. Although they knew that many "tame" Pottawatomies lived peacefully on farms around about, they dreaded another meeting.

"Let 's go by the beach," urged Twiddle.

"Yes! Yes!" chimed in Twiddle.

Dumpty started toward the beach. Then he thought of the deep sands. Travel through them would be slow. The road, on the contrary, was firm, and they could go fast. Delay might mean death to the persons on the boat. Bravely crushing down his fears, Dumpty made his decision.

"We must take the road," he said. He led the way up the path toward the highway, and the twins staunchly followed. They started on a run, but soon Twiddle was panting painfully.

"Oh, I can't go so fast," she gasped.

"We ought to save our wind," declared Twiddle, mindful of a lesson he had learned in watching high-school runners train. Dumpty slowed up, and they half walked, half ran. At the top of the bluff, the path turned into the road. The hard gravel gave the children a firm foothold, and the gale behind helped to carry them along rapidly. It was very dark but they could just see where they were going.

Soon a black mass seemed to loom up all around them, and they felt the force of the wind lessen. They knew they were in the woods. The children grasped each other's hands, and went on faster than ever. Twiddle was getting tired, but the boys, one on each side, helped to pull her along. Up a little hill they went, down into a valley, and then around a bend. What they saw there brought them to an abrupt halt.

In a little hollow beside the road, a camp-fire was blazing brightly. Behind it were two large covered wagons. Around it were grouped seven or eight dark figures.

"Gipsies!" whispered Twiddle.

"Oh, let 's run!" exclaimed Twiddle, pulling back.

"No!" whispered Dumpty, getting a firmer grasp on her hand. "We must creep past them!"

"I 'm afraid!" sobbed Twiddle.

"It 's blowing so, they can't hear us," said Twiddle reassuringly.

"We must get help for the boat. Come on!" ordered Dumpty.

All three children were trembling with fear. But courage does not consist in not being afraid. It consists in going ahead in spite of fear—and Dumpty, Twiddle, and Twiddle went ahead.

Creeping along on the opposite side of the road, and crouching down low, they made their way past the fire. The gipsies were busy eating their supper and they did not glance toward the children. They were so near, however, that their talk and laughter could be heard plainly. The children expected any moment to have a pair of sharp eyes spy them out.

One pair of eyes did find them. They had stolen by the camp safely and were beginning to hurry along again when there came a quick crashing from the underbrush. Startled, the children broke into a run. At the same instant a dog, barking fiercely, dashed out into the road. It was almost at their heels and escape seemed impossible.

By a flicker of light from the gipsies' fire, Twiddle saw a stick in the road. Letting go Twiddle's hand, he stooped quickly and grasped it. Then he turned and faced the dog.



The animal, taken by surprise, stopped short. It snapped at Twiddle and he lunged with the club. The dog dodged, but almost before Twiddle recovered his balance, the brute rushed forward again. Twiddle swung the club, and this time the dog in terror turned and ran. Twiddle waited to see no more, but ran after Dumpty and Twaddle.

The children feared pursuit by the gypsies, but there was none, and in a few minutes the three, all out of breath, found themselves clear of the woods. The run had tired them, and it seemed that they could never get to the life-saving station, still more than a mile away. Yet they pluckily hurried on.

Presently, above the roar of the storm, they heard a low rumble ahead of them.

"Listen!" said Dumpty. Twaddle squeezed his hand closer.

"It 's a wagon," said Twiddle.

"We 'll stop it," shouted Dumpty, "and get the driver to help us!"

The wagon was coming at a rapid rate, and almost before they knew it, the horses were sweeping past.

"Stop! Stop! Oh, stop, mister!" yelled the children.

"Stop it!" cried Dumpty.

The wagon was traveling so fast that it was almost upon them. The children set up a shout. The noise of the wagon almost drowned out their voices, but the driver heard. He pulled up abruptly.

"What 's the matter?" he asked gruffly, swinging a lantern into the faces of the children as they ran forward.

"Oh, mister, the *Prudence* is ashore, and we want to get the life-savers," exclaimed the children in a chorus.

"*Prudence* ashore? Where?" asked the man.

"In the Shallows! It needs help, quick!" answered Dumpty.

"We get life-savers! Climb in!" said the man, and the children quickly clambered over the wheels. As the driver swung his lantern beneath the seat, the light shone on his face. The children shrank back in the wagon in quick fear. The man was an Indian! Before they recovered from the shock of surprise, the Indian whipped his horses into a gallop. Then Dumpty jumped forward.

"Oh, you 're going the wrong way!" he shouted.

"This way quicker," shouted back the Indian. Dumpty, fearing treachery, prepared to leap out. At that moment the horses turned into a side road, and Dumpty was hurled to the bottom of the wagon. When he regained his feet, the

wagon was out of the woods, and pulling up in front of a farm-house.

The Indian tossed the reins to Dumpty, jumped out, and ran to the door. It was opened by an old farmer.

"Why, Wampan, what 's up?" he asked.

"Steamboat ashore! Telephone life-savers!" answered Wampan shortly, pushing his way into the house.

"The telephone! I had n't thought of that!" exclaimed Dumpty, suddenly relieved.

Quickly the message went over the wires to the life-saving station, and as quickly came the answer that the crew was ready to rush to the rescue.

"An awful night for a wreck," declared the farmer. "Heaven pity the poor souls on board. Here, Tom, Jim, Frank, turn out!" he cried to his sons. "We must help! Load up that wagon with blankets!"

Quickly every bed in the house was stripped, and the coverings piled in the wagon. The children could not understand why, but at least they made a soft cushion. The men climbed in, too, and Wampan, taking the reins, turned back to the highway. Two lights were rapidly approaching.

"The life-savers!" shouted the farmer. Wampan pulled up, waiting until the two teams bearing the life-savers and their apparatus dashed up. "This way!" he shouted, driving ahead to the north. The horses were pushed to a gallop, but to the anxious children it seemed that they only crawled. Presently, however, the farmer gave a shout.

"There she is!" he cried. The children raised up quickly. They had reached the shore drive where the road ran along the very edge of the bluff. The lake lay directly beneath. A mile ahead, lighting up water, earth, and sky with its fiery signal for help, lay the *Prudence*.

"She 's a goner!" shouted one of the men. The children, looking in awe at the terrifying tumult of waters, felt that what he said was a final sentence. Even as they looked, the signal sputtered out, leaving lake and land in darkness. Only a tiny masthead light marked the position of the steamer. Wampan never drew rein. One false move would have sent the wagon tumbling over the cliff, but the Indian, with the instinct of his race, guided the horses unerringly. Not until the light was directly opposite did he slacken the pace. Then, turning into a steep lane running down the side of the bluff, he led the way to the beach. Without wasting a moment, the life-savers began to set up their apparatus, the farmers helping them. Wampan turned to the children.

"We make fire," he cried. The children, only too eager to help, picked up such pieces of drift-wood as they could find by the light of the lanterns. With this wood and straw from his wagon,

The brilliant glare disclosed a scene that almost froze the blood of the children. Out in the midst of huge waves that crashed against it and swept over it, lay the battered wreck of the *Prudence*. All about it, and cutting off the way to the shore were great masses of water, rolling, tumbling, surging, breaking, rushing, and heaving. The boat was already going to pieces. Her funnel had been carried away. Her upper works were nearly gone. Her life-boats had disappeared. The waves broke and beat upon the wreck in spiteful anger, seeming to snatch viciously at the small group gathered around the foremast. The signal-light tinged the whole picture with a blood-red glare that added to the terror of the sight.

The steamer seemed beyond all human help. No life-boat could live a minute in the angry surf. A swimmer would be mercilessly battered to death. The awful power of the angry deep had been unloosened, and what could men do before it? The children sobbed aloud as they looked upon the doomed boat. Would they ever again see their father and mother alive? Almost hopelessly they turned toward the life-savers.

The brave men in oilskins were working with a feverish energy. Some were deftly arranging lines and rigging. Others were aiming a small cannon toward the boat.

"Oh, what are they going to do?" cried Twaddle.

"Shoot out a life-line,"

answered Dumpty, quick hope following on his fears.

"Oh, and bring them ashore in the breeches-buoy," shouted Twiddle, jumping up and down in excitement.

"It 's the only chance," declared the old farmer, shaking his head.



AT THE GIPSY CAMP.

Wampan built up a bonfire. Over it he threw the oil from his lantern, and a match set it all ablaze.

As it flared up, the rushing wind brought the faint sound of a cheer. The people on the boat had seen the fire and knew that help was at hand. An instant later a signal-light flashed out on the steamer.





“OH, DON'T GIVE UP, PLEASE. TRY AGAIN! TRY AGAIN!”



"Ready!" cried the life-savers' captain; and then, "Fire!"

"Boom!" went the cannon, startling the children so that they lost sight of the flying line. A sharp exclamation from the captain told the result.

"Missed!" he cried. "Load again!"

"You 'll never get a line out there against this hurricane!" cried the old farmer.

"Oh-oh-oh!" wailed Twaddle. The boys just gripped her hands hard, and watched the life-savers.

Again the cannon was aimed, and again came the order to fire. A second roar, and the line went flying out in the face of the wind. Straight for the boat it sped, then the wind caught it and hurled it back, fifty feet short of its mark.

"She 'll go to pieces before we get a line to her," said a life-saver.

Suddenly Twaddle dropped on her knees in the sand and, raising her hands to the farmer, said:

"Oh, don't give up, *please*. Try again! Try again!"

Just then there came a momentary lull in the hurricane. The cannon was ready.

"Boom!" it roared. Strong and swift sped the line out into the lake. Right over the boat it shot, and then, as the weight plunged into the waves, it fell across the deck.

A cheer came from the steamer. The children danced about in their joy. The life-savers quickly tied the shore end of the line to a heavier rope. The men on the boat hauled this out, and then by means of it pulled through the waves a rope cable, a block and tackle, and two smaller lines.

Meantime several of the life-savers set up on the beach a framework consisting of two large timbers crossed. It was intended to support the shore end of the cable.

Soon the drag upon the heavy rope ceased. A moment later a signal showed that it had been made fast to the mast. The life-savers hauled it taut, and quickly adjusted the breeches-buoy. This, true to its name, looked like nothing else than a large pair of leather trousers suspended from a sort of pulley that ran along the cable. It was pulled back and forth by means of the smaller lines.

Hauling away lustily, the life-savers sent the buoy dancing out over the waves. The children watched it with intent eyes. That small leather pouch, thrashing about in the gale as though it were a sheet on a clothes-line, carried the only hope of rescue to the people on the wrecked steamer. If it did its work well, they would cross the death-dealing waters back to life and safety. If it failed—the children shuddered to think what would happen if it failed.

Swiftly the buoy ran out to the boat. There was a moment's pause as the sailors fastened some one into the breeches. Another signal followed.

"Haul away!" commanded the life-saving captain. The eager life-savers and helping farmers pulled with a will, and the loaded buoy, swinging over the side of the steamer, started on its perilous trip across the surging billows.

The cable sagged under the weight, and the angry waves, leaping up like hungry dogs, almost caught the buoy and its living burden. Nearer and nearer they surged as the buoy advanced. The children held their breaths fearing that any moment the lake might seize its prey. As they watched, the steamer suddenly rolled toward shore, slacking the cable. Down plunged the buoy into the waves and beneath them! The children screamed in horror! They thought all was lost. But no! The boat rolled back: the cable grew taut: the buoy swished up from the water, and its precious burden bounded high above the fate that yawned below.

Again and again the waves grasped at the buoy, but a strong pull snatched it quickly from their slippery clutches. Soon it was swinging over the outer edges of the thundering surf.

"It 's a woman!" shouted Dumpty.

"Is it Mama?" cried Twaddle, running close to the water.

"She has a little girl!" declared sharp-eyed Twiddle.

Rushing in from the lake was a monster wave. The cable sagged, and the wave caught the buoy in its mighty grasp. But it was too late. The captain, wading into the surf, caught the woman and child in his outstretched arms and landed them safe on shore.

The beach fire flared up, shining on the white, tense face of the woman.

"Mama!" shrieked Twiddle running forward and throwing her arms around the woman as the men lifted her from the buoy.

"Mama! Mama!" shouted Dumpty and Twiddle.

"My children! My darlings!" cried their mother, clasping them to her. "Thank God, for sparing me to you!"

"Mama! Mama! Mama!" was all they could say.

"Get them to the fire, quick!" ordered the life-saving captain. The Indian and farmers, lifting both Mrs. Drummond and the little girl, carried them to the fire. There they wrapped them in blankets. Now the children understood why the beds had been stripped. The little girl was crying and sobbing.

The buoy was again swinging through the surf. This time it held a woman and a baby.

"Mama!" cried Margaret. And it was.

The next trip of the buoy brought Margaret's father and little brother. Then followed another passenger.

"Work fast," Dumpty heard him say as he was helped from the buoy. "The boat is breaking up."

The boat breaking up! With Father still on board! Oh, would his turn come in time? Anxiously Dumpty watched the buoy go out into the darkness. Still more anxiously he awaited its return. It came, but still without Father. Again and again it made the trip, bringing all the passengers and even a member of the crew, but not Father. Each time Dumpty's heart sank deeper.

On the next trip of the buoy, the boat rolled toward the shore slacking the cable. It failed to roll back as far as before, and the buoy plunged again and again into the water. The life-savers pulled desperately, but fast as they worked, the man in the buoy was almost unconscious when they dragged him through the surf.

"Papa!" screamed Dumpty, who was nearest.

"My little ones!" he whispered and gathered them in his arms.

But the work of rescue was not yet complete. Five men were still on the doomed boat. The life-savers, hurrying to save them, raced with death. One man came, then another, and a third.

"She's going to pieces! The captain and mate are still aboard!" the third man gasped.

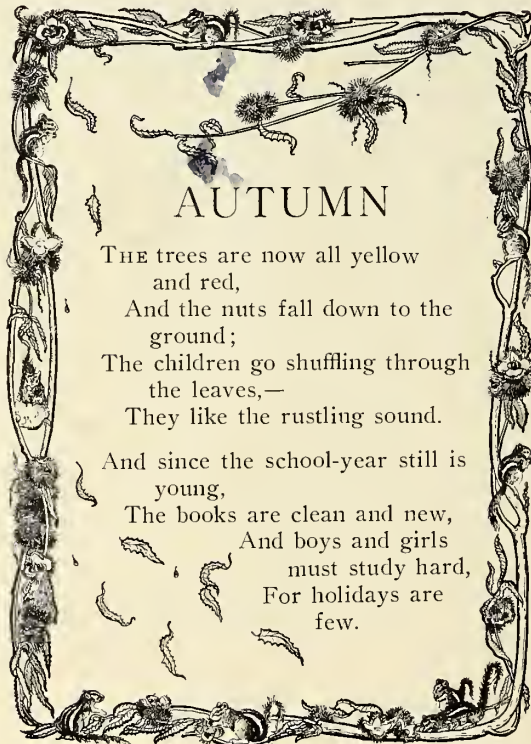
Out went the buoy on a run. It reached the boat and started back. Quickly the life-savers hauled and hauled. Barely had the captain and mate reached shore when suddenly the cable sagged heavily.

"There goes the mast!" shouted a rescued sailor. The children looked out. The masthead light which had continued to burn steadily all the time, had suddenly lurched far over and then plunged down, down, into the darkness! The cable dropped uselessly into the water.

"The boat's gone!" cried one of the crew.

Yes, but every one on board had been rescued!

"It was the children who gave the warning. You owe your lives to them!" said the captain of the life-savers.







"THE CHILDREN GO SHUFFLING THROUGH THE LEAVES."





From a painting by Gilman Low. Owned by John H. Proctor, Brookline, Mass.

"GO-WON-GO, MOHAWK," AND HER FAVORITE HORSE, "BUCKSKIN."

# FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO LOVE HORSES

(Two pictures by Gilman Low)

IN New York this month might be called the Month of Horses, for the great yearly Horse Show takes place in November. For one week the horse is supreme; the attention he receives quite overshadows his great rival, the automobile, and even that other famous November attraction, foot-ball.

So this is a timely month for ST. NICHOLAS to print two pictures, taken from paintings by Gilman Low, which will interest all boys and girls who love horses.

The first, on the opposite page, is a portrait of "Go-Won-Go, Mohawk," riding her favorite horse "Buckskin." Concerning this picture, Mr. Low writes:

"'Go-Won-Go, Mohawk,' is well known to the stage, and has given performances before the crowned heads of Europe. She is a full-blooded Mohawk Indian, and she writes, produces, and stages her own productions. She rides 'like an

Indian,' as has often been said of her, and never with a saddle. While I was painting this picture, Go-Won-Go, Mohawk, was obliged to make her horse rear at least a hundred times before I could get the desired action. She herself made nearly all of her own and Buckskin's trappings. More than thirty thousand beads were sewn by hand on her suit, the task taking her time for almost an entire summer, and these beads of different colors are so arranged as to form ornaments emblematical of her tribe."

The second picture is that of a famous horse, "Hermit" by name, and of this Mr. Low says:

"'Hermit' is a blue ribbon horse of very fine-blooded stock. He swept all before him for several years both in New York and Boston in the way of blue ribbons at the annual Horse Shows. Hon. E. P. Shaw, of Boston, State Treasurer of Massachusetts, owns both the horse and the painting, and prizes both very highly."



From a painting by Gilman Low.

"HERMIT."

Owned by Hon. E. P. Shaw.



# THE SEASONS

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

TEN little toes find their smoth'ring walls unclose,  
Releasing to the sun and to the air!  
And they squirm and wriggle, pert;  
And they dig the fresh, moist dirt;  
"Oh, it 's spring! We 're out of prison!"  
they declare.

Ten little toes were *so* crowded, goodness knows,  
Back again within the prison wall!  
And they found it rather cramped,  
As to school their master tramped;  
And they said, among themselves: "Heigho,  
't is fall."

Ten little toes, where the mighty ocean flows,  
Frolicked with the ripples and the sand.  
And they blistered and they burned,  
And a golden brown they turned.  
"Hip, hurrah!" they cry. "Now summer is  
at hand."

Ten little toes on their way one morn 'most  
froze,  
No matter tho' their prison walls were stout!  
"Phew! We 're mighty glad," they cried,  
"That *to-day* we 're not outside—  
For 't is evident that winter is about."

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## NOVEMBER

BY MAY AIKEN



NOVEMBER woods are bare and dark  
And filled with ghostly shadows—hark!  
I hear the dead leaves rustling now.  
Is it the wind that shakes the bough

Behind that tree? It 's *Indians* wild—  
Oh, scare them, John—oh, save my child!  
(I 'm thankful this Thanksgiving Day  
*Our Indians* are only play.)





HAPPYCHAPTER XI

**T**

HE "DAILY BUZZ,"  
on Thanksgiving  
Day,

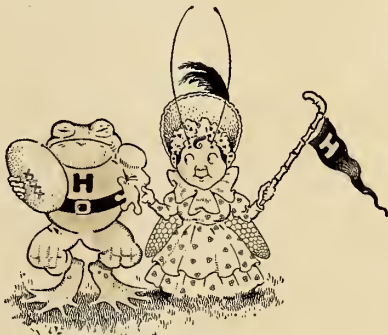
Put out an extra sheet,  
And it read like this:

*Foot-ball To-day!  
Happychaps and Skid-  
doodles play!  
Don't Miss This  
Splendid Treat!  
Come Early and  
Get A Seat!  
Come One! Come All!  
And Join the Noise*

of

*The "Ski-doo-doo-s" and the "Rah Rah Boys!"  
Game Called at Half-past Ten  
Be Sure to be Here Then!!*

THEN Skiddoodles and Happychaps flew around  
To be in time at the big ball-ground.  
The leader of the Happychap Team  
Was Princeton Rah Rah; he was "a dream"  
In foot-ball togs! He was fearfully strong!  
And though he was short, his hair was long.  
The Skiddoodle team was led, of course,



HARRISON CADY

A CHAMPION PLAYER.

By Harvard Ski-doo-doo. He had force,  
And skill as well. And I tell you,  
Vol. XXXVI.—8.

It was nip and tuck between those two!  
The field was big and long and wide!  
Grand stands were built on either side;—  
And Skiddoodles and Happychaps loudly  
cheered,  
When their own or the other team appeared.  
The flags they fluttered, and banners waved;  
Like mad the excited crowd behaved



HARRISON CADY

"PERCY PORCUPINE CAPTURED THE BALL."

(But whenever you 've been to a foot-ball game,  
You 've noticed, they carry on just the same).

With a scream and shout,  
Their loud yells rang out;

Both sides had the same, so they would n't get  
mixed;

And this is the way they had it fixed.

"Rah! Rah! Rah!!

Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!!

Happychaps! Happychaps!

Skidoo-dle-doo-dle-doo!!"

The game began; and the play was great,  
And everything went at a clipping rate.

'Til Percy Porcupine captured the ball,  
And started to run, pursued by all

But after a heated argument,  
P. P. was excluded by common consent.



HARRISON LADY  
"AN OLD-FASHIONED SNOWSTORM."

The Happychaps; but they fell back quickly  
When they touched his quills so sharp and  
prickly!

"'T is n't fair!" yelled the Happychaps then.

"'T is fair!" yelled the Skiddoodle men.



HARRISON LADY

"SNOWBALLING WAS SPORT."

A centipede, too, did curious  
stunts,

Because he could kick so  
often at once!

But as most Skiddoodles  
have plenty of feet,

Of course they would rather  
play foot-ball than eat.

The Ski-doo-s, too, were  
quite able to kick,

So it looked as if they  
would take the trick.

But Rah Rah Princeton's  
boys were gaining

(What they lacked in feet,  
they made up in train-  
ing);

When, all of a sudden, they  
found 't was raining!

Said Sir Horace Hoptoad:  
"Oh, my sakes!

This is n't rain. These are  
big snowflakes!"

Then all of the audience,  
helter skelter,

Skittled and scuttled away  
to shelter.

The Umpire declared the  
game a tie,

And advised the players all  
to fly,

And get under some roof,  
Or don waterproof,

And endeavor to keep themselves dry.

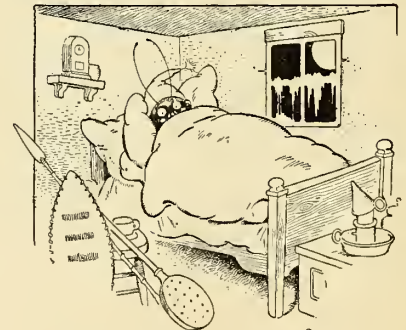
Don't think they were cowards to stop playing ball;

But you must remember a Happychap small

Is not very much bigger than nothing at all!

And a snowflake is almost as big as his hat;

So when you 're remembering, recollect *that!*



HARRISON LADY

"SO HE WENT TO BED."



The Skiddoodles and Happychaps hurried indoors.  
Some went into houses and some into stores;  
Through the windows they peered,



THE RESCUE.

And loudly they  
cheered,  
As the snow came steadily  
falling down,  
And formed a white carpet all  
over the town.  
The oldest inhabitants nudged  
each other,  
Saying, "This is an old-fash-  
ioned snowstorm,  
brother!"  
Then the 'sun came out, and  
the storm was o'er.  
On the ground was just  
enough snow,—no more.  
'T was the kind that packs,  
and that 's the best  
For sleighing and sledding  
and all the rest  
Of the winter joys;  
And the Rah Rah Boys  
Fixed up a wonderful big bob  
sled,  
And took people coasting at so  
much a head.  
Snowballing was sport  
Of enticing sort;

And some jolly Happychaps built a snow fort.  
Old Big Chief Dewdrop  
Stuck a flag in the top,  
And said it was Fort Jollipop.  
There was skirmishing then, and the snowballs  
flew wide,  
And people were knocked down on every side.  
Were they hurt? Oh, dear, no!  
They only said, "Oh!"  
And then they jumped up and brushed off the  
snow.  
But some of the foemen  
Were nothing but snowmen;  
And these received volleys till over they fell!  
And the conquering heroes set up a loud yell.  
Snow images, too, were set up all around,  
And right in the midst of the green, on a mound,  
Was a monster snow figure, quite eight inches  
high!  
The Happychaps thought it reached 'most to the  
sky.  
They oh'd! and they ah'd!



HARRISON LADY

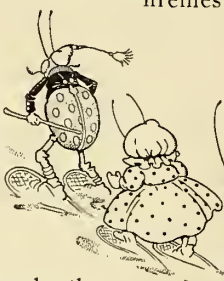
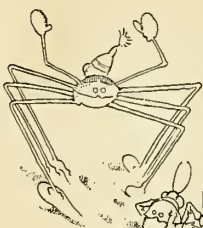
"SNOW IMAGES, TOO, WERE SET UP ALL AROUND."

Till the snow nearly thawed,  
So warmly they all did applaud.  
The Eskimo Happychaps great delight took



In seeing how old Jim-Jam shivered and shook;  
For the Fijian chief did nothing but scold,  
As he shuddered and twittered and chattered  
with cold.

He tried to get warm by the fireflies' gleam,



THE PROCESSION UPHILL.

HARRISON (ADY)

He tried to get warm by the glowworms' beam;  
But 't was no use at all, so he went off to bed,

With a pair of big down-quilts over his head!

"I hate cold weather!" he gloomily said.  
On a bit of ice, Toots Happychap spied  
Two little Skiddoodles slip and slide;

"Hooray!" cried Toots,  
"Here 's a scheme that suits!

If the lake is friz,  
And I think it is,

We can have an Ice Carnival! Gee whizz!"

"A nice carnival! What does he mean by that?"

Said Ali Ben Happychap, old and fat.

He had never seen ice before, you see,

And he was as pleased as pleased could be.

"We 'll build an ice palace,"

Toots decreed;

"Yes, yes; a nice palace," Ben Ali agreed.

The work was begun,

And, my! it was fun!

They all worked like sixty,  
and soon it was done.

The Skiddoodles cut out

great blocks of ice,

Which the Happychaps whisked into place in a trice.

And the wondrous affair

As it rose in the air

Was a triumph of some style  
of great architecture

(Though *what* style it was, is beyond all conjecture!)

But gleaming and bright,

It shone in the light,

With a delicate lacery sort of a tracery

Of icicle-fringe around every story;

And the sun touched it up with a blaze of true glory.



HARRISON (ADY)

THE FALL ON THE ICE.

Said Toots Happychap, "Now, I 'll teach you to skate.

I 'll show you the grapevine; the true figure eight;

And all sorts of fancysteps,

Prancy and dancy steps,

You who are ready, come on now; don't wait!"

Of course, as is usual, the skates came in pairs,  
And all the Happychaps soon obtained theirs.

Ben Ali dispensed them, as each name was called;

But when the Skiddoodles came, he was appalled.

Said Sir Horace Hoptoad, "Give me two pairs, please,"

Said Br'er Spider, "I 'll have to have four pairs of these!"

The beetles took three pairs each; D. Longlegs, four; And some asked for six pairs, and some asked for more.

But Ben Ali said

"Whee!

Jiminoo! Jiminee!!"

When a centipede said,

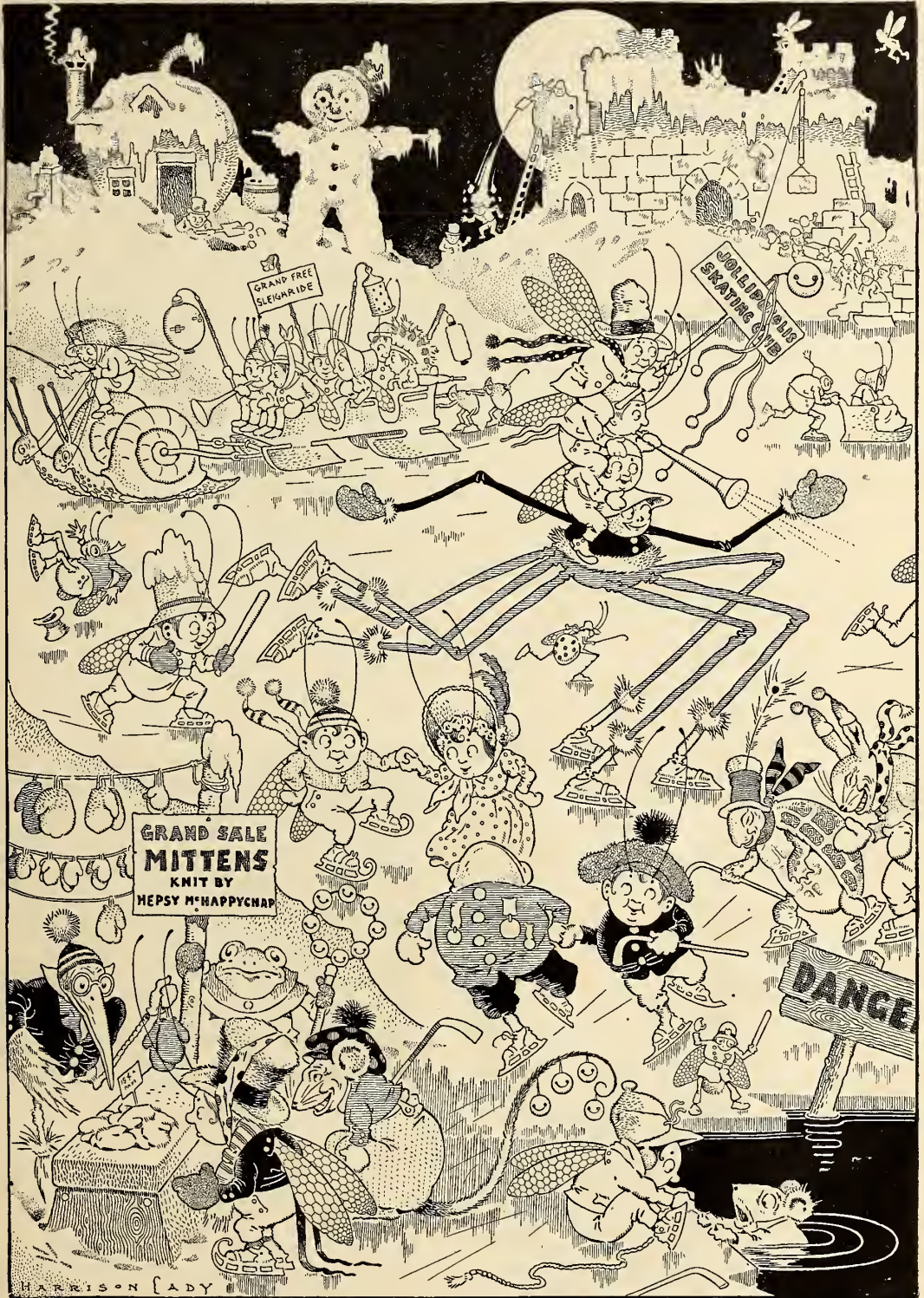
"Fifty pairs will do me!"

At last all were fitted with glittering skates,

They learned to do grapevines, and cut figure eights.

And when "good nights" were said and all trotted away,

They declared they 'd return to their skating next day.



THE GREAT ICE-CARNIVAL AT JOLLIPOPOLIS.



# ST. NICHOLAS COOKING CLUB



## GOODIES FOR NUTCRACK NIGHT

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

1. OATMEAL MACAROONS OR MOCK-NUT WAFERS.
2. NUT SYLLABUB.

*Now crack ye nuts, ye fire burn bright;  
Bid sprites and goblins, too,  
A charm to weave this nutcrack night  
O'er all ye bake and brew.*

### OATMEAL MACAROONS OR MOCK-NUT WAFERS

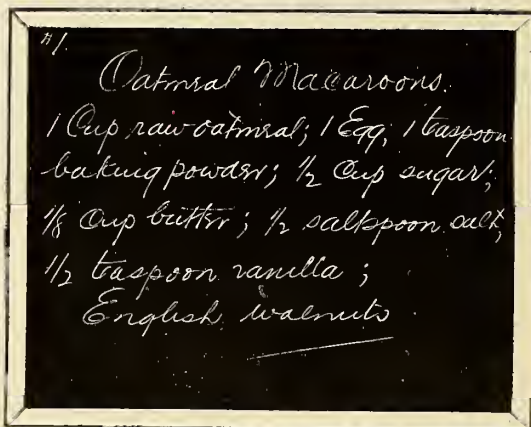
COME all ye little, would-be cooks  
And join our merry band;  
Learn to prepare the toothsome foods  
Enjoyed throughout the land.  
Put on your caps and aprons quaint,  
Set out two bowls and spoons  
And butter well your biscuit-tins  
For Oatmeal Macaroons!

THE sugar and the butter mix  
Till creamy as can be,  
Then add the beaten yolk of egg  
And stir most thoroughly.  
In another bowl the dry things put,  
The oatmeal and the salt,  
Stirred with the baking-powder till  
They blend without a fault.

Next, mix the contents of the bowls,  
And add vanilla, too;  
And last the well-whipped white of egg  
Most thoroughly mixed through.  
Then drop the mixture from a spoon,  
Two inches space between,  
In little bits no larger than  
A tiny lima bean.

3. QUEEN MARGUERITES.
4. GINGER JACKS OR HALLOWE'EN FUDGE.

In good slow oven let them brown;  
Before you take from pan,  
Press a walnut meat on top of each  
As quickly as you can.  
When cool and brittle, spread them out  
Upon a big, flat dish,  
And serve them to your hungry friends  
As freely as you wish.



NOTE: When butter is high-priced it may be omitted and the macaroons will still be delicious. These little crisps cannot be spoiled in the making, and are warranted not to kill the youthful cooks or their friends.

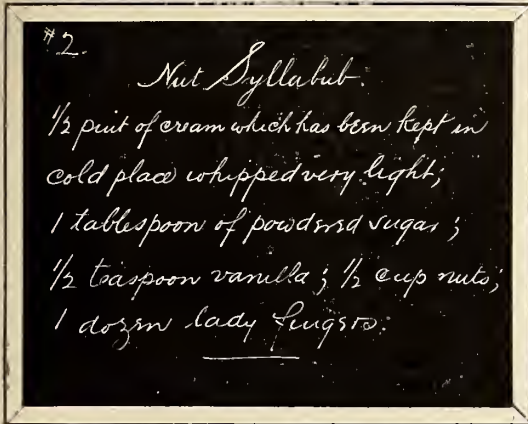
### NUT SYLLABUB

FIRST, halve the lady-fingers slim,  
Then break each half in two,  
And stand inside glass dish or cup,  
A dainty sight to view.



Next add vanilla flavoring  
 Unto the cream whipped light,  
 And dash of powdered sugar fine  
 To sweeten it just right.

Heap high upon each cake-lined dish  
 And sprinkle over all  
 The salted nuts which coarsely ground  
 Add zest and never pall.



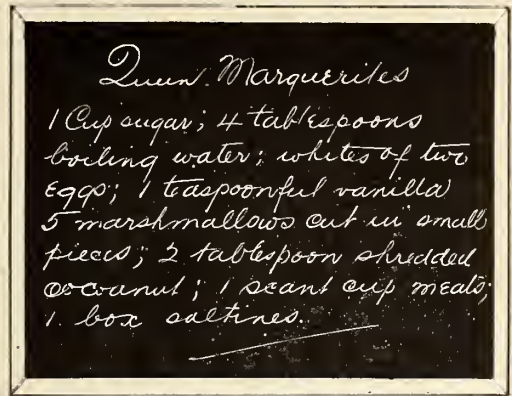
### QUEEN MARGUERITES

Four tablespoons of boiling water  
 With sugar, just one cup,  
 Together boil till bubbles big  
 Show that it 's waxing up.  
 If dropped in water cold it makes  
 A soft and waxy ball,  
 Remove to back of range and add  
 The marshmallows cut small.

This mixture gradually pour,  
 While stirring constantly,  
 Into the dish of white of eggs  
 Beat stiff as they can be.  
 Vanilla, cocoanut and nuts  
 Put last into the bowl  
 Will give the final toothsome touch,  
 Complete the dainty whole.

A little of this mixture place  
 In center of saltines,  
 Then slightly brown in oven hot,  
 And serve your queen of queens.

Before you mix your candies fine,  
 Observe this general rule,—  
 Rub butter on the kettle's edge  
 As done in cooking-school:  
 For then there will no danger be  
 Of boiling over suddenly.



NOTE: The marshmallows and shredded cocoanut may be omitted, if preferred, and the remaining ingredients mixed with the white of but one egg. Either way they are delicious, and the recipe makes about forty dainty tidbits for afternoon tea, evening jollification, or dessert.

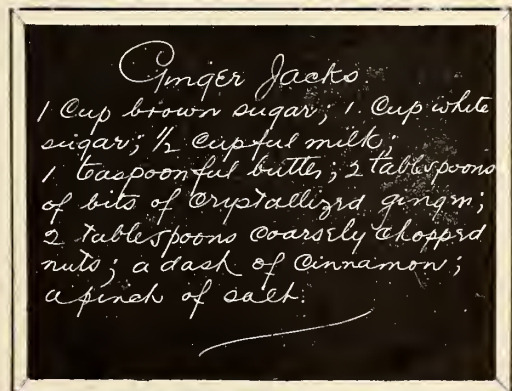
### GINGER JACKS OR HALLOWE'EN FUDGE

SUGAR and milk together boil  
 Until in water cold  
 They make a soft elastic ball  
 Between the fingers rolled.

Remove at once from off the fire;  
 Let stand until lukewarm  
 Where no rude jar nor shaking up  
 Can do it any harm.

Then beat to the consistency  
 Of good, rich, country cream;  
 Vanilla add and cinnamon,  
 And butter's golden gleam.

Salt, nuts and ginger stir in last;  
 Pour all in buttered pan;  
 When cool and hardening, cut  
 In squares, as many as you can.



# HISTORIC BOYHOODS.

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

## V. WALTER SCOTT: THE BOY OF THE CANONGATE

THE business office of a Writer to the Signet, as a Scotch lawyer is called, is not an especially cheerful place at any time, and the interior of such a room looked particularly cheerless on a late winter afternoon in Edinburgh in 1786. A boy of fifteen sat on a high stool at an old oak desk, and watched the snow falling in the street. Occasionally he could see people passing the windows: men and women wrapped to their ears in plaid shawls, for the wind whistled down the street so loudly that the boy could hear it, and the cold was bitter. The boy looked through the window until he almost felt the chill himself, and then, to keep warm, held his head in his hands and fastened his eyes on the big, heavy-leaved book in front of him which bore the unappealing title, Erskine's "Institutes." The type was fine, and the young student had to read each line a dozen times before he could understand it. Sometimes his eyes would involuntarily close and he would doze a few moments, only to wake with a start to look quickly over at another desk near the fire where his father sat steadily writing, and then to a table in the corner where a very old man was always sorting papers.

The winter light grew dim, so dim that the boy could no longer see to read. He closed the book with a bang.

"Father."

"Yes, Walter, lad?" The lawyer looked up from his writing, and smiled at the figure on the high stool.

"I'd best be going home, there's no more light here to see by."

"A good reason, Walter. Wrap yourself up warm, for the night is cold."

Young Walter slid down from his seat, and stretched his arms and legs to cure the stiffness in them. He was a sturdy, well-built lad, with tousled yellow hair, frank eyes with a twinkle in them, and a mouth that was large and betokened humor. When he walked he limped, but he held

himself so straight that when he was still no one would have noticed the deformity.

Five minutes later the boy was plowing his way through the narrow streets of the Canongate, the old town part of Edinburgh that had as ancient a history of street brawls as the Paris kennels. Nobody who could help it was abroad, and Walter was glad when he reached the door of his father's house in George Square and could find shelter from the cutting wind. The Scotch evening meal was simple, soon over, and then came the time to sit before the blazing logs on the great open hearth and tell stories. The older people were busy at cards in another room, and Walter, with a group of boys of his own age who lived in the neighborhood and liked to be with the lame lad, had the fireside to themselves. In front of the fire young Walter was no longer the sleepy student of Erskine's "Institutes"; his eyes shone as he told story after story of the Scotch border, half of them founded on old ballads or legends he knew by heart and half the product of his own eager imagination. "Whole poems, filled with battles and hunts and knightly adventures he could recite from memory, and his eye for the color and trappings of history was so keen that the boys could see the very scenes before them. They sat in a circle about him, listening eagerly to story after story, forgetting everything but the boy's words, and showing their fondness and admiration for the romancer in each glance. Walter was minstrel and prophet and historian to the boys of the Canongate by the winter fire, as he was to be later to the whole nation of Englishmen.

By the next day the snow had ceased falling, and the open squares of the city presented the finest mimic battle-fields that could be imagined. The boys of Edinburgh were divided into clans according to the part of the city in which they lived, and carried on constant warfare as long as winter lasted. Walter Scott and his brothers be-



longed to a clan that made George Square their headquarters, and their nearest and dearest enemies were the boys of the Crosscauseway, a

next, the boys made the whole distance of the enemy's land without sight of an enemy. They came to the further boundary and raised a cheer of defiance, when suddenly a hail-storm of snow-balls struck them, and from a side street the youths of the Crosscauseway shot out. The invaders fired one round, then turned and fled before a fierce charge. Back the way they came the boys retreated, and after them came the enemy pelting them without mercy and with good aim. In the van of the pursuit ran a tall, fair-haired boy, who wore the bright green breeches of a tailor's clerk, who was famous for his prowess in these school-boy battles, and

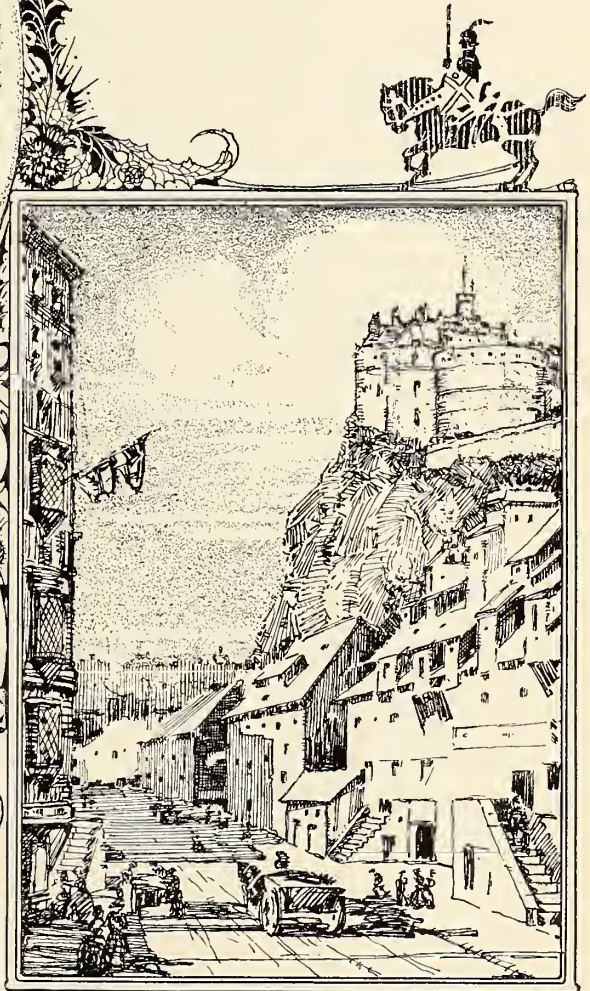


WALTER  
SCOTT

*the boy  
of the*

CANONGATE

poorer section of the city that lay not very far distant. On the day the storm ceased Walter left his high stool and ponderous book early and joined his friends in solid array in their square. While they waited for the enemy to come up from the side street, the boys built snow fortifications across the square and stocked them with ammunition sufficient to stand a siege. Still no enemy appeared, and, eager for a chance to try their aim, the boys of the square boldly left their own haunts and proceeded down the Crosscauseway in search of the foe. The enemy's country lay through narrow winding streets, and there was great need of care to avoid an ambuscade. Slipping from door to door, from one point of vantage to the



who, because of his clothes, had been given the picturesque nickname of "Green Brecks."

Young Scott and his friends ran back into their square, but the enemy were close upon their heels.



Green Breeks was now far in the lead of his forces, so far in the lead that he might have been cut off had not the pursued been panic-stricken. Over their own fortifications the boys fled and dropped behind them for safety. Their banner, a flag given them by a lady of the square, waved defiantly in Green Breeks's face. The tall boy leaped into the rampart and seized the standard when a blow from a stick brought him to the ground. He fell stunned, and the blood poured from a cut in his head.

The watchman in George Square was used to the boys' battles, but not to such an ending to them. He hurried over to the fallen Green Breeks, and the boys of both armies melted silently away. A little later Green Breeks was in the hospital, his head bandaged, but otherwise little the worse for his mishap.

A confectioner in the Crosscauseway acted as messenger between the boys of the causeway and the square, and to him Walter Scott and his brother went early the next morning and asked if he would take Green Breeks some money to pay for his wound and loss of time in the tailor's shop. Green Breeks in the hospital had been asked to tell the name of the one who had struck him, but had refused point-blank, and none of either party could be found to tell. When the wounded leader heard of Walter's offer he refused, on the ground that such accidents were apt to happen to any one in battle, and that he did not need the money. Walter sent another message, inquiring if Green Breeks's family were in need of anything he could supply, and received the answer that he lived with his aged grandmother who was very fond of taking snuff. Thereupon Walter presented the old woman with a pound of snuff, and as soon as Green Breeks was out of the hospital made him one of his friends.

With the opening of spring Walter spent all his spare hours in his favorite pursuit, riding through the country on a search for old legends

or curious tales of the neighborhood. Scottish history was his never-ending delight; he knew every battle-field in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and could tell how the armies had come to meet and what was the result. Stories of sprites and goblins, of witches and magicians, were eagerly sought by him. Many an old woman was led to tell the lame boy with the eager eyes the tales she had heard as a school-girl, and was well repaid by the boy's rapt attention. Hardly a stick or a stone, a stream or a hill in the Lowlands that had a history but Walter Scott learned it, and at the same time he learned to know the plain people, all their habits and customs, and all the little eccentricities that made up their characters.

It was not long before the boy was writing the stories he had learned, and putting on paper the ballads he made up on winter evenings for his friends' entertainment. He stuck at the law faithfully, but his first love was that of story-telling, and while the one was always tedious to him, the other came to him as the great pleasure of his life.

Fifteen years passed and England was reading eagerly the wonderful romances written by the "Wizard of the North." Scotland had always been a desolate barren country in the eyes of the rest of the world, its history unknown, its people cold and uninviting. Suddenly all that was changed: Scotland sprang into being as a land of romance, filled with poetry, a country full of glorious scenery, a people descended from a line of kings. Even the narrow streets of Edinburgh and the old Canongate itself became historic ground under the Wizard's spell, and the whole world was as eager to hear the stories and poems Scott had to tell about his country as his boy friends had been years before. Yet at the height of his fame Walter Scott was still in spirit the eager boy of the old city, finding romance everywhere in the world about him because he looked for it with the eyes of youth.

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## "NOVEMBER CHEER"

BY J. CLARKSON MILLER

NOVEMBER's fields are bare and brown;  
 November's skies are gray;  
 And bleak her winds which wail and roar  
 Their weird, uncanny lay.

But in November comes the time,  
 Of grateful joy and cheer,  
 When pumpkins ripe and turkeys fat  
 Must pay a forfeit dear.

The wood-fire crackles on the hearth;  
 It may be cold outside,  
 But, safe within, we laugh and jest  
 And cheerfully abide.

Ah, June with all her meadows green  
 May seem the best of all,—  
 But for November's autumn cheer  
 My heart will ever call.



## DISOBEDIENCE

“Wait, Kitty; here ’s soap and water,  
And I must wash your face;  
For the way you do it with your paws  
Is simply a disgrace!”  
*But Kitty did n’t wait!*





# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## The Fine Good Show



“GOOD MORNING, COW, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US.”

A LITTLE girl and a little boy started down the road together to take a walk. They met a dog.

“Good morning, Dog,” said the little girl. “Bow-wow!” answered the dog.

“Come and take a walk with us, Dog,” said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a cat.

“Good morning, Cat,” said the little boy. “Miaouw!” answered the cat.

“Come and take a walk with us, Cat,” said the little girl. So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a rooster.

“Good morning, Rooster,” said the little girl. “Cock-a-doodle-doo!” answered the rooster.

“Come and take a walk with us, Rooster,” said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a duck.

“Good morning, Duck,” said the little boy. “Quack, quack!” answered the duck.

“Come and take a walk with us, Duck,” said the little girl.

So they all went down the road talking merrily with one another.

Pretty soon they saw a little pinky-white pig with a funny little curly tail.

"Good morning, Pig," said the little girl. "Grunt, grunt!" answered the pig.

"Come and take a walk with us, Pig," said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they came to a pasture.

In the pasture was a nice, old, red cow.

"Good morning, Cow," said the little boy. "Moo, moo!" answered the cow.

"Come and take a walk with us," said the little girl.



"GOOD MORNING, DUCK, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US."

But the cow shook her head; she could n't open the pasture bars.

"We will let down the bars for you, Cow," said the little boy and the little girl.

So they let down the bars, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, and the duck, and the little white pig with the curly tail, and the little boy, and the little girl, all went in to see the cow.

The little girl climbed on the cow's back, and the little boy climbed on the cow's back, and the dog jumped on the cow's back, and the cat jumped on the cow's neck, and the rooster flew up on the cow's head, and the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walked behind the cow, and they all went down the road together just as happy as they could be.

Pretty soon they met a carriage with two women in it.

"Mercy on me!" said the two women. "What's this!"

"This is a fine, good show," answered the little girl.

"Well, I should think it was!" said the two women. "It is a beautiful show."

"Thank you," said the little boy.

"Good-by," said the two women.

"Good-by," said the little girl.

So the cow, carrying the little boy, and the little girl, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, with the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walking along behind, all went down the road together.



"GOOD MORNING, PIG, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US."

Pretty soon they met a wagon with three men in it.

"Well! Well! Well!" said the three men. "Just look! What's all this?"

"This is a fine, good show," said the little boy, bowing very politely.



"Indeed it is!" said the three men. "It's great!"

"Thank you," said the little boy, "I am pleased that you like it."

"Good-by," said the little girl.

So the cow, carrying the little girl, and the little boy, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, with the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walking behind, all went down the road together.



THE FINE, GOOD SHOW.

Pretty soon they came to a store. The Store Man stood out in front of his store.

"Good morning, Mr. Store Man," said the little boy, "I have a little silver piece in my pocket."

"Good morning!" said the Store Man. "What can I do for you?"

"We want to buy some things for our Show," said the little boy.

"I'm glad of that!" said the Store Man.

So the little boy jumped down, and the little girl jumped down, and the dog jumped down, and the cat jumped down, and the rooster flew down.

"We want to buy a little corn for our cow and our pig," said the little boy.

"And we want to buy a little wheat for our rooster and our duck," said the little girl.

"And we want to buy a little meat for our dog," said the little boy.

"And we want to buy a little milk for our cat," said the little girl.

"And we want to buy some great, long sticks of candy for us!" said the little boy and the little girl together. "I hope you have some."

The Store Man took the money and brought out all the things.

The cow and the little white pig with the curly tail ate the corn; the rooster and the duck ate the wheat; the dog ate the meat, and the cat drank the milk, and the little girl and the little boy ate the great, long sticks of candy.

"Good-by, Mr. Store Man," said the little girl.

"Good-by, Mr. Store Man," said the little boy.

"Good-by, all of you," answered the Store Man.

So the little girl, and the little boy, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, and the duck, and the little pig with the curly tail, all went back up the road again.

Pretty soon they came to the pasture. The cow walked in.

"Good-by, Cow and Dog and Cat and Rooster and Duck and Pig!" shouted the little boy.

"Good-by, Pig and Duck and Rooster and Cat and Dog and Cow!" called the little girl.

"Moo-moo!" answered the cow.

"Grunt-grunt!" answered the pig.

"Miaouw, miaouw!" answered the cat.

"Quack, quack!" answered the duck.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" answered the rooster. "Bow-wow!" answered the dog.

And the little boy and the little girl put up the bars and ran back home as fast as they could go.



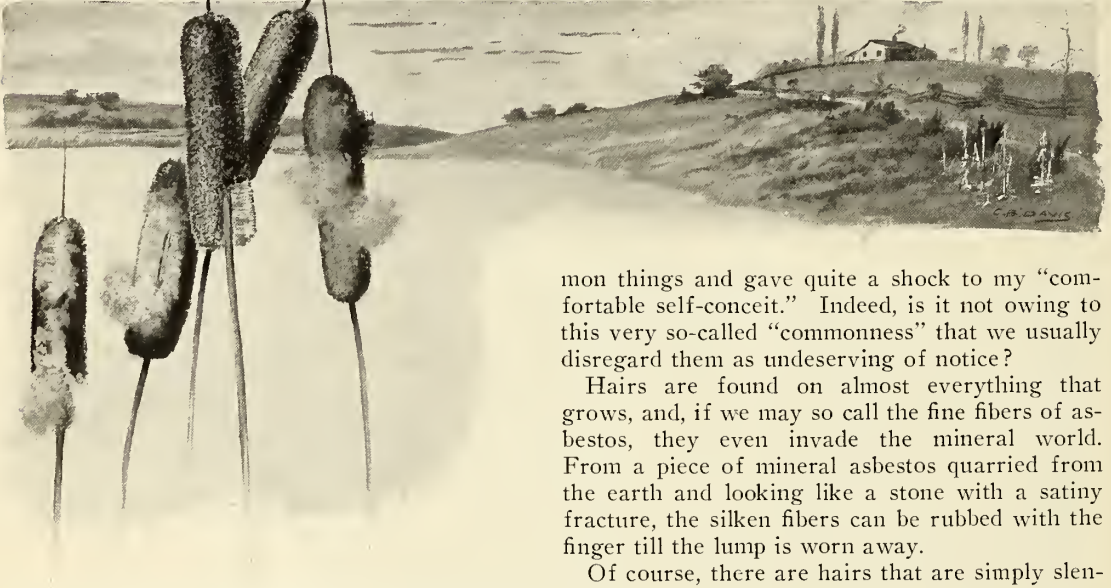
"THE STORE MAN BROUGHT OUT ALL THE THINGS."



"THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE GIRL PUT UP THE BARS."

*Jessie Wright Whitcomb.*



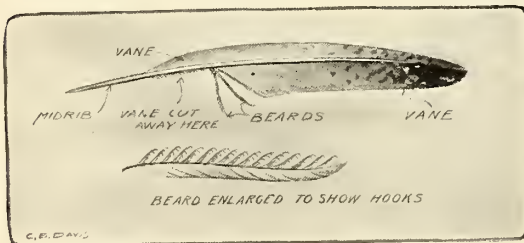


CAT-TAILS WHOSE TINY SEED FLOAT AWAY SUSPENDED FROM A TUFT OF MARVELOUS HAIRS, EACH ONE OF WHICH IS ITSELF COMPOSED OF A BUNDLE OF HAIRS LOOSELY HELD TOGETHER.

## HAIRS AND FEATHERS

SHOULD you be questioned as to whether you are familiar with hairs and feathers you would probably be indignant at the suggestion of your ignorance concerning such common things. "Certainly I know hairs and feathers. Don't we see them wherever there are cats and dogs or birds or chickens? What is there unusual about such common things that you should ask? Of course, I know hairs and feathers! The idea!"

I thought that I *knew* hairs and feathers, too,



FEATHER FROM WING OF CHICKEN, SHOWING ITS MINUTE STRUCTURE.

once upon a time, until one day my pocket-lens opened my eyes to the existence of a world of strange and wonderful shapes among these com-

mon things and gave quite a shock to my "comfortable self-conceit." Indeed, is it not owing to this very so-called "commonness" that we usually disregard them as undeserving of notice?

Hairs are found on almost everything that grows, and, if we may so call the fine fibers of asbestos, they even invade the mineral world. From a piece of mineral asbestos quarried from the earth and looking like a stone with a satiny fracture, the silken fibers can be rubbed with the finger till the lump is worn away.

Of course, there are hairs that are simply slender, tapering shafts. From this form arise modifications for special purposes, and their variety of form and structure is almost endless.

It is in a deeper spirit of curiosity that I now search among these "common things," for one never knows what new and unexpected form the tiny glittering eye of the microscope will show him. A magic tube it is in very truth, through which one looks into a world of marvel at things that are so close, yet so exasperatingly beyond our reach however much we may desire to handle them.

Perhaps the very last thing the accompanying pictures would suggest would be hairs. Such a collection of "spear heads" and "mouse tails" as we find in the drawing at the top of the second column of page 73, would scarcely be taken to represent hairs. But such they are, nevertheless. They are from the larva of a very common little beetle. He belongs to the tribe of Dermestids and needs no introduction to those of you who have tried to keep insect collections. The next one of these larvae you find, make him pay for his board and keep by putting a little balsam on a slide and dabbling him in it. You cannot make him stick, but enough of these "spear heads" and "mouse tails" will remain to give you perhaps the most interesting slide in your collection.

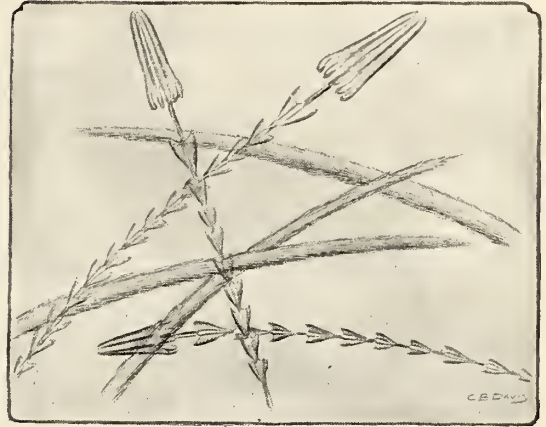
These hairs are extremely minute, for if the "mouse tails" were laid side by side it would require about seven hundred of them to reach one

inch. With the barbs removed from the "spear heads," it would require about four thousand of them to reach the same distance. If placed end to end you would need more than a hundred of them. So you will easily see that you will at least need your spectacles to look at these little hairs.

Of course, these are rather tiny, but there are others that are more easily seen. The strange formation of the "fuzz" on the dried seed pod of the hollyhock can be easily seen with the ordinary pocket-lens. And what a maze of six-branched hairs we find all over it! Queer things they are, too, with their long, slender arms spreading and sprawling in all directions from the common basal part (No. 4, bottom of this page). How like they are to a tiny octopus with his stumpy body and long, waving tentacles.

The mullein leaf is the home of another colony of even stranger hairs. It is the presence of vast numbers of these spiny hairs growing close together and all interlaced that produces the characteristic thick, velvety leaves of this plant. Under your pocket-lens it looks like a field overgrown with brambles—and such thorns! No. 2 (illustration below) shows one of these hairs separated. This leaf is sometimes used by the country girls as a substitute for face powder when they wish a rosy complexion. Perhaps you can readily understand how a ruddy glow can be produced by rubbing the cheeks with it. Just imagine rubbing your face with a miniature brier patch. Can you wonder at its effectiveness?

Down in the bog the ragged cat-tails hold a store of hairs totally different—perhaps yet more wonderful in structure. No. 5 (below) shows



HAIRS FROM LARVA OF DERMESTID BEETLE.

three of these greatly enlarged. Each hair of the cluster that tops the stem carrying the tiny seed is composed of slender filaments fastened together at intervals along their length by tiny crossbars from filament to filament. What a wonderfully effective little balloon is this spreading cluster of hairs and how lightly it bears the tiny seed on its stem till finally one of the many thousands of them that leave a single head settles gently in some frozen bog whose thawing in the



NO. 1. PAPPUS HAIRS OF DANDELION SEED. NO. 2. PRICKLY HAIR FROM DEAD MULLEIN LEAF. NO. 3. CROSS-SECTION OF PORCUPINE QUILL SHOWING BRACE RIBS TO GIVE STIFFNESS. NO. 4. HAIR FROM DRIED COVERING TO HOLLYHOCK SEED POD. NO. 5. PAPPUS HAIR FROM CAT-TAIL SEED. ALL GREATLY ENLARGED EXCEPT NO. 3, WHICH IS ONLY SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.

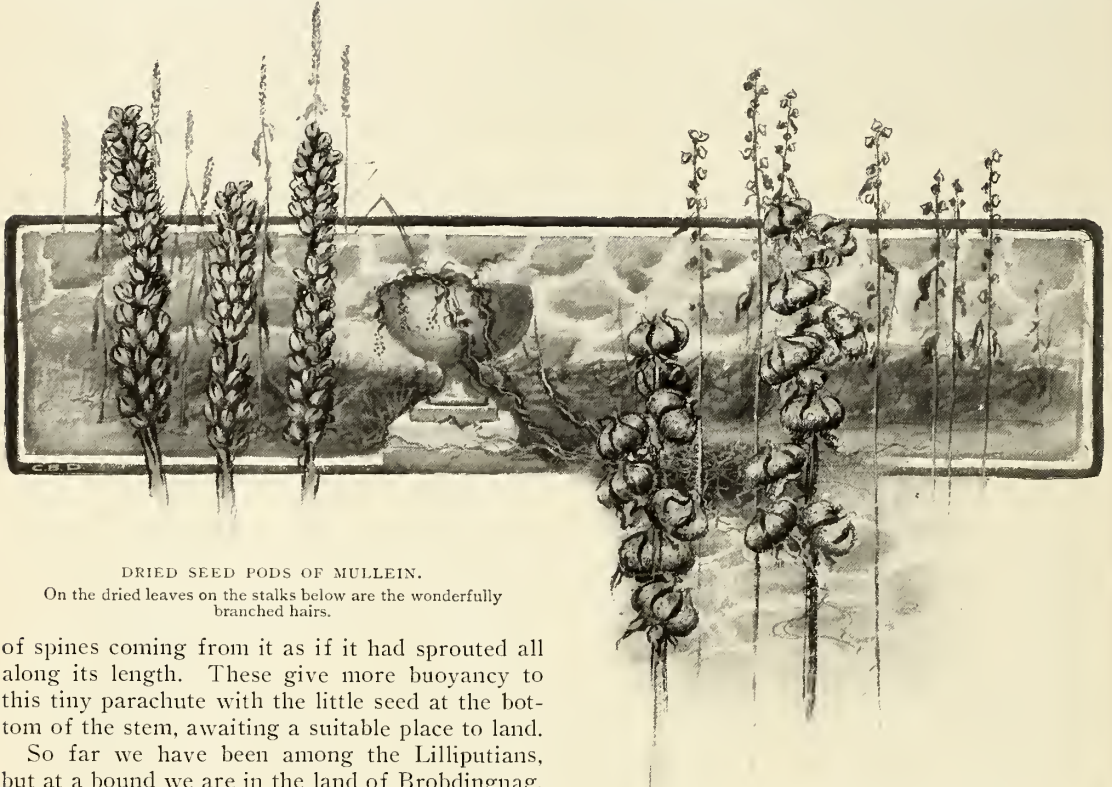


spring lets the little seed down into the congenial mud to become the pioneer of a new colony of cat-tails.

A search along the windrows on the snow or in the little hollows where the chaff from autumn seeds collects may show you a dandelion seed with its pappus still adhering. The individual hairs of this are almost straight, but each has a number

surface. The tip, also, is specially modified. Extending down opposite sides for about an inch are two cutting edges, looking as if the quill had been cast in a mold and just a little of the material had run out into the crack where the edges of the mold had not fitted exactly tight.

The prize, however, for the most highly specialized hair form seems to belong to the bird family.



DRIED SEED PODS OF MULLEIN.

On the dried leaves on the stalks below are the wonderfully branched hairs.

of spines coming from it as if it had sprouted all along its length. These give more buoyancy to this tiny parachute with the little seed at the bottom of the stem, awaiting a suitable place to land.

So far we have been among the Lilliputians, but at a bound we are in the land of Brobdingnag. In this porcupine quill we find a giant among the pigmies of the hair world. It is a hair specialized for the double purpose of bodily covering and defense, and so must be light and strong. It is about four thousand times the diameter of the shafts to the "spear heads." No. 3, bottom previous page, shows how it would appear if you cut one in two and looked at the end of it. The outside of the quill is composed of a substance like horn, and at first glance seems to be finely corrugated. This horny material extends inward in longitudinal ribs that vanish to nothing as they approach the center. The space between the ribs is filled with a very light, cellular substance that greatly resembles very fine soap-suds. When looking at the outside of the quill, it is the dark ribs that give the dark lines and the white material showing through the thinner parts that gives the white lines, producing the effect of a finely corrugated

DRIED SEED PODS OF HOLLYHOCKS.

On the outside of these are the six pronged hairs.

We call it a feather. The scientists assure us that these are specially modified hairs but are so different from all other modifications of a hair as to be deserving of a special name.

Secure a feather somewhere—it will be much better than a picture—and you will see that it has a main stem or midrib. Along each side of this extends the thin part known as the vane. Look closely and you will see that this vane is composed of a number of tiny feathers called beards, fastened together throughout their whole length from where their bases join the midrib to their tips. You can easily separate one of these from the rest, when you will see how like a tiny feather it is with what seems a fine fuzziness along each edge.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.





THE MOURNING-DOVE CALLING.

### VENTRILLOQUISM AMONG BIRDS

THERE are many accomplishments which the lower animals seem to possess inherently, but which man can only gain through great application.

It would take a long time for a boy to learn to make the sort of snare that a spider spins instinctively, and a colony of beavers can build a better dam than can a crowd of untrained men.

which comes to but few of the human species; yet among birds there are species every individual of which possess the power of making the voice seem to come from another spot than that in which the owner is located.

There seems to be very little reason for this in most cases, but still there must be some, for nature is very economical in bestowing her gifts, and one may be sure that the possession of the power argues its usefulness. The first example of ventriloquism which will occur to most people is the voice of the mourning-dove. I suppose that every boy has been fooled by this bird. I know that I was, and was delighted when I discovered, after walking around a tree in the orchard, that the voice did not come from far away but close at hand.

When the mourning-dove utters his call he swells up air-sacs in his breast and neck, and these act as a sort of sounding-chamber which tends to hold and repress the sound, as a sound is made in a barrel. The emu has the same quality in his voice. It is as though these birds swallow their voices.

The crow has some notes which are very ventriloquial in quality. One note in particular is much like the bark of a distant dog, so much so in fact that I had trouble in convincing a friend that it was the voice of a crow about three hundred feet away and not that of a distant dog. The chickadee has a call-note of such a quality that its source is always uncertain until the bird is located.

The oven-bird's "teacher! teacher!" always seems to come from several feet higher than where the bird is actually standing.

The thrushes, at least the wood-thrush and the robin, have a peculiar habit of singing to them-



NECK AND HEAD OF WILD GUINEA-COCK.

One of the human accomplishments hardest to learn is ventriloquism. It seems to be a gift

selves, as it were. Often, as I have been sitting in the woods, a wood-thrush has been singing, say, thirty feet away, which I supposed was at least two hundred yards away, until I discovered the bird. The whispered song is perfect so far as phrasing and notes are concerned, but in a very low key.

I have heard a European thrush sing in a cage at the zoo when the notes could not be heard farther than fifteen feet. With my ear within three feet the song was as perfect and beautiful as in the ordinary way.

Why these birds sing so, I have no idea.

The peculiar wattles on the neck of a guinea-fowl had no significance to me until one day when I was making a careful drawing of a wild guinea-fowl. The wild guinea-cock has wattles as the domestic one, only exaggerated. I noticed that when the cock's beak was toward me his harsh call was louder. Then I noticed that when his beak was open the lower mandible being lowered almost filled the space between the two side wattles, thus making a cup, and that the notes were thrown by a sort of megaphone, or just as a boy throws his voice by making a cup of his hands.

WALTER KING STONE.

#### DID IT ESCAPE FROM SOME MENAGERIE?

THIS dangerous-appearing serpent was found on the bank of the Mississippi River in December.

The poor thing was quite rigid, possibly from cold—perhaps from old age. The attempt to revive it with a pail of milk was unsuccessful. In



FEEDING MILK TO THE "SERPENT!"

fact, it was found, upon close inspection, that it was just an old wild grape-vine stump!

G. W. DAMON.

#### ASTONISHING FRIENDSHIP OF A CAT AND A QUAIL

THE following letter is from one of our grown-up friends, but gives the most astonishing ac-



A FAVORITE POSITION.

count of bird and cat friendship that has come to "Nature and Science."

BETHLEHEM, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got this bird last fall, a year ago, and had him in a cage for two weeks. When I left him out in the kitchen, he was very shy, and I soon could not find



SOMETIMES THE QUAIL STANDS ON THE CAT'S HEAD.

him. I hunted, and found him under the stove with puss, and from that day they have been friends. He has not been in a cage since, and has had his liberty. He takes walks with "Woolie" as we call her, and the bird's name is Fritz. What you see in these photographs is what you can see every day. The bird was not forced to remain in that position until his picture was taken. The affection the cat has for the bird was shown when she was penned on the porch for three days and two nights without one crumb to eat. It was by accident it happened.

Another thing worth mentioning is the change of diet this bird has made. When I got him I fed him on rape, millet, wheat, and cracked corn; now this bird has not eaten a seed nor grain of any kind for one year. His food consists of what we eat at the table; he even eats pickles; but what he likes best is sugar-cake and jelly-bread dipped in coffee, and he is as nice and healthy as ever. He is very fond of anything sweet, and some time ago he spilt a glass of syrup on himself. He was a sight and had to be washed, for which he held very quiet. He is very mischievous and will get in the dough if not watched. But "everything goes"—because it's "Fritz."

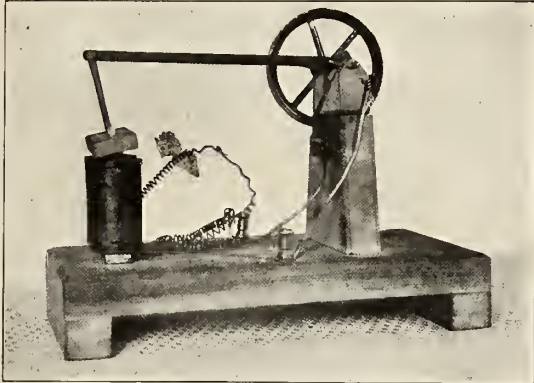
Yours truly,

A. H. SCHIPPANG.



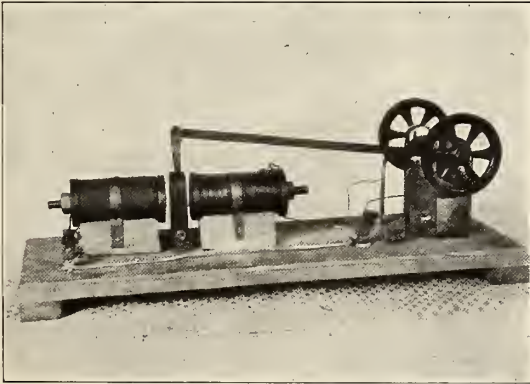
### GOOD WORK IN MAKING MACHINES

ON a recent visit to the manual training-school of Montclair, New York, I was shown some excellent work by the boys in machine-making.



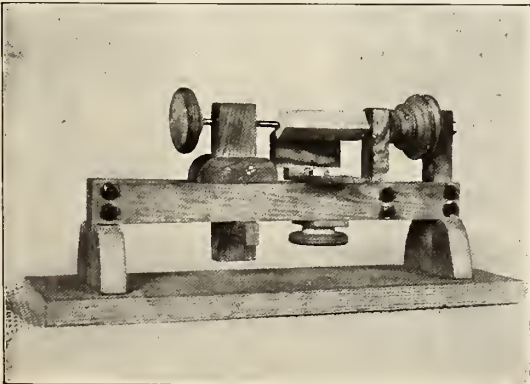
AN ELECTRIC MOTOR.

These not only showed skill on the part of the pupils but also good instruction and aid by the



ANOTHER FORM OF ELECTRIC MOTOR.

principal of the department, Mr. Cheshire Lowton Boone. I set a few specimens before my



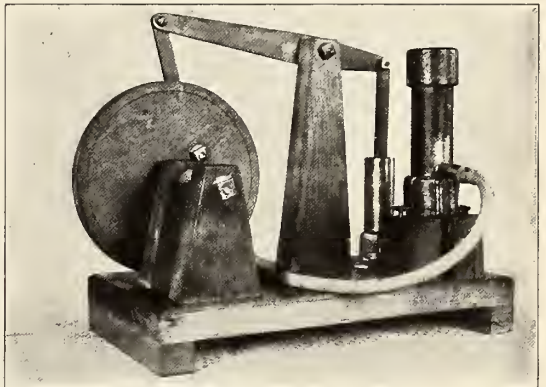
A LATHE MADE OF WOOD.

camera and the results are shown herewith. The construction is self-evident from the illustration. Perhaps some of our readers will try to make some of the machines. If so, please report the



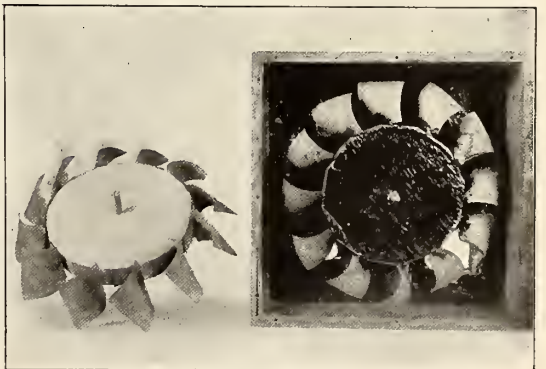
A FAN (TO BE DRIVEN BY BELT).

results. Also send photograph and description of any home-made apparatus you may have made.

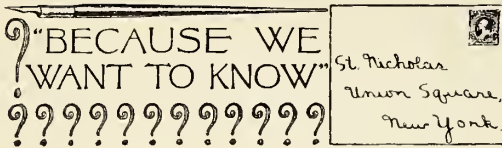


A "POWER" FORCE PUMP.

"Nature and Science" desires to receive suggestions regarding skill with the use of tools.



WHEEL AND INTERIOR OF WATER MOTOR.



## REFLECTIONS FROM A SPOON

FRONT ROYAL, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I was looking in the bowl of a silver teaspoon. My reflection was upside down. And then I turned it over and the reflection was right side up. I could n't imagine why it was; so I decided to "write to ST. NICHOLAS about it." Will you please tell me why it is and oblige

Your reader,  
MARY WALLACE BUCK (age 12).

From the convex (bulging out) side of the bowl the rays of light go outward away from each other in the same direction. A ray from one end or top is always on that side or end. This does not change your apparent position.

The rays from the hollow part of the bowl are brought together in a point called the focus. Here all rays cross. This crossing reverses everything from top to bottom and reverse, also from side to side.

A camera lens thus reverses positions of objects as seen on the ground glass.

## PHOTOGRAPHED WITH LION CUBS

THE BRONX, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When asked to be photographed with the lion cubs, I thought it would be great fun playing with them. I have changed my mind since then!

Two keepers brought the cubs, put one on each side of me and told me to hold them tightly and no matter what happened to hold on, as they might run away.



Photograph by courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.

PHOTOGRAPHED WITH LION CUBS.

I have played with Newfoundland dog puppies—they are nice and woolly; but these lion cubs have hair that seems stiff, not soft at all. Then they have such a sly way when they look at you; they curl up their noses, show their teeth, open and close their thick paws, then growl and spit. Talk about spitting! It sounds like cold water being poured on a red-hot stove. They were always ready to jump at each other in a rough and tumble play. In making a slap at the other, one of the cubs clawed me in the knee right through my skirts and made me cry. Then I was laughed at and told to look pleasant.

I was n't really afraid, excepting when they looked straight at me with their big eyes glaring and showing their white teeth. Lion cubs may be nice pets, but they are a bit too rough for me. They won't stop when you tell them to and I would n't dare to slap them as their teeth are big and their claws very sharp. If they should draw blood there surely would be trouble, as they become savage when scenting blood.

Yours with love,  
MARION L. DEDRICH.

This experience, while interesting, will not lead many of us to especially desire lion cubs for pets.

## CURIOUS HEARING BY TELEPHONE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always wanted to know the explanation of this, to me a very strange thing. When you telephone, if the mouth-piece of the 'phone is put directly over the heart, and the receiver, of course, to the ear, the person at the other end of the line can hear perfectly what you are saying, no matter in what direction you turn your head.

Your constant reader,  
RUTH CLARK.

The heart, beyond the fact that it is the vital organ, has nothing to do with the reproduction of the human voice when the transmitter of a telephone is placed as described. If the transmitter is placed anywhere against the lungs of the person speaking, the person at the other end of the line can usually hear what is being said.

The reason for this is that the vibrations of the vocal cords which produce the different fundamental tones are conveyed to every part of the lungs by the air in them, and the telephone transmitter being very sensitive will, when placed against the lungs, be affected by these vibrations, which become more noticeable as the vocal cords are approached.—THE SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE COMPANY, EDWARD H. EVERIT, ENGINEER.



## A "WISE" INSECT MOTHER

WATER WITCH CLUB, HIGHLANDS, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the tips of the white birch I have found these bunches of fine silvery hairs, each with a



"FINE SILVERY HAIRS, EACH WITH A LITTLE BALL ON THE END."

little ball on the end. At first, I thought they were a kind of fungus or possibly eggs, only I could not make out how an insect could lay them that way. But when I looked at them through the magnifying glass they looked like tiny cocoons, and later I found a lot of little insects on one of the twigs. Can you tell me what they are, or anything about them? I am sending you a few in a little box.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED MACHODO WHITMAN (age 13).

On each of the two twigs you send are the stalked eggs of the lace-winged fly (from the beauty of its wings), which is also called the aphid-lion (because it eats aphids or "plant-lice").

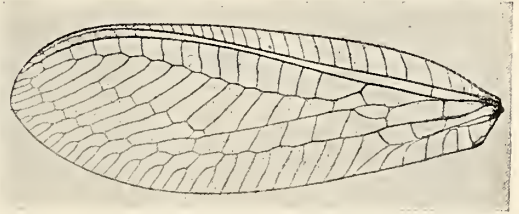
The story of the wonderful egg-laying is well told by Professor Comstock. He says:

The lace-wing is a prudent mother; she knows that if she lays her eggs together on a leaf the first aphid-lion that hatches will eat for his first meal all his unhatched brothers and sisters. She guards against this fratricide by laying each egg on the top of a stiff stalk of hard silk about half an inch high. Groups of these eggs are very pretty, looking like a tiny forest of white stems bearing on their sum-

mits round glistening fruit. When the first of the brood hatches, he scrambles down as best he can from his egg-perch to the surface of the leaf, and runs off, quite unconscious that the rest of his family are reposing in peace high above his head.

Under the microscope, the eggs you send are split at the end, showing how the hungry larva escaped.

A few days after your letter was received, a



THE LACE-LIKE WING.

neighbor brought to me a specimen of lace-winged fly that he called "a curious small grasshopper with beautiful wings." It is n't a grasshopper, but does a little resemble one. I took an



UNDER THE MICROSCOPE THE EGGS ARE SPLIT AT THE END.

enlarged photograph of one of its wings on one side. (It has two wings on each side.)



# St Nicholas League November

“HEADING.” BY PERCY BLUEMLEIN, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

How swiftly do the seasons pass,—  
The summer's gone, the autumn's here.  
The tread of the procession year  
Now furrows through the fading grass.

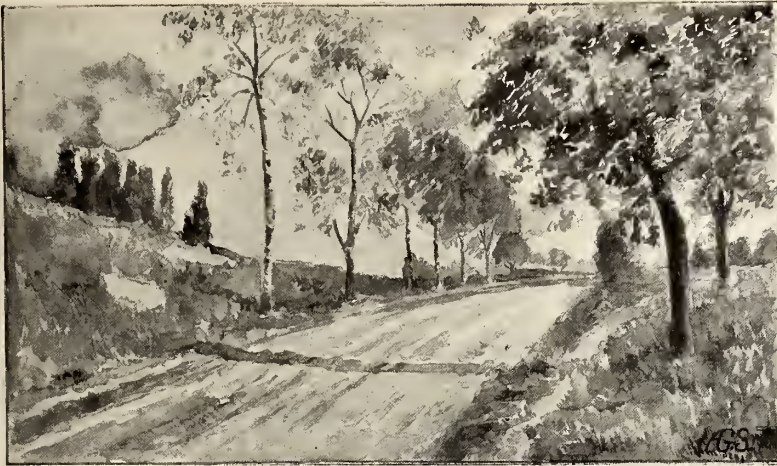
It is nine years ago since we made the first League announcement. Four or five years later, when it seemed that we had been going on for a long time, and some of our members were beginning to drift away from us because they had passed the age limit and were almost grown up, the League editor prophesied that the day would soon come when the Table of Contents of many magazines would contain the names of former League members, and that those names would be signed to pictures and poems and prose that would make the world think and take notice a little, not because those young writers and illustrators had been members of the League, but because the work itself would be so well worth while.

Well, that prophecy has been fulfilled, now; it is being fulfilled all the time. There is hardly a month goes by that our foremost magazines do not contain something from old members of the League, and it is good work, too, the ripened effort of those boys and girls who studied and persevered and won badges in the St. NICHOLAS League. Only a little while ago, the League Album published the picture of one of its Honor Members, and the frontispiece of that same number of the magazine was a picture by that young man. It was just an accident that it happened so, but rather a pleasant accident when you come to think of it. Not long ago the League editor happened to read a charming sonnet in “The Century.” He did not notice the name of the author until he had finished reading the lines, then he was gratified to find that the author of that fine sonnet was just one of those girls who during the League's earlier years used to write verses that captured first a silver and then a gold badge. And this sort of thing is happening all the time. The old League names look out from many pages—new names they are to the general reader, but not to remain new, for the work that has won its way so far will win its way farther and find permanent place in the heart and memory of the multitude.



“SOLITUDE AT POMPEII.” BY DONALD MCKELVEY BLODGET, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)





"LANDSCAPE STUDY." BY ADOLPH G. SCHNEIDER, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

### PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 105

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Gold badges, **Margaret Ewing** (age 15), 629 McCallie Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn., and **Manuel G. Gichner** (age 12), 1516 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, **Bibi Elizabeth Lacy** (age 13), Ongar, Frederick Boulevard, St. Joseph, Mo.; **Richard T. Cox** (age 9), Mulberry Hill, Lexington, Va., and **Catherine Dunlop Mackenzie** (age 14), Baddeck, N. S.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Hanano Inagaki Sugimoto** (age 9), 5527 Hamilton Ave., College Hill, O., and **Pauline Nichthaus** (age 13), 243 E. 13th St., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Trotter** (age 13), 2136 Madison Ave., Toledo, O.; **Charles Arthur MacLaren Vining** (age 10), 532 Talbot St., London, Ont., and **Effiot C. Bergen** (age 14), 380 Hillside Pl., S. Orange, N. J.

**Drawing.** Cash prize, **Adolph G. Schneider** (age 16), 17 Pleasant St., East Norwalk, Conn.

Gold badges, **Stanley C. Low** (age 17), 69 New Rd., Brentford, Middlesex, Eng., and **Joan Spencer-Smith** (age 17), 51 Palace St., Westminster, London, S. W., Eng.

Silver badges, **Alberta A. Heinmuller** (aged 15), 241 Sunnyside Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Lina Fergusson** (age 12), Albuquerque, N. M., and **Hester Thom** (age 11), 23 Ramparts, Quebec, Can.

**Photography.** Gold badges, **Donald McKelvey Blodget** (age 13), 379 Park Pl., Bridgeport, Conn., and **Alfred Pierce Allen** (age 13), Mansion House, Cottage 10, Fisher's Island, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Katherine F. McKelvey** (age 14), 1913 S. Union Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.; **Muriel R. Good** (age 12), Atchison, Kan., and **Elizabeth Washburn** (age 14), 2218 First Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

**Wild Creature Photography.** First prize, "Whippoorwill on Nest," by **George Curtiss Job** (age 15), Kent, Conn. Second prize, "Possum," by **Cassius M. Clay, Jr.** (age 13), Paris, Ky. Third prize, "Male and Female Herring Gulls," by **Harold Keith** (age 16), 1841 Dayton Ave., Merriam Park, Minn.

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badges, **Alice Lowenhaupt** (age 14), 113 Fourth Ave., Roselle, N. J.; **Nettie Kreinik** (age 17), 159 West 84th St., New York City, and **Evangeline G. Coombes** (age 14), 120 Second Ave., Newark, N. J.

No silver badges for puzzle-making this month.

**Puzzle Answers.** Gold badges, **Stoddard P. Johnson** (age 12), Yorktown Heights, N. Y., and **Duncan Scarborough** (age 12), Delmore Rd., Newton Highlands, Mass.

Silver badges, **Violet W. Hoff** (age 17), Rider, Md., and **Helen L. Dawley** (aged 16), 5657 Calhoun Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### THE VALE OF REST

BY MANUEL G. GICHNER (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge)

BEYOND the pallid hills of Death,  
In clouds of mourning dressed:  
Fanned by the gentle east wind's  
breath,  
There lies the Vale of Rest.

And, where a blooming poppy sea  
Sheds fragrance sweet and deep,  
In rest that lasts eternally  
The souls of Mortals sleep.

All earthly trials and triumphs cease  
Amid the dream-flowers fair;—  
A lovely Symphony of Peace  
Floats on the happy air.

Though for the dead loved one we weep,  
God knoweth what is best;  
They sleep a long and dreamless sleep  
There—in the Vale of Rest.



"TAIL-PIECE." BY STANLEY C. LOW, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

### MY FAVORITE MEMORY

BY HANANO INAGAKI SUGIMOTO (AGE 9)

(Gold Badge)

THE time I like to think about best is one March day in my grandma's house in Japan. The third day of March is Doll Festival Day, and then all girls have a grand time. All the week before I had been planning what to have, because grandma said that I must order the servants just like a grown lady, so I did. I cooked the rice all alone, but grandma helped me to decide what to have.

The day before, Iematsu had got out the things from the go-down, and put up the steps on one side of the room. There were five of these steps. My aunt put a red cloth



"SOLITUDE." BY ELIZABETH WASHBURN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

all over them, and had a purple curtain, with the Mikado's crest on it, looped above. The dolls were fixed on the shelves. On the highest shelf was Tenshi Sama and Kogu Sama (the Emperor and the Empress), dressed in Japanese style. It would look funny to Americans, but it is really beautiful. My dolls are about one foot high, and are the same ones my ancestors always used. Right below Tenshi Sama were two bushes and doll musicians. The bushes mean very important things.

The next step had many servants' dolls on it, and also O Boku Sama. That is a funny wooden doll which is always drowned in the river the next day. The two bottom shelves were filled with all the doll things I had—little tables and dishes, and furniture and kitchen things.

The first thing in the morning, after I had on my new dress, my grandma sat down on a cushion beside me. I sat on the matting, because children never sit on a cushion when any one teaches them anything. My grandma told me all about the festival, and what it is for, and then I had visitors. Papa was in America, but all the rest of the family came. The first thing, they bowed to the dolls, and then I gave them cushions to sit on. I was hostess and served food out of the little dishes. Then my friends came, and we behaved like grown people and had a beautiful time.

## REST

BY BIBI ELIZABETH LACY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

FAR in a Southern clime, I stand,  
Beneath a dome of azure sky;  
The breeze is blowing soft and high  
Across the level stretch of sand.

The sun is setting in the West,  
The clouds are rainbows wondrous bright,  
The sea is bathed in golden light  
And everywhere is peace and rest.



"SOLITUDE." BY MURIEL R. GOOD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

## REST

BY MARGARET EWING (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

THE lonely greatness of the quiet hills,  
Which stand and watch the nations come and go,—  
While men are ground and tortured in the mills,—  
Communing with the silence and the snow.

It is the rest of hearts, the rest of God,  
We are so little and so incomplete,  
And where the heroes and the poets trod,  
We cannot pause to listen for their feet.

But these, the mountains, they were made before  
The woman woke the world to thought and pain;  
And when the world is happy as of yore  
And sin has passed, the mountains will remain.

And they have seen it all, and understand,  
The clouds of heaven lie upon their breast;  
And looking on the cities and the land,  
They whisper "We are God's, and God is rest."

## MY FAVORITE MEMORY

BY PAULINE NICHTHAUSER (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

I CLOSE my eyes; the mist before them clears away; picture after picture passes before me. One there is that lingers longest with me. Blurred through my tears I see it. I do not know why I am crying; I should be happy at possessing such a dear memory.

It is a simple but pleasant room that I see. A white-haired old man is sitting by the window. His face is wrinkled, but his blue eyes are bright and kind. To the boy and girl who are sitting with arms entwined at his feet, he is the dearest person in the world. He is talking to them in his soft, musical tones, but his hands are also busy. All kinds of wooden playthings he skillfully fashions; among them, dishes for the brown-eyed little lass, and quaintly-carved animals for the boy. The girl looks up with loving eyes and sees how the last rays of the sun seem to linger on his snowy locks, and indeed, all around the room. But then, she thinks, it is always sunny where "Grosppapa" is.

"Yes, Victor," he is saying in his native German to her brother, "your father is now well on his way to America." His face saddens as he looks at the eager-eyed little lad. "Soon your father will send for his children and their mother, and then I shall be left, childless."



"I will never leave you, 'Grosppapa,'" says little Pauline, embracing him.

"Nor I," sturdily declares Victor.

"Ah! but you must go with your parents," the old man says, rising and looking out of the window. "See, is it not beautiful here?" he asks, his gaze lingering on the old mill, and then wandering over the valley to where the mountains rise, their snow-capped peaks sharply outlined against the richly colored sunset sky. He turns away, and drawing his grandchildren to him says: "When you are gone, I will have nature to console me, and she is great-hearted and good."

He is sitting again, his hands holding tightly two soft, childish ones. The children are also silent, trying to imagine how life will seem without the mill, the forest, the mountains, and—without "Grosppapa." Thus they remain until twilight gathers over them. Then the door opens and a brisk old lady, the "Grosmitter," calls them to supper. They all go out together, and the room is left alone in the darkness.

### DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THE REST

BY RICHARD T. COX (AGE 9)

(*Silver Badge*)

"Come on, Tom, we've got to cut grass,  
Ma says we must do our best,  
We'll only cut what's around the front porch.  
Don't bother about the rest.

"Come on, Tom, now, that's enough,  
Ma'll think we've done our best  
And give us a stick of peppermint.  
Don't bother about the rest."

"Where's the peppermint, now, Ma?"  
"Are you sure you did your best?  
Here's half a stick of peppermint,  
Don't bother about the rest."

"That little trick, it did n't work,  
Next time let's do our best,  
And get a whole stick of peppermint  
And bother about the rest."

### MY FAVORITE MEMORY

BY CHARLES ARTHUR MACLAREN VINING (AGE 10)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHEN I am about to take my seat in the dentist's dreaded chair or undergo some other dreadful ordeal, there always flashes into my mind my favorite memory—my trip across the wide, wild sea from fair Canada to merry old England.



"SOLITUDE." BY KATHERINE F. MCKELVEY, AGE 14.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

I remember as if it had happened but yesterday the dreadful crowd on the wharves, the sailors shouting, the trunks and boxes; my fears lest we should miss the boat, and my joy when we were finally launched midstream on our trip to old John Bull's country.

And then I remember the first whale we sighted; the great ice-fields and all the wonderful sights of an ocean trip. And gradually the dentist and his instruments and all my surroundings fade away and I am once more on the great steamer talking to the sailors, watching the sea-gulls, and listening to the roar of the monstrous waves as they break against our gallant craft.

Then I remember our first sight of the Irish Coast and our vain endeavors to smell the peat burning. And then the finish—the landing of our ship in harbor! And then when it is all over and I am none the worse for the pain, the dentist (or whoever it is) calls me a brave lad, not knowing that all the time I was thinking of some of the brightest, happiest hours I ever spent in my life.

### VACATION'S REST

BY CATHERINE DUNLOP MACKENZIE

(AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

A MIST still lies on the distant hills,

And the dew is on the rose;

The song-birds carol their joyous trills,

And the East with the sunrise glows

As I pass down the shaded woodland path,

Where the early morning air

Is filled with the Linnæa's fragrant breath,

That tells of its presence there.

And the rippling brook that winds along

Through gardens of Nature's art,



"SOLITUDE—THE LONE GRAVE ON FISHER'S ISLAND." BY ALFRED  
PIERCE ALLEN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

Reëchoes the clear and joyous song  
That rises from my heart.

And hand in hand with fancy,  
With idle thoughts and dreams,  
Through woodland aisles I wander on  
By tranquil, murmuring streams.  
For the sweetest hours of vacation's rest,  
And placid Elysian ease,  
Are those I spend near Nature's breast,  
With flowers and birds and trees.

### MY FAVORITE MEMORY

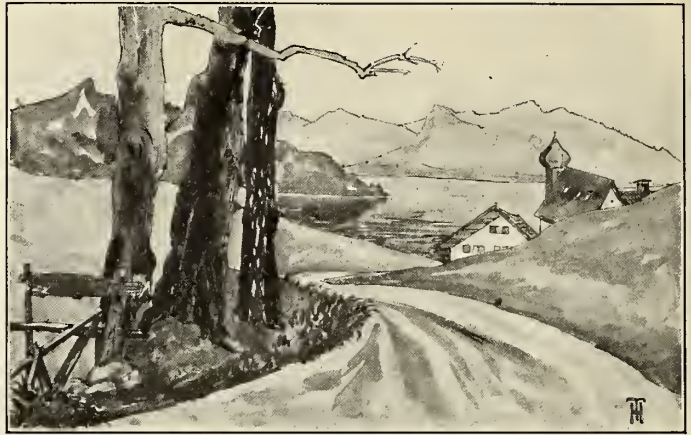
BY MARJORIE TROTTER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite memory is not hard to find as I look back over my brief period of existence.

Until two years ago I lived the happiest of lives in a little Nova Scotia town. My most precious memories are therefore connected with the "Land of Evangeline."

Many times have I driven through the quaint village of Grandpré, past the old French willows, and the well, where, according to tradition, Aca-



"NOVEMBER." BY HILDE VON THIELMANN, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Bay of Fundy leaving only dreary stretches of mud flats. But twelve hours later the basin is again full of sparkling water and unless it happens to be the middle of the night it is time for another swim.

All day long we children played on the beach or in the woods back of the cottage, but when evening came it always found the whole family gathered on the beach to watch the magnificent sunset. You may seek the world over but if you want to find what I consider the most beautiful sky, you will go, not to Italy, but to the shore of Minas basin just as the sun is setting.

I may never return to Nova Scotia, I may never watch another Acadian sunset, but though I live a hundred years and see many wonderful things, I know that those dear summers in the little cottage at Evangeline Beach will always remain my favorite memory.

### REST

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALL (AGE 16)

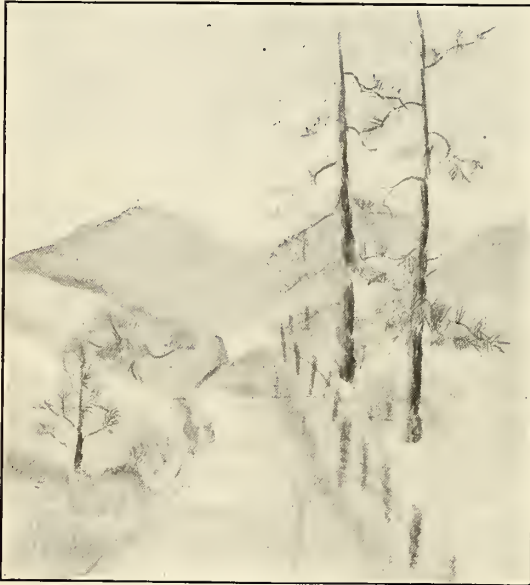
(Honor Member)

I AM weary, weary, weary, and would gladly rest a space,  
For daylight wanes upon the hills and night comes on apace.  
The breeze has been his nightly rounds, and closed each  
dewy flower,

So let me slumber quietly, if only for an hour.

I am weary, weary, weary, and would fain lie down to sleep,  
For the shadows slowly lengthen, and the stars their vigils  
keep.

So let me rest in peace, dear love, until the night is spent.  
Just leave me here in solitude and I shall be content.



"LANDSCAPE STUDY." BY LINA FERGUSSON, AGE 12.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

dian maids drew water. Often I have crossed the hot road over dykes

"which the hands of the farmers raised with labor incessant."

I have driven under shady elms beyond the dykes to where a clear view can be obtained of Minas basin's blue expanse. Scores of times I have looked on famous Blomidon, barely a mountain in height, but grand as the Alps in my sight, and so dear to me that I grow homesick to see it as I write in this city two thousand miles away.

I distinctly remember how glorious it felt to pull off shoes and stockings for a run across the warm sand to the little cottage, with wild roses all about, there to wait the arrival of the less enthusiastic grownups.

Once every twelve hours Minas basin empties into the



"LANDSCAPE STUDY." BY ALBERTA A. HEINMULLER, AGE 15.  
(SILVER BADGE.)





"WHIPPOORWILL ON NEST." BY GEORGE CURTISS JOB, AGE 15.  
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

### THE TIME OF REST

BY LOUISE K. PAINE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge Winner*)

IN evening when the work is done,  
The laborer, returning home,  
Hears gentle voices of the woods,  
So small beneath the starlit dome.

He hears a single whippoorwill  
Call from its lonely hidden nest,  
And knows that in the forest dim  
The woodland folk prepare for rest.

The fireflies with their fairy lights  
As lanterns serve him on his way;  
The leaves, stirred by the evening breeze,  
In dusky shadows gently sway.

Then when a hoot-owl breaks the quiet,  
A longing stirs within his breast;  
He hurries on his homeward way,  
That he, too, may prepare for rest.

### MY FAVORITE MEMORY

BY ELLIOT C. BERGEN (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

LAST summer, when I was in the Adirondack Mountains, I had an experience which shall always live in my memory as one of the pleasantest episodes of my boyhood. It was



"MALE AND FEMALE HERRING GULLS." BY HAROLD KEITH, AGE 16.  
(THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

a long tramp on a rough trail through the woods, and fishing for trout in a small lake, right in a wild and unfrequented spot among the mountains.

Born and brought up in the heart of a big city, and having never been in touch with the real doings of nature, this trip meant much to me. Some boys, for whom such sport is nothing unusual, would think nothing at all of it, but in my case it is different, and I would not be happy at this moment had I not remembered the exact date of the expedition, and taken the weight and length of the largest trout which I caught.

Early on the morning of July 3, having rowed three and a half miles to the head of the lake on whose shores I was staying, the guide, whom I will introduce as Oscar, and I, entered the inlet, and moved slowly through its tortuous passages. Here I saw a large beaver's lodge, and on the trail a partridge jumped in front of us, and ran on ahead for a short distance.

When we reached the shores of the trout lake, and had finished a delightful meal thereon, we started for the fishing grounds. On the way an incident happened which I



"POSSUM." BY CASSIUS M. CLAY, JR., AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE,  
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

considered the crowning glory of the entire trip. Up at the head of the lake a small deer was feeding on the shore. As we approached slowly and noiselessly, I became excited. The deer, unsuspecting, kept on eating. We came nearer. Suddenly, up like a flash came the creature's beautiful head. Oscar, paddling in the stern, sat motionless. I did the same. The deer's eyes, large and round, stared in astonishment. One dainty forefoot was raised, and the body trembled with indecision. "What a shot!" thought the guide. "What a chance for a picture!" thought I. But alas! I lacked a camera, and then, as the deer turned, and with one long, graceful leap, was gone, the chance went with it. Nothing, save the possession of the nine trout which we caught afterward, could cause the thrill of pleasure which ran through me at the sight of that deer.

### DAY'S REST-TIME

BY E. VINCENT MILLAY (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

How lovely is the night, how calm and still!  
Cool shadows lie upon each field and hill,



"HEADING." BY MARGARET FARNESWORTH, AGE 15.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)

From which a fairy wind comes tripping light,  
Perching on bush and tree in airy flight.  
Across the brook and up the field it blows,  
And to my ear there comes, where'er it goes,  
A rustling sound as if each blade of grass,  
Held back a silken skirt to let it pass.

This is the bedtime of the weary day;  
Clouds wrap him warmly in a blanket gray;  
From out the dusk where creek and meadow  
lie,

The frogs chirp out a sleepy lullaby;  
A single star, new-kindled in the west,  
A flick'ring candle, lights the day to rest.

O lovely night, sink deep into my heart;—  
Lend me of thy tranquillity a part;  
Of calmness give to me a kindly loan,  
Until I have more calmness of my own.  
And, weary day, O let thy candle-light,  
And let thy lullaby be mine to-night.



"FIRST SNOW." BY DOROTHY  
YAEGER, AGE 14.

### ONE OF MY FAVORITE MEMORIES

BY EMILY THOMAS (AGE 14)

ONE of my favorite memories is a trip I made to Kenilworth in England. Father, mother, my two sisters, and I were staying at Leamington, about six miles from Kenilworth. It was a lovely day. We had planned a trip to Kenilworth and right after lunch we started. Father, mother, and my sisters were to drive, but I rode a dear little pony named "Pilgrim." I had a lovely ride over, and on the way we saw the tree that marked the center of England.

Kenilworth castle is in ruins. A guide took us over the castle and grounds; he was very funny and told us about the place as if he were reciting a lesson in history. He would n't let us ask any questions but always said, "I'm coming to that! I'm coming to that!"

First we saw the dungeon where Robert Bruce was kept prisoner, and another that was twenty-seven feet deep where Edward II was imprisoned, and still another where the Duchess of Gloucester was imprisoned for witchcraft.

Then we saw the rooms used by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the old banqueting-hall. The castle and grounds within the moat covered seven acres. Outside, the Earl had flooded one hundred and eleven acres of land; but it is not flooded now. We saw a picture of how it is supposed to have been. There was an ivy three hundred years old on one of the walls. The Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth there for nineteen days at the cost of a thousand pounds a day. We also saw the rooms used by

Amy Robsart. They were very small and I don't see how she ever got through the doorway with the large skirts they wore in those days.

We saw the room in the Kings Arms Inn where Sir Walter Scott wrote "Kenilworth."

I had just read it, so I was doubly interested in seeing the castle and all it contained.

Then we went back to our hotel and all agreed that we had had a very interesting afternoon.

### REST

BY ALICE M. MACRAE (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

I STOOD upon the sea-wall  
And gazed across the sea,  
Where the fretted waves of Minas  
Beat a mournful melody;  
While their rhythmic, restless turmoil  
Stamped itself upon my brain,  
Till my soul was filled with longing  
And my heart was full of pain.

I stood upon the sea-beach  
By the waters wild and free,  
And I cried: "Oh Waves of Ocean,  
Sing a song of Rest to me!"  
But the rolling breakers chanted,  
Dashing upon my shore,  
"Motion, motion, ceaseless motion  
Is our portion evermore."

I stood in waving meadows  
Where the flowers smiled to me—  
Where through white-capped grassy billows  
A brook sang cheerily.  
Peace breathed in every winding,  
"Lo! here is Rest," I cried,  
"In the murmur of the brooklet  
And the daisies starry-eyed."

### MY FAVORITE MEMORY

BY ELIZABETH GRIER ATHERTON (AGE 15)

ALL the memories of my trip to Europe last summer are pleasant, but perhaps my favorite memories are those of a day in Switzerland, when we went up the Gornergrat. It was a "sparkling" day. The sky was a vivid blue, and the sun shown brilliantly on the snow-covered mountains. It was very cold, and we were glad to wrap steamer rugs around us in the little car. I was fortunate enough to have an edge seat, and as we climbed up and up the steep



"TAIL-PIECE." BY HENRY THOMAS, AGE 16.



incline, I watched the little town of Zermatt grow smaller and smaller in the green valley below us. On either side of the car were banks of ice, and it looked very queer to see the dainty pink and blue alpine flowers growing so close to ice and snow. After winding slowly upward, for about an hour, we found ourselves in the midst of the great snow mountains, and then the car stopped and we got out to walk to the summit of the mountain. I was glad to get out of the cramped car, and I started briskly up the hill. The fresh, cold wind blew in my face, and the air was very exhilarating, but I found myself panting, and remembered that the air was thin in such a great altitude. However, it was not far to the summit, and very soon I had reached it. As I looked all around me at the white peaks, glittering in the sunlight, my first thought was, "It looks like a postal card." Just then some people remarked, that on the glacier were two tiny black specks which were climbers, moving slowly toward the Matterhorn. First I looked at the men, and then at the great, cruel, rocky mountain sides, and wondered if those men had forgotten all the terrible tragedies which had occurred on the very mountain, toward which they were so steadfastly moving.

The time sped away on the mountain-top, and soon we had to leave the enchanted place, but now, though I am very far away, I can still see the sun shining on the mountains, and feel the fresh wind in my face, and hear the faint tinkle of the goat bells almost as plainly as I saw and felt and heard them twelve months ago on the Gornergrat.

### REST

BY BARBARA K. WEBBER (AGE 14)  
(Honor Member)

WHEN slumb'ring under amber skies,  
The long fields darken into night,  
When off the earth the daylight dies,  
To linger only on the height,  
And the long river sighing rolls  
To mingle with the waiting sea,  
And soft the evening church bell tolls,  
With mellow note o'er hill and lea—

There comes a rest to tired man,  
And peaceful night creeps on apace,  
And flower-scented breezes fan  
The wrinkles from old Nature's face.  
And silence seems to banish care  
And soothe awhile the keenest pain,  
While peace through all the fragrant air,  
Sheds healing balm like summer rain.

### MY FAVORITE MEMORY

BY DOROTHY HAIGHT (AGE 12)

My favorite memory is of my meeting with Captain Sally Johnson. I was staying at Fortress Monroe, Va., when I saw her.

One day I went with my father and mother for a little trip up Chesapeake Bay. The boat we went on was called the *Mobjack*. It stopped at several places, and at one of these Captain Sally Johnson came on board. She was a short, stout old lady, with lovely gray hair. Another lady was with her and—as I learned afterward—it was her niece.

After I had been introduced to them, she (Miss Johnson's niece) told us how her aunt was made a captain.

It seems that during the Civil War, Jefferson Davis issued an order that all the wounded soldiers should be taken from the private hospitals of Richmond and put in the one large one that was supported by the Confederate government.

Now Miss Sally Johnson of Richmond had used her private fortune and turned her residence into a hospital for southern soldiers. But after the order made by Jefferson

Davis the officers came to have the soldiers removed from her house. Miss Johnson then went to President Davis and asked him if she could keep her hospital in spite of his order.

Jefferson Davis made her a captain so she could keep her hospital, because if she was just *Miss* Sally Johnson she would not be a citizen of the government. But if she was *Captain* Sally Johnson she would be a citizen of the government and it would be all right to keep the hospital.

I think Captain Johnson's history is very unusual and I love to think of it.

### HIS REST

BY MARGARET HOUGHTELING (AGE 13)

A LOWLY grave beneath a spreading tree,  
A small memorial to his finished life,  
A hidden spot, secluded from the eyes  
Of worldly soldiers in Life's weary strife.

We do not sorrow for the dead,  
For all the air doth seem as blest  
By him who on his tombstone had inscribed  
"Mourn not; I do but rest."

### MY FAVORITE MEMOR Y

BY ELIZABETH C. WALTON (AGE 11)

A MEMORY that often comes into my mind, and one that I like best to think about, is of an event which occurred when I was a very little girl.

I can just remember hearing the folks at home talking about some public event which would take place that day, and I teased my mother to take me.

I can remember the vast throng of people that crowded the streets, and during the years since then, I have often wondered what was the occasion of that crowd. Only a few months ago I learned that it was the funeral of General Henry W. Lawton, who died while on duty in the Philippine Islands.

We were standing on the pavement watching the military pageant, when a ripple of excitement seemed to pass through the crowd, and my mother told me the President's carriage was coming. And the memory I never will forget was the kindly face of much-loved President William McKinley. My mother held me high in her arms that I might see him. The carriage came slowly by, drawn by two beautiful horses.

The President leaned far out of his vehicle, and with one hand raised his hat, and at the same time, waved his other hand to me, a little unknown child in my mother's arms. While his face still beamed with that love which he bore for all little children, his carriage passed on, and the immense crowd stood with uncovered head.

This, then, is my favorite memory, and I wish that one and all of you could share its pleasure with me.



"HEADING." BY MARY AURELLA JONES, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"HEADING." BY HESTER THOM, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

### NOONDAY REST

BY GERTRUDE WEINACHT (AGE 16)

THE peace which reaches over all  
Rests on the sunny garden wall,  
It is high noon, the insects hum  
Drowsy sounds, all else is dumb,  
On the grass the checkered shade  
Darker grows, then seems to fade.

### A FAMOUS HOME

BY ELIZABETH WHEELOCK (AGE 9)

THE home I mean does not surely look very famous. You would wonder if you were sent to 147 Hawthorne Street, Salem, Massachusetts. The only thing you could see would be an old, ramshackly house. You would say, "What is this?" The driver, if you should drive, would say, "Sir," or "Madam, that is Hawthorne's home."

I suppose most of you have heard of Hawthorne's home called the Manse. But this has nothing to do with that. This is Hawthorne's birth-place. It looks very lowly for such a wonderful man, as it is in one of the now poor quarters of Salem.

The paint is all off and the windows broken. It is all deserted and looks like any old house. If it was not for a plate on the door, it probably would have served as a tenement.

### "THOUGHTS AT REST"

BY ELIZABETH NORRIS KENDALL (AGE 11)

IN evening when the sun has set  
Down behind the hill,  
I watch the birds go to their nests  
And listen to the rill.  
I love to hear the owls hoot  
And hear the whippoorwill,  
Oh! how I love the darkness,  
It's so profound and still.

### "A FAMOUS HOME"

BY MARY LEE TURNER (AGE 14)

JUST outside of Bardstown, Kentucky, there stands the old home of song and story, "My Old Kentucky Home." The sun shines softly through the trees on the wide lawn and the winding driveway, and there is a clinging air of ancient hospitality about the place that makes "Federal Hill" ideal. The old house is of red brick, overgrown with clinging vines, and the narrow, quaint door with an old brass knocker, is riddled with bullets' holes. Inside the

wide hall are many valuable things — one, an autograph of Washington's — still firm and clear. Then, there is the old desk where the song, "My Old Kentucky Home," was written, and some valuable old portraits in oil. In the dining-room is a table at which Lafayette dined, and a silver pitcher and goblets from which he drank. There are some plates, engraved with a coat-of-arms, also, and a table, at which Andrew Jackson played chess. The hall runs straight through the house, opening on the back-porch, and apart from the house are the kitchen and out-buildings. The house is not open to visitors, as it is occupied, so I doubly enjoyed the pleasure of being in "My Old Kentucky Home" for a whole morning.

### REST

BY ROSALIE SCHMUCKLER (AGE 12)

A LITTLE room,  
A little bed,  
A little child,  
A sleepy head.  
A quivering mouth,  
A sin confessed,  
A little sigh  
And then comes  
Rest.

### REST

BY DOROTHY FOSTER (AGE 12)

A TINY pup,  
A basket small,  
A cushion soft,  
Some milk, that's all.

### A FAMOUS HOME

BY KATHRYN MADDOCK (AGE 15)

THE home of a great man often presents very strikingly many of his characteristics. This is particularly true of the Hermitage, a picturesque homestead not far from Nashville, Tennessee, where Andrew Jackson lived between intervals of public service, from 1804 till his death in 1837.

Near to the main house is a small log building last used as a negro cabin. This rude dwelling was formerly a two-story block house and was Jackson's home for fifteen years during which he was perfectly contented with his simple way of living. From this home the fiery Tennessean was called to the Indian wars and then to New Orleans, finally returning to the same fireplace. The cabin is now a most interesting place, its ebony-hued rafters stained by the smoke of many years, its monstrous chimney half falling to pieces, and the generally dilapidated state of the whole structure, all remind the visitor of its great age.

The General would have been very happy to have continued his life in that rough hut, but he resolved that Mrs. Jackson should have a more commodious home, so in 1819 he built the house generally known as the Hermitage, a low, rambling affair overshadowed by beautiful evergreens. With its tall, colonial columns and with that air of generous hospitality which permeates the place, the Hermitage seems a typical Southern mansion. In Jackson's day its doors were always open to guests and everyone was made welcome. The Hermitage estate was so large that only a part of it could be tilled, but this part was very carefully cultivated, for Jackson was a vigilant and successful farmer. Another source of pleasure to him was in his horses, of which he was very proud. Not far from the house, there stands a tiny Presbyterian church, another evidence of his affection towards his wife, for whom it was built.



Thus we find nearly every one of Andrew Jackson's distinctive qualities expressed in his home. There of course remains nothing to illustrate his violent hatred for enemies and his open-hearted hospitality toward friends, but his simple tastes, his great love for his wife, his thoroughness and energy, are all evidenced at the Hermitage.

This home is of added interest at present, for in his last message to Congress, our President recommended that an appropriation be made to aid the Association which cares for it.

## LEAGUE LETTERS

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: To-day I am sending you my last contribution, for to-morrow is my eighteenth birthday.

Before I leave your roll, however, I want to thank you for all the happy days which you have given me, and for the stimulus that you have given me to work, for, before I began to compete to you, I never so much as thought of drawing. As soon as I became interested in you, however, I was at once seized with a wild desire to draw, and began to scribble on everything I could find—school-books included!

Now I would not give up my "Art", as I fondly call it, for anything in the world, and, when I have graduated this spring, I am going to enter the Art Course at the University here.

I have always, in a way, looked forward to my eighteenth birthday, but, somehow, when I look at my "last attempt" and think over all the happy times I have had working over its predecessors, and of all those exciting moments of breathless suspense when the ST. NICHOLAS first came, and I hurriedly turned the pages to see what my fate might be, I forget any small joy which might have existed in the thought of "really being eighteen," and only wish that I could begin all over again, and, perhaps, do better.

Farewell, dear League! May many others find in your pages the joys which I have found.

I remain your old friend and reader still.

RACHEL BULLEY.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I thought the following incident might happen to amuse you and possibly some of your readers also. Here it is—

The other day a gentleman who lives near our house took his small son out for a walk in the Park. "Papa" asked the boy at last, "can't you please have a ride on a donkey?" "Yes, but I don't see any donkey for you to ride, Willie," objected his fond parent. "Oh, never mind, Pa," answered Willie, obliging, "You will do almost as well as one yourself, I guess." Don't you think that is pretty good?

Your interested reader,

SUSAN J. APPLETON.

MY DEAR SAINT NICK:

How can I ever thank you  
For all the pleasure you have given me?  
There's not another reader of your pages  
Who watches for you half so eagerly.  
I'm quite a grown-up child, but I shall never  
Grow old enough to read you through and through,  
And if I live to be a white-haired Grandma,  
I'll tell the children what I think of you.  
Well, dear old friend, I met you in the Subway,  
A careless reader left you on the seat.—  
But pardon him, for I am sure he's sorry,  
At least I'm certain that he missed a treat.  
I wish you joy and gladness all your lifetime,  
And may you live an endless century,  
And if perchance there's none to keep you going,  
Just send their resignations in to me.  
Well! dear old saint, I have to close my letter;  
Forever in success may you abide,  
And please accept this token of devotion,  
From your most thankful,

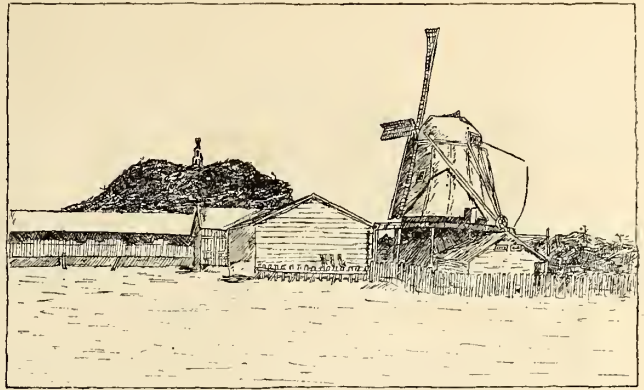
EDNA VANDER HEIDE (age 16).

FARGO, N. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When after working for a certain thing over three years, one unexpectedly attains that aim, the English language seems barren of words to express one's joy and thankfulness. That is just the way I feel about my gold badge. I worked for it such a seemingly endless time that the badge itself seems unreal, like something in a dream whenever I look at it. And yet it is for those three long years of steady, persistent work, for which I am most grateful. I thank you very, very much for the beautiful badge and for the great honor you have given me, but I thank you infinitely more for the gold badge those three years have welded into my life, the gold badge of patience and perseverance.

Your loving Honor Member,

BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON.



"LANDSCAPE STUDY." BY MARSHALL WILLIAMSON, AGE 11.

NEW YORK, FEB. 10, 1908.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you, although it is the second year we have taken you.

I was born, and have lived until two years ago in Cairo, Egypt, and, although it may seem queer to some who have never been abroad, we went out to the Pyramids nearly every week in the winter. My brother and I liked to climb upon the Sphinx's back, but we could not get very far as there is a large crack in the middle.

When I first came over here to school, I think I spoiled a good many imaginary views of "romantic" Cairo when I told people that it is quite a modern city, except for the queer dress and strings of camels and donkeys. We have, however, never been up the Nile, or seen the Pyramids by moonlight; but we have seen a good bit of Europe, as it is too hot to stay at home in the summer.

The winter before last the Prince and Princess of Wales were out home, and over a hundred Bedouins took part in some sports given for them. The Bedouins did some clever things such as riding their horses full tilt with their heads in the saddle and feet in the air. They also made their horses dance to the music of tom-toms.

Ever since I have read "ST. NICK," I have liked it ever so much, I like "Harry's Island," "Three Years Behind the Guns," the League and Letter-Box best of all.

Hoping this is not too long, I am ever your interested reader,

ELLEN C. PAPAIZ (AGE 14).

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I am sending to you to-day my verses for the September competition and I am so sorry to remember that I have but three more. Does every one get old so dreadfully fast?

Your subject appealed to me this month, for I have several relatives including my father who are members of the Life Saving Service to which I have reference in the poem. This small band extends along the coast of the United States and guards its coast from the ravages of the storm. They maintain a constant watch along the shore and at the appearance of a distressed vessel launch their frail boats and, pitting their strength against the force of the waves, give aid to the distressed seamen. When the sea is so high that launching a boat from the shore is impossible, the beach apparatus is used and the sailors are brought from the vessel by means of a "breeches-buoy," which is drawn shoreward over a cable that has been shot across the vessel from the shore and fastened to the mast of the distressed vessel.

On our part of the coast storms are numerous and a rescue of this kind is a frequent occurrence.

I thank you so much for the encouragement you have given me in my endeavors to win that coveted cash prize.

But whether I succeed or not I shall ever remember with gratitude the pleasure and benefit I have derived from your interesting work. Long life to you, my dear ST. NICHOLAS League, and best wishes from your devoted League member,

MARY YEULA WESCOTT (AGE 17).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every place I go, and we bring up the subject of magazines, the ST. NICHOLAS is most always spoken of first. Mother took you when she was a little girl. She saved all of the old copies. Sarah Crewe was one of the continued stories and I think it is fine, but the stories you have now are the nicest of all.

My home is in Kentucky, but I go to school in Nashville. We have a fine basket ball team.

Mother sends us the ST. NICHOLAS every month, and if she did not every thing would seem a blank.

My uncle has a gasoline yacht, and we go out swimming in the summer.

Father owns a coal mine, and once I went inside on a little car; it was awfully dark; I put a jug on the track to see the car break it. I thought it very funny.

I hope there will be some more to "Pinkey Perkins," and wish there would be a sequel to "Tom, Dick, and Harriet." I'm glad "Harry" likes Roy better than any of the other boys.

Your interested reader,

MARTHA NEWMAN.



"HEADING." BY JOAN SPENCER-SMITH, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

**ROLL OF THE RECKLESS**

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be entered for the competition:

**NOT INDORSED.** Edwina Spear, Kingsetta Carson, Edgar Campbell, Jr., Rosanna Thorndike, Esther Curtis, Joseph Witherpoon, Jeannette E. Sholes, Frances P. Eldred, Isabel P. Bunting, Helen Macklin, Elizabeth King, and Ragna von Encke.

**NO AGE.** Brewster S. Beach, Mildred E. Beckwith, Edgar Campbell, Lucy S. Quarrier, Hazel Bowman, Gwendolyn Steel, James Tilghaman, James A. Farfield, and Charles D. Whidden.

**WRONG SUBJECT.** Mary F. Ritson, Frank Morse, Lois Grace Smith, Morris W. Abbott, Margaret Betz, Sumner Wright, Eva Matthews Sanford, Winifred Marsh, Morris Alexander, Edith H. Gillingham, Irene Huston, Lavinia Jones, Katharine C. Smith, Frank L. Chance, Lucille Ruth Peterson, Calvin W. Moore, Seguire Johnson, and Warren T. Kent.

**WELCOME** League letters have been received from Anna Chase, Dorothy Wooster, Adelaide Harriet Clark, Gertrude L. Amory, Florence Dawson, Lorraine Voorhees, Louisa Keasbey, Frank Phillips, Cath ine Patton, Elizabeth E. Moore, Florence West, Norman H. Read, Eleanor von der Heide, Adelaide Field, Isabel Foster, Jennie Hunt, John H. Hill, Percy Blumlein, Lois Donovan, Mildred E. Edwards, Beryl Hatton Madgerson, Edna Astruck, James Lee, Rachel Fox, Eva Matthews Sandford, Elizabeth M. Ruggles, H. Rosenfeld, Irma H. Hill, Lydia Gibson, Gordon W. Allport, Frances H. Coutts, Bernard Bronstein, Eleanor Mead, Dorothy G. Foster, Frances Watts, Caroline C. Johnson, Mary W. Cowling, Mary F. Ritson.

**THE ROLL OF HONOR**

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

<p><b>VERSE, 1</b></p> <p>Lois Treadwell Susan Warren Wilbur Dorothy Ramsey Constance Weaver Matie Jones Carol Thompson Jean Gray Allen Eleanor May Kellogg Ruth S. Coleman Primrose Lawrence Violet Dodgson Ruth A. Dittman Emmeline Bradshaw Aileen Hyland Lois Donovan Irma Adelia Miller Dorothea Derby B. H. Fairbanks Ruth Adams Doris F. Alman Elizabeth C. Beal Dorothy Ward Olave Dodgson Marion Reeder</p>	<p>Frances Arthur Katharine Holway Frances Hyland Walter Edward Watkin Edna von der Heide Marjorie S. Harrington Agnes Lee Bryant Jessie Morris Dorothy Douglas Rose Burnham Hester L. Turnbull Marguerite Weed Janet Jacob Lucie Clifton Jones Elizabeth Swift Billings Dagmar Leggett Earl Reed Silvers Thusa Madella Ream Bessie Neville Ruth Harvey Reboul Ruth Cutler Dorothy A. Sewell Bessie B. Styron Marie Armstrong Otto H. Freund</p>	<p>Elizabeth Toof Frances Elizabeth Simpson Louise Hompe Doris Huestis Angela Richmond Elizabeth Crawford Lucile Watson Lucy E. Fancher Eleanor M. Sickles Lillie G. Menary Summerfield Baldwin, III Eleanor Johnson Ruth Livingston Ruth Pennington Magel Wilder</p> <p><b>VERSE, 2</b></p> <p>Helen Virginia Frey Dorothy Barnes Loye Jeanie Reid Louise G. Ballot Kathleen C. Heard Mary Lee Turner</p>
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<p>Bertha N. Wilcox Margaret T. Babcock Isabel Randolph Bertha E. Widmeyer Allison Winslow Jean Dallett Bertha A. Daniel Frances Bernice Bronner Kathryn Maddock Thoda S. Cockroft Rose Norton Emma D. Miller Elsie Nathan Sarah C. McCarthy Edith Harvey Eleanor von der Heide Kenneth A. Brownell Agnes Gray Esther L. King Edith M. Sprague Jeannette Munro Lucile Shepard Harry Gerber Eleanor Farwood Delia Arnstein Elenor Carroll Eleanor J. Tevis Alice K. P. Brice Helen G. Burns Margaret Earl Helen Katherine Smith Marion Graves William J. Phillips, 3rd Jean F. Thomas Florence E. Dawson Margaret L. Creighton Ethel L. Blood John Dessart Blanche Willis Rosalie B. Geer Rebecca O. Wyse Alice Hall Kerr Katherine Jo. Klein Margaret A. Smith Marian Bowman Grace W. Wingate Julia S. Clopton Mary Botsford Elizabeth Woolsey Stryker Cushing Williams Jean Deming Ruth Lewinson Virginia Frances Rice Esther Helfrich Marjorie D. Cole Hildegard Diechmann Bertha E. Walker Sheelah S. Wood Dorothy T. Hollister Christine Fleisher Gladys Kalliwoda Anna Bullen Julia Williamson Hall William Murtagh Bertha Tilton Alice R. Cranch Jessie Bogen Ann Ellicott Eleanor D. Mason McLean Young Marjorie White Beth MacDuffie Constance S. Winslow Alma Mabrey Dorothy B. Wells Patty Richards Clemewell Hinchliff Winifred Ewing Alice Phelps Rider Dorothy Willett</p>	<p>Florence W. Collier Germaine Lymott Elsa Weber Ida F. Parfitt Faye F. Holum Isabel S. Allen Adelaide D. Bunker Rosamond Leslie Crawford Mary Clarkson Allen Adelaide Beebe Dorothy Carpenter Julia Ruth E. Lamson Martha Noll Deborah Sugarman Isabel Burr Case Katherine F. Kershner Anna Esther Botsford Mary S. Bristol Ruth Metz Elizabeth McGlathery Babe Davis Marion J. Benedict Harry Gerber Lowry A. Biggers Catherine M. Wellington Lorraine Voorhees Jennie Hazlett Dorothy Buell Joseph P. Keene Elizabeth James Margaret F. Grant Dorothea U. Whitney Morris Gilbert Bishop Helen Russell Ruth Moore Morris Noreta L. Metz Elizabeth Iliff Margaret Comstock Ida C. Kline Helen Page Grace Merritt Bruce T. Simonds Hart Irvine Ruth E. Abel Ruby Treva Scott Eleanor L. Hopkin Ralph Perry Elizabeth Maclay Doris R. Evans Effie Jardan</p>	<p>Elizabeth Garland Katharine Brown Etelinda Dearing Frey Margaret Ritsher Helen Sewell Heyl Alma J. Herzfeld Louise M. Anawalt Mary Zoercher Ella Adams Dorothy Watkins Caroline Graham Sexton Tillie Hoffman Alma R. Liechty Mary A. Ward Wilda M. Carpenter Edna Anderson Estella Miller Dorothy Thompson Helen McLanahan Adelaide A. Shields Phillis J. Walsh Horace S. Dawson Adelaide H. Clark Dora Iddings Phyllis Bryson Marian W. Walsh</p>
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**DRAWINGS, 1**

<p>Helen Keen Mildred Andrus Virginia Hardin Helen E. Fernald Mary Woods Frida Tillman Theresa Jones Louise A. Bateman Benjamin V. Morrison Eugene L. Walter Florence Walker Frances Hale Burt Lucia Comins Dorothy Ochtman E. Alena Champlin Olive M. Simpson Helen Underwood Nellie Hagan Hugo Greenbaum Sylvia Allen Margaret A. Concree Dorothy Rieber Katherine Dulcebella Barbour Maurice C. Johnson Dorothy D. Leal Ernest Townsend Dorothy E. Downing La Verne G. Abell Aimee Truan Marjorie Cluett Helen May Baker Louise Dantzebecher Beatrice Pateman Wm. C. Appleton Jack Hopkins</p>
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**DRAWINGS, 2**

<p>Elizabeth Jasvis Winn Mary Sherwood Wright Anne Geyer Marguerite Wyatt Dorothy Wood Johnson Marshall B. Cutler Helen M. Cates Grace Atkin Priscilla Flagg Hugh Albert Cameron Marion D. Freeman Anna K. Stimson Nannie R. Hull Alice O. Smith Virginia S. Brown Herschel M. Colbert Margaret Osborne Dorothy Wallace Dorothy H. Cheesman Martha A. Oathout Frank McCaughey, Jr. A. Augusta Davis William B. Baker Sol Slomka Sybil Emerson</p>
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**PROSE, 1**

<p>Myron Day Helen Noyes Albert A. Green Bertram Frances Wilcox Elsie Chapin Hazel Wyeath Beetha Pitcairn Katherine Donovan Kathleen Burrell</p>
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**PROSE, 2**

<p>Margaret Elizabeth Allen Margaret Underhill Agnes M. Blodgett Mary Villepontaux Lee Evelyn Kent Fred D. Harrington Marie Josephine Hess Dorothy MacPherson Catherine H. Straker Heather P. Baxter Jessie May Furness Beatrice Frye Annette Howe Carpenter Margaret W. Shaw Helen Fitz James Seairight Florence Mickey Frances Ingham Mildred Seitz Ruth Alden Adams Mary H. Oliver Dorothy Joline Gertrude Hearn Helen Tingley Dorothy Treat Margery Livingston Katharine P. English Eleanor Steward Cooper J. Elmer Kensill Josephine Schoomaker Grace S. Nies Eugenia Hebert Towle Helen Santmyer Frances Elizabeth Huston Kennard Weddell Mary Broughton</p>
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Margaret Lantz  
Daniel  
Lois Mildred McClain  
Helen Parfitt  
M. Udell Sill  
Lucy O. Bruggerhof  
Gladys Nolan  
Dorothy Wormser  
Margaret E. Kelsey  
Helen H. Ames  
Esther Iris Hull  
Verna Keays  
Harry P. Smith  
Frances McDearmon  
Mary Horne  
Viviani Bowdoin  
Maria Stockton  
Bullitt  
Gladys Schwneker  
Marjorie A. Johnson  
Otto Schaefer  
Charlotta Heubeck  
William E. Fay  
Marian Seip  
Harold Parr  
G. K. Hamlin  
Helen D. Flood  
Euterpe Papadophlo  
Thomas Hovenden  
Ruth Streatfield  
Dorothy Hompe  
John Clement Park  
Marie Hall Wilson  
Felicity Askew  
Helen Louise Walker  
George Lindberg  
Rosa Cook  
Henry C. Banks  
Helen Silverstein  
Emily Brettner  
Emma Preston  
Dorothy Rubottom  
Elizabeth F. Abrams  
Henry Ide Eager  
James Raiford Wood  
Virgil Wells  
Joseph Auslandef  
Alison M. Kingsbury  
Gwendolyn  
Frothingham  
Harold H. Hertel  
Elizabeth R. Biddle  
Edna Crane  
Reginald Marsh  
Lucile M. Smyth  
Helen K. McHary

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1  
Sidney Sherrill  
Alderman  
Elise F. Stern  
Ruth Shaw Kennedy  
William Perrin  
Vernon Pettin  
Helen B. Nichols  
Marjorie E. Chase  
Bettine S. Paddock  
Elizabeth Lewis  
Pauline B. Flach  
Elsie Cromwell  
Comstock  
Doris Kent  
Ellen Windom Warren  
Eleanor White  
Esther Fox Tucker  
Constance Ayer  
Celestine C. Waldron  
Stella M. Sondheim  
Charles B. Hone  
Clyde Dick  
Margaret Janney  
Cornelia Needles  
Walker  
Adile F. Browning

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2  
Eunice L. Hone  
John J. McCutcheon  
Marjorie Hale  
Gustav Zeese  
Grace Bristed  
Alice Mason  
Lucia E. Halstead  
Charles H. Baker, Jr.  
Adeline Pepper  
Frances B. Godwin  
Roy Phillips  
Fred Dorman  
Susan J. Applegate  
Judith S. Finch  
Oakes I. Ames  
William Howard Smith  
Helen K. Ehrman  
Jessie Atwood  
Winona Montgomery  
Elsie Moore  
Enada Avery Griswold  
Mary Comstock  
Marion Sarah Stouder  
Lucy Rose Morgenthau  
Berthae Moore

Paul H. Means  
Ruby M. Palmer  
Katharine Ketcham  
Blanche L. Hirsh  
Lois L. Holway  
Katharine Tighe  
Edith Ames Winter  
Louise Cottrell  
Dorothy E. Billings  
Margaretta Myers  
Miriam A. Story  
Harriet Foster  
Agnes Alexander  
Walter C. Mackey  
Janie S. Ball  
Herbert W. Ross  
Mary E. Maccracken  
Eleanor Parker  
Constance H. Smith  
Mary L. Hunter  
Dorothy L.  
Dockstader  
Helen T. McDonald  
M. May Reynolds  
Helen D. Misch  
Dorothy Flurd  
Elizabeth F.  
Farrington

PUZZLES, 1  
Walter O. Strickland  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
Elizabeth Beale Berry  
Caroline C. Johnson  
Muriel Oakes  
Winifred Parker  
Amy Bradish Johnson  
Christine Fleisher  
Mary D. Bailey  
Summerfield Baldwin,  
3rd  
Hester Gunning  
Duncan Scarborough  
Gracia Blackman  
Harrison F. Lewis  
Dorothy Struss  
Marjorie Catlin  
Sadie Malkovsky

PUZZLES, 2  
Benjamin Evans  
Robert S. Keator  
Clifford Furst  
Winnie Foster

### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 109

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

**Competition No. 109** will close **Nov. 10** (for foreign members **Nov. 15**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Wind."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Windstorm Adventure."

**Photograph.** Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My School."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "The Old Valentine," or "Old Valentines," and a **March (1909)** Heading or Tail-piece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

### RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
Union Square, New York.

### NEW CHAPTERS

- No. 1061. Annie Keene, President; Louise Butler, Secretary and Treasurer; five members.  
No. 1062. Gertrude Powers, President; Margaret Eyre, Secretary.  
No. 1063. Nathan Imberger, President; Sam Visotsky, Vice-President; Julius Mendelson, Secretary; twelve members.  
No. 1064. Alice Gwaltney, President; Genevieve Murray, Vice-President; Katharine Stone, Secretary; Mabel Nelson, Treasurer; nineteen members.  
No. 1065. "Resolved to Win Chapter." Adeline Longaker, President; Alice Kilbourne, Secretary; six members.  
No. 1066. "The Ramaibi Club." Adelaide Beebe, President; Belle Hicks; seven members.  
No. 1067. "Saca Jawa Chapter." Margaret B. Mackenzie, President; Ellen Low Mills, Secretary; ten members.  
No. 1068. "Clan Carth." Hazel Campbell, President; Martha Andrews, Secretary; five members.



"TAIL-PIECE." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

# THE LETTER-BOX

MANY of the older boys and girls who read *ST. NICHOLAS* are familiar with the well-known "Chronicles of Sir John Froissart," and will therefore appreciate the clever verses by Mr. Arthur Upson on page 44 of this number, entitled "The Three Queens at Melun."

In one of the editions of these famous Chronicles there is a chapter which bears the heading:

OF THE THREE QUEENS AND THE NAVEROISE THAT WERE  
BESIEGED BY THE DUKE OF NORMANDY IN MELUNE.

and it begins as follows:

After the yeldyng up of Saint Valery, as ye have herde before, the duke of Normandy assembled togyder three thousande speares, and departed from Parys, and wente and layed siege before Melune, on the ryver of Sayne, the which was kept by the Naveroyse: within the same towne there were three quenes, the first, Quene Jane, aunt to the Kyng of Naver, somtyme wyfe to Kyng Charles of France; the seconde, Quene Blanch, somtyme wyfe to Kyng Philippe of Fraunce, and sister to the Kyng of Naverr; the thirde the Quene of Naver, sister to the duke of Normandy, the which duke was not at the siege hymself, but he did sende thither the lorde Morell of Fyennes, Constable of Fraunce, the erle of Saynt Pol, the lorde Arnold Dandreghen, Marshall of France, the lorde Arnold of Coucy, the bysshop of Troyes, the lorde Broquart of Fenestrages, \* \* \* and others, to the number of three thousande speares, who besieged Melune round about. And they brought from Parys many engyns and springalles, the whiche, night and day, did cast into the fortress, and also they made dyvers sore assaults. The Naveroyse within were sore abashed, and specially the three quenes, who would gladly that the siege had been raised, they cared not howe.

Our author has not held closely, however, to Sir John Froissart's account of the ending of the siege, but has given the verses an amusing turn, by making the Captains of Melun, Lord John Pippes and Carbenaux, open the gates to the besiegers, and welcome them into the town. It would be well if all sieges could end as pleasantly, and though the poet may differ with the historian, our readers, we are sure, will enjoy the rhythm and the humor of Mr. Upson's verses, and the clever illustrations by Mr. Birch.

DONG SHANG, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for nearly three years now and can truly say we enjoy you more than any other magazine we get way off in China, where the *ST. NICHOLAS* takes a whole month to reach us.

We live about one hundred miles from Shanghai. Last winter there was a mob here, on account of the heavy taxes. The rice crop was bad, and the taxes heavy, so the poor country people rose in insurrection in several parts of this province. The worst riot was here, though. The country people around here gathered a mob, broke in the city gates at night, attacked the *yamen* (where the official stays), demolished it, broke into stores, battered down doors, plundered shops, and last of all burnt our mission school, mistaking it for the government school next door, which is supported by their taxes, and the buildings just behind it where our native Christians stay. They barely escaped with but the clothes on their backs, and their homes were burnt to the ground. It was a fearful night for everybody, but especially for us foreigners, for a few

might cry "Kill the foreign devils" and it would be over with us. We were just outside the city, in a little boat. It was a bitter cold night and there were twelve of us: five missionaries, four boys, and three babies. It was hard on the poor Christians and school-boys. The mob dispersed just after they had lighted the buildings, which they did by breaking up chairs and benches, piling them up, and pouring tins of oil over them, and then lighting it. The buildings are being rebuilt now.

Good-by, your devoted China reader,  
FRANCIS W. PRICE (age 13).

P. H.—, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hardly know how to tell you how much I do like you and enjoy your monthly visits.

The League I am very fond of. There are such interesting letters from different parts of our United States and from the other parts of the world. I have n't taken you long and have n't read many copies, but I love you all the same.

I am an only child, and get rather lonely sometimes, but now I have you to read, and look forward with so much joy for the night that you will come.

From  
VERNON S. HYBART.

FRANKLIN, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you a story about our dog Don. He is a bird dog, and we think he is very beautiful.

One Easter Sunday out of a variety of eggs my brother and I liked a particular egg. My mother was away. The next day she came home; while we were telling her about this egg Don ran up-stairs and soon came down with the egg tucked away in his mouth. He must understand language. How do you suppose he could get that particular egg out of the basket of eggs and bring it down three flights of stairs without breaking it? He would not let any one have it but mama.

Did he understand what we said or was it an accident? It is a true story.

C. ELIZABETH LYMAN (age 10).

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, but strange to say, though I have grown so fond of you, this is the first time I write to you. I enjoy you so much, and each month await your arrival with the utmost impatience. Even my mother looks forward to your coming, and always reads you with great pleasure.

When I once get you, I am perfectly happy, and finish reading you all too soon, for I then remember with regret that I have another long month to wait for you to come again!

No doubt many of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* have been to Florence, or have heard about it in some way. Although an American, I have been living in this beautiful city of art and flowers almost eleven years.

Believe me ever your sincere friend and admirer,  
EVELYN RUSSELL BURGESS (age 15).

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This year will be the second year I have taken you, and I enjoy you very much.

I want to tell you that my mother took you when she was a little girl, and she also learned to read from you.



I am named after a little ST. NICHOLAS girl. The little ST. NICHOLAS girl whom I was named after is now grown up.

This is the first time I have written you, but I enjoy the "Letter-Box" very much.

Your devoted reader,  
DOROTHY SACHS (age 12).

W—, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just began to take you this year, and have never written to you before. My papa gave you to me for Christmas. I like you very much. My mama took you when she was a little girl. I like "Harry's Island" very much, and I am so sorry that "The Gentle Interference of Bab" is finished, but I suppose there will be another good one to take its place. I have a friend who has sent in drawings to you, and has won both the silver and the gold badges, although I have never tried to do anything. I think you are the best magazine ever printed for children.

Your interested reader,  
MARION MATHESON (age 11).

B—, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been greatly interested in the "Letter-Box," and reading the nice letters of other readers, I thought I would like to write to you also.

I love to study animals, especially reptiles. I have a dog, two cats, and a rabbit, which are all very tame. California, one of the cats, and Roy, my dog, are great friends and will play like two kittens, rolling over and over.

A friend and I have a collection of reptiles. We have frogs, toads, salamanders, lizards, and snakes. We only have one snake now, as the other died a few days ago. They are harmless and the one that died was very tame. A great many of your readers would think these queer pets, but they are very interesting and we love to watch them. We keep them (except the lizards) in a large tub of water. We feed the snakes and salamanders polywogs and worms, and the frogs insects.

We are having vacation now, so we have plenty of time to hunt for something new to add to our collection.

I like your stories very much, especially Mr. Barbour's. I have eight of his books and have read a good many others.

This is getting very long so I must close.

I remain your interested reader,  
VIOLET R. CLAXTON.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to know about the time our canary bird very near hung himself.

We used to keep a tarleton cover around his cage to keep the seeds from falling to the floor.

The bird used to pick at it and one day when the maid was cleaning in the dining-room, she noticed that he was making an unusual lot of noise. She called mother and mother found that in picking at the cover the bird had unraveled a string which had gotten twisted around his neck.

Mother freed him and he seemed very glad and so were you for he is a very pretty littlesinger.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS two years now, and like it very much. My little brother (five years old) always watches out for "The Happychaps," and the stories "For Very Little Folk."

Yours sincerely,  
LUCILE EWART (age 13).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS FRIENDS: I have taken the magazine for seven months and I am going to keep right on. I think

that "Tom, Dick, Roy, and Harriet" are the nicest folks I ever read about.

The "Gentle Interference of Bab" was lovely and her pokey little nose was always just right in poking.

I am thirteen years old; am in the eighth grade, live on a farm in northern New York, and am enjoying my life as every healthy country girl should.

I don't care to live in the cities at all, but I would like to be nearer one than I am.

My only pets are two old, old cats. I have one little calf that I exercise nearly every day, but I don't pet her.

I think it would be helpful as well as pleasant.

With best wishes,  
BLANCHE WILLIS.

M—, QUEBEC.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly two years and like you very much. We have had such a lovely summer. In June, my sister and I went to visit our grandmother, who lives in Hamilton. We had a lovely time there. Our grandfather rented a little pony for us. He was a trick pony, and would give his foot to shake hands. He loved sugar and apples. We have a pond, and ten goldfish in it.

From your devoted reader,  
AMY SOUTHAM (age 11).

N. H—, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since 1904, and I would n't stop for the world. My father buys you for me every month.

I have been a member for a long time of the League, but never have won a prize. But I shall fight and fight, and conquer in the end.

All this past year I have been at boarding-school on the Hudson. I think it is beautiful around there.

I used to have two dogs, but Fritz, the little fox-terrier, died and I felt very badly. We still have Rab.

Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for now, but believe me to always be

Your devoted reader,  
CATHERINE GUION.

B—, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a true story of my mother and a mouse. We were eating supper and we saw something come rolling over the floor, and we saw it was a tiny mouse. It looked just like a hard, rubber ball. Mother held out her skirt and the little mouse ran in the skirt. We took a cigar box and covered it with glass and made little holes all around the box so mousie could breathe. We put cotton to lie on, and some cheese and water to eat and drink in the box. Next morning mousie was not in his box and as I was looking in I saw a little black point come slowly out of the cotton, and out came mousie tail first.

Your interested reader,  
MARGARET BARTLETT (age 11).

L. ST. C—, Vt.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl thirteen years old. I have taken you for two years, and enjoy you very much. My home is in Granville, but I come to Lake St. Cathrine for the summer nearly every year. Lake St. Cathrine is a lovely little lake, situated in Vermont. It is about eight miles long and a mile wide. We have a cottage here called Camp Glendale. We have quite a large launch on

the lake called the "Water-wagon," and owned by a man named Brown. Papa also has a motor-boat called the "Mistake," which is a very queer name, I think.

Your loving reader,  
MARJORA COLE.

A—, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been taking your magazine since January, but my brother used to take it and I like it ever so much.

I have just been to Mexico. We went to Puebla. I went to a fort there called Fort Morelos, built by the Spanish three hundred years ago; it is surrounded by a moat and a high wall. All around there are little places where they looked out to see if the enemy was coming. We went inside and up tiny little steps just large enough for one person to go up at a time. On top there was a little hole, the entrance to a secret passage. When we were leaving the fort, the Mexican woman came out and gave us some red geraniums.

I am your little reader,  
HARRIET HAYNES (age 12).

BROWN'S ISLAND, THOUSAND ISLANDS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the little island in the St. Lawrence on which we are camping there are two copies of the new ST. NICHOLAS. One belongs to my two little cousins, to whom I have just been reading, and the other is my own.

Last Decoration Day I was one of a large crowd who stood waiting outside of Grant's tomb in the pouring rain while Secretary Taft spoke to those inside. When the secretary came down the steps a newspaper reporter took a couple of snap-shots of him from under my umbrella and then I hurried down to the carriage to speak to him when he got there, and Secretary Taft came splashing down the steps, and when I said, "How do you do, Secretary!" he touched his hat and said, "How do you do, my dear!" and I did n't blame him for the smile that went with it when I saw my drenched appearance in the mirror when I got home. I hope that the friends of ST. NICHOLAS will always be as true to it as they are now. I enjoy reading the letters telling of the good times of other ST. NICHOLAS friends.

Your loving reader,  
MARGARET A. MCINTOSH.

K—, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you, but I thought you might like to hear about Kinderhook, where I spend my summers, because it is quite interesting.

It is a little country village between Albany and Hudson, and about five miles back from the Hudson River.

Martin Van Buren, one of our presidents, was born and is buried here, and his home, "Linden-wald," is about a mile away. Irving's story, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" was written here.

The house opposite our house was a fort in the time when the Indians were here.

All around here are very pretty walks, and if you walk on a hill you get fine views of the Catskill Mountains.

Your loving reader,  
MARGARET HUSSEY.

PINAR DEL RIO, CUBA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read a letter in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS about Newport, and so I thought I would tell you about Cuba. When we first came here we lived in Havana. It is quite large compared with the other towns.

Vedado is the most beautiful of the Havana suburbs.

The houses are all painted light blue, pale pink, yellow, and pale green. There is a law in Havana not allowing them to paint their houses white on account of the glare. Morro Castle and Cabañas are very picturesque old forts. I have been through them both. In Morro Castle there is a place that our guide pointed out as the "Shark Slide," where the cruel Spaniards often put men who were condemned to die, down through the slide, to be eaten by the sharks.

There is a place in the Laurel Ditch in Cabañas, where the soldiers who were condemned to die were shot by the Spaniards, and the walls are full of bullet holes.

The Cubans have placed a beautiful bronze tablet there in memory of their soldiers who were shot. When we first came down here, we lived in La Tuerza, and had the wing where De Soto brought his young bride, and where she waited so many long months for him.

Right opposite it is a chapel, built under the tree where Columbus said his first mass.

My brother and I have two darling white ponies and a parrot.

Every month I can hardly wait for you to come, and you are the greatest pleasure I have during the month.

Mama took you when she was a little girl, and she loved you then as I do now. Then grandpapa was stationed way out in the frontier, just as my papa is stationed way out here.

This is my first letter to you, and I hope it is not too long.

From your loving reader,  
MARGARET ELIZABETH READ (age 12).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is not my first letter to you, but I have never seen one printed. I enjoy reading the letter-box very much, and especially the foreign letters, as I myself was born and lived in Egypt until I was twelve. There are, of course, a great many English there.

I saw the Prince and Princess of Wales twice; once quite close by. The second time was at a tournament given especially for them, and to which hundreds of Bedouins had been invited to perform their wonderful feats of horsemanship, and their sword dances. Another thing we very much looked forward to, was the annual review of the troops by the Khedive and Commander-in-Chief. In fact, we were so used to seeing soldiers every time we went out, that it seemed strange not to see the scarlet uniforms about New York.

Just one last word to tell you how much I like ST. NICHOLAS, and look forward to it each month. My favorite stories are Mr. Barbour's and "The Chronicles of a Diddy-box"; I was also very interested in the submarine articles.

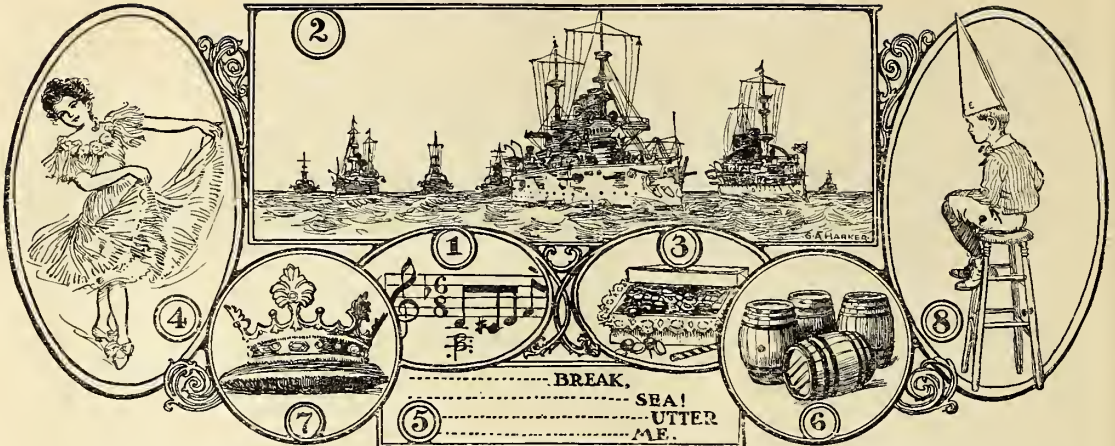
Thanking you very much for the pleasure you have given me, I remain,

Your faithful reader,  
ELLEN C. PAPAZIAN.

OTHER letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Napier Edwards, Margaret Alcock, Harriet Palmer, Gladys E. Miller, Harriet Haynes, Olga de Cousino, Bushnell Cheney, Catharyn Flotte, Isabella Rea, Grace Steinberger, Dorothy Hensile, Helen Argur, Georgiana Brown, Carol Curtis, Elsie C. Cunningham, Emma Myra Tillotson, Margaret Adams, Ethel Rose Van Steenberg, Louise Porter, Frances Grinnan, Florence Boycott, Amy Stone, Lynette Gubben, Edith M. Culbertson, Rachael Cornell, Penelope Harding.







**ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC**

ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order numbered, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a famous Englishman.

V. D.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a popular novelist, and another row of letters will spell one of his books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A native of Cyprus. 2. A small but very useful article, used by women. 3. To attribute. 4. Parched Indian corn pounded up and mixed with sugar. 5. Not restrained by law. 6. A building. 7. To shut up apart from others. 8. A race of Indians for which two states have been named. 9. To charge a public officer with misbehavior in office. 10. To mortify. 11. Leather prepared from the skin of young or small cattle. 12. One who ejects, or dispossesses. 13. A wind from the north. 14. A meeting of a court for transacting business.

EVANGELINE G. COOMBES.

**LETTER-PUZZLE**

ARRANGE the following sixteen letters so as to make four words which shall form a word-square:

E E E E E E E E L L L L S S R R T

ROBERT L. FISHER (League Member).

**DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Take three letters from anxious and leave firm; rearrange the three letters and make to stop the mouth. Answer, Ha-gga-rd, hard, gag.

1. Take three letters from curable, and leave an auction; rearrange the three letters and make an interdiction.
2. Take three letters from small villages and leave head-coverings; rearrange the three letters and make a kind of tree.
3. Take three letters from young eagles, and leave deours; rearrange the three letters and make a limb.
4. Take three letters from to forbear, and leave to check; rearrange the three letters and make distant.
5. Take three letters from a model of the human body, and leave chief; rearrange the three letters and make relatives.

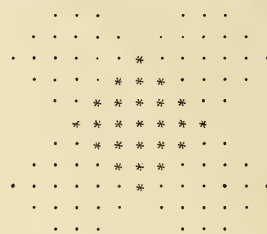
6. Take three letters from the Mohammedan Scriptures, and leave a masculine name; rearrange the three letters and leave a large bird of Arabian mythology.

7. Take three letters from an excrescence on an oak, and leave of no legal value; rearrange the three letters and make a common game.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, the initials of the four-letter words will spell the surname of a general; when the three-letter words have been written one below another, take the middle letter of the first word, the last letter of the second word, the middle of the third, last of the fourth, and so on. The letters spell a name beloved by many.

NETTIE KREINIK.

**ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS**



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In medal. 2. Three fourths of a pulpit reading-desk. 3. To anoint with oil. 4. A precious stone. 5. Gentle. 6. Former times. 7. In medal.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In medal. 2. Force. 3. The goddess of the hearth. 4. To stretch in all directions. 5. Part of a ship. 6. A feminine name. 7. In medal.

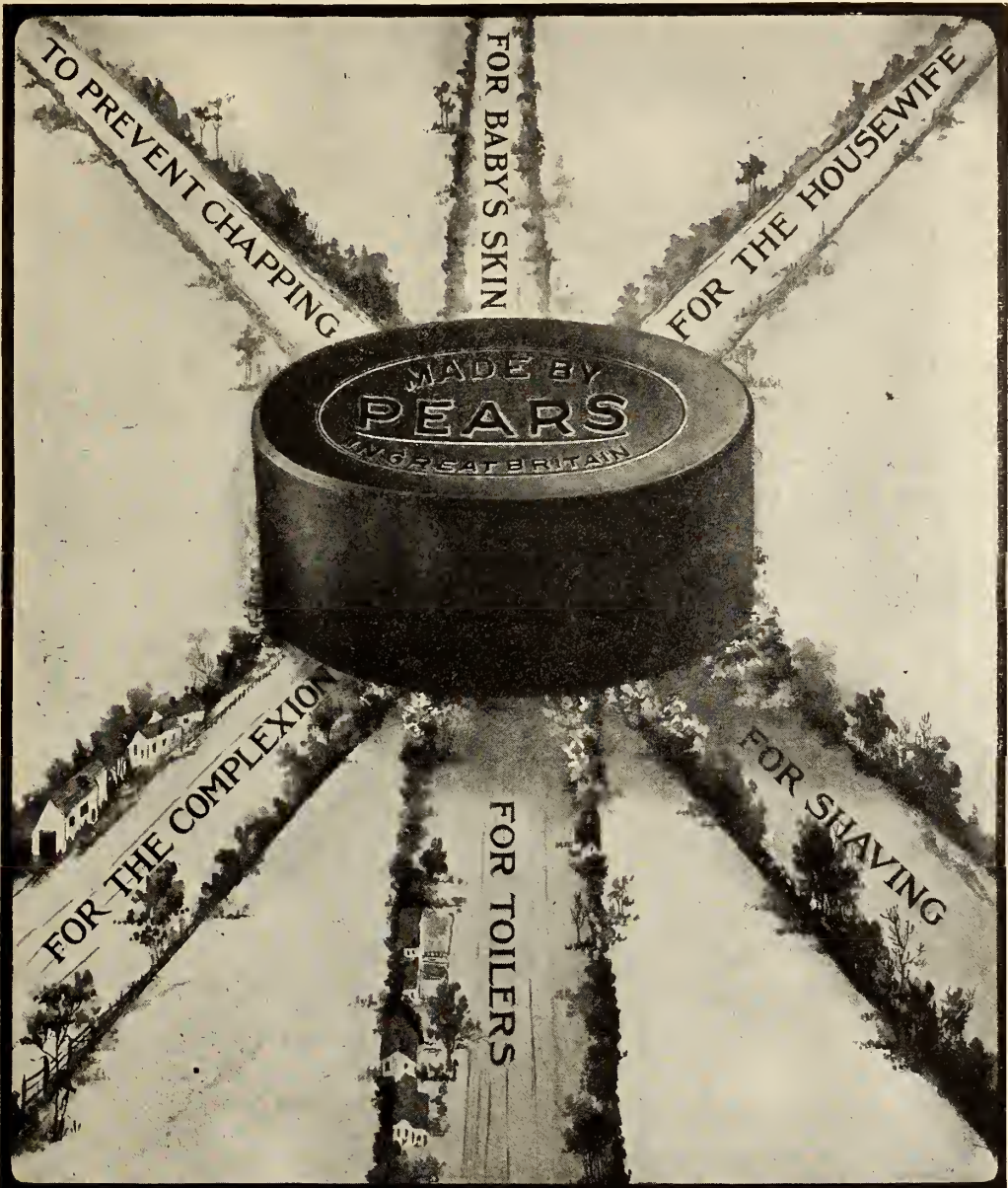
III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In medal. 2. The god Pluto. 3. The goddess of hunting. 4. A precious stone. 6. To breathe noisily. 6. An insect. 7. In medal.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In medal. 2. Twice. 3. An Italian word meaning "enough." 4. Strife. 9. One who is indifferent to pleasure or pain. 6. Part of a circle. 7. In medal.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In medal. 2. To put to test. 3. A kind of woolen material. 4. Imagined. 5. A province of Arabia. 6. A retreat. 7. In medal.

IDA E. C. FINLEY (Honor Member).





ALL ROADS LEAD TO  
**Pears' Soap**

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.  
*"All rights secured."*

Time to hand in answers is up November 10. Prizes awarded in January number.

THE Judges are going to give all of the Competitors and Ex-competitors, young and old, into the hands of the Advertising Manager this month, in order that he may reap some benefit from your united efforts. Now, please make a good showing for your old friends the Judges, because they boasted so much about your ability before the Advertising Manager one day, that he got very much excited, and exclaimed that he had hopes of getting some real help on the advertising of ST. NICHOLAS itself.

May we introduce the Advertising Manager, who will speak for himself.

DEAR "YOU":—

Good morning. Is n't this lovely weather for October?

The Judges said some very nice things about you, and I asked them whether they thought you would help me in the work of making some advertising for ST. NICHOLAS. They said you would *all* help. Now, will you? YOU, I mean; not only Billie, and John and Mary and Edith; I want YOU, and want YOU *all* to help.

I want YOU to try one of these three things:

First. A full-page advertisement, illustrated, showing what ST. NICHOLAS stands for, and the influence it has on the family.

Second. A good "catch phrase" telling in a sentence the qualities of ST. NICHOLAS.

Third. A good short story, founded on fact, of the different people who

read *your* copy of ST. NICHOLAS, and the different places to which it goes.

Prizes will be given for the most useful and artistic production.

Three First Prizes of \$5.00 each. One for the best production in each class. Three Second Prizes of \$3.00 each. One for the second best production in each class. Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each. One for the third best production in each class.

If I find a clever correspondent, I may ask him or her for special suggestions on new copy for new advertisers, which will be paid for if used.

Stick right to the points I make, and YOU will help me, as well as your own magazine, and I will thank YOU. Now then, are you all ready?

WM. P. TUTTLE, JR.

*Advertising Manager.*

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (83). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

3. Submit answers by November 10, 1908. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps. Fasten your pages together at the upper left-hand corner.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition, No. 83, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.



# Curtains and Draperies



WHEN it's house-cleaning time or when you think some of your curtains or draperies look a little old, a little faded or a little worn, remember the fairy-like transformation that Diamond Dyes can make.

Read Mrs. Wilkinson's experience:

"When we furnished our house two years ago, I bought old-rose draperies for between the doors, and old-rose silk sash curtains for the library and dining-room windows. They were very pretty, but began fading within a few months. This spring they really looked so bad that I thought I would have to get new ones. Then I thought of Diamond Dyes and decided to try dyeing them all a dark green. My husband laughed at me, but when they were finished he said they were a good deal prettier than the old-rose, and so much more restful."

Mrs. A. M. Wilkinson,  
Philadelphia

## Remnants Made Beautiful with Diamond Dyes

Have n't you sometimes had a few yards left over after making a dress? Have n't you sometimes seen an unusual bargain in a silk or other remnant that you could use if it was a color you liked? That is a time to remember Diamond Dyes.

You can transform a remnant to almost any beautiful shade you may desire.

It is the same way with remnants of ribbons or the old faded or spotted ribbons. Diamond Dyes will make them new again.

There is hardly a thing that you have used for clothes that cannot be made bright and new again with wonderful Diamond Dyes.

## Don't be Fooled by a Substitute

Some dealers will try to tell you a "pretty story" about some "just-as-good" dye. They know better, so do you, and so do the millions of women who have used Diamond Dyes. So don't be fooled.

### Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other *animal* fibres can be used as successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

**New Diamond Dye Annual Free** Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the New Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. *Address*

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

**Diamond Dyes are the Standard Package Dyes. Every Imitation Proves It.**

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

## IN 1909

### GROVER CLEVELAND

—the real Grover Cleveland, will be described in *THE CENTURY* by the men who knew him best.

### THE GERMAN EMPEROR

is the subject of a remarkable article, describing a conversation with him on current topics in which the Emperor talked freely.

### PADEREWSKI

has given a most interesting interview to *THE CENTURY*,—his views on great composers and their music.

### SAINT-GAUDENS

greatest of modern sculptors, who died recently, left an autobiography—a wonderful human document—racy with anecdotes and descriptions. It tells how he grew up a poor boy in New York City during the Civil War period, and how he got his education. *THE CENTURY* will print it.

### ANDREW CARNEGIE

is writing for *THE CENTURY*. Read his remarkable article on the Tariff and learn what he knows about tariffs past and present.

### HELEN KELLER

is writing for *THE CENTURY*. Don't miss her article, "My Dreams."

### ALICE HEGAN RICE

who wrote "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will contribute a brilliant serial novel to *THE CENTURY*. Pathos and humor are exquisitely blended in this new story, "Mr. Opp." Illustrated.

### THOMPSON SETON

whose famous "Biography of a Grizzly" was written for *THE CENTURY*, will contribute the story of a fox, as a companion piece—a sympathetic and charming narrative. (A short serial.)

### DR. WEIR MITCHELL

will contribute short stories, and so will Thomas Nelson Page, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Edith Wharton, Jack London, "Frances Little," Ruth McEnery Stuart, and scores of the leading writers.

### THE ART IN THE CENTURY

Famous pictures by American artists, reproduced in full color, are coming in 1909—each one worth cutting out. Cole's engravings and Pennell's beautiful pictures of French cathedrals, are among the features.



## IN 1909 LINCOLN CENTENARY

The 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birth will be appropriately marked in *THE CENTURY*, which magazine has been the vehicle since its foundation for the publication of the most important Lincoln material.

The great Hay and Nicolay life of Lincoln was published serially in *THE CENTURY* and there have been nearly one hundred separate articles on Lincoln. Unpublished documents from Lincoln's own pen and from that of one of his private secretaries are coming in 1909.

## THE CENTURY

for forty years has been a leader of American magazines. There are others, but there are none "just as good." It is a force in the community. There is an uplift in it—an optimistic, cheerful view of life—nothing of the muck-raker. You see it in the homes of people who really know what is the best.

### NEW SUBSCRIBERS

to *THE CENTURY* should begin with the November number, the first issue in the seventy-seventh volume. Price \$4.00 a year. All booksellers, newsdealers, and subscription agents receive subscriptions; or remittance may be made direct to the publishers,

**THE CENTURY CO.**

UNION SQUARE

NEW YORK



# When I go to School

the girls find that I can play with 'em a lot and yet my hair always looks nice, and my ribbons always stay tied.



# I'll tell you the Secret

and you can do it too. It's because I use the

# DOROTHY DAINTY RIBBONS

The kind that stand up and keep their freshness no matter how often they are tied, because they are made especially for hair bows.

My mother says S & K Quality is the recognized standard of ribbon perfection. She ties my hair bows again and again, without crinkling or cracking—*how about yours?*

Just because I am a *lillie* girl, don't think they are intended for little girls only. As long as I wear hair ribbons, I will always get the Dorothy Dainty kind.

Your mother can buy Dorothy Dainty Ribbons in almost any store and she can get them one at a time in a cunning little envelope, or in the beautiful sash sets that have one sash and two hair bows to just match it and come in a lovely box with my picture on the cover.

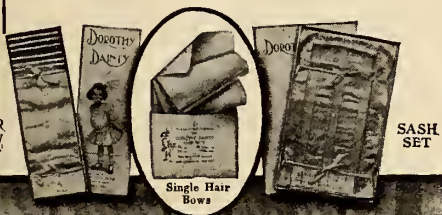
If your mother can't find my ribbons at her dealer's, tell her to send Smith & Kaufmann 32 cents in stamps for a sample taffeta ribbon,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  x 40 inches. Just tell her to say what color she wants and who her regular dealer is.

## I Want to Send You a Present

and you don't have to pay anything to get it either. Just send me your name and the name of the store where your mother buys her ribbons. It's a lovely picture-book that tells all about me and my ribbons. *Address:*

*Dorothy Dainty*

care of Smith & Kaufmann, 85 Prince St., New York.



HAIR BOW SET

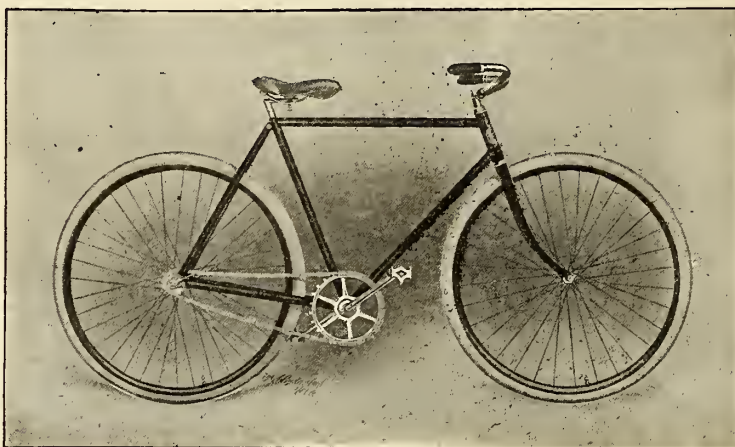
SASH SET

Single Hair Bow

DOROTHY DAINTY (S & K) QUALITY GUARANTEED

# BOYS!

## Don't You Want a COLUMBIA?



### THE BICYCLE IS YOURS FOR A FEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

The name Columbia stands for one of the world's finest bicycles to-day, just as much as it did thirty years ago when it first climbed into great popularity and renown in the bicycle world. They are still the product of the hands of the world's most skilled workmen spurred on by a determination to make the best bicycle regardless of expense or time.

With very little effort YOU CAN EARN ONE OF THESE BICYCLES, by putting in your spare time working for

### McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

A magazine with a tremendous national reputation behind it, making it an extraordinary selling proposition—especially when one is surrounded by a large number of well-wishing friends.

THIS IS NOT A PRIZE CONTEST in the sense that only a lucky few can win, but a straightforward business proposition whereby an unlimited number of persons may each earn a Columbia, in return for a definite amount of work. This offer expires January 1st, 1909, therefore,

**WRITE IMMEDIATELY** for full particulars and instructions to Dept. K.

**THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY**  
44-60 East 23d St., New York City

Nov.  
St. Nich.

McCLURE'S  
MAGAZINE  
40-60 E. 23d St.  
New York City

Gentlemen:—Please send me full information in regard to your Columbia Bicycle Offer, and show me how I can earn one with very little effort. I understand that this inquiry puts me under no further obligations. Sincerely,

Name .....

Local Address .....

Town.....

Date..... State.....

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND MAIL TODAY





No Headache  
or "Tummyache"

in **Puddings** made of

**Grape-Nuts**

Sweet, wholesome, highly nutritious  
and digestible.

(See recipe on Grape-Nuts pkg., also in booklet)

---

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

IT is a curious fact that the medium of exchange used in a savage country should be represented upon postage-stamps which are used by the most highly civilized nations only. The cowrie is a very small and handsome shell found in the eastern portions of Africa. The natives have always made it a medium of exchange just as the American Indians did wampum. The original stamps of Uganda are said to have been printed upon a typewriter and as the cowrie was the medium of exchange in the country, the value of the stamps was made on the basis of fifty cowries to one penny. Very few of them were used and it is thought by some that the principal use of these early issues was to provide something which could be sold at high prices. The finely engraved stamps of the present issues of Uganda are actually used for postal purposes.

## AN INDIA SURCHARGE

A SERIES of stamps which will always be interesting from a historical standpoint is that of the Queen's head issue for India surcharged C. E. F. These stamps were used by the English soldiers and



others who were in Peking during the "Boxer" troubles in 1900. Unused copies of them are common and they form an interesting memento for the collector who cares for his stamps because of the historical significance of the issues. The letters C. E. F. stand for the words Chinese Expeditionary Force.

## THE FOUNDING OF SOME STAMP-ISSUING COUNTRIES

THE founding of some of the principal stamp-issuing countries, such, for instance, as New South Wales, was brought about by the establishment of a penal colony by the government of the country owning the newly settled territory. Timor, which belongs to Portugal, is such a colony, and it is said that recently an uprising occurred headed by one of the most popular convicts in the colony. The desire was to found a republic and the attempt would have been a success had not a Portuguese cruiser appeared on the scene, the captain announcing his intention of bombarding the principal city of Timor unless the revolutionists laid down their arms at once. We have therefore escaped the issuing of a new series of stamps for this island.

## REPRINTS OF EXPENSIVE UNITED STATES STAMPS

THERE are many spaces provided for stamps in the printed albums which collectors find it difficult to fill on account of the high prices that are asked for the stamps. Such, for instance, are United States envelop stamps for the issue of 1857 of higher value than the three-cent. The six-cent red and ten-cent green of this issue are priced anywhere from twenty to ninety dollars according to condition, and this makes it impossible for most collectors to fill the spaces. The United States

Government has reprinted these stamps and we would suggest to collectors who come across these reprints, which are sometimes offered for sale, that it will be worth while to put them in their albums. The prices are not high, when it is possible to find them, and as the Government is not making any more such reprints they will never be worth any less than they are at present. The reprints may be known by the fact that the laid lines run vertically in the paper instead of diagonally as was common with all issues of this early period.

## FILLING STAMP ALBUM SPACES

THE difficulty of obtaining some issues of stamps suggests the fact that other spaces may be filled acceptably without paying the very highest prices for them. For instance, Tasmania of the issue of 1853 contains a fourpenny orange which is quite difficult to get in cut square condition, the stamp itself being octagonal in shape. It is much more common cut to shape and if the margins are good this is not a serious objection, for the stamp was thus used. In early times postage-stamps were so uncommon that those who used them found time not only to cut them apart but also to trim off the corners. The same statement applies to the stamps of Great Britain of the issue of 1847 and 1848 and the four anna of India of 1854. These adhesives are different from trimmed envelop stamps and because they were used cut to shape are worthy of collection in this condition.

## WÜRTEMBERG STAMPS

THERE has been considerable discussion in Germany over the way in which postage-stamps should be issued in the Empire. The various states desire to issue stamps of their own just as is still done by Würtemberg. The authorities, however, have always opposed this and have succeeded in carrying their points in all the discussions which have arisen. The last compromise was a set of stamps bearing the symbolical figure of Germania. This, it is said, was really a portrait of the Empress, and it is now declared that the next issue of stamps will have upon it the portrait of the Emperor William himself.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE difference between old paper and silk paper in United States Revenues is not easily detected. The paper of the two stamps does not differ a great deal but fibers of silk such as are seen in bank notes may be discovered by careful examination of United States Revenues on silk paper. The fiber was very fine, being, in many cases, scarcely more than tiny dots and, therefore, difficult of detection. ¶ Russian local stamps are of higher character than the locals issued in most other countries. They are a semi-official issue, postmasters being authorized by the general government to print and sell them. They are, therefore, similar in character to the earliest issues of United States stamps commonly called the "postmasters" stamps. ¶ Genuine copies of early Natal stamps are usually found with a faint embossing. Those clearly embossed are reprints in most cases. ¶ Chilean stamps were used in Peru in 1882 during the occupancy of the latter country by the Peruvian authorities. They may be distinguished from regular issues for Chili by the fact that they bear circular postmarks upon which will be found either the word Lima or Callao.



# STAMPS, ETC.



**STAMPS—108** different, including new Panama, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.

**SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.,** 18 East 23d St., New York

**116 Stamps** all different, including 8 unused PICTORIAL, and used from all quarters of the globe, 10c. 40 Page Album, 5c, 1000 binges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent, 50 per cent. commission.

**New England Stamp Co.,** 43 Washington Bldg., Boston.

**BARGAINS** Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 4 Labuan; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 7 Dutch Indies. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free.

**CHAMBERS STAMP CO.,**  
111 G Nassau Street, New York City.

**Stamps Free** 40 different U. S. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 1000 Mixed Foreign, 12c. 4 Congo Coins, 25c. **Toledo Stamp Co.,** Toledo, Ohio.



**STAMP ALBUM** with 588 genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. Also W.T.O. 50 per cent. Big bargain list, coupons and a set of rare Stamps worth 80c. **ALL FREE!** We Buy Stamps. **C. E. HUSSMAN CO.,** Dept. I, St. Louis, Mo.

**5 VARIETIES URUGUAY FREE** with trial approval sheets. **F. E. THORP** Norwich N. Y.

## SEND US ONLY 50 CENTS

and we will enter your subscription for a whole year (52 issues) to **REDFIELD'S STAMP WEEKLY** and will send you, by return mail, a packet of 300 all different foreign stamps. The catalog value of these stamps is over \$5.00. This offer is good for a limited time only. (Canadian and foreign subscribers must add 50c. for postage.) **REDFIELD'S STAMP WEEKLY** is the finest weekly stamp periodical in the world. We will refund your money promptly if you are not more than satisfied with the paper and the stamps. Address: **THE REDFIELD PUBLISHING CO.,** 759 Main St., SMETHPORT, PA.



**STAMPS** 108 all diff. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and **Album 5c. 1000 FINELY MIXED 20c.** 65 diff. U. S. **25c. 1000 hinges 5c.** Agents wtd. 50%. **LIST FREE.** I buy stamps. **C. STEGMAN,** 5941 Cote Brill Avenue, **ST. LOUIS, MO.**

**FREE** 40 U. S. from 1851 to 1902 for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 110 all diff. and album 10c. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** Toledo, Ohio.



**STAMPS!** Our Leader: 1000 stamps many varieties, incl. Malay, Newfoundland, Philippines, Comoro, Congo, etc. only 15c. **Stamp Album,** coupons, large new list, bargain lists all Free! Agts. wtd. 50%. **We Buy Stamps.** **E. J. Schuster Co.,** Dept. 30, St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE A BEAUTIFUL STAMP BADGE** for the names of several stamp collectors and return postage. 1000 foreign, 14c.; 30 diff. Sweden, 10c.; 12 diff. Austria, 4c. Catalog pricing all stamps, 10c.; 6 diff. China, 10c. Write for our List of **DEALERS' OUTFITS,** and other Lists. **TIFFIN STAMP CO.,** Sta. "A," 116a, St., Columbus, O.

**STAMPS** Five unused stamps free to applicants for approval sheets. 50 per cent. discount. **C. C. SMITH,** Tarrytown, N. Y.

**FREE!** 1 Superior Album; 6 Persian all diff.; "Hints to Beginners," very useful; 1 Mekeel perforation gauge; 2 all diff. U. S.; 105 all diff. foreign; 3 Ecuador 1901, **ALL FREE!** if you send 25c for new 6 mos. sub. to *Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News,* Boston, Mass.

**British Colonials**—Large and Fine Stock, 50 different, 10c. 50 Picture stamps, 5c.; 6 Gold Coast, 10c.; 7 Hong Kong, 10c.; 6 Barbados, 10c.; 3 Fiji, Oct. 7 Straits, 10c. 40 page descriptive catalog free. **COLONIAL STAMP CO.,** 953 E. 53d St., Chicago.

**STAMP ALBUM FREE** Fine Album, size 6 x 9 in. free with each order: 500 finely mixed foreign stamps incl. Sudan (camel), Venezuela, large Dahomey, Costa Rica, old Greece, Peru, Cuba, etc., .12c. 202 all different foreign: Persia, Morocco, Brazil, etc., .22c. **NATIONAL STAMP CO.,** COLUMBUS, OHIO.

**U. S. COINS** Set of 8, 50c. 1/2c., 1c. big, 1c. eagle, 1c. nickel, 2c., 3c. silver, 3c. nickel, 5c. silver. Stamp and coin lists free. **E. M. LANGZETTEL,** 154 Elm St., opp. Yale Gymnasium, New Haven, Conn.

SEND reference from parent or teacher for 50% Appr. sheets and receive free 6 Sweden, 6 Japan, 5 Denmark, and set Army Franks. **H. J. Kleinman,** 3643 N. Marshall St., Pbil., Pa.

**70 Different Foreign Stamps from** including Barbadoes Bolivia, Ceylon, Crete, 70 Different Foreign Countries Guatemala, Gold Coast, Hong Kong, Mauritius, Monaco, Newfoundland, Persia, Réunion, Servia, Tunis, Trinidad, Uruguay, etc. **FOR ONLY 15 CENTS—A GENUINE BARGAIN** With each order we send our pamphlet which tells all about "How to Make a Collection of Stamps Properly." Send your name and address for our monthly bargain list of sets, packets, albums, etc. **QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO.,** 7 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**Hot Dolls** Mother's patent to comfort children cold nights and drives. Lithographed cloth outside; best quality rubber lining; holds hot water. Little Patty, 13 inches tall, one quart, \$1.50. Minnehaha, holds two quarts "Laughing Water," \$2.00. Full information on request. **Mrs. PATTY COMFORT,** 183 Main St., Andover, Mass.

## THE KUTE KARPENTER

Work-bench with tools. A new and unique plaything for the Little Boy who likes to make things. Parents sending for circular before making your Christmas selection. Write now to **THE KUTE KARPENTER CO.,** Toy Dept., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Scroll Saw 50c.

Postage, 15 cents extra

Every live boy will find it an article exactly to his liking. We supply all parts, saws, screws, etc., necessary for setting up and putting into operation, together with directions and suggestive patterns.

## Miniature Novelty Co.

132 East 20th St., New York



AFTER A MEAL

# Chielets

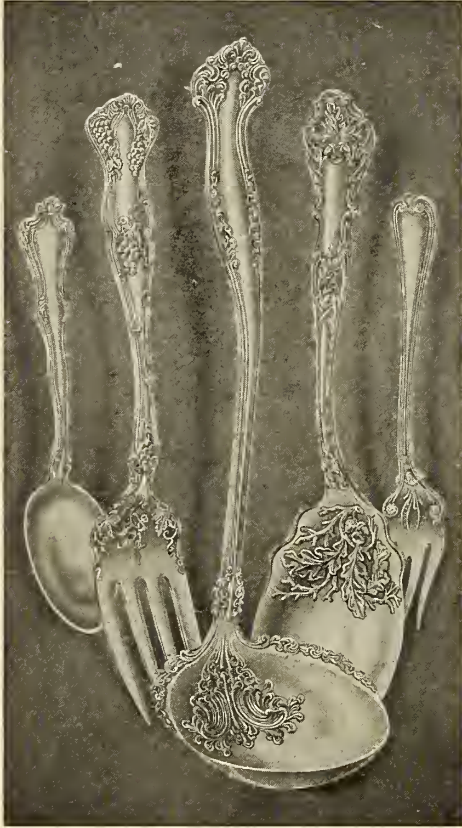
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED  
CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM

AN OUNCE FOR A NICKEL AND IN 5¢ AND 10¢ PACKETS

FRANK H. FLEER & CO., INC. PHILADELPHIA AND TORONTO.

# Holiday Silverware



Rich and dainty table effects may always be secured if the knives, forks, spoons and serving pieces are of the famous

## "1847 ROGERS BROS."

ware—for over sixty years notable for durability and beauty of design. Make your selections early while the dealer has a variety of patterns.

Styles illustrated above (reading from left to right) are Faneuil, Vintage, Avon, Charter Oak and Priscilla—all worthy examples of "Silver Plate that Wears."

Best dealers everywhere.

Send for Catalog "Y-5," which shows all designs.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.**  
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

**NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO**  
Meriden Silver Polish, the "Silver Polish that Cleans."

## Prizes for children who can draw

ANY boy or girl under 14 may win one of the 10,000 prizes we offer in connection with our Liberty Bell school shoe.

Your shoe dealer can give you a booklet describing the plan, and the Liberty Bell shoe. If he hasn't it, send your name and his to us and we'll send one.

Liberty Bell shoes are for children.

They fit young feet right; look right, wear well.



Largest makers of good shoes in the world

# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



### "Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample free.*

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } No  
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } Samples

Specially prepared for the nursery. Sold only at Stores.



# FLEXIBLE FLYER

The Sled that Steers



Wins every Race

Is the heart's desire of youth in Winter--the only sled that satisfies the boy or girl who knows

The fastest, safest, strongest, ever invented. A Boy's sled--the only one Girls can properly control. Steers easily around others without dragging the feet--runs away from them all--runs farthest. Easiest to pull up hill.

Saves its cost in shoes the first winter--prevents wet feet, colds and Doctor's bills. Built to last of special steel and second growth white ash, handsomely finished. Insist on a Flexible Flyer.

Look for the new Flexible Flyer Racer--long, low, narrow, speedy, moderate priced.

Send for Free Cardboard Model (showing just how it steers) and colored Christmas booklet with prices.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1101V, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers.

## Both Teachers and Parents

Should be interested in having the best inspiration to good citizenship offered to the young of our day.

Send for a description of

### Forman's Advanced Civics

and see what everybody says about this remarkable book. Adopted exclusively for Chicago and in hundreds of schools and cities.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, NEW YORK



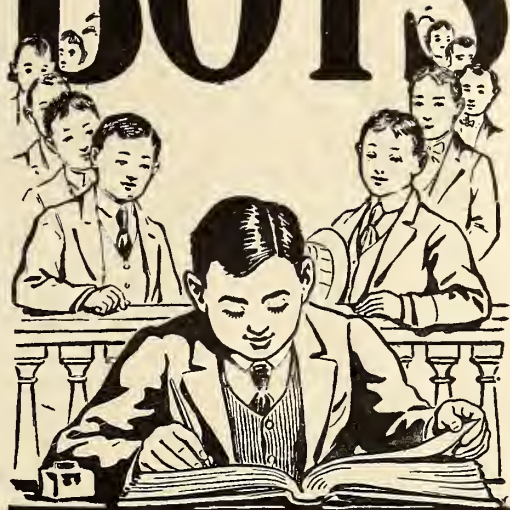
## Boys and Girls, Get a Rockaway

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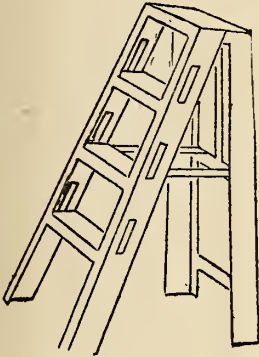
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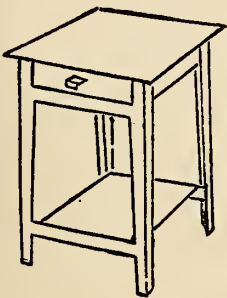
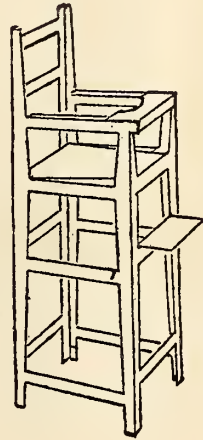
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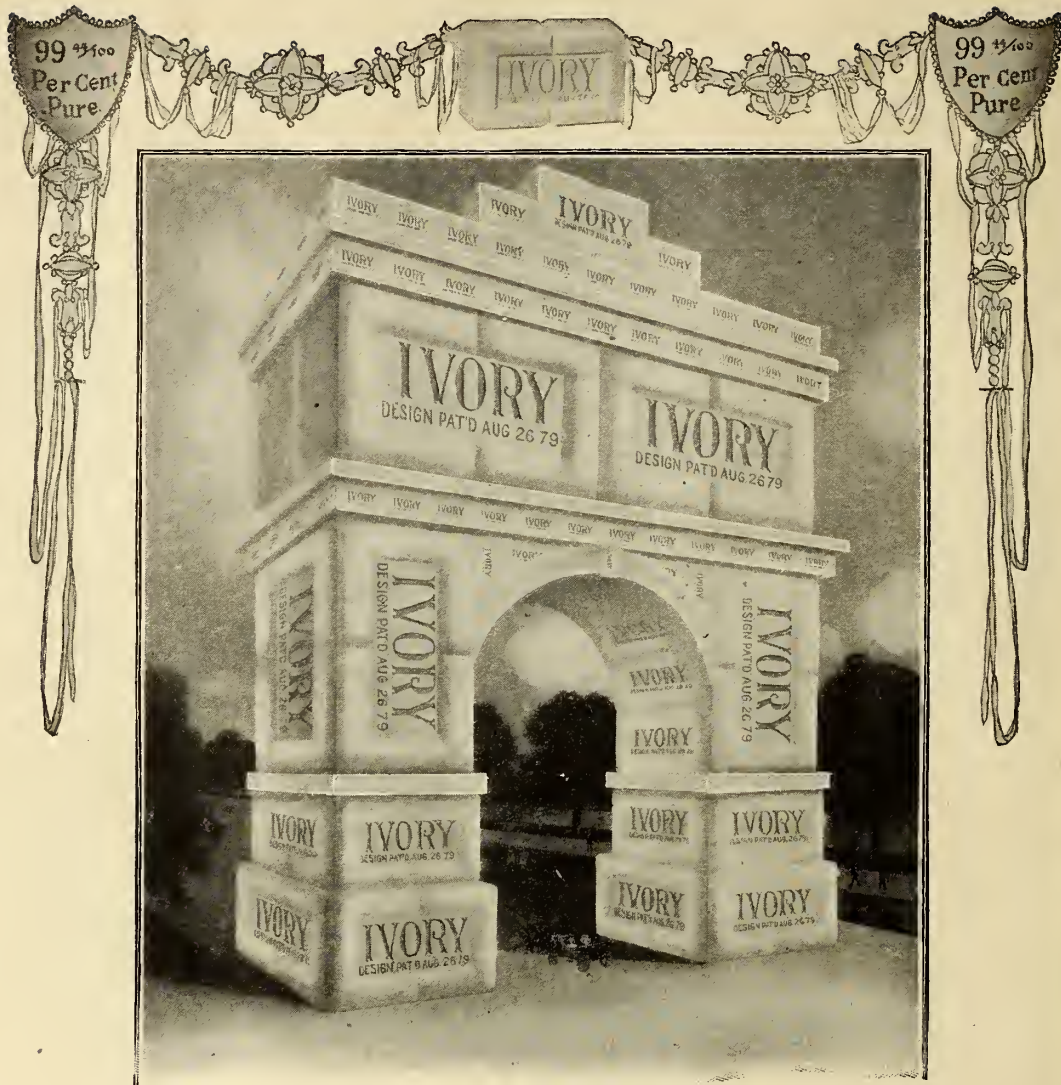
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# ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1909

THE new volume of ST. NICHOLAS, which begins with the November number, will offer to its young readers a most attractive list of serial features. One of these will be

## "CAPTAIN CHUB"

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

This story will fitly round out the "Ferry Hill Series" which Mr. Barbour has written especially for this Magazine, and will end it in a blaze of glory. For, popular as the trio, "Dick," "Harry," and "Roy" are, there can be no doubt that the clever and care-free "Chub" Eaton, with his good humor and his keen wit, is really the most popular of all. Hitherto he has played only a subordinate part, and it is only fair, now, that he should occupy the center of the stage as the leading character. Mr. Barbour has given him the rôle of hero for the next twelvemonth and the story also chronicles more important happenings than any of the other tales. No admirer of those stories should miss reading "Captain Chub."

"Ralph Henry Barbour puts action into his stories, and that is what a healthy boy likes."

Another serial of absorbing interest to boys is a story of adventure entitled

## "A SON OF THE DESERT"

By BRADLEY GILMAN

The scene of the story is laid in Egypt, and the hero, after being befriended by a young American boy, repays his obligation in a thrilling manner. The story teems with interesting incidents and stirring description, including an account of a terrific sandstorm, and a capture by brigands.

Mr. Gilman was a classmate of President Roosevelt at Harvard, and this story took shape in his mind during a recent visit to Egypt. He has written a story which deserves to rank with the best work of Henty and Mayne Reid in sustained interest and a succession of stirring adventures.



"CHUB"

The Magazine will also offer to girl readers a delightful and spirited serial story entitled

## "THE LASS OF THE SILVER SWORD"

By MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

Though it bears a romantic title, the story deals with American girl life, in most entertaining fashion. Opening with a basket-ball game and the formation of a league or society in a girls' school, the action is speedily transferred to a girls' camp in the Adirondacks, where a fascinating variety of sports and adventures leads to a culmination of intense power and interest. The two leading characters, Jean Lennox and Carol Armstrong, will win the hearts of girl readers everywhere.



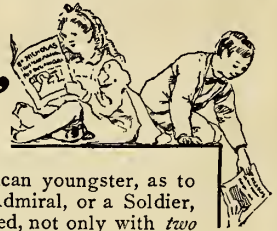
ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1909—Continued



Another "through-the-year" feature will be the unique series

**"WHEN I GROW UP"**

By W. W. DENSLOW



The series will set forth in amusing form the "day dreams" of an American youngster, as to the wonderful things which he will achieve in his grown-up days, as an Admiral, or a Soldier, or an Orator, or a Hunter, etc., and each "day dream" will be illustrated, not only with two

**FULL-PAGE PICTURES IN COLOR**

but, in addition to these, with numerous clever Denslow drawings in black and white. The text is natural, boy-like, and amusing, and the pictures are inimitable in fun and of surpassing merit artistically. Of all the artists who have made illustrations for young folk, there is probably no other who combines in equal degree with Mr. Denslow the gifts of abounding humor, bold and masterly skill in drawing, and a genius for decorative effect.



His fame was long ago established by his drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," "The House that Jack Built," "Humpty Dumpty," etc. But this series, as he himself declares, represents the best work that he has ever done, and therefore justifies the heavy expense involved, and the great outlay which the Publishers have bestowed upon it. It cannot fail to win wide popularity.

The "Queen Silver-Bell" story, is

**"THE SPRING CLEANING"**

By MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Of all Mrs. Burnett's delightful stories for the young in heart, none is quite so deliciously whimsical and fascinating as her series of "Queen Silver-Bell" fairy tales; and of these—"Queen Silver-Bell," "Racketty-Packetty House," "The Cozy Lion," and "The Spring Cleaning"—the last is the most amusing and is a story to appeal to the imagination and the heart of every child.

With twenty delicious pictures by Harrison Cady.

On the practical side, also, there will be serial contributions that will attract strongly both boys and girls. One of these,

**"THE ART OF CONJURING"**

By HENRY HATTON

will not only explain many of the leading tricks performed by conjurers on the stage, but will also give directions, bringing these sleight-of-hand wonders within the range of Parlor Magic, and enabling boys to perform the same

tricks themselves. Mr. Hatton was for several years a public performer and is well known as one of the most expert conjurers of the day.





ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1909—Continued

A companion series of a very different sort is intended for girls, and will consist of two pages each month devoted to

**“THE ST. NICHOLAS COOKING CLUB”**

By CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

The “cooking” will be hardly more than play; the recipes will all be of the simplest kind and given in easy rhyme (with, of course, a brief prose list of ingredients). Moreover, the things to be “cooked,” are simple dainties specially appropriate to the season. For instance, in November, “GOODIES FOR THE NUT-CRACK NIGHT”;



December will tell of “THANKSGIVING TIDBITS,” and each month of the year will thus have its own menu, and the girls will find its preparation only fun, and with a delicious reward.

**“HISTORIC BOYHOODS”**

will be continued, and will present brief and pithy accounts of the boyhood of famous men, including “SIR WALTER SCOTT,” “CHARLES DICKENS,” “FREDERICK THE GREAT,” “LAFAYETTE,” and our own great American President, “ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

*Of the abundant short stories, sketches, poems, rhymes, and pictures in the new volume, any detailed mention must be deferred. But they will all maintain the high reputation which “St. Nicholas” has long held as a treasure house of the very best reading, instruction, and amusement for boys and girls.*

This December number contains a clever little Christmas play,

**“How Christmas Was Saved”**

By Mrs. Edwin Markham

with illustrations by Mrs. Albertine Randall Wheelan, and the January number will present a charming masque for boys and girls entitled

**“Father Time and His Children”**

Written by Marguerite Merington

These plays will meet a pressing demand for a school or parlor entertainment, especially adapted to the holiday season.



There are going to be more and better features than ever

**For Very Little Folks**

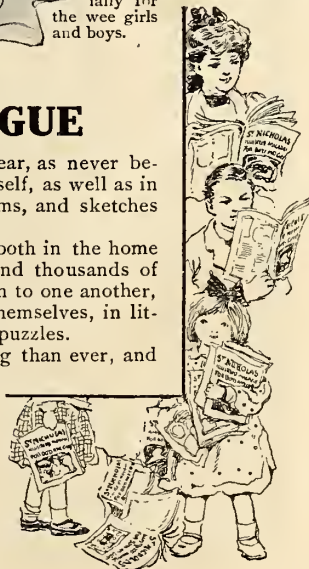
and a delightful series called “Dr. Daddiman’s Stories.” Their whimsical humor will charm the whole household. Every number will have short stories and rhymes and pictures specially for the wee girls and boys.

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It is impossible to overestimate the beneficial influence—both in the home and the school—of this organization, with its thousands and thousands of active-minded boys and girls, who, though personally unknown to one another, are all vitally interested, each month, in competition among themselves, in literary composition, drawing, photography, and the solving of puzzles.

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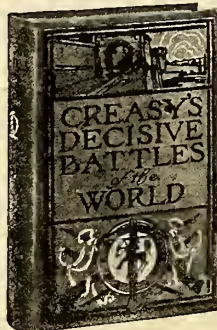
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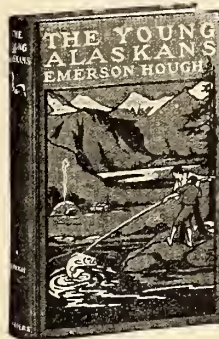
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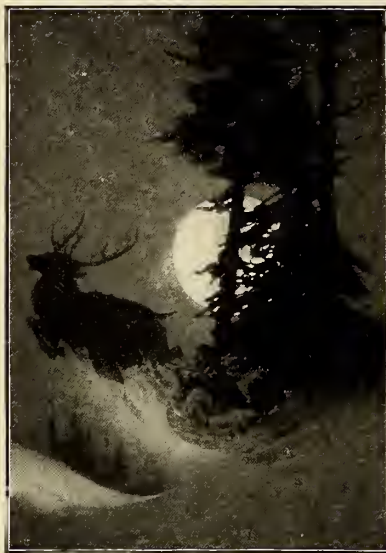
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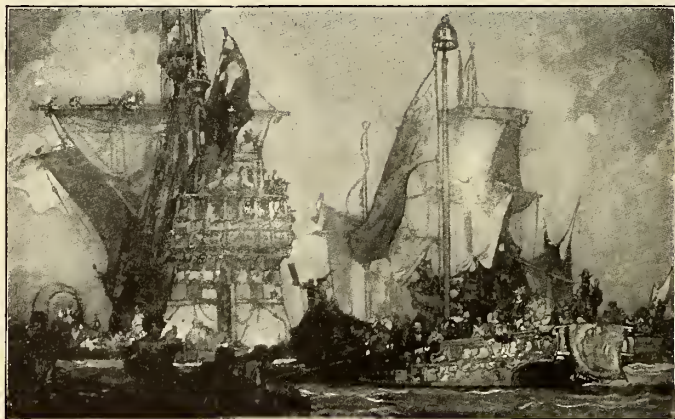
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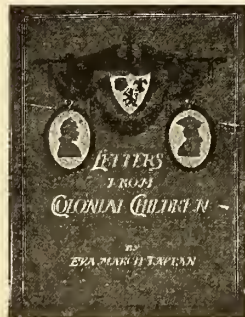
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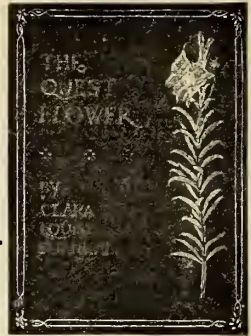
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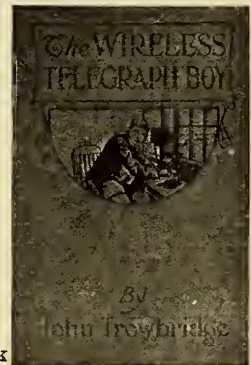
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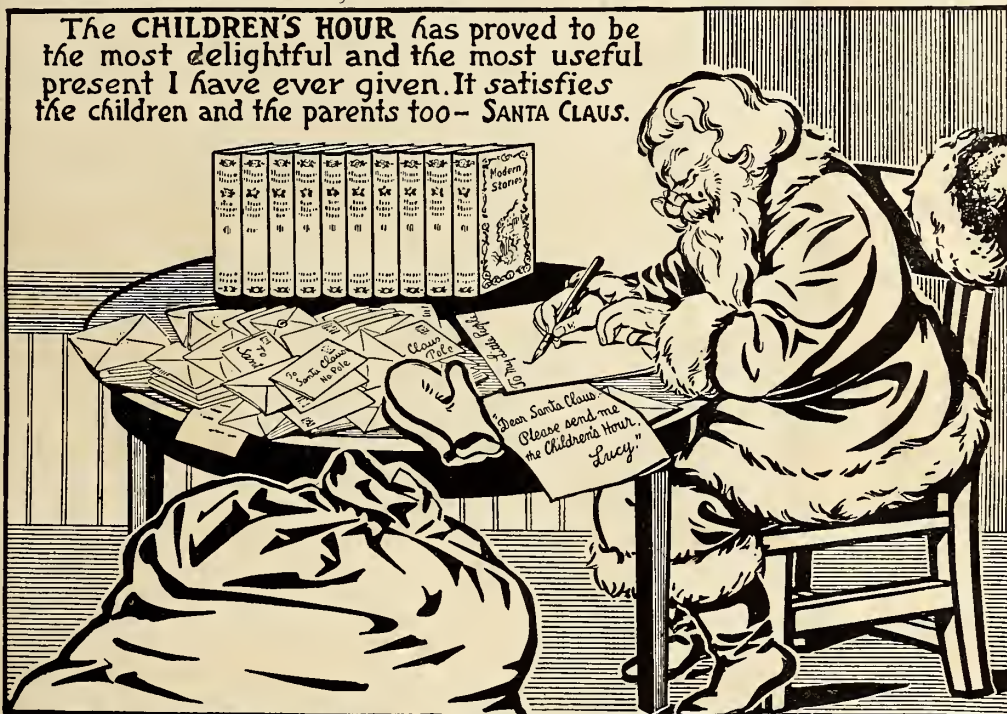
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# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVI

DECEMBER, 1908

No. 2

## THE SPRING CLEANING

(As told by Queen Crosspatch)

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

*It is just the hundreds and thousands of things I have to do for people like the Racketty-Packetty House dolls and Winnie and the Rooks and the Cozy Lion that makes it impossible for me to attend to my literary work. Of course nothing ever would get told if I did n't tell it, and how is a person to find time for stories when she works seventy-five hours a day. You may say that there are not seventy-five hours in a day, but I know better. I work seventy-five hours every day whether they are there or not.*

Of course you don't understand what I mean by my Spring Cleaning. That is because you know next to nothing about Fairy ways. I suppose you think that Spring comes just because April comes and you imagine I have nothing to do with it. There 's where you are mistaken. April might come and stay for a year and nothing would happen if I did not set things going. In the Autumn I put everything to bed and in the Spring I and my Green Workers waken everything up—and a nice time we have of it. After it is all over my Green Workers are so tired I let them go to sleep for a month.

Last Spring was a very tiresome one. It was so slow and obstinate that there were days when I thought I would n't have any Spring at all and would just begin with Summer. I have done it before and I 'll do it again if I 'm aggravated.

I would have done it then but for Bunch. Bunch was the little girl who lived at the vicarage and she was called Bunch because when she

was a very fat baby with a great many short frilly petticoats sticking out all round her short legs, she was so cozy and good-tempered that some one said she was nothing but a bunch of sweetness, and very soon every one called her Bunch. She was eight years old, and she was little, and chubby, and funny, but she was always laughing, or had just stopped laughing, or was just going to begin to laugh, and that 's the kind of child I like—it 's the kind Fairies always like—Green Workers and all. Her father was the vicar of a very old church in a very old English village where a good many poor people lived, and all the cottagers liked her. Old Mrs. Wiggles, who was bedridden, always stopped grumbling when Bunch came to see her, and old Daddy Dimp, who was almost stone deaf, always put his hand behind his ear and bent down sideways so that she could stand on tiptoe and shout out to him:

"How are your rheumatics to-day, Daddy? I 've brought you a screw of tobacco."

Because she never had more than a halfpenny she could not bring him more than a ha'porth screwed up in a bit of paper, but I can tell you he did like it and he used to chuckle, and grin, and rub his old hands and say.

"Thank 'ee, Miss. 'Ere 's a bit o' comfort," and he would be as pleased as Punch.

Bunch was rather like the cheerful dolls in Racketty-Packetty House. For instance, she was never the least bit cross or unhappy because she never had a new hat in the Summer, but always had to have her old leghorn one pressed out and

never knew what was going to be put on it by way of trimming. Sometimes it was a piece of second-hand ribbon her Aunt Jinny had worn the



HARRISON LADY

"I AND MY GREEN WORKERS WAKEN EVERYTHING UP."

year before, and sometimes it was a wreath of rather shabby flowers her mama found in an old box and straightened the leaves of, and once it was a bunch of cherries and some lace which had been her grandmama's dress cap. But Bunch used always to say, "Well it *is* a nice one this year, is n't it?" and go to church and sit in the vicarage pew as cheerfully as if the little children from the Hall, whose pew was next to hers, were not as grand as could be in their embroidered frocks and hats with white plumes and fresh carnations, or daisies, or roses. The little Bensons—who were the Hall children—loved her and her hat and were always so excited on the Sunday when the new trimming appeared that they could n't sit still on their seats and wriggled shamefully. If they had not had a nice governess they would have been frowned at during the service and scolded on the way home and perhaps not allowed to have any pudding, at least two Sundays in a year—the Sunday when Bunch's hat came to church in its Summer trimmings and the Sunday when it came out disguised for Winter, either with steamed and cleaned velvet bows, or covered with a breadth of a relation's old silk

dress. The time Aunt Jinny had given her mother a piece of a blue silk party frock just big enough to cover the hat all over and leave something for rosettes, I can tell you Bunch *was* grand and the little Bensons were so delighted that they whispered to each other, and Jack Benson even winked at her over the top of their pew. Three-year-old Billie Benson, who had been brought to church for the first time, actually clapped his hands and spoke out loud:

"Bunchy boofle boo hat!" he said, and he was only stopped by his eldest sister Janey seizing his hand and saying into his ear in a hollow whisper: "People never speak in church! They *never* do! They 'll think you are a baby."

I am telling you about the hat because it will show you how little money Bunch had and how if she did anything for poor people she had to do it without spending anything, and I and my Green Workers had to help her. That was how it happened that my Spring Cleaning was so important that year.

At the back of the vicarage garden there was a place which was so lovely in the Springtime that



HARRISON LADY

"HOW ARE YOUR RHEUMATICS TO-DAY, DADDY?"

when you saw it first you simply could not bear to stand still. Bunch called it the Primrose World. It was a softly sloping hill with a running stream at its foot and a wood at the other



side of the stream, and in March and April it blossomed out into millions of primroses—not thousands, but millions—and it was all one carpet



THE PRIMROSE WORLD.

of pale yellow flowers from top to bottom. Never was anything so beautiful. You could go out with a basket and pick, and pick, and pick, and carry your basket home and bring back another one and pick, and pick, and pick, and you could bring all your friends and pick, and pick, and pick, and you could get your little spades and dig up clumps, and dig up clumps, and dig up clumps, and plant them in your own garden, or your friends' gardens and still the Primrose World would look as if no one had ever touched it and the carpet of pale yellow blossoms would be as thick and wonderful as ever.

Now it happened that year that the Primrose World was more important to Bunch than it had ever been before. As soon as the thick yellow carpet was spread she was going to have a party—a Primrose party. Just let me tell you about it. There is a day in England which is called Primrose Day in memory of a great man whose favorite flower was the primrose. On that day people go about with bunches of primroses on their dresses, and even horses have primroses decorating their ears. The great man's statue is

hung and wreathed and piled about with primroses, and primroses are carried everywhere. Tons of them must be brought to Covent Garden Flower Market, and all the street corner flower sellers sit with their baskets full to sell to passers-by.

It happened that the year before last Bunch was taken to London by her Aunt Jinny. The hat was done up and Aunt Jinny put some real primroses in it for fun, and Bunch carried a large primrose bouquet in her hand, and had some pinned on her coat. I myself—Queen Crosspatch—went with her on the bouquet because I thought she might need a Fairy.

She enjoyed herself very much.

"It looks as if the Primrose World had taken a ticket at the station and come to London for a holiday," she said.

She and Aunt Jinny did ever so many nice things, but my business is just to tell you about the one thing that happened that made the Spring Cleaning so important.

It was a rather cold and windy English Spring day and as we were waiting for a penny 'bus,



HARRISON LADY

BUNCH.

suddenly a torn, shabby, old straw hat came flying across the street and danced about on the pavement.

"There 's a hat!" Bunch cried out. "The wind

has blown it off some little girl's head," and she bounced forward and picked it up before it could get away again.

"I wonder who it belongs to," said Bunch.

"Look across the street," I whispered to her. She was one of the children who can hear Fairies speaking though they don't know they hear them. They imagine that a Fairy's voice is their own thoughts.

She looked across the street, which was crowded with people, and cabs, and carriages, and omnibuses, and there on the other side was a thin, bare-headed little flower girl looking up and down and everywhere for her hat. She looked so worried and unhappy that Bunch said:

"Oh! I do wish a Fairy would take me across the street to her!"

That minute I made the big policeman hold up his hand and the omnibuses, and carts, and carriages, and cabs, all stopped as if a giant had ordered them to do it, and Bunch and Aunt Jinny skurried across with the rest of the people, and



HARRISON (AD)

"ALL THE STREET CORNER FLOWER SELLERS SIT WITH THEIR BASKETS FULL."

of course I went over on the biggest primrose in the bouquet.

The thin little flower girl was looking all about, and tears had come into her eyes. She was a forlorn looking child and had a battered basket

on her arm with a few shabby bunches of primroses in it which were as forlorn as herself.

Bunch ran to her quite out of breath with hurry.

"Here 's your hat," she cried out. "The wind carried it across the street and I picked it up."



HARRISON (AD)

"THERE 'S A HAT!' BUNCH CRIED OUT."

The thin little girl looked as delighted as if it had been as beautiful as Jancy Benson's hat with the long ostrich feather.

"Oh, my! I am glad!" she said. "Thank yer, Miss."

"Look at her shabby primroses," I whispered in Bunch's ear, and she looked and saw she had only a few little wilted miserable bouquets.

"Do you sell primroses for a living?" she asked the flower girl.

"Yes, Miss."

"You have n't many, have you?" said Bunch.

"They was dear, this year, Miss, 'cos the Spring is so late. These was all I could get an' nbody wants to buy them. I've not 'ad no luck."

Bunch put her big fresh bouquet into the basket, and unpinned those on her coat, and whisked those out of her hat in a minute.

"These are nice ones," she said. "Sell them. They came out of my Primrose World."

The thin little flower girl was so glad she could scarcely speak, and that instant I beckoned



to a gentleman who was passing by. He did not know that a Fairy—and Queen Crosspatch at that—had beckoned to him, but he stopped and spoke.

"Hello!" he said. "Those look as if they came from the country. I'll take them all."

"They came from the Primrose World," Bunch said. "Thank you for buying them."

"The Primrose World?" he said. I could see he was a nice man. "There must be Fairies there." And he picked up the flowers and after he had looked from Bunch to the thin little flower girl, and from the thin little flower girl to Bunch, he actually threw into the basket a whole five shilling piece, which was about five times as much as they were worth. I flew on to his shoulder and told him he must do it.

The thin little flower girl stared at Bunch as if she thought *she* was a Fairy.

"Miss!" she gasped. "Is that Primrose World true?"

Then I whispered in Bunch's ear and she caught hold of Aunt Jinny's coat. She imagined she had a new thought of her own—but I had made her think it.

"Aunt Jinny," she said in great excitement, "next year when the Primrose World is all out, could n't this little girl come to the vicarage, and could n't we go and pick, and pick, and pick, and could n't the Bensons come and help us to pick, and pick, and pick, and could n't the village children come and pick, and pick, and pick,

until she had as many primroses as ever anybody could sell?" She was a sudden child, and she whirled round to the flower girl again.

"What 's your name?" she asked.

"Jane Ann Biggs," the girl answered.

"Couldn't she—couldn't we—couldn't they, Aunt Jinny?" cried Bunch. "Would n't father let us?"

Aunt Jinny laughed as she often laughed at Bunch. "We'll take Jane Ann Biggs's address and talk it over when we go home," she answered.

And that was the beginning of the Primrose party. Of course I was the person who talked it over with the vicar and his wife, though they could neither see me nor hear my voice. I arranged it all. The next year, the day before Primrose Day, Jane Ann Biggs was to come down

from London very early in the morning, and as many primroses as could be picked were to be sent back with her in a hamper so that she would have enough to make shillings, and shillings, and shillings by selling them.

The little Bensons nearly danced their legs off with joy at the thought of the fun they were go-



"'THOSE LOOK AS IF THEY CAME FROM THE COUNTRY,' HE SAID."

ing to have, and the fun the thin little flower girl was going to have. The village children who were asked to help could think of nothing else, until a great many of them actually forgot their multiplication tables and said that twice four was twenty-two, and things like that. As to Bunch, she dreamed of the Primrose party three nights a week and she cheered up old Mrs. Wiggles and Daddy Dimp by telling them about it until they forgot to think of their legs and backs and felt quite young and sprightly.

"Bless us! Bless us! Bless us!" they said, in the most joyful manner. And Daddy Dimp even said that he believed "come Springtime" he would "go and take a pick himself, same as if he was n't more than seventy."

You can just see how important it was that my Spring Cleaning should be done and all the Primrose World be in bloom the day before Primrose Day so that everything would be ready for the party.

I began to be anxious and watch things almost as soon as Christmas was over. I called all my Green Workers together and gave them a good talking to.



FAIRY QUEEN CROSSPATCH AND THE REVEREND CAWKER ROOK.

"Now," I said, "You must get new frost brooms and have your tools sharpened and your tuggers in order, and be ready at a moment's notice. There is to be no loitering this year and no saying that your brooms are worn out, or your tuggers want mending." (A tigger is a little green rope the Green Workers tug at the slow flowers with when they won't come up. The Green Workers have a great many tools human beings don't know anything about. Mine have a flower opener which I could recommend to any Fairy.)

But that Spring *was* stubborn and slow. I thought it would never come. Snow kept falling when it had no right to fall, and the Frost Imps had added millions to their Standing Army and they would not stop working in the night. But one morning in March when they had spread out a frost I felt sure it was late enough to be the very last one and I knew there was no time to lose—not a minute. So I called out my Green Workers with their brooms.

"Begin the Spring Cleaning at once," I ordered. "Sweep every particle of frost off the grass and all the evergreens, and polish up the shrubs and trees. If there are any bits of ice on the twigs where buds may be thinking of pushing through, be sure to knock them off. Go round to all the violets and crocuses and daffodils and knock at their doors. Call the dormice and don't let them roll up into balls and go to sleep again. Tell them I won't have it. Summon the birds and let them know that I expect all the nests to be built with the modern improvements."

They flew off in flocks so fast that they made a whizzing sound in the air. Then I flew over the fields to the very oldest elm-tree and called on the Reverend Cawker Rook. Of course I found him sitting huddled up on a top branch, dozing, with his head sunk on his shoulder.

"Is your surplice clean?" I shouted out. "And where is your book?"

He shuffled and blinked and winked sleepily.

"Eh! Eh! Eh!" he stuttered. "You do startle a person so with your sudden ways!"

"Eh! Eh! Eh!" I answered. "If you would be a little sudden yourself now and then, business would be better attended to. I have begun my Spring Cleaning and it is time for you to prepare for the bird weddings."

He is a slow old thing but I stirred him up and left him fumbling about in the hole in the tree where he kept his surplice and his prayer-book.


I stirred everything up that day—flower roots and trees and birds and dormice and by afternoon the Green Workers had swept off all the frost, until everything was as neat as could be. I put on my cap and apron and helped them myself. When the day was over I was glad enough to tuck myself up in my moss bed in my winter palace under the rose garden, and I slept till morning without once turning over.

When daylight came and I got up and put on my field-mouse fur coat and hood and gloves, and went outside, what do you suppose had happened! The Frost Imps had brought their army out again and had been working all night, and things were worse than ever. The grass was white and glittering, the dormice had rolled themselves up into balls and gone to sleep again, the gentlemen and lady birds were turning their backs on one another, and the Reverend Cawker Rook had shuffled his book and his surplice back into the hole in the tree trunk and he was huddled up on the topmost branch, dozing, with his head sunk in his shoulders.

"I shall lose my temper in a minute," I said.

(To be concluded.)





# The Horner Brothers

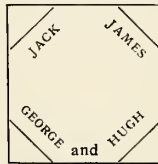
BY  
Elizabeth Raymond Woodward

JACK HORNER had three brothers,  
Their names were Horner, too—  
One was James, and one was George,  
And the little one was Hugh.  
And they always did exactly  
What they saw Jackie do—  
James and George and the littlest one,  
The one whose name was Hugh.

So when Jack's Christmas pie was made,  
They made three others, too—  
One for James, and one for George,  
And a little one for Hugh.  
And *they* sat up in corners,  
As they 'd seen Jackie do—  
James and George and the littlest one,  
The one whose name was Hugh.

I 'm sure 't was *very* lucky  
(Does it not seem so to you?)  
That the room had just four corners

For

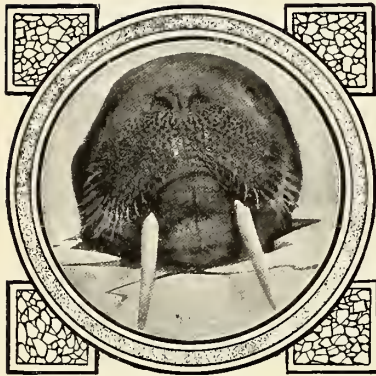


For if Jackie had a corner,  
There *must* be corners, too,  
For James and George and the littlest one,  
The one whose name was Hugh.



# MONARCHS OF THE ICE-FLOES

BY FRANK STICK



SINCE the beginning of time, there probably has been enmity between the polar bear and the walrus. Except for the walrus, Bruin's reign over the arctic regions has been almost unchallenged since the race of

mammoths passed. All the hardy flesh-eaters that inhabit the bleak, unfertile northland are his natural prey. But most of all he depends upon the seals and sea-lions for his food. There is only one animal that is powerful enough to defend itself and offspring against the polar bear's attack—the huge and cumbrous walrus; but its movements are so slow and awkward when out of the water that often it is impossible for the bulky animal to retard the swift attack and retreat of its smaller opponent.

They are both brave and fearless animals, however, eager in defense of their cubs and puppies; and often when Bruin is out-flanked, or when the bears hunt in pairs, fierce battles rage over the capture of a young walrus.



A full-grown walrus will weigh as much as two thousand pounds; a mountainous mass of muscle and blubber. He is armed with tusks of ivory, sometimes two feet in length, and when

from his upreared bulk these formidable weapons are plunged downward upon an enemy, they are as resistless as the drop of a guillotine. Such a thick layer of blubber lies under the skin that he is practically clad in an armor impervious to teeth and claws alike. So, unless the bear is greatly favored by luck, he has little chance to overthrow his antagonist.

The walrus's tusks have other humbler and far more valuable uses than those they are put to in warfare. With these useful implements the walrus delves into the mud and sand of the ocean's bed in search of the crustaceans, seaweeds and other deep-water foods that go to form his diet. Hooked over the edge of the ice they aid him materially in scrambling onto the floes and ice-packs. Stories are told of boats being overturned by these same tusks when the occupants were foolhardy enough to attack the droves of walrus during their migration. All in all they are good-natured enough if left in peace, but most dangerous antagonists when aroused.

Time was when they were almost as numerous as seals in the far north. Walrus blubber was the principal diet of many tribes of Eskimos for years and years,—until trade was opened up with the white man, in fact, when they were killed by hundreds on their breeding grounds, not for food, but only because of the ivory tusks, and the valuable oil extracted from the blubber.

Only a few winters ago an entire tribe of Eskimos passed out of existence, when the droves of walrus on which they had always depended for their sustenance through the long polar night failed to appear in their usual migration.


The big rookeries or gathering places have almost entirely disappeared, and it may be only a few years ere the walrus, as well as the bison, shall become practically an animal of the past.

The polar bear, more adaptable and with a deeper cunning, stands in less danger of extinction, but he will be hunted unceasingly as long as his beautiful robe is in general demand for rugs and garments. Next to the grizzlies these bears of the arctic are the most powerful and the fiercest of their family. They hibernate at the beginning of winter, burrowing deep under the snow, where the heat from their bodies hollows out a small grotto. There is plenty of rich eating to be had in the spring, however; droves of seals and huge flocks of wild fowl, as the bears feed upon young penguins and ducks.



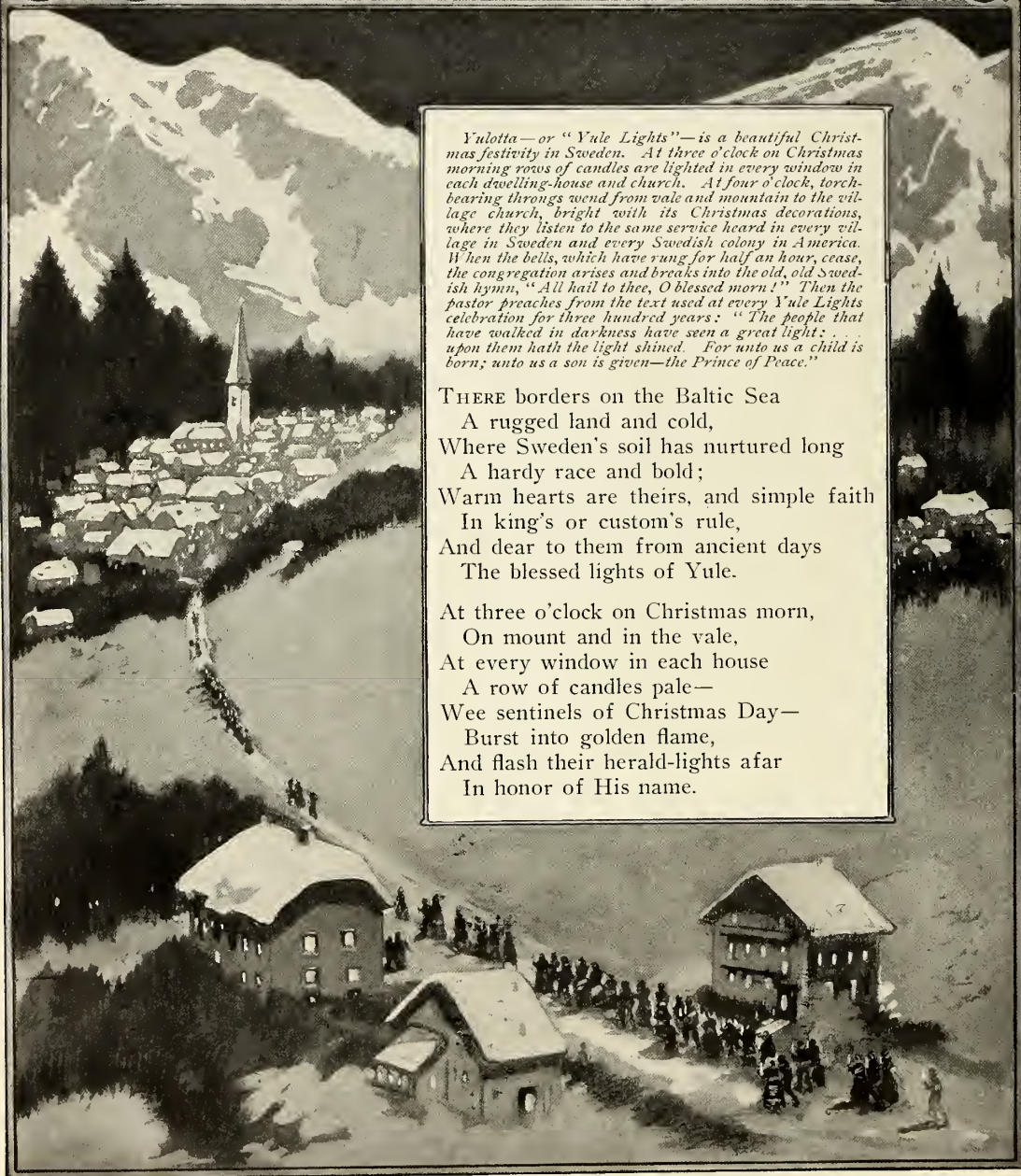


MONARCHS OF THE ICE-FLOES.



# The YULE TIDE LIGHTS

LAURA ALTON PAYNE



*Yulotta—or "Yule Lights"—is a beautiful Christmas festivity in Sweden. At three o'clock on Christmas morning rows of candles are lighted in every window in each dwelling-house and church. At four o'clock, torch-bearing throngs wend from vale and mountain to the village church, bright with its Christmas decorations, where they listen to the same service heard in every village in Sweden and every Swedish colony in America. When the bells, which have rung for half an hour, cease, the congregation arises and breaks into the old, old Swedish hymn, "All hail to thee, O blessed morn!" Then the pastor preaches from the text used at every Yule Lights celebration for three hundred years: "The people that have walked in darkness have seen a great light: . . . upon them hath the light shined. For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given—the Prince of Peace."*

There borders on the Baltic Sea  
A rugged land and cold,  
Where Sweden's soil has nurtured long  
A hardy race and bold;  
Warm hearts are theirs, and simple faith  
In king's or custom's rule,  
And dear to them from ancient days  
The blessed lights of Yule.

At three o'clock on Christmas morn,  
On mount and in the vale,  
At every window in each house  
A row of candles pale—  
Wee sentinels of Christmas Day—  
Burst into golden flame,  
And flash their herald-lights afar  
In honor of His name.

IN SWEDEN: "AT THREE O'CLOCK ON CHRISTMAS MORN, ON MOUNT AND IN THE VALE."

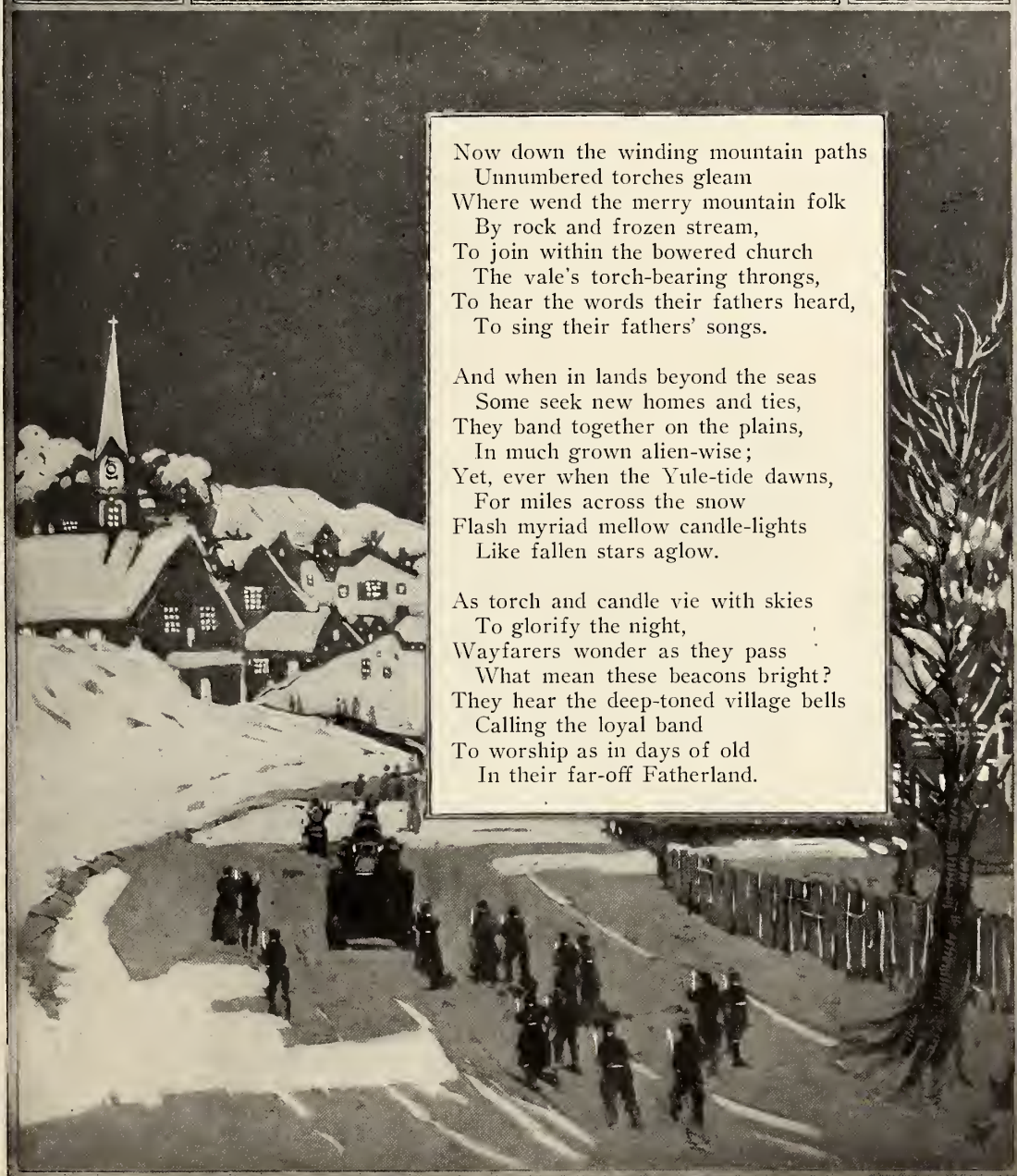




Now down the winding mountain paths  
Unnumbered torches gleam  
Where wend the merry mountain folk  
By rock and frozen stream,  
To join within the bowered church  
The vale's torch-bearing throngs,  
To hear the words their fathers heard,  
To sing their fathers' songs.

And when in lands beyond the seas  
Some seek new homes and ties,  
They band together on the plains,  
In much grown alien-wise;  
Yet, ever when the Yule-tide dawns,  
For miles across the snow  
Flash myriad mellow candle-lights  
Like fallen stars aglow.

As torch and candle vie with skies  
To glorify the night,  
Wayfarers wonder as they pass  
What mean these beacons bright?  
They hear the deep-toned village bells  
Calling the loyal band  
To worship as in days of old  
In their far-off Fatherland.



IN AMERICA: "FOR MILES ACROSS THE SNOW FLASH MYRIAD MELLOW CANDLE-LIGHTS."

# CAPTAIN CHUB

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## CHAPTER III

### AN INVITATION TO MISS EMERY

Two days later three boys were seated about an up-stairs room in a house in West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. The room was large and square and tastefully furnished, but you would have guessed at once that it was a boy's room; and the guess would have been correct. Roy Porter was the host, and his guests were Thomas H. Eaton, otherwise well known as "Chub," and Richard Somes, better known as Dick. Dick, as we have learned through his letter, has just graduated from Ferry Hill School, and for the present

two other places. His father is a mining man whose business of buying, selling, and operating mines takes him to many places. Dick's mother has been dead for three years.

Dick himself is big, blond, and seventeen. He is n't exactly handsome, judged by accepted standards of masculine beauty, but he has nice gray eyes, a smile that wins you at once, and a pleasant voice. Somehow, in spite of the fact that nature has endowed him with a miscellaneous lot of features he is rather attractive; as Chub has once remarked: "He 's just about as homely as a hedge fence, only somehow you forget all about it." It is the crowning sorrow of Dick's



WRITING THE INVITATION TO HARRY.

is staying with his father at a New York hotel. While Roy lives in New York, and Chub hails from Pittsburg, Dick claims the distinction of living nowhere in particular. If you ask him he will tell you that he lives "out West." As a matter of fact, however, he is a nomad. Born in Ohio, he has successively resided in Nebraska, Montana, Colorado, Nevada, London, and one or

young life that, owing to his nomadic existence, his schooling has been somewhat neglected, with the result that he is a year behind his two friends and that when he reaches college in the fall—if he 's lucky enough to get in—he will be only a freshman, while Roy and Chub are dignified and superior sophomores. Chub, however, tells him not to worry, as he may not pass the exams!



Chub is staying with Roy, as his guest, and Dick has taken dinner with them this evening. And now, having left Mr. Porter to his paper in the library and Mrs. Porter to her book, they have scurried up to Roy's room for a good long talk; for there is much to be said. At the present moment Roy, sprawled on his bed, is doing the talking.

"It was Chub's scheme in the first place, Dick. He thought of it two months ago when we were down by the river one day. There 's an old boat-house on a raft down there, and Chub said it reminded him of the *Jolly Roger*. I said I did n't see the resemblance, and he said all you had to do was to turn it around and it would be just like the *Jolly Roger*."

"Turn it around?" asked Dick, mystified.

"Sure," said Chub. "Turn a boat-house around and you have a house-boat. See?"

"College has n't taught you much sense, Chub, has it?" laughed Dick. "Then what, Roy?"

"Oh, then Chub got to talking about what fun Mr. Cole must have in his house-boat and how he 'd like to go knocking around in one. And then we remembered that Mr. Cole had told us last summer that the *Jolly Roger* was for sale. Of course, we knew we could n't buy it, but we thought maybe he 'd be willing to rent it for the summer. And, finally, a week or so ago, we wrote him—"

"*We?*" queried Chub.

"Well, then, *you* wrote him, Chubbie, my boy; but I supplied the stamp. And yesterday—no, the day before yesterday—we got his note; and to-morrow we 're all going to call at his studio and find out how much he wants for it for the summer."

"Great!" cried Dick enthusiastically. "And where are we going in it?"

"I thought it would be fun to go down Long Island Sound, but Chub wants to go up the river."

"Up the Hudson? That would be scrumptious! We could go away up to—to Buffalo—"

"Yes, we 'd get there about November," laughed Chub. "The *Jolly Roger* goes about as fast as—as a mule walks!"

"I 'll wager Dick really thinks Buffalo is on the Hudson," said Roy.

"Is n't it?" asked Dick in surprise. "Up on the head-waters, somewhere? Well, where is it, then?"

"It—it 's on—you tell him, Roy."

"It 's on a lake."

"It 's on Niagara Falls," added Chub knowingly. "Bounded on the north by Canada, on the east by the St. Lawrence River, on the south by the United States of America, and on the west by—by water. Its principal exports are buffaloes and—and—"

"Oh, shucks!" said Roy. "Anyhow, we could go up as far as Albany and Troy—"

"And we could stop for a while at Ferry Hill and see the school and the Doctor and Mrs. Em. and Harry—"

"What I want to know—" began Dick.

"And we could stay at Fox Island a day or two. It would be like old times."

"You mean Harry's Island," corrected Dick. "What I want to know, though, is whether we can take Harry along."

"Chub thinks we can," answered Roy; "but I don't see how we could manage it."

"Easy enough," said Chub. "There are three rooms we can use for sleeping. Harry and her mother, or whoever came along with her, could have the big room up front and we would take the little room at the rear, the one Mr. Cole used as a studio."

"It 's only as big as a piece of cheese," said Dick.

"Well, we would only want to sleep in it. We would be out on deck or ashore nearly all the time and we would all have the living-room. We 'd need some cot-beds—there 's a fine bed in the bedroom now, you know—and some sheets and blankets and things. Pshaw, we could fix it up easy!"

"Well, she 's crazy to go," said Dick; "and she made me promise to ask you chaps."

"When does she go away to her aunt's?" asked Roy.

"The day after to-morrow; and she 's going to stay two weeks. That is, if she can come with us. If not she 'll stay three, I believe. Did you write to her, Roy?"

"Not yet," Roy answered. "I thought we 'd get together and talk it over. If you fellows think we can make them comfortable, she would be glad to come, I know. Her father or mother would arrange to go along."

"Let 's ask her," said Dick eagerly.

"Sure," said Chub. "Let 's write to her now. Where are your paper and things, Roy?"

"They 're not far away," said Roy. "Here you are!"

They all had a hand in the composition of that letter, and when finished and signed it ran thus:

*Miss Harriet Emery,*

Ferry Hill School,

Ferry Hill, N. Y.

DEAR MISS EMERY: You are cordially invited to join us in a cruise up the Hudson River in the good ship *Jolly Roger*, which will call for you at Ferry Hill in about three weeks, the exact date to be decided on later. Please bring your doughnut recipe, and any one else you want to. Come prepared for a good time. All principal foreign ports will be visited, including Troy, Athens, Cairo, and Schenectady. The catering will be in the hands of that world-renowned



"THE BOYS FOUND THEMSELVES IN A GREAT STUDIO." (SEE PAGE 115.)



chef, Mr. Dickums Somes, formerly of Camp Torohadik, Harry's Island. Kindly reply as soon as possible.

Trusting and hoping that you will consent to grace the house-boat with your charming presence, we subscribe ourselves your devoted servants,

CHUB, Master.  
ROY, A. B.  
DICK, Steward.

"What 's A.B. mean?" asked Roy, suspiciously.

"It means Able Seaman," replied Chub. "I put it that way because it 's probably the only chance you 'll ever have of getting your A.B."

"You don't suppose, do you," asked Dick anxiously, "that she 'll take that literally: about bringing any one else she wants to? She might think we meant her Aunt Harriet and perhaps somebody else as well."

"Maybe we 'd better change that a little," agreed Roy.

"Well, we 'll say 'Bring your doughnut recipe and any other one person you want to. How 's that?'"

"All right; although, of course, a doughnut recipe is n't a person."

"Oh, is n't it? I meant that for just a joke," laughed Chub,—and Harry has more discernment than some others I wot of," he added loftily.

"Well, if she wots that that 's a joke," muttered Dick, "she 's certainly a pretty good wotter."

"Who 's got a stamp?" asked Chub as he finished scrawling the address on the envelop.

"Thanks. What a very unpleasant taste it has! I wonder why the government does n't flavor its stamps better. It might turn them out in different flavors, you know: peppermint, vanilla, wintergreen, chocolate—"

"Almond," suggested Roy.

"And then when you went to the post-office you could say: 'I 'd like ten twos, please; peppermint, if you have it.'"

"You 're a cheerful ninny," laughed Dick. "Give me the letter and I 'll post it on the way to the hotel. Now, let 's talk about what we 'll have to buy. Let 's figure up and see what it will really cost us."

"Go ahead," said Chub readily. "I 've a pad and pencil here."

"First of all, then, we 'll need a lot of provisions."

"Unless we can persuade Chub to stay behind," suggested Roy.

"Who thought of this scheme?" asked Chub indignantly. "I think if any one stays behind it won't be Chub. And likewise and moreover if Chub does n't have enough to eat, I warn you now that Chub will mutiny."

"Then you 'll have to put yourself in irons," said Dick, "if you 're in command."

"I never thought of that!" Chub bit the end of the pencil and frowned. "Maybe I 'd rather be the crew than the captain. If you 're captain you can't mutiny, and I 've always wanted to mutiny. Is n't it too bad that we can't be pirates and scuttle a few boats?"

"How do you scuttle a boat?" asked Dick curiously.

Chub for a moment was at a loss, and glanced doubtfully at Roy. But finding no assistance there he plunged bravely.

"Well, you first get a scuttle, just an ordinary scuttle, you know; and I think you have to have a coal-shovel, too, but I 'm not quite certain about that. Armed with the scuttle you descend to the—the cellar of the ship—"

"And bore holes in the bottom with a scuttle!" said Roy contemptuously. "I 'm not going to ship under a captain who does n't know the rudiments of navigation."

"I 'm not talking navigation," said Chub with dignity. "I 'm talking piracy. Piracy is a much more advanced study. Anybody can navigate, but good pirates are few and far between, these days."

"Well, is n't it time we began to talk sense?" begged Dick. "How much will it cost for provisions?"

"Well, let me see," responded Chub, turning to his paper. "I suppose about two cases of eggs— But, look here, we have n't decided how long we 're going to cruise."

"A month," said Roy.

"Two months," said Dick. "Anyway, we can't buy enough eggs at the start to last us all the time. Eggs should be fresh."

"We 'll get eggs and vegetables as we go along," said Roy. "What we have to start with are staples."

"Mighty hard eating," murmured Chub. "Why not use plain nails?"

This was treated by the others with contemptuous silence.

"We 'll need flour, coffee, tea, salt, rice, cheese—"

"Pepper," interpolated Dick.

"Baking-powder, sugar, flavoring extracts—"

"Mustard," proposed Chub, "for mustard plasters, you know."

"And lots of things like that," ended Roy triumphantly.

"What we need is a grocery," sighed Chub. "Are n't we going to have any meat at all? I have a very delicate stomach, fellows, and the doctor insists on meat three times a day. Personally, I don't care for it much; I 'm a vegetarian by conviction and early training; but one can't go against the doctor's orders, you know. Now,

for breakfast I should wish, say, a small rasher of bacon—"

"What 's a rasher?" Roy demanded.

"For luncheon a—er—two or three simple little chops, and for dinner a small roast of beef or lamb or a friendly steak. Those, with a few vegetables and an occasional egg, suffice my simple needs. I might mention, however, that a suggestion of sweet, such as a plum-pudding, a mince-pie, or a dish of ice-cream, has always seemed to me a proper topping-off to a meal, if I may use the expression."

"You may use any expression you like," answered Roy cruelly, "but if you think we 're going to have roasts you 'll have to find another crew and another cook. Why, that kitchen—"

"Galley," corrected Chub helpfully.

"It 's too small for anything bigger than a French chop!"

"When Chub gets very, very hungry," observed Dick, "we might tie up to the shore and cook him something over a fire; have a barbecue, you know."

"Cook a whole ox for him," laughed Roy.

"You stop bothering about me," said Chub scornfully, "and study seamanship. Remember you 're to be an able seaman, and if you don't come up to the standard for able seamen I 'll do things to you with a belaying-pin."

"Is n't he the cruel-hearted captain?" asked Dick. "I don't believe I want to ship with him."

"Oh, you 'll be all right. Chub won't dare to touch you for fear he won't get his dinner."

"There you go again!" Chub groaned. "You fellows simply talk a subject to death. Your conversation lacks—lacks variety, diversity. If you are quite through vilifying me—"

"Does n't he use lovely language?" murmured Roy in an aside to Dick.

"We will now proceed with our estimate," concluded Chub. "As I was saying, eggs—"

"I tell you what we might use," interrupted Dick. "Have you ever seen powdered egg?"

"Is this a jest?" asked Chub darkly.

"No, really! You buy it in cans. It 's eggs, just the yolks, you know, with all the moisture taken out of them. It 's a yellow powder. And when you want an omelet you just mix some milk with it and stir it up and there you are!"

But Chub was suspicious.

"And how do you make a fried egg out of it," he asked.

"You can't, of course, because the whites are n't there; but—"

"Then we want none of it! If I can't have real eggs I 'll starve like a gentleman."

"Leave the eggs out of it for the present," suggested Roy. "Let 's figure on the other things."

"Let 's not," said Dick, rising. "I 'm going home. We 've got lots of time to figure. Besides, the best way to do is to buy the things and let the groceryman do the figuring. We 've got to have them, no matter what they cost. What time are we going around to see the Floating Artist?"

"Right after breakfast," answered Chub. "You come up at about ten o'clock—"

"What 's the matter with you fellows coming to the hotel and having breakfast with me?" asked Dick.

"Make it luncheon," begged Chub.

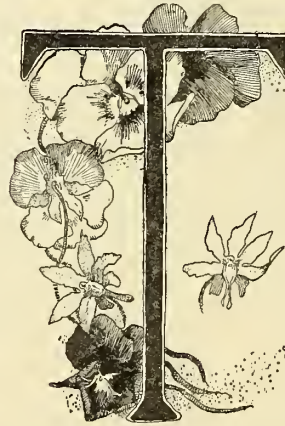
"All right, then, luncheon. I 'll be around at ten in the morning. See if you can at least get him up by that time, Roy."

"With a glance of scathing contempt," murmured Chub, "our hero turned upon his heel and strode rapidly away into the fast-gathering darkness."

But where he really strode was down the stairs, with one arm over Dick's shoulder, while Roy brought up the rear and gently prodded them with the toe of his shoe.

## CHAPTER IV

### LEASING A HOUSE-BOAT



THE preceding summer, while camping out on Fox Island—or Harry's Island, as they called it now—the boys had made the acquaintance of the Floating Artist. He had appeared one day in his house-boat, the *Jolly Roger*, in which he was cruising down the Hudson, sketching as he went. His real name was Forbes Cole, a name of much importance in the art world, as the boys discovered later on. He had proved an agreeable acquaintance, and when camp had been broken the three boys, together with Harry Emery, the daughter of the school principal, had voyaged with him as far as New York.

Mr. Cole lived in a rather imposing white stone house within sight of the Park. The entrance was on the level with the sidewalk. Bay-trees in green tubs flanked the door which was guarded by a bronze grilling. The three boys were admitted by a uniformed butler and con-



ducted into a tiny white-and-gold reception-room. As the heavy curtain fell again at the doorway after the retreating servant the visitors gazed at each other with awed surprise. Chub pretended to be fearful of trusting his weight to the slender chairs, and all three were grinning in a sheepish way, when the man appeared again, suddenly and noiselessly. Down a marble-tiled hall carpeted with narrow Oriental rugs in dull colors they were led to an elevator. When they were inside the butler touched a button and the tiny car, white-and-gold like the reception-room, shot up past two floors and stopped, apparently of its own volition, at the third, and the boys emerged to find themselves in a great studio that evidently occupied the whole fourth floor of the house.

"Talk about your Arabian Nights!" murmured Chub in Roy's ear.

The grating closed quietly behind them, the car disappeared and they stood looking about them in bewilderment and pleasure. So far as they could see the big apartment was empty of any persons save themselves, but they could not be certain of that for there were shadowy recesses where the white light from the big skylights did not penetrate, and a balcony of dark, richly carved oak, screened and curtained, stretched across the front end of the studio.

At the other end a broad fireplace was flanked by a tall screen of Spanish leather which glowed warmly where the light found it. A white bear-skin was laid in front of it. Other rugs were scattered here and there, queer, low-toned prayer rugs many of them, with tattered borders and silky sheen. The walls were hung with tapestries against which was the dull glitter of armor. Strange vessels of pottery and copper and brass stood about, and two big, black oak chests, elaborately carved, half hidden by silken cushions and embroideries, guarded the fireplace. There was a dais under the skylight, and on it was a chair. At a little distance was a big easel holding a canvas, and beside it a cabinet for paints and brushes. There were few pictures in sight, but over the room hung a faint and not unpleasant odor of paint and oil and turpentine.

At one of the broad, low windows—there were only two and both were wide open—was a great jar of yellow roses. Under the window was a wide seat upholstered in green leather and piled with cushions. And amidst the cushions, a fact only now discerned by the visitors, lay a red setter viewing them calmly with big brown eyes.

"It's Jack," Chub whispered. "I've met him before. He'll be sure to eat us alive if we stir. Little Chub stays right here until help comes."

But evidently Jack had become interested, for he slowly descended from the window-seat and came across the room, his tail wagging slowly.

"We'd better run," counseled Chub in pretended terror.

But the red setter's intentions were apparently friendly. He sniffed at Roy and allowed himself to be patted. Then he walked around to Dick and Chub and completed his investigations, finally becoming quite enthusiastic in his welcome and digging his nose into Chub's hand.

"Glory! He knows us!" cried Chub, softly and delightedly. "The rascal forgets that the first time we met he made a face at me and growled. Well, all is forgiven, Jack. Where's your master, sir?"

"I suppose we might as well sit down," said Roy, "instead of standing here like a lot of ninnies."

"Did you ever see such a place in your life?" asked Dick. "It looks like a museum and a palace all rolled into one!"

"My! but I wish I was an artist!" sighed Chub. "I wonder what's on the easel. Do you think we could look?"

"No, I think we'll go over there and sit down and not snoop," answered Roy severely. "Come on."

But at that moment the elevator door rolled softly open and with a start the boys turned to see their host step out of the car. Forbes Cole was one of the biggest men they had ever seen. He was well over six feet high and, it seemed, more than proportionately broad. He was a fine, handsome-looking man with a big head of wavy brown hair, kindly, twinkling blue eyes, and a brown beard trimmed to a point under a strong chin.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he said as he shook hands all around. "I was just finishing breakfast. And how are you all? Let me see, this is Roy, is n't it? I remember each one of you perfectly, but I have a bad memory for names. Chub, though, I recollect very well; that name happens to stick. And this is Dick Somes. Yes, yes, now I've got you all. Jack seems to have remembered you, too. Come over here and sit down and tell me what great things have happened to you since we parted last year. I suppose each one of you has done something fine for your school or college. Dear, dear, what a beautiful thing it is to be young! We never realize it until it's too late. Now what's the news?"

They perched themselves side by side on the broad window-seat and the artist lifted the heavy chair from the dais with one hand as though it weighed but an ounce and sprawled his great body in it. Jack settled back amongst the cushions with his head on Dick's knee.

"I guess there is n't much to tell," said Roy. "Chub and I have been at college and Dick here is coming up in the fall."

"If I can pass," muttered Dick.

"And Miss Harriet? How is she?" asked Mr. Cole.

"Fine," said Dick. "I saw her just the other day. We often talk about you, sir, and the good times we had on the *Jolly Roger*."

"And so you think you 'd like to have more good times on it, eh?" laughed the artist in his jovial roar. "I wish I could go along, if you 'd have me; but I 'm going abroad after a while. But the boat 's yours when you want it, and I hope you 'll have the jolliest sort of a time, boys."

"It 's mighty nice of you to want us to have it," said Roy. "We 'll take very good care of it, Mr. Cole, and—"

"Oh, don't bother about that," laughed the painter. "You know I 've got quite tired of it. Besides, it 's well insured and if it happens to go to the bottom, why, I sha'n't mind a bit—as long as you get out first! She 's at Loving's Landing, if you know where that is; about fifteen miles up the river. You 'll find her in good condition, I think. I wrote the man day before yesterday to begin at once and get her in shape. She needs paint, as I wrote you; but I don't believe I want to go to the expense of having her done over. But if you think you 'd rather have her freshened up it won't cost much to have Higgins put on one coat for you."

"I guess she 's all right as she is," said Chub. He looked at Roy and that youth took the hint.

"We were wondering," he began, "how much you 'd want for her for a couple of months, Mr. Cole."

"You can have her all summer for the same price," answered the painter with his eyes twinkling.

"Well, I suppose we could n't cruise for more than two months, sir; but of course we realize that if we took her we ought to pay for the whole time, because it would be too late to rent her again after we were through with her, I 'm sure. About how much would she be, sir?"

Mr. Cole looked at them thoughtfully for a moment. Finally,

"Well, I was going to ask you to take her and use her rent-free," he answered, "but there 's something in Roy's expression that tells me I 'd get sat on if I did." He laughed merrily. "Am I right?"

"I hardly think we would sit on you," answered

Chub, "but we 'd feel—feel better about it if we rented it regularly from you. It 's mighty good of you, though."

"No, it is n't, Chub. It is n't mighty good for any one to be generous when it does n't cost him anything. The boat 's of no use to me this summer and I should n't rent it under any conditions—except to you boys. But if you 'd rather not take it as a gift, why, I 'll have to put a price on it." He thought a moment. "Suppose we say fifty dollars for the summer?"

Chub eyed Roy doubtfully and Roy eyed Dick. "That sounds a suspiciously little bit," said Roy at last.

"I don't think so," replied their host. "I doubt if the *Jolly Roger* 's worth much more, fellows. I 'm satisfied and I don't see why you should n't be. You won't let me do you a favor, although I thought we were pretty good friends last summer; but, on the other hand, I don't think you ought to insist on my driving a hard bargain with you. Fifty dollars is my valuation, and there you are; I refuse to go up another cent!"

"In that case," laughed Roy, "I 'm sure we 'd better accept your terms, sir. And we 're very much obliged."

"That 's all right, then. I 'll give you a note to Higgins; the boat 's in his yard up there; and you can take her over as soon as you like and keep her as long as you like. That 's settled. Now tell me what you 've been doing, the three of you. How do you like your college?"

The boys stayed for another hour and talked and were shown over the studio and were invited to luncheon. But although Chub frowned and nodded his head emphatically, Roy politely declined. They finally left with the lease of the house-boat *Jolly Roger* in Roy's pocket, promising to call again after they had looked over the craft. Then they shook hands, entered the elevator car and were dropped to the street floor.

On the sidewalk Roy turned to the others.

"Let 's go up and see the boat this afternoon," he said.

"Let 's go now!" exclaimed Chub with enthusiasm.

"Can't; after making up that fifty dollars there is n't enough money in the crowd to pay the car-fares. No, we 'll go along with Dick and have luncheon. When we get to the hotel we 'll find out how to get to Loving's Landing, and then we 'll start out right after luncheon. What do you say?"

Chub and Dick agreed to the plan and the three strode off toward Dick's hostelry.

(To be continued.)





# WHEN I GROW UP

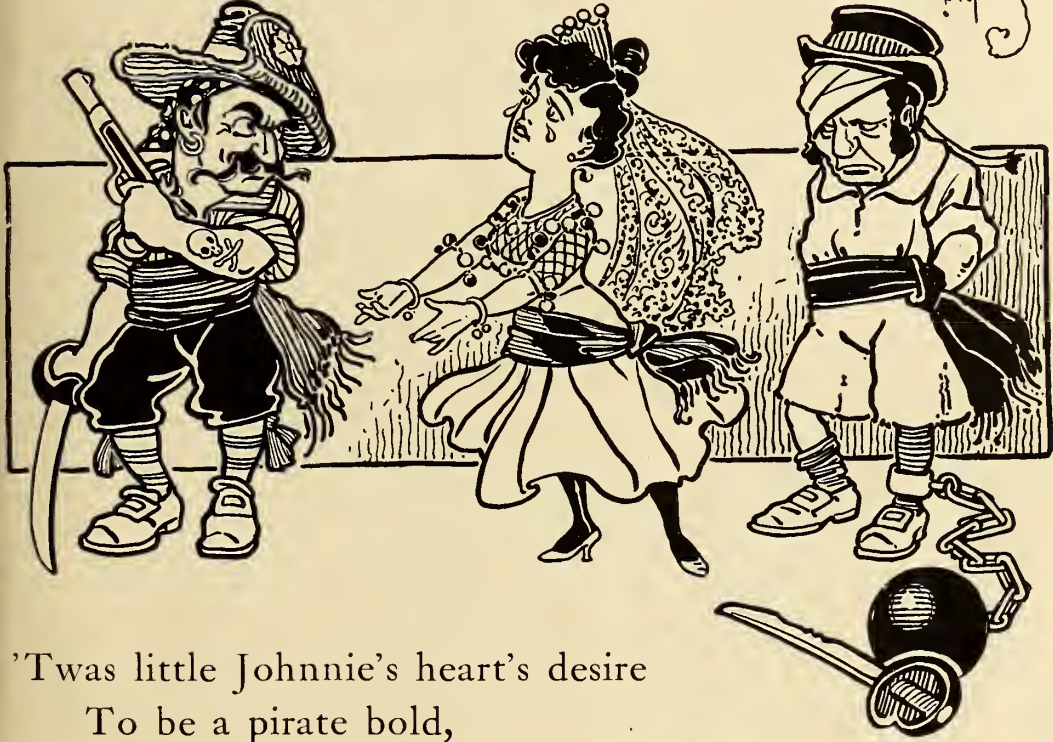


By  
W. W. Denslow



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## The Pirate



'Twas little Johnnie's heart's desire  
To be a pirate bold,  
And scuttle ships on Southern trips  
As done in days of old.

Said John: "I'd sail the Spanish Main,  
The Master of the Seas,  
And hide my loot in coral caves  
Among the Caribbees.



'Twas little Johnnie's heart's desire  
To be a pirate bold,  
And scuttle ships on Southern trips  
As done in days of old.







“We’d board the ship with pike and gun;  
We’d show the crew no quarter,—  
Except in case there was on board  
The Captain’s handsome daughter.



“Then if she’d ask their worthless lives,  
We’d grant it, if they would  
Salute at once the pirate flag  
And promise to be good.

“Jewels and plate and ‘pieces of eight’  
We’d have in goodly stores  
That we had buried at dark midnight  
On far-off island shores.”





# THE LITTLE MAID OF HONOR

BY CAROLYN WELLS



A LITTLE Maid of Honor was appointed to the Queen;  
They clad her in brave raiment of 'broidered satin sheen.  
They taught her how to curtsy, and how to stand with grace,  
And all the pretty duties of a Maid of Honor's place.

Now, just at first her little heart was filled with vague alarms,  
But she stood and gazed a moment at her family coat of arms;  
For well she knew each quartering, each symbol and design  
Bore witness to the bravery of her ancestral line.

Yes, courage was her birthright; so, with a stately mien,  
All fearlessly she went into the presence of the Queen.  
For, she thought, "I 'm sure that Fortune can hold no ills or harms  
For a little Maid of Honor with a great big coat of arms!"



# BREAKING THE SPELL

(“Doctor Daddiman” Stories.)

BY DR. JOHN C. SCHAPPS



AN EARLY MORNING “SPELL.”

THE Junior Partner awoke in a most unpleasant frame of mind, and when under that spell, he was very poor company indeed. Whether it was too much pop-corn or kicking off the covers or failing to walk up the side wall or whatever—there was no telling. But so it was. And Santa Claus had been in only a few nights before. In fact, it happened just after the New Year began, when every one expects to be good for a while at least. To make it worse, he *must* have put the wrong foot out first. Anyhow, the spell was on. And a very bad spell it was. You know what *that* means in a four-and-a-half. Boy, too.

The house was cold and dark. Mother looked much too comfortable lying there asleep. So he began grumbling to her and made her just as uncomfortable as he could. The senior partner was fixing the fires. The junior partner must have this and he must have that. He must *get* up and sit on the cold floor and try to see the letters in his game. Then he did not want to put on his shoes and stockings. Then the kindergarten was horrid and he was n't going to do any more errands. And he would n't ever speak to Mammy or Daddy again. One thing led to another, as it does when the spell is on, and finally he found himself back in his bed—without a spanking.

“Now, Pard,” said the senior partner, “you

just stay there and keep quiet till I have time to come and break the spell.”

The junior used to break his own spells by going into a room all by himself and turning slowly around three times, saying each time, “Come, Spell, Go Spell,” but these early morning spells are different. He scowled and said:

“I don't want the spell broken!” See the difference? Of course he could not break it himself if he did not want it broken. He turned his face to the wall and covered up his head.

So the senior partner went away and there was silence for a long time, as much as several minutes. Then there were bad sounds coming from the junior partner's room, screamings and whinings and hard disagreeable noises of various sorts. Those were from the evil spirits in the junior partner. They had possession of his voice and used it just as they wanted to. And he did n't care! By and by, when the house had become light and warm, the evil spirits became tired. That is a way they often have. They take advantage of a person's being uncomfortable to make them act badly. The fact is, they do not care to live in comfortable people. Many a time, if you can make a person who seems to be bad, very comfortable, the bad spirits will leave and you will find that he is really good. Sometimes it requires hard work to accomplish this; but often it needs only a kind word, or even a smile to get them out.

After a good while the senior partner heard, “Daddy!”

The senior partner listened. This time it was the junior partner using the voice. Just like a telephone. You can tell.

“Daddy, won't you please come and break the spell?”

“Are you quite ready to have it broken?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

So the senior partner comes, bringing a tin cup of cold water.

This he holds before him in his left hand and passes the first finger of the right hand three times around the cup, saying solemnly:



"Arma virumque cano. Take a long drink of this Latinized water."

The junior partner drinks.

"Take another drink."

The junior partner takes another drink.

"Take another drink."

He takes another drink.

"Sit up straight and fold your arms, but do not cross your fingers."

He does so.

"Repeat after me—Eema."

"Eema."

"Beema."

"Beema."

"Byma."

"Byma."

"Borry."

"Borry."

"I've been bad."

"I've been bad."

"And now I'm sorry."

"And now I'm sorry."

"Now fold your arms the other way. Say Eema."

"Eema."

"Beema."

"Beema."

"Byma."

"Byma."

"Bind."

"Bind."

"I've been cross."

"I've been cross."

"And now I'm kind."

"And now I'm kind."

"Take three long drinks of the Latinized water."

So the spell was broken! And you know what happens then. You could almost see the evil spirits skedaddling away. And the junior partner's spell was quite broken. It was just lovely!



"THE SPELL WAS BROKEN!"



"FOR WELL WE KNOW THE WINDING ROAD THAT LEADS TO FAIRY LAND."





# THE ROAD TO FAIRY LAND

THE day is dull and dreary,  
And chilly winds and eerie  
Are sweeping through the tall oak trees that fringe the orchard lane.  
They send the dead leaves flying,  
And with a mournful crying  
They dash the western window-panes with slanting lines of rain.  
My little 'Trude and Teddy,  
Come quickly and make ready,  
Take down from off the highest shelf the book you think so grand.  
We 'll travel off together,  
To lands of golden weather,  
For well we know the winding road that leads to Fairy Land.

A long, long road, no byway,  
The fairy kings' broad highway,  
Sometimes we 'll see a castled hill stand up against the blue,  
And every brook that passes,  
A-whispering through the grasses,  
Is just a magic fountain filled with youth and health for you;  
And we 'll meet fair princesses  
With shining golden tresses,  
Some pacing by on palfreys white, some humbly tending sheep;  
And merchants homeward faring,  
With goods beyond comparing,  
And in the hills are robber bands, who dwell in caverns deep.

Sometimes the road ascending,  
Around a mountain bending,  
Will lead us to the forests dark, and there among the pines  
Live woodmen, to whose dwelling  
Come wicked witches, telling  
Of wondrous gifts of golden wealth. There, too, are lonely mines.  
But busy gnomes have found them,  
And all night work around them,  
And sometimes leave a bag of gold at some poor cottage door.  
There waterfalls are splashing,  
And down the rocks are dashing,  
But we can hear the sprites' clear call above the torrent's roar.

Where quiet rivers glisten  
We 'll sometimes stop and listen  
To tales a gray old hermit tells, or wandering minstrel's song.  
We 'll loiter by the ferries,  
And pluck the wayside berries,  
And watch the gallant knights spur by in haste to right a wrong.  
Oh, little 'Trude and Teddy,  
For wonders, then, make ready,  
You 'll see a shining gateway, and, within, a palace grand,  
Of elfin realm the center;  
But pause before you enter  
To pity all good folk who 've missed the road to Fairy Land.

*Cecil Cavendish.*

# THE LASS OF THE SILVER SWORD

BY MARY CONSTANCE DUBOIS

## CHAPTER I

### A GIRL WITH IDEALS

“RAH! rah! rah!  
Basket-ball!  
Carol Armstrong!  
Hazelhurst Hall!”

JEAN LENNOX improvised this yell on the spur of the moment, and leaning over the gallery rail shouted it forth at the top of her voice, bringing the eyes of players and spectators upon her fourteen-year-old self. The basket-ball match was over; the senior team had beaten the junior by a score of twenty to thirteen, and the winners had for one of their forwards Carol Armstrong, the champion player of the school. The goals that Carol had made that day! Why, just before the referee's whistle had announced the end of the game, standing so far to the side that her friends had looked for failure, she had shot the ball high, high into the air, and down it had come safely through the basket, raising the score of the seniors to twenty, and bringing Carol another rousing cheer. And now Jean, too, had distinguished herself.

“Good for you, Jeanie!” cried Cecily Brook, who sat on Jean's left.

Carol Armstrong looked up at the blushing author of the rhyme. Carol was a fine, handsome girl of eighteen; tall, and vigorous, and graceful, with an air about her of being all sparkle and life. Her cheeks were brilliant from the hard exercise; her sunny, brown eyes were dancing. She smiled at Jean and blew her a kiss with the tips of her fingers, accompanied by a bow and flourish worthy of the melodrama. Jean blushed hotter, but oh, the thrill of happiness! To be saluted by the leader of Hazelhurst, with whom she had not exchanged ten words in all the months that she had been at school!

The twelve players in their pretty jumpers and bloomers of navy-blue rushed away to the dressing-rooms. The girls left behind in the gymnasium rah-rah-rah'd for their Alma Mater; and then—for that first Saturday in March was one of drizzle and sleet—they devoted the interval before luncheon to indoor exercise. Jean brandished Indian clubs until her muscles ached. Then she perched herself on the headless, tailless “gymnasium horse” to rest, and absent-mindedly cuddled a club in her arms.

Jean was tall for her age, and pale, and in her

own judgment she was homely, for she did not know what charm lay in her strong, yet delicate face, with its constantly changing play of expression. Her eyes were large, deep-set, and of a dark, clear blue; but the times came often when their pupils dilated and they flashed warningly. Her forceful mouth gave quick, responsive smiles; and when, as now, her hair ribbons had slipped from their moorings, the heavy locks, almost black, which fell about her broad forehead, lent an attractively witch-like air to the bright, earnest face.

At school, Jean was regarded in the light of an interesting curiosity; she had among other things the distinction of having lived for two years in Brazil. Her father's business had called him to Rio Janeiro for a few years, but her parents had decided that when their only child came to fourteen she must be sent back to the United States to be educated. Poor Jean! Shy and homesick, she had come to Miss Carlton's boarding-school, Hazelhurst Hall. She had stayed in her shell while the other new-comers were choosing their best friends; and so most of the intimacies had been formed while she was still left out in the cold. But if she had no bosom friend, at least she had the luxury of an ideal to adore, and that ideal was Carol Armstrong. Jean had fallen in love with her at first sight, when, just arrived at the Hall, she had seen Carol laughing and talking with her friends, her head against the window through which the sunlight poured, her chestnut curls gleaming with red and gold. Alas! the course of true love never did run smooth! Jean had not dared to confess her admiration to any one but Cecily Brook, whom she had pledged to keep her secret. Now and then she made offerings of candy and flowers anonymously, leaving them on Carol's desk, and so far all Carol's attempts to play detective had failed, and it looked as if her admirer would remain forever unknown.

While Jean was still mounted on the horse, Carol came back to the gymnasium, this time in her school dress, and was captured by a devoted mob, who drew her to the piano and made her play for them to dance. Couples were soon waltzing to spirited music, but awkward Jean found dancing more work than play, and she sat still, no one claiming her for a partner.

“Let 's go and poke up crazy Jane! It 's too silly for her to sit there when she ought to be



dancing!" said Frances Browne to her room-mate, Adela Mears, when the girls had stopped to rest. Frances was a piquante little brunette, small for her age, slight and nimble. Her bright, black eyes, sparkling with mischief, and her elfin quickness had won her the nicknames of "Brown Mouse" and "Frisky Mouse"; and Adela, with her flaxen hair and small, pointed features, had been dubbed "White Mouse," and the room which they shared together "The Mouse Hole."

"Jean, Jane, do wake up! It is n't time to go to bed yet," said Frances.

"Why don't you get up and join in our dance?" asked Adela.

"I don't care to," replied Jean, frigidly. Between herself and Adela there was no love lost.

The day before, as they sat side by side in the Latin class, Jean had found the translation that she was writing was being stealthily copied by the White Mouse, and her indignant start and look of scorn were still rankling in Adela's memory. "I know what you 're doing," she said, teasingly. "You 're making up your novel."

"Why, what do you mean?" Jean demanded, looking startled.

"Blanche, is n't Jean writing a novel?" Adela turned to Blanche Humphreys, Jean's room-mate, who stood near.

"I should n't wonder. She 's all the time scribbling in a blank-book, and she won't tell me what it 's about," drawled Blanche. She was blonde, and overplump, slow speaking, and slow moving.

"Well, I know it 's a novel, and that 's why she 's so moony all the time," said Adela.

"How did you find out about it?" asked Blanche. "Don't you wish you knew?" laughed Adela.

"I guess you were in our room without being

invited," suggested Blanche, with a quiet twinkle of the eye. "Was that it?"

"'Guess' is not a proper substitute for 'think,'" said Adela.

"You *were* in the room, or you could n't have seen her book!" remarked Blanche.

"It 's big enough to be seen a mile away," said Adela. "When is it to be published, Jean?"



"JEAN PERCHED HERSELF ON THE HEADLESS, TAILLESS 'GYMNASIUM HORSE' TO REST."

"Adela Mears, what business did you have to sneak into my room and look at my private book?" Jean demanded, the color rising in her pale cheeks.

"I have n't touched your private book," replied Adela.

"You were peeping through the keyhole, anyway!"

"No, I was n't!"

"You were hiding in the closet, then," put in Blanche.

"Well, I had to,—to get away from Miss Sar-

gent," stammered Adela, who had gone farther than she had meant in teasing. "She said I was to stay in my room yesterday, just for nothing at all; but I was n't going to, so I scooted upstairs to see *you*. But you were n't there; and I heard Miss Sargent in the hall and skipped into the closet. And then Miss Sargent came in with Jean,—she was lecturing her about something or other,—and as soon as she went out again Jean began raging around the room, and said she hated everybody, and went on as if she was crazy, and I was so scared I did n't dare come out. And then she threw herself down on the bed and cried and howled!"

"Oh, Adela, do keep still!" cried Frances.

Jean was staring at Adela, her blue eyes growing black. She despised crying, but now and then homesickness combined with some trouble of the day would bring the tears, and alone in her room she would break down, and with the sobs would come wild raging against the fate which kept her at school. Such a storm had swept over her yesterday, brought on by a sharp reproof for carelessness from Miss Sargent, teacher of mathematics and strict disciplinarian of the younger girls.

"And then she got up and began to write her novel," Adela went on, and broke off with a scream, while Frances shot clear across the room. Suddenly transformed into a fury, Jean sprang from the horse and flung her Indian club to the floor with a crash. Adela could not retreat fast enough, and Jean caught her by the shoulders and gripped her like a vise, saying in a voice quivering with anger: "You 're a hateful, dishonorable girl, Adela Mears! It 's contemptible to spy on people!"

"Jean, please don't assassinate Adela!" It was Carol Armstrong who spoke. She had left the piano, and now she drew Jean merrily but forcibly away from Adela and held her with a firm arm. "What *are* you quarreling about, children?" she asked. "Jean Lennox, what *is* the matter?"

But Jean, utterly humiliated, jerked herself free without replying, and ran from the gymnasium. She fled across the campus to the main building of the school, and up to her own room in West Wing. There she sat brooding until Cecily Brook and Betty Randolph entered. Betty was a round-faced, rosy-cheeked maiden, cheery and good-natured. Cecily was fair, and dainty, and sweet. The girls called her "Saint Cecilia," and her fluff of sunny hair, "Saint Cecilia's halo."

"Jean," said Cecily, taking her hand pettingly, "will you do Betty and me a favor? We need you dreadfully. We 're trying to get up some

kind of an entertainment for my birthday next Saturday. We 've thought of charades and lots of things, but they 're all so stale, and we think you ought to be able to think up something new, because you write such splendid compositions. You have more ideas than all the rest of us put together. Won't you help us, please?"

"You 're only saying that to make me feel better," answered Jean, gloomily.

"No, we 're not!" said Betty. "We really do need you, and you must n't feel so badly. Adela and Frances did n't mean any harm, and Adela 's *really* ashamed of herself now. Carol 's been giving her a regular blowing up."

Betty coaxed and purred, and Cecily soothed and comforted; and it was so good and so new to feel herself claimed and needed that Jean's troubled look gave place to a bright, grateful smile.

"I 'd love to help you, if I can," said she. "I love to plan things. But I 'll have to have a good long *think*, and then I 'll tell you if I 've thought of anything."

They left Jean to take counsel with herself, and she walked round and round her room till the bell rang, dreamed at table, and—luncheon over—slipped away, no one knew where. Early in the afternoon she presented herself at the door of the "Orioles' Nest," as Cecily and Betty had named their room, because Betty had a brother at Princeton; "The Tigers' Den," first thought of, seemed less appropriate to young ladies than the "nest" of the orange-and-black oriole.

"I 've thought of something, but I don't know whether you 'll like it," she announced. "It is n't just an entertainment, but it 's something that maybe will last all our lives." And thereupon a meeting was held in the Orioles' Nest.

## CHAPTER II

### AT HOME IN THE ORIOLES' NEST

Miss Elizabeth Edith Randolph,

Miss Cecily Vernon Brook,

At home from four to six.

INVITATIONS in this form were distributed on the next Saturday among the classmates of the hostesses. The cards were enticingly illustrated with water-color sketches by Cecily,—two Baltimore orioles on the edge of a nest, each perching on one foot and holding a tea-cup in the other. The guests one and all accepted, and at the appointed hour the whole class gathered in that coziest of rooms.

"Oh, what a gorgeous cake! And I 'm starving!" cried Frances. She wisely seated herself next to the pretty little tea table on which stood



a frosted birthday cake with fifteen lighted candles, all rose-pink, and also pink paper baskets filled with bonbons, a tall pitcher of lemonade, and a set of dainty glasses. Cecily, as queen of the day, cut her cake into twelve generous slices, while her sister oriole poured the lemonade.

"Now don't take too long to eat, girls," said Betty, hospitably. "We have a scheme to tell you about when you 're through." But no coaxing could induce the hostesses to divulge their secret while there was a crumb of cake or a sip of lemonade to be enjoyed.

"Now for your scheme," said Phyllis Morton, when the feast was over.

"You tell it, Jean," said Cecily. "You thought of it."

"Why, we want to found an order," said Jean, impressively.

"An order! What on earth do you mean?" asked Mildred Carrington.

"I mean an order like the Knights Templars," said Jean. "Don't you know we read about them in French history? Now don't laugh, this is n't just for fun. We 're in real sober earnest. Why should n't we found an order,—a society that will bind us together, maybe, for all our lives, and anyhow will help us all through our school life? Don't you remember that time in the literature class, when we were studying about the legends of King Arthur, and Miss Carlton gave us that talk about the battle of life, and girls fighting like true knights in it?"

"I remember," said Thekla Hoffman. "You started it up, saying you wished you 'd lived in the days of chivalry. You thought all the battles and sieges would have been so nice and exciting."

"I know, and I felt like a goose after I 'd said it," Jean admitted. "But Miss Carlton said we did n't need to go back to the days of chivalry for our battles. She said life was a great long warfare, and we had battles to fight every day! And don't you remember she said the girl that always stood up for what was right, and was always high-minded and honorable, was a true knight, and she wanted all the Hazelhurst girls to be true knights? Well, we thought we 'd better do what she said, and be knights, and found an order like the Round Table. Of course, we can't go on 'quests' as they did, but there are plenty of things we can do in helping to straighten out troubles for one another, and Miss Carlton says we *can* right wrongs and better the world."

"My land, Jean! Have we got to dress up in armor and cavort on horseback?" laughed Maud Perry.

"If you please, how are we school-girls going

to better the world?" asked Phyllis. "Be missionaries, and one take America, and one Europe, and one Asia, and one Africa?"

"Oh, I don't mean this in a preachy way!" said Jean. "But if life 's one big war, with battles every day, we 've got to keep fighting, have n't we? Just look at Carol Armstrong and our basket-ball team; don't they have to fight *hard* if they want to win? Well, we can fight hard to stand well in our lessons, and to help each other for love of Hazelhurst, just as the basket-ball teams fight. We can be *girl* knights."

"Girl knights! I never heard anything so babyish!" Adela observed to Frances. "Let 's buy tin swords and rocking-horses!"

Jean colored hotly. "I don't want to *play* King Arthur any more than you do, Adela! I 'm not five years old!" she declared. "I have n't had a chance to explain. We really *can* be girl knights. There 's a legend about a girl knight somewhere; my father told me about her when I was a little bit of a thing. He said she was a beautiful princess and she became a knight, and she had a magic spear that would overthrow all her enemies, and a wonderful shield. I used to make up stories about her. I made her ride out on quests and right wrongs and save people in distress, and she always conquered because she had the magic spear. I made her become a great warrior queen, the greatest queen that ever lived!"

"And there was a real girl knight in history, too," said Cecily. "Joan of Arc wore armor and fought and saved France. I 'm sure she looked just like you, Jean. I 'm going to call you Joan of Arc! Miss Carlton says we can *fight our* troubles and other people's too. So we 'll try to conquer the trouble and unhappiness in the world, and that 's the way we 'll *better* the world."

"And we 'll form a society of girl knights," Jean went on, "and we 'll have a sword that 'll conquer all our enemies, like the magic spear in the legend. I like a sword better than a spear, don't you? It sounds so victorious! You think of a general leading on to victory with his sword. Well, we must bind ourselves to love each other always, you know, and Miss Carlton wants us to be on the lookout to do all the kind things we can. So our sword will be the sword of love and kind-heartedness. We 'll have it a silver sword. Father told me that silver is the symbol of love and gold the symbol of truth. We can call ourselves the Order of the Silver Sword."

"Order of the Silver Sword! That sounds splendid!" cried Phyllis.

"And you know King Arthur's sword was named Excalibur," said Jean. "Well, we 'll name our sword Caritas; that 's the Latin for love."

"Why, *amo* means to love, child," Mildred corrected. "*Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, amanti!*"



"WE CAN CALL OURSELVES THE ORDER OF THE SILVER SWORD," SAID JEAN.

"*Amo, amas, amat* means the falling-in-love kind of love," Jean explained, "but *caritas* means the other kind; the higher sort of love. It means charity and kind-heartedness. I studied it out

and then I asked Miss Carlton. Well, if you like the idea, we 'll be the Order of the Silver Sword. And the head of the order will be the Queen, and we 'll elect a new queen every year."



"Then she 'll be a *president*," observed Maud.

"Yes, of course; but you have to say *queen* to make it old-timey. The president and her knights would sound too funny! And the officers will be the princesses. The secretary can be the Princess of the Scroll, and the treasurer can be the Princess of the Treasure. And the rest of us will be the maids of honor, but we 'll all of us—Queen and all—be girl knights, warrior maidens."

"That 's just the thing for me!" broke in Hilda Hastings. "My name means *battle maid*."

"Does Hilda mean battle maid? Oh, but that 's just perfect!" exclaimed Jean. "Battle maid sounds ever so much better than girl knight. Let 's call ourselves *battle maids*, shall we?"

"But you have n't said anything about the badges, Jean," said Betty. "We 're going to have the darlinest badges!"

"Yes," said Jean. "You know we must have a shield as well as a sword, and the two together will make a lovely badge. And don't you think it would be beautiful, if the sword 's silver, to have the shield gold?"

"Lovely!" said Thekla.

"So we 'll have the golden shield of truth," continued Jean. "That will mean that we 're going to be true to each other, and true to what is right. And truth is *veritas* in Latin,—I looked it up. So we 'll name our shield *Veritas*. And our badge will be a golden shield with a silver sword across it; and the motto will be '*Caritas et Veritas*.'"

"Don't you think it 's a terribly solemn kind of a society?" ventured Mildred.

"Oh, no, because we 're going to have lots of fun in it, too!" declared Jean. "We 'll have meetings every week and always get up something jolly to do. And we can give entertainments for charity. We might act a play some time!"

"And we must have initiations," said Betty.

"Initiations are loads of fun," said Frances. "We can play all sorts of tricks and scare each other to death, almost!"

The gleam of silver swords and golden shields, the martial tone of the enterprise, and the prospect of initiations and entertainments kindled the zeal of the company in general, and from frisky Frances to ponderous Blanche every one expressed her readiness to enlist.

"Now," said Cecily, when the recruits had been enrolled, "first of all we 'll have to call a meeting to elect our officers. Oh, and Jean, do get us your list of rules. Jean 's written out a beautiful set of rules."

"I have n't had time to finish copying them.

I 'll do it right away. It won't take me five minutes," said Jean. She whispered something in Cecily's ear and left the room.

"I 'm going to give out my birthday souvenirs while we 're waiting," said Cecily, and she and Betty took from the table the dainty candy baskets and distributed them among the guests. To the handle of each basket was tied with a pink ribbon a card bearing the name of the girl who received it, and an accompanying bit of verse.

"Why, I did n't know you could write poetry!" exclaimed Phyllis, looking up from her card.

"P'raps I can and p'raps I can't," replied Cecily. "P'raps I promised not to tell who wrote them!"

"I know who wrote them!" said Hilda. "It was Jean, so you might as well own up. She 's the only one of us all who could do it."

"Yes, it was Jean," said Betty. "I did n't promise not to tell."

"She asked me to give out the baskets while she was out of the room," said Cecily, "so she would n't have to listen to her own poems."

"My, is n't she funny! I should think she 'd be so proud she could write!" said Phyllis. "Just listen to mine, girls, it 's too dear for anything!" And she read:

"Airy and high,  
Under the sky,  
Is the nest where the orioles flit and fly.  
Sweet Phyllis, rest,  
And be a guest  
At the afternoon tea in the Orioles' Nest."

"Cecily ought to have read hers first, because it 's her birthday," said Betty. "Read yours now, Cece," and Cecily read:

"Saint Cecilia, hail to thee  
On this happy day!  
May 'st thou sorrow never see,  
But from every care be free!  
May thy life all sunshine be!  
Storm-clouds, keep away!"

"May the birds their sweetest sing  
On this birthday bright!  
May good fairies on the wing  
All their gifts most royal bring,  
And, to crown their offering,  
Joyous dreams to-night!"

"Now listen to mine," said Betty:

"Oh, good Queen Bess, in days of yore,  
A shocking temper had!  
She stamped her foot upon the floor  
Whenever she was mad.

"She frowned a most terrific frown,  
And tore her hair so red,

And brought her golden scepter down  
On Walter Raleigh's head!

"But here we have a good Queen Bess  
Who rules us with a smile,  
Her heart is full of gentleness  
And sunshine all the while.

"She ne'er was known to box our ears;  
She never pulls our hair.  
Oh, let us give three hearty cheers  
For *our* Queen Bess so fair!"

"Why, that 's simply fine!" exclaimed Maud.  
Rhyme after rhyme was read and received  
praise that would have set the poet's pale cheeks  
glowing again, could she have heard.

"Why don't you two read your poems?" Cecily  
demanded of Frances and Adela, who had sat  
whispering over their cards without joining in  
the applause.

"We Mouses are too ashamed," said Frances.  
"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I 'm really and truly  
ashamed of myself! I made Jean hopping mad  
yesterday; I illustrated her composition with  
giraffes—giraffe 's my name for her, you know,  
—she 's so tall and lanky! And now just hear  
what a duck of a thing she 's given *me*! I 'm  
going to call her Giraffe the Generous!" And  
she read:

"Oh, welcome, bright-eyed Frisky,  
You brown and tricky Mouse!  
Come in and nip and taste and sip,  
At tea in the Orioles' house.

"We need you at our party  
To frolic and frisk and play,  
For the merriest treat would be incomplete  
If the Brown Mouse stayed away."

"Mine 's a dear, too," said Adela. "Listen:

"O lily-white Mouse, we are glad to see  
You have crept from the Mouse Hole to come to  
our tea!  
We know your fondness for sugar and spice  
And birthday parties and all things nice.  
So nibble your candies; no cat will molest  
The Mouse that is safe in the Orioles' Nest."

"I 'll tell you why she 's so nice to you," said  
Cecily. "It 's because she 's using the sword  
Caritas! And you 'll have to stop teasing her  
after this if you wish to belong to the order!  
I 'm going to tell her we 're all through; and  
please everybody be nice to her when she comes  
back." She left the Orioles' Nest and went up-  
stairs to Jean's room, "Castle Afterglow," as  
Jean had sentimentally named it while gazing  
out at a sunset. Cecily walked in, stopped short  
and stared, the spectacle which met her aston-  
ished gaze banishing all thought of battle maids  
and their silver swords.

"Why Jean!" she exclaimed, "what on earth are  
you doing? Are you house-cleaning?" For Jean  
was sitting on the floor of Castle Afterglow, sur-  
rounded by all her worldly goods. Dresses and  
school-books, petticoats and writing pads, shoes  
and ribbons, Sunday hat and tennis racket, all  
lay in one chaos. Bureau drawers were tilted  
forward, empty and threatening to fall out. The  
desk had been emptied and a snowfall of papers  
was sprinkled about the room. Jean met Cecily's  
amused look with a glare.

"I 've been robbed!" she said, in a tragic tone.

"Robbed?" cried Cecily.

"Yes, robbed, robbed, *robbed*," Jean repeated.

"And I know who did it, too."

"Who?" asked Cecily, thinking of the new  
housemaid.

"That contemptible Adela Mears."

"Jean, are you crazy! The idea of any girl at  
our school stealing! You ought to be ashamed  
of yourself!"

"I call it stealing, to come into my room when  
nobody 's here and take away my book!"

"Oh, is that all? She borrowed a book?"

"*Borrowed!* She *stole* it to torment me, and  
I 'll never forgive her!"

"What book was it?"

"The book with all my writings," moaned the  
authoress of fourteen.

"The book she saw you writing in when she  
hid in your closet?" asked Cecily.

Jean nodded disconsolately. "I 'd scribbled  
the rules for the order in the end of the book,  
and I had n't quite finished copying them out  
nicely to read to the girls when I had to go down  
to the party. And when I came up-stairs just  
now, to finish them, I found the book was gone."  
Then she started to her feet. "I 'm going for  
Adela this very minute!"

Cecily caught Jean and held her tight. "Wait,  
*please* wait," she begged. "I don't believe she 's  
taken it at all. It 's probably under some of your  
things."

"No, it 's not," answered Jean, as Cecily began  
to fish in the conglomerate mass on the floor.  
"I 've hunted through everything. And I know  
it 's Adela, because she 's been simply crazy to  
find out what 's in my book. I 'd *die* before I 'd  
show it to *her*. Oh, the mean, hateful thing!  
I 'm going for her! Let go of me, Cecily!"

But Cecily held on. "Please! Jean, please!"  
she begged. "You don't want to spoil our party,  
do you? Let me go for you, and if she *has* taken  
it I 'll make her give it back. But if *you* fly at  
her and then you find she has n't, you 'll feel so  
silly."

"She *has* taken it."



"Well, any way, let me go for you, and you pick up your things. Miss Sargent will give you a big scolding if she finds your room like this."

Jean knelt down again amid the chaos, but she asked anxiously: "*You* won't look at my book if you find it, will you?"

"I should think not!" answered Cecily, indignantly. "But why are you so afraid to have anybody see it?"

"Why, Cecily, it has all my most secret thoughts!" replied Jean tragically.

"What do you mean? Is it a journal?"

"I began it as a journal," said Jean. "But I kept forgetting to write it up. So I began putting in all kinds of stuff; rhymes and stories and lots of nonsense; and I've written many things that I would n't have anybody see for the world. To think of her reading it all and making fun of it!"

"Oh, she could n't be so mean! And I don't

*much* think she 's taken it," said Cecily, refusing to believe in such villainy; but Jean picked up a little linen handkerchief.

"Look there!" she cried. "It 's *Frances!*"

Cecily examined the innocent bit of white and saw on the hem "*Frances E. Browne*" marked in indelible ink. She looked at it in dismay.

"It was both of them! I 'll speak my mind to them now!" And Jean sprang to her feet.

"No, no! Go to their *room* first. They must have left it there," said Cecily.

"Yes, that 's what I 'll do!" exclaimed Jean. "I 'll get it first and then I 'll settle them!"

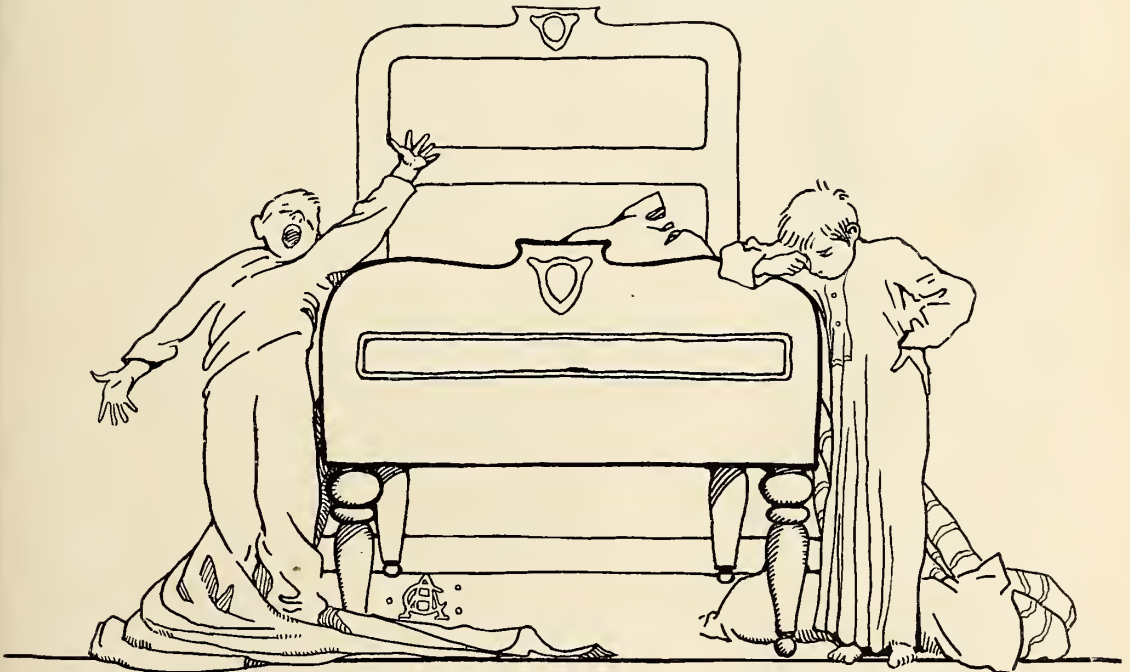
They went down together to the floor below and invaded the Mouse Hole, searching in every nook, but that precious volume was nowhere to be seen. "*I'm going now!* I 'll *make* them give it to me!" Jean's eyes flashed fire. She turned and found peeping in at the door, Frances and Adela.

*(To be continued.)*

## MEM. 7 A. M.

*(An abbreviated limerick)*

BY FREDERICK MOXON



Two boys went to bed the last day of Nov.  
And stayed there until the next first of Dec.

They went on a Sun.

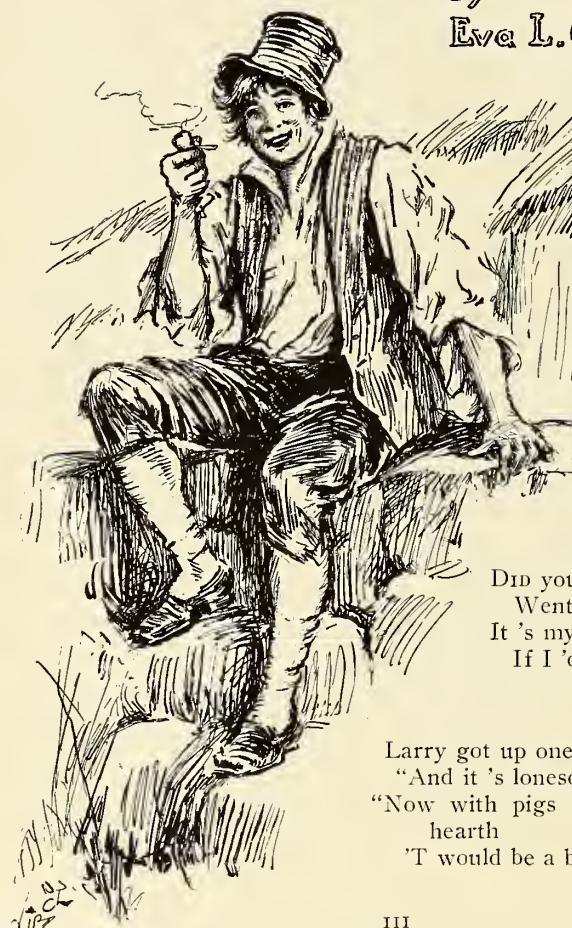
Came back on a Mon.

But where they crossed midnight they could not rem.

# Larry O'Keefe

The  
Good-natured Man.

by  
Eva L. Ogden.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

I

DID you hear of the time when Larry O'Keefe  
Went to the Donnybrook fair?  
It 's myself would have been after going  
If I 'd had a sixpence to spare.

II

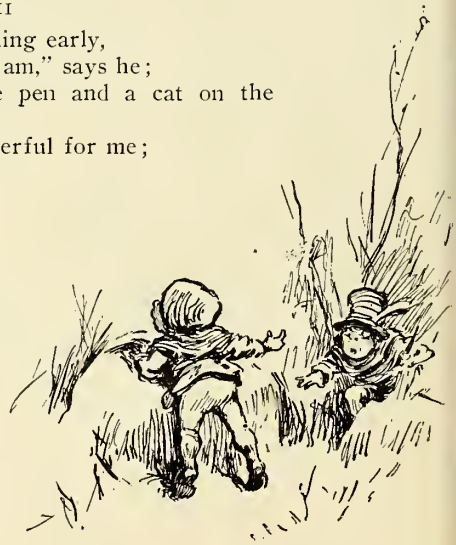
Larry got up one morning early,  
"And it 's lonesome I am," says he;  
"Now with pigs in the pen and a cat on the  
hearth  
'T would be a bit cheerful for me;

III

"So it 's off to the fair I 'll be going,  
To bargain as best I can."  
And he donned the high hat and the  
long-tailed coat  
Befitting a gentleman,

IV

And, it 's on to the fair he was walking,  
When the Widdy McCarty espied  
His hat forninst her old cabin,  
And, "Larry, O Larry!" she cried.





V

"I 've the price of a cow in my kerchief,  
But I never can get to the fair;  
Will ye buy her for me, Larry, darlint?  
'T will be aisy enough whin you 're there."



"WILL YE BUY HER FOR ME, LARRY, DARLINT?"

VI

"It 's proud I will be," answered Larry.  
And the kerchief he put in his hat;  
But he counted soft on his fingers:  
"A cow, two pigs, and a cat."



VII

Just beyant, lame old Shamus was waiting,  
And, "Larry, boy, bring me," said he,  
"A drawing of tay for the woman,  
And a bit of tobaccy for me;"

VIII

"And if ye should see a goose, Larry,  
Going cheap, just drive it along."  
"Tea, 'baccy, a cow, two pigs, and a cat.  
And a goose (if it 's sold for a song)."



"JUST BEYANT, LAME OLD SHAMUS WAS WAITING."

IX

On the footbridge stood Peggy O'Brien,  
 With a shawl thrown over her head;  
 And, "My churn 's given out entirely!  
 Will ye bring me another?" she said.

X

"And ribands and sweets for the childer,  
 Good-natured man that ye be."  
*"A cow, two pigs, ribands, 'baccy, a churn,  
 A goose, and a drawing of tea."*

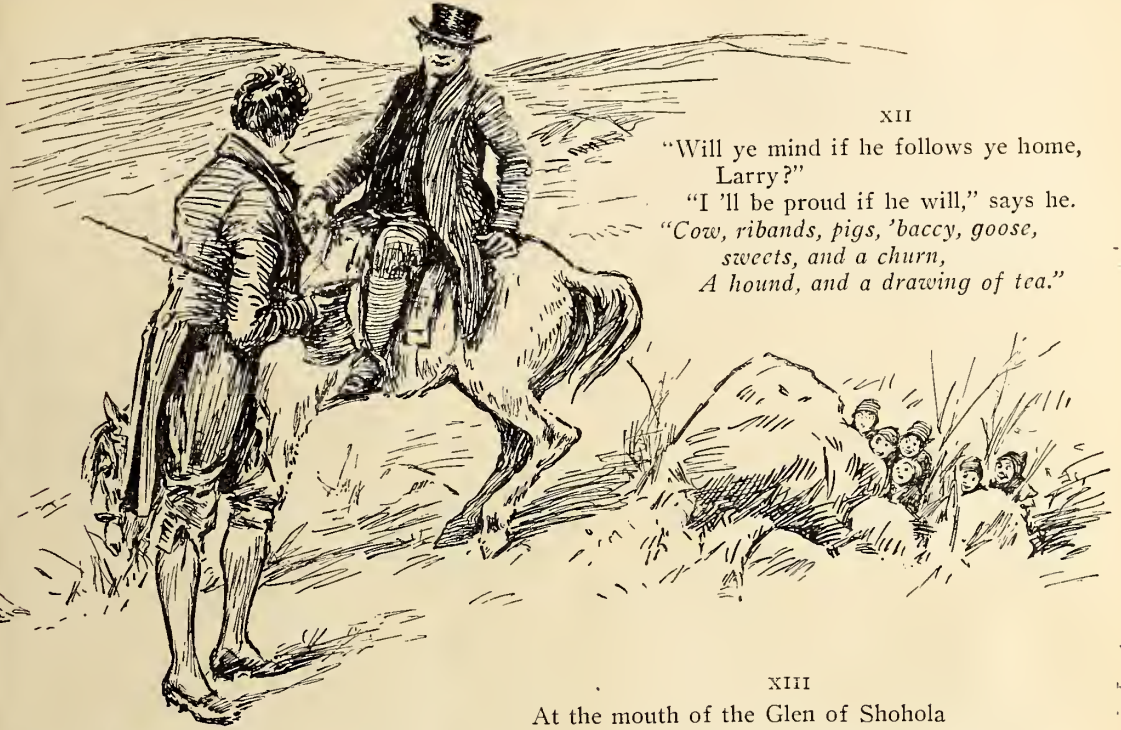


"ON THE FOOTBRIDGE STOOD PEGGY O'BRIEN."

XI

Scarce a mile had he gone when he met with the priest;  
 "I 'm called to the hills," said he.  
 "And my father's first cousin's wife's grandson has sent  
 A hound to the fair for me;





XII

"Will ye mind if he follows ye home,  
Larry?"

"I 'll be proud if he will," says he.  
"Cow, ribands, pigs, 'baccy, goose,  
sweets, and a churn,  
A hound, and a drawing of tea."

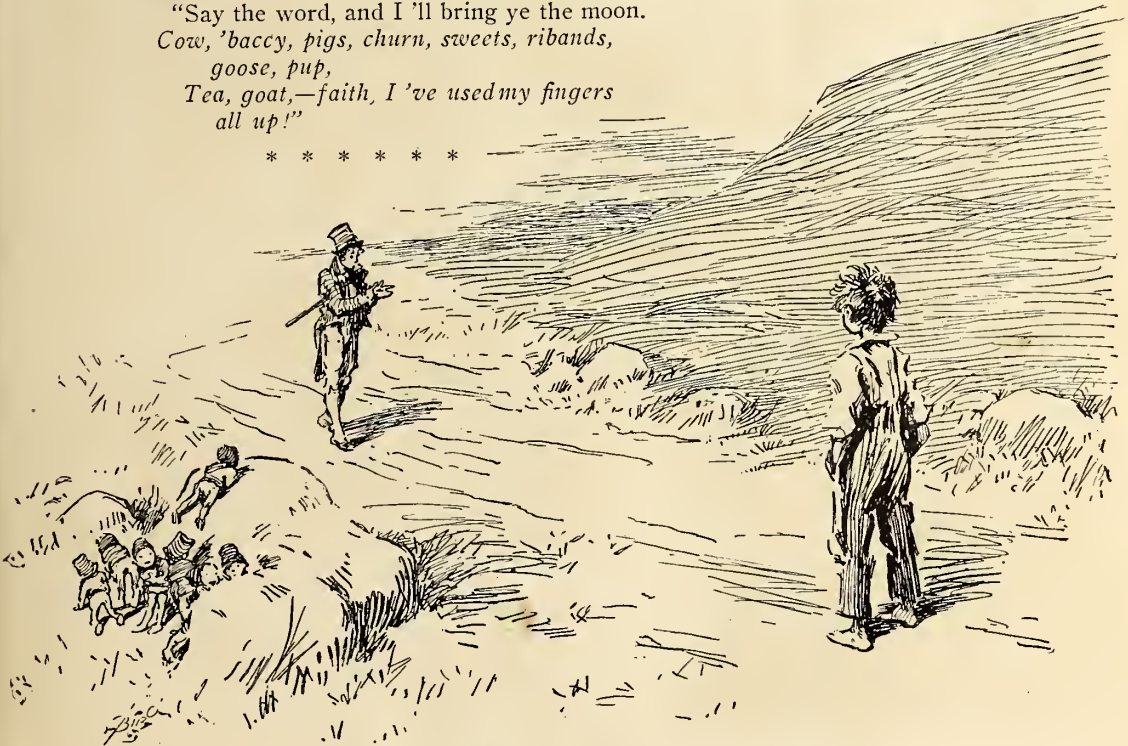
XIII

At the mouth of the Glen of Shohola

"WILL YE MIND IF HE FOLLOWS YE HOME, LARRY?" . . . Stood Paddy McQuade's gossoon;  
"Will ye bring me a goat from the fair, Larry?"

"Say the word, and I 'll bring ye the moon.  
Cow, 'baccy, pigs, churn, sweets, ribands,  
goose, pup,  
Tea, goat,—faith, I 've used my fingers  
all up!"

\* \* \* \* \*



"WILL YE BRING ME A GOAT FROM THE FAIR, LARRY?"

## XIV

The sun was high in the heavens,  
 Though the sky was a bit overcast,  
 When Larry O'Keefe with his bargains  
 Started for home at last;

## XV

The cow of the Widdy McCarty  
 Walked far ahead on the track;  
 To her right foreleg was tethered the goose,  
 And the churn was tied on her back;

## XVI

The cat, upon Larry's shoulder,  
 Spat at the dog at his heel;  
 Ye could count the pigs no more than ye could  
 The spokes of a flying wheel;

## XVII

When the goat was n't urging them forward  
 He was butting the goose, or the cow;  
 And the strings with which Larry had tied them  
 Were snarled as ye could n't think how;



"LARRY O'KEEFE WITH HIS BARGAINS."



## XVIII

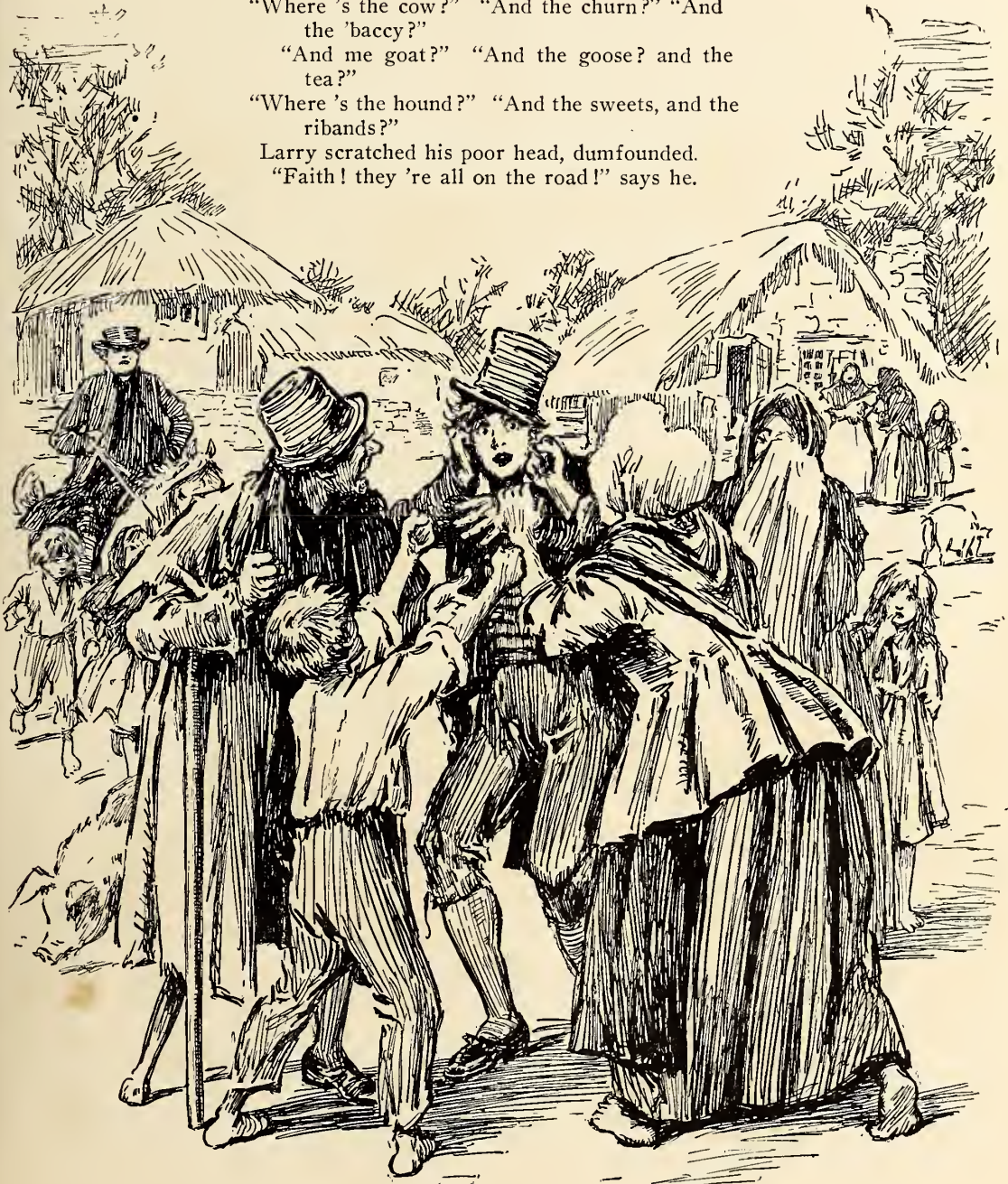
Larry's pockets were stuffed with bundles,  
 "And I 'm starting betimes," says he;  
 "For I 'm thinking there 'll be small room on the  
 road  
 For anything else but me!"

## XIX

The sun had scarce set when the neighbors  
 Met, by the Blowing Stone,  
 With Larry O'Keefe, empty-handed,  
 And, barring his pigs, alone.

## XX

"Where 's the cow?" "And the churn?" "And  
 the 'baccy?"  
 "And me goat?" "And the goose? and the  
 tea?"  
 "Where 's the hound?" "And the sweets, and the  
 ribands?"  
 Larry scratched his poor head, dumfounded.  
 "Faith! they 're all on the road!" says he.



# A SON OF THE DESERT

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

## CHAPTER IV NATURAL JUSTICE

COMMANDANT GENERAL HEWATT swung open the heavy iron door and allowed his eager ward to enter, but he himself kept close behind, to guard against possible dangerous surprises. There seemed little to be feared, however; the commandant's large, powerful figure far outclassed the delicate lines of the young Arab's frame.

When the two visitors entered, the prisoner drew himself up and crossed his arms on his breast, with a look of quiet confidence, which deepened into simple boyish delight and surprise as Ted Leslie advanced, with a smile, and held out the fresh fragrant roses.

The commandant's trained eye was upon the prisoner. But the condemned youth showed neither surly ill-will nor yet servile gratification at the offer of the flowers, but, instead, a frank delight, as he took them.

"They are the smiles of Allah; my soul rejoices in them"; he said, not bowing, but standing erect and dignified.

With an answering look of friendliness, Ted asked: "By what name art thou called?"

"Is not my father Abou-Kader, of the tribe of Ababdeh?" responded the young man without hesitation; "and I his eldest son, Achmed?" Then he added, with a proud look in his dark eyes, "I am a Bedouin."

There was such an absence, in his manner, of the usual convict "grumpiness," that his questioner was not quite ready for his next move, and, somewhat hastily said: "You have . . . you have . . . slain . . . somebody?" Then he felt ashamed at his bare clumsy inquiry. But the reply was given, again, without hesitation.

A light came into the young Bedouin's eyes; his face took on, as he spoke, not a tinge of brutality, but an expression of exaltation.

"Allah be praised, my enemy was given into my hands. Upon me was laid the great burden. My heart yearns to go to my father and say 'Rest now! The slayer of your child has himself been slain. These hands have done it.'"

Ted Leslie started back because of the flash of light which burst upon him. And as for the stern commandant, his frown relaxed a little, for he saw that the case was complicated. "Here we strike against the old law of the desert"; he remarked, pulling uneasily at his mustache.

The three stood in silence for a few moments. Achmed, the Bedouin, was looking from one to the other of his visitors, with a confident, expectant expression on his face. He was waiting for them to show their sympathy in his triumph.

"It is . . . it is wrong to kill a human being," ventured Ted.

"You speak true words," responded Achmed, earnestly. "And tenfold more wrong is it to kill an innocent child."

"Did your enemy kill a child?" asked Ted.

The prisoner choked as he replied, in a low voice, and bending forward; "My little brother."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ted, now losing his reserve.

General Hewatt bit at his under lip, nervously, and asked: "How was it?"

"He came to our camp, he, our enemy; but he was not then our enemy," said young Achmed, speaking slowly. "My father welcomed him, gave him food to eat and water to drink. He went in and out among us; his strength came back to him; his black heart had been bleached by hunger and thirst, but when his strength returned, then returned also the blackness of his heart. He sought to steal my brother and carry him to the slave-market of Fayum; and when he was pursued, he slew him and escaped. Yes, he killed my brother, my playmate. The crescent moon in the sky of my youth was blotted out.

"We knew who had done the deed; he who had tasted our salt had repaid us thus. My old father groaned in the night watches. Then I knew my task. Allah laid on me the burden."

The deep, dark eyes were like fire, as his words came forth faster and faster. "I tracked the dog; I ate little and I slept not at all, until I found him; and when I found him . . ." In the intensity of his feelings he had forgotten his listeners; his lithe body quivered with excitement. "Ah, when I found him . . ."

He suddenly recollected where he was, and his rigid posture relaxed, his words ceased. He drew a long breath, passed his hand across his eyes, folded his arms, and looked at his visitors with quiet confidence, expecting approval. They, for their part, looked constrainedly at each other; the same feeling was in both their hearts. They could not help feeling they had listened to the recital of a brother's vengeance according to the law of the desert.

Ted's young eyes gave convincing evidence of



his warm sympathy; but the general's face did not relax its stern bearing.

The young Arab stood erect, expectant.

"When shall I go," he asked quietly, "and bear my message to my father? I would dry his tears, and make his nights peaceful."

"Poor chap!" muttered the commandant, in English.

The young prisoner had acted according to the law of his race, the only law he knew; he was now trusting blindly to that English justice which had made itself felt, directly or by hearsay, over all the Arabian desert.

The commandant's voice broke in upon Ted's thoughts:

"Come, come!" he said, "we must be going."

The voice was so hoarse and inarticulate that it strengthened the resolution which, on the instant, was born in Ted's generous heart.

"General Hewatt," he said, "it does seem as if somebody must tell this poor fellow the hard truth. Somebody must explain to him just where he stands, before the law."

Then Ted ventured a point further and said, "I wish you would leave me alone with this boy. . . . I will try to make his position clear to him."

The commandant stepped a pace away and stared at his impulsive young friend. Then he glanced at the refined face of the Bedouin and he said: "Very well, my boy, I will do it." And he strode from the cell, his feet ringing sharply upon the stone pavement, and along the corridors; and silence followed, as he descended the iron stairway to the floor below.

Then the young visitor knew that he must say, as plainly as he could, the hard thing which he had taken upon himself to say; and he spoke, quietly, firmly. "You do not quite understand Achmed. You are accused, yes, and have been convicted in court by a law of the English, that he who kills must give up his own life."

The young Arab made no sign; he listened, standing calmly like a young prince. He acted as if his visitor were talking about some person other than himself. "Don't you understand this?" Ted continued.

"I understand," he presently replied, with a smile, "that you are speaking of wicked people. What are they to the son of Abou-Kader?"

"But the law says," continued Ted, nervously, "that anybody, any man,—no matter who he is, who slays another, must—must himself be put to death."

The young Bedouin gravely inclined his head, and his face grew stern. "That is right. That is why I killed the dog of a Sudanese."

"Oh, no! You do not yet understand," pro-

tested Ted. "The English law in Egypt says that every man who plans to kill another man, and does it, must himself be put to death."

"Ah, I understand," said Achmed. "The man who put the murderer to death might be a wicked man; then it would be right to kill him also."

"Yes and I also understand this," the Bedouin went on, earnestly, "that the English are a just people. Has not my father told us that the English brought justice into Egypt, where only wrong ruled before? Will not just men rejoice, therefore, that a cruel murderer is slain?"

On that point of natural right this son of the desert took his stand.

"When will they set me free?" he presently asked, with dignity, "that I may go and make glad the hearts of my people?"

Ted could not repress a sigh. He saw the nobility of the youth's untutored nature. He knew that he was partly in the right; yet he knew, also, that the machinery of the law would grind relentlessly on. He was deeply moved by the thought of this mere boy's impending fate; Achmed's confidence in the justice of English law only added a keener pang to Ted's pity. And in addition Ted felt keen disappointment at his own failure. "I will ask the commandant," he said quietly, now moving toward the door, "to explain this to you. Perhaps he can make it clearer." Then a surge of generous pity made him gaze wistfully at the Bedouin youth as if begging him to understand. But in the clear desert eyes there dwelt such a light of utter composure and confidence, that Ted saw how vain was the wish.

As he stood at the door of the cell, he asked: "Is there anything I can do for you?" It was a formal inquiry, addressed to one who seemed in need of everything—clothing, friends, life itself.

The prisoner moved a step nearer, and a look of perplexity came into his face. His lips parted, then closed again. He glanced up at the window, and around the cell. "Could my friend tell me," he asked, "which is the direction of the East? Toward Mecca? I came here in the night, and the turnings of the path were many. I would like to know in what quarter is the East. For," he added, "toward the East I must face during my prayers."

Ted showed him the points of the compass and then asked again: "Is there anything more I can do for you?"

Again the dark face of the young Arab changed. An expression of child-like shyness came over it. "I would be glad," he said, "if my friend can do it, I would be very glad to have

some date-stones"; and he blushed and added, with a charming candor, "my little brother and I often played games with date-stones."

The shy request was so simple, so far removed from the artificial standards of English or American life, that Ted, for a moment, did not understand. There stood the sinewy youth who had slain a human being and had rejoiced in it, —and asked, like a child in its nursery, for a few date-stones as playthings.

Glad, indeed, to be able to gratify him, Ted promised to send the date-stones at once; and, with a sigh of disappointment at the failure of his sad mission, he went out, and the waiting guard slowly turned the key; the bolt of the lock seemed to snap viciously in its socket, like a snarling wolf, angry that any attempt had been made to snatch from it its prey.

## CHAPTER V

### THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

WITHIN an hour, Ted had sent the date-stones, but he was not willing to rest content with so slight a service; he was both vexed by the failure of his visit to the cell, and goaded by his keen pity for the young prisoner. He could think of little else, amid his daily duties and diversions, except that hopeful, artless youth, with death impending over him.

The feeling took root in Ted's heart that so bold and fine a spirit ought not to die, and need not die. If only the general would go to Cairo, and—but Ted stopped short in his dreaming; he knew the general's deep respect for the law.

If by any remote possibility anything could be done, Ted must do it.

The generous lad was pondering thus when a message came; the Arab prisoner had asked to have him come again to the hospital quarters. Ted responded at once to the summons. When he entered the open court, or yard, surrounding the hospital, he saw the prisoner, held firmly in the grasp of three Sudanese, while the prison-armorers, with his small portable anvil, and chains, and hammers, stood near, coolly waiting.

"What is the matter, Achmed?" he asked promptly.

Achmed did not reply in words, but glanced angrily at the robust black fellows who held him, and then at his friend.

"Take your hands off him," Ted said, gently, to the Sudanese. "I will be surety for his quiet behavior." And they obeyed grumblingly.

Then Achmed, shaking himself like a dog coming out of the Nile, spoke rapidly.

"I will not be chained like a mad camel!

They wished to fasten me, me, the son of Abou-Kader, with those iron bands and chains. I will not submit. I have submitted long enough; I yielded at Cairo because they told me it was right that I should; but I will no longer yield; and these dogs of Sudanese, their hands defile me. I loathe them."

He was a magnificent picture of indignation and defiance as he stood there, the center of the group; there was a proud scorn in his dark eyes, and in his pose and gestures, which made the other men shrink and stammer. Ted needed no words of theirs to make the situation clear. The American lad replied, soothingly, to Achmed: "The commandant has told me that you have a wound on your back; he thinks that it will heal more quickly out here in the open air, than in a cell; but the law of the prison is, Achmed, that if you are given the freedom of the yard, you must have these irons put on you. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, my friend, I understand," was his quick reply; "but I will remain in my cell with my wound unhealed, rather than wear these manacles. The son of Abou-Kader would rather die than submit to them."

Ted's face grew troubled. He knew that Achmed had a Moslem's contempt for death, and he could appreciate, as grosser natures could not, his fine sense of disgrace at being chained "like a mad camel." Still, Ted felt sure that the open air was the place for the desert's son; how could he persuade him?

"Achmed," exclaimed Ted impulsively, throwing out his hands, "Achmed, you must submit, this once, at least. I beg you to allow these men to do their work. It is for your good. You are in danger and you do not seem to know it. You must not disobey any order. I shall try—I shall try—but you must help—must help." His voice trembled, and he motioned the young Arab to seat himself on the ground.

Ted's evident eagerness, and earnestness, effected what reasoning or threatening could never have done. The youth was awed by his vehemence; he had the inborn chivalry of the Bedouin character. His countenance lost its fierce expression, and he said quietly:

"What my kind friend wishes, Achmed wishes; what my friend asks him to do, that he will do." And he at once seated himself, submissively, looking not at armorers or guards, but at Ted, wonderingly, trustfully, like a child.

The experienced armorer deftly slipped an open iron ring about each of the prisoner's ankles; then, with a few sharp blows of his hammer, he riveted the ends of the rings together;



a chain, about five feet long, connected the two rings, and this chain was to be carried, as by all the outdoor convicts, looped up and fastened at the waist; it did not wholly prevent walking, it merely restricted it.

Achmed submitted quietly, almost like one in a trance; yet there was fire in his eyes, and the Sudanese were cautious in moving about him. But he noticed them not; his soul was stirred at the evident honest sympathy of his young American friend; Ted's great pity was written plainly on his face, and Achmed felt its generous bestowal, and was grateful, with all the gratitude and constancy of an Arab's heart.

The next day Ted Leslie carried out the bold, unprecedented plan which he had decided upon in the night as he had tossed sleeplessly upon his bed. Notwithstanding the fact that he was really an invalid, and weak, and had a bad headache, and that the prison surgeon had told him he should keep quiet, impetuous, generous Ted Leslie went away to Cairo on the early train. Had General Hewatt been in the guard-room, as was his morning custom, very likely he would have put searching questions, as he passed, and probably would have forbidden the lad to carry out his bold plan. But the general was down by the Nile, superintending the unloading of a felucca which had just come from Alexandria, laden with jute; and the resolute young fellow took his departure unhindered.

The exact details of his interview with the officials at Cairo were never told, but there was some surprise as he made known his errand.

Lord Cromer himself was the personage whom he first sought; but those were the troublous days of '97, when the wise, just autocrat of Egypt was showing the crafty Mahdi that he could be outgeneraled by the steady, sure advance of British retribution.

So there was considerable confusion in the war-office of Cairo as Ted Leslie made his inquiries at several desks. Much to his disappointment, Lord Cromer himself was not to be seen. But an authorized subordinate, wearing a tarboosh, and pulling violently at his mustache, finally gave the necessary paper; and Ted Leslie went back to Tourah with a written assurance that the prisoner would not be executed "at present." That was the most favorable form of reprieve which he could obtain.

Achmed learned, a few days later, in an interview with the blunt prison surgeon, that he was likely to be executed, in Cairo, sooner or later. And after that interview, the lad grew very thoughtful, and was more than ever reserved. He was as greatly perplexed as ever

over the strange workings of the English law, which he had been taught was the highest form of justice ever known in Egypt; but he now realized that his life was likely to be demanded of him—although how soon no one could tell—even the noble young American who had proved so staunch a friend.

## CHAPTER VI

### A PECULIAR FAREWELL

THUS the days passed. Achmed's injured back entirely healed. He walked restlessly about during the greater part of the time, in the open courtyard, but he did not mingle with the other prisoners; he felt a deep aversion to their coarse words and ways, and preferred the solitude of his own thoughts. Ted Leslie saw much of him; they had many hours of conversation together. Impelled by the wish to distract him from dark, brooding thoughts, Ted told him many facts about England and America, and even taught him words and simple sentences in the English language; in learning this he was very apt. Not once did he offend in taste or manners, by word or deed; not once did he seem to forget that he was a prince of the Ababdeh tribe. Ted inferred from his indirect remarks that the coarse prison clothes were very distasteful to him; and he persuaded the commandant to allow him to return to his native garb. This request was assented to by General Hewatt, at first with hesitation; but the young Bedouin had made a favorable impression on him; and the commandant also reflected grimly and sadly that this wearing of his native dress might not be for long.

As soon as Ted had gained from the commandant this concession about the clothing, he hastened to Cairo; and there, in a native market, at the end of the Mouski, he purchased a complete Bedouin costume.

Achmed was delighted at receiving this Arab garb, and expressed his delight in quaint, fanciful Arabic phrases. He was as delighted as a youth could be who was gradually realizing that his life hung by a thread. He brooded deeply over his unhappy position, and more and more he opened his heart to his kind young friend. He never lost faith in English justice, and never quite despaired of the overruling care of "Allah, the Just One."

There was a bare possibility of the commutation of his sentence; but the commandant refused to interfere; he knew how absorbed the English war-office was at that time with the suppression of the wily Mahdi and his fanatical

dervishes. The lamentable fate of Gordon, at Khartum, had embittered every English heart, and the execution of a young Arab murderer, legally condemned, was not likely to arouse much sympathy.

At last the suspense was broken, but not joyfully. One morning a guard of three men, from the Cairo prison, appeared at Tourah, and presented an order for the return of Achmed to Cairo, adding that he was to be executed the next day.

The dreaded summons greatly depressed the general, and brought tears of sympathy and sorrow to his ward's eyes. But, brave lad that Ted was, he asked permission to be himself the bearer of the terrible message to the doomed young Arab.

As he issued from the guard-room into the open air, Ted noticed that a strong, steady wind had arisen, blowing from the west, straight from the Libyan Desert. He thought nothing of it, but made his way at once to the open court of the hospital quarters, where Achmed, by the commandant's kindness, was still allowed to remain.

When the two met, the condemned lad, with quick intelligence, read the sad message in his young friend's face. A few broken sentences, and the hard truth was told him. In the early evening he must go back to Cairo, and must—must be brave enough to meet—whatever might await him.

To Ted's surprise, he did not seem deeply moved by the dreadful message; indeed, Ted now observed, what in his own agitation he had not at first noticed, that the Bedouin youth appeared much excited by some other feeling. And when Ted paused, after brokenly expressing his sympathy, Achmed seemed to forget his presence, and walked nervously up and down, his chains clanking at every stride, while his eager gaze was directed toward the west, whence blew the steady wind from the great desert.

Presently he came close to Ted, bent his deep, dark eyes upon his friend's face and said, in a low, but agitated, tone:

"My brother, it is the *Hkhamseen*; the breath of the desert, and the son of Abou-Kader knows it is calling him. Out of his desert home it has come for him. It has never failed him; it is stern and fierce; but it will save his son."

Ted drew back, perplexed, almost alarmed. Was the poor fellow losing his mind? Had the thought of his dreadful fate unseated his intelligence? Ted's perplexed manner plainly showed that he did not understand the strange youth.

A faint smile came upon the Bedouin's dark, expressive face; the peculiar, remote smile which was so characteristic of his simple, un-schooled nature.

"My brother of the kind heart does not understand," he said, glancing about him, as if fearful of being overheard. "But he will understand soon. The son of the desert could not understand when he kindly tried to warn him; now it is my friend and brother who cannot understand." Then he paused, but in hesitation; he seemed on the point of saying more, yet withheld his words; his lips closed firmly, and he went a few paces away, again faced toward the west, and his thin nostrils dilated as if eagerly drinking in the strong air-current from the great desert.

In a few moments Achmed spoke more gently, yet with vehemence: "The son of Abou-Kader will never forget the English heart that has been so tender toward him in his misfortune, nor the feet that have run on errands of mercy for him, nor the hands that have so often served him." And raising his quivering forefinger, he pointed to his eyes. "By my eyes," he exclaimed, fervently, "I will not forget thee," and, pointing to his heart, "by my heart, my life, I will ever remember thee; I have sworn it. Be thou in Allah's keeping!"

He turned abruptly away, and resumed his long, nervous strides, pausing at times to scan the heavens, and again to open his thin nostrils to the dry, steady wind from the desert.

His burning words amazed the American boy. They seemed like a quaint and earnest farewell, yet there was a triumphant note in their melody which was mysterious. And with mingled sorrow and surprise, Ted Leslie walked slowly out of the courtyard and sought his own room.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE HEART OF THE HKHAMSEEN

ACHMED continued his restless strides up and down the graveled floor of the courtyard. The other prisoners lounged in groups and gossiped; many pairs of curious eyes were upon the doomed lad, for already the news of his immediate transfer to Cairo had spread, and all knew what it signified. The black Sudanese guards, on the broad path of the high walls, paced negligently their prescribed rounds, with loaded rifles, merciless hearts, and quick, sure hands.

But out of the west, becoming stronger and warmer each hour, rushed the great volume of desert air. The *Hkhamseen*, the dreaded "sand-storm," was raging like a demon in the Libyan





"THE PRISONER CROSSED HIS ARMS ON HIS BREAST WITH A LOOK OF QUIET CONFIDENCE."

Desert, and its long arms were reaching out over the narrow, green Nile valley. Even now the keen eyes of the young Bedouin caught glimpses, over the high wall, of that which he was expecting to see; thin wisps of yellow sand, across the Nile, blown up in fantastic curves, as if tossed by invisible fingers. The *Hkhamseen* had risen in its might, and was already renewing its old-time siege of the Pyramids of Dashur and Sakkarah; but those mountains of rock were as invincible as ever, and the baffled storm-demon was marshaling his forces, and flinging them across the Nile. Achmed's heart beat high with hope, as the wind strengthened, and the air began to fill with the fine yellow atoms of the desert.

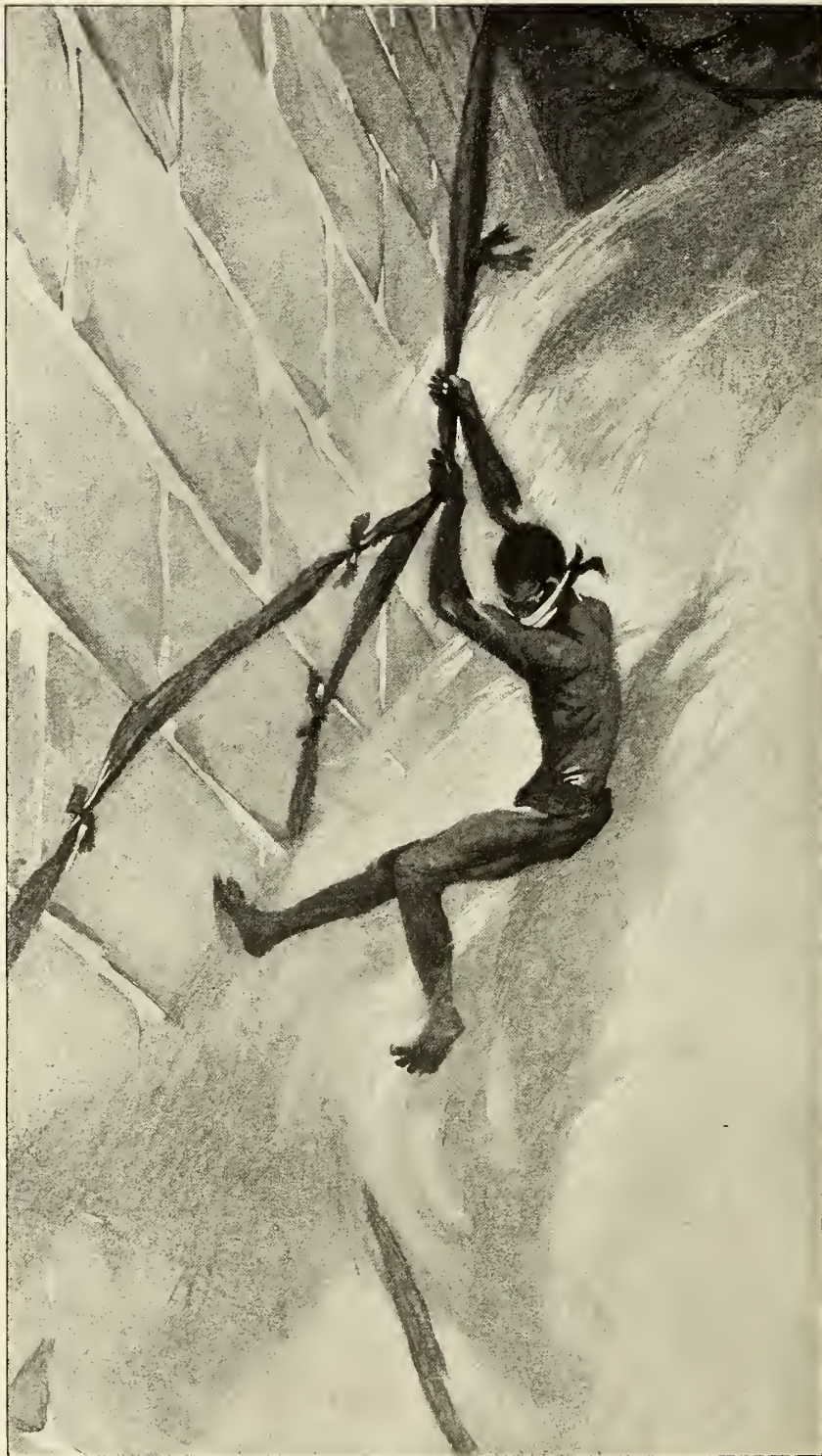
On they came, like an invading pigmy host; a yellowish swirling darkness more and more shrouded all objects, great and small. The fine sand, driven by the powerful wind, penetrated every crack and crevice in its path. Windows of human habitations were hastily closed and shutters were put



up; men spoke in subdued tones; cattle sought shelter; even the stolid guards on the walls of Tourah retired to their turrets; the deadly sand-storm was felt by them to be a sufficient guard against any attempted escape by prisoners. In the little railway-station and in the mud huts outside the prison walls, all human life cowered and waited; the whole world seemed subdued, terrified into silence.

This was the bold, young Bedouin's opportunity; now was come the hour in which was held his future.

He had ceased his nervous strides upon the graveled court, and had retreated to the shed, beneath the wall; the place was deserted, all the other convicts having sought shelter in their cells. The darkness had become so dense that a human form could not be identified ten yards away. Achmed's attitude of impatient waiting was gone; he now became absorbed in eager action. He drew from his waist-cloth some ointment which he had saved from the supplies given him by the prison surgeon; this he applied vigorously to his ankles, rubbing it into the tissues and softening them; for a moment, a look of anxiety came over his face as he



"WITH EASY, STEADY MOTION, HE DRAWS HIMSELF UP, HAND OVER HAND."



prepared to work his small, finely formed feet out of their bonds of iron; had his feet been shaped like those of the *Fellahin*, with ugly, projecting heels, his plan would have failed; but under the strong pressure of his determined grasp the manacles soon slipped from his flesh, and he cast them, with scorn, upon the ground.

The air was now so hot and dense with the fine yellow atoms that breathing was difficult. Drawing from his neck its silk scarf, he dabbled it in a can of drinking-water which was kept upon a shelf under the shed; when thoroughly wet he bound this carefully about his lower face, thus breathing through it the air which it strained of nearly all the sand and dust.

But his eyes were becoming clogged with the pervasive, persistent foe; and he now took from his breast some spectacles of which he had possessed himself, the night before, when a purblind nurse in the hospital ward laid them down; and, having put them on and tied them firmly with a cord, he proceeded to force bits of cotton from the surgeon's stock (supplied to Achmed for his wounded back) around the edges of the lenses. In a few moments his eyes were admirably protected, and he was ready for his final, daring venture.

With rapidity and confidence, shut in by the dense cloud of sand, the wind howling fiercely, as if to voice his defiance of his enemies, he threw off his garments. One after another he threw them off, until he stood naked, save for a loin-cloth, and lithe as a sculptured Perseus. Seizing his robe in his sinewy hands he tore it into long strips; and when this was done, he carefully knotted the ends together. It was the longest part of his task; but his fingers were deft, and the wind was increasing in fury; the air was denser than ever with the showering yellow sand, and the circle of dim light in which he seemed to stand was narrowed to a few feet in diameter.

Now he has finished his difficult work. The long, closely woven rope lies in loops around him, like the sinuous writing of his own Arabic tongue; it spells a message of hope and life to the eager, daring young Arab, as though transcribed from the Koran he loves so well.

Picking up a large pebble from the ground, Achmed ties it into one end of the long rope; then, quickly coiling the rope over his arm, he issues, like a shapely Greek god, from beneath the shed; and with sinewy arms he quickly climbs one of the shed supports and reaches its roof.

The dark, frowning face of the stone wall hangs over him; nearly twenty feet high it still

rises above his head, and its smooth, hard surface seems to defy him. But over the wall, dimly discernible in the dense gloom, stretches the mighty arm of the giant acacia. The young Bedouin knows exactly where it is; he has made careful note of it; he has many a time looked at it, and wondered, and longed—now he is acting upon that knowledge gained.

Holding the coils of the rope carefully free, he swings the end, weighted with the pebble, once or twice about his head, then launches it upward, and waits, with suspended breath.

A dull thud, and the end comes back to him; it has struck the branch, but has not gone over it.

With every muscle drawn like steel wire, yet uttering no exclamation of disappointment, the resolute young Arab again gathers up the long rope, and again makes his throw. Only a dim, blurred transverse line, dark amid the yellowish air, serves to guide his aim. But it is enough; the weighted rope-end comes not back; and Achmed, with a smothered ejaculation, a prayer of thanks to Allah, slowly pays out his end of the line, and now lays hold of the weighted end, which has descended to him.

His eager heart is pounding hard against his brown breast, as if itself a prisoner, seeking to escape; he pauses and listens; human ears, though half-clogged with sand, are now better guides than human eyes, in this thick, spectral gloom. He wonders, a moment, about the guards; he conjectures, for an instant, about the nature of the ground on the other side of the wall. A moment, only, he pauses; then, with easy, steady motion he draws himself up, hand over hand; the well-knotted rope bears safely his light weight, and, in a few seconds, he climbs into the acacia, and draws the trusty rope after him.

Like a human animal, now gone back into the stage of living in trees, he creeps along the great branch, and reaches the massive trunk; he cannot help a thrill, as he passes the line of the wall; it has so long marked the boundary line between himself and his freedom. But it is conquered at last; its lofty, smooth, defiant surface has been humbled; he scorns it, and puts it behind him, with the rest of his hated prison life.

Again looping his strong coil about the lowest outside branch of the mighty acacia, he makes an easy descent; and as he sets his feet on the firm earth, and glances up, he feels as if the great leafy giant, writhing and groaning in the grasp of the *Hkhamseen*, paused for one moment in its struggles and from outstretched arms and pliant fingers bestowed a blessing upon him, a mute prophecy of good fortune to come.

(To be continued.)



## A STOP-OVER CHRISTMAS

BY CLAIRE H. GURNEY

"COME, boys, you will have to jump up now, if you want to get home for Christmas," and papa set the lamp on the table and pushed aside the curtains from the window at the foot of the bed where Russell and Giles lay so covered up by gay-colored patch-work quilts that nothing but the tops of their tousled brown heads could be seen. Russell stretched, turned over, and then snuggled still deeper into the warm bed, but Giles opened his big brown eyes and looked about him.

"Why, farver" (he was an odd little fellow and never said "papa" and "mama" as the other children did, but always "farver" and "muvver"), "why, farver, what makes it so dark when it is time to get up?"

"It 's very early, Boy. Here at the farm they 're not such lazy folks as we are, and besides, it 's snowing hard."

"Snowing! Really, papa?" and Russell opened his eyes and jumping out of bed ran to the window.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "See how fast it 's coming down!" Giles was up in a minute, as eager as his brother, and papa helped him with his buttons (which was quite fair, you know, because he was such a little fellow), so that he was hardly a second behind Russell as they raced down-stairs.

Aunt Clara had breakfast all ready for them as soon as mama came in with Sylvia and Baby Laura. Uncle Tom shook his head as he looked out of the window. "It 's going to be a tough storm, Harold," he said to papa; "you and Margaret and the children had better stay with us over Christmas. Your Aunt Clara and I 'd be more than glad to have you."

"Yes, indeed!" echoed Aunt Clara. "You al-

ways make such little nipping visits that I declare I don't have time to see you before you 're off again."

"We 'd love to stay if we could, Auntie," said Mr. Girdwood, "but you see I promised mother that we 'd take our Christmas dinner with her at home to-morrow, so we must go."

"Your mother would be lonesome without you, that 's true," said Uncle Tom, "but I 'm not so sure as I 'd like to be that you 'll *get* home if this storm continues, and you might just as well be here as snowed up on the railroad. You 'd find that was n't much of a joke with four children and two of 'em nothing but babies.

"Well," he went on after a few minutes, "if you think you must go, we 'll have to start pretty soon for it 'll take nearly an hour to get to the station, and the train is due at ten o'clock."

So the boys put on their overcoats and mittens and pulled their caps down over their ears. Mama and Sylvia put on their cloaks, and Aunt Clara brought shawls and buffalo robes, in one of which papa wrapped Baby Laura so that she looked like an Eskimo baby. Then Jim, the hired man, drove up to the door with Dan and Jerry harnessed into the big double sleigh, and papa and Uncle Tom put them all in,—mama with Baby Laura in her lap and Sylvia and Giles on the back seat, and papa and Uncle Tom and Russell on the front, and away they went, so wrapped up in the fur robes that they could hardly turn around to shout a last good-by to Aunt Clara, who stood at the window waving her handkerchief to them. The snow was getting deep, but Dan and Jerry were strong and pulled steadily, so that they reached the station in time for papa to buy the tickets and



for everybody to say good-by to Uncle Tom before getting on the train.

It was so stormy that very few people were traveling, so that there was plenty of room, and the children amused themselves by looking out of the windows, first on one side of the car and then on the other; but in an hour or two they grew tired of this, for the train was going very slowly and the snow was falling so thick and fast that they could hardly see a bit of the outside world. The wind had begun to blow and every few minutes it would dash against the car, and when occasionally Russell could get a peep through the window he saw that the snow was piling up in great drifts across the track. Laura

ally stopped,—then the engine gave two or three throbs and went jerking forward only to come to another stop, and this time there was no starting again.

"What 's the matter, papa?" said Sylvia.

"Are we snowed in?" asked Russell.

"I 'm afraid so," answered Mr. Girdwood. "I 'll go forward and speak to the conductor."

"May I go with you, papa?"

"Yes," and Mr. Girdwood and Russell went to find him.

When they came back papa looked rather serious. "Yes," he said, in answer to their questions, "we are snowed in and there is no prospect of our getting out at present; the wind is



"'COME ALONG, ONE AND ALL!' SAID MR. BROWN."

and Giles were so sleepy that mama let them lie down on the seats and have a nap; Sylvia tried to amuse herself by making a hat for Laura's doll out of a bit of ribbon that mama found in her bag, and Russell borrowed papa's fountain pen and wrote a letter to his chum, Charlie Potter. The train went slower and slower and fin-

increasing every minute and I think it could n't snow any harder than it is snowing now."

"Then we 're stuck tight, farver?" said Giles, who was now awake.

"Yes, Giles, 'stuck tight.'"

"Won't we ever get home, farver?" and Giles' brown eyes looked very serious indeed.

"Oh, yes, but not as soon as we expected."

"Won't we get home in time for dinner?"

"I'm afraid not. But perhaps mama can give us something to eat. I saw Aunt Clara put a very nice-looking bundle into that bag."

Mama took out the bundle and opened it, and there were enough chicken sandwiches and sponge cake for everybody, even the conductor and brakeman. After they had eaten their luncheon they played games for a while, but as the afternoon wore away they all grew weary. It was about four o'clock when suddenly they heard some one shouting, and in a few minutes there was a great stamping of feet and a hearty laugh and then the door opened and in came the conductor and with him a tall man wearing a leather jacket and high cowhide boots. In his hand was a big basket that he placed on the floor, and then he came along to where papa and Giles were seated. His face was so pleasant and kindly that mama and the children were quite ready to answer to his cheery greeting with a smile. He told them that his name was Brown and that his farm-house was only a short distance from the track, and that when he discovered that the train was blocked he thought he'd come down with "some milk and doughnuts for the folks. But," he went on, "wife, she says to me, 'if there's any women folk on the train bring 'em up to the house, especially if there's children with 'em,' and the conductor says that you are the only woman and that these are the only children on the train, ma'am, and we'd be very glad to have you come up to the house. Of course, you'd come too, sir."

"You are very kind, Mr. Brown," began papa, "but—"

"Oh, papa, *don't* say 'but,'" said Sylvia, "do let us go!"

"Now that's just right," said Mr. Brown, "come along, one and all; the house is big enough and I've a girl and a boy that'll be tickled to pieces to have company. They've got a Christmas tree all ready to light up after supper."

"I'll go with you, Mr. Brown," said Giles.

"Good!" said the farmer, "that's the kind of talk I like."

Mr. Girdwood laughed. "It is a most kind invitation, Mr. Brown, and Mrs. Girdwood and I accept it with pleasure. But will it be possible for these little folks and their mama to get through the snow?"

"Why, I've tunneled through the drifts from the house to the road, and the wind has blown the snow off, till the road's as bare as the back of your hand down here to the tracks and we'll soon dig through this big bank by the train."

So the brakeman and Mr. Brown dug a path to the road, and papa took Laura in his arms, and Mr. Brown took Giles on his shoulder, and off they started for the farm-house. Mama was a little afraid that the train might get started and go off without them, but Mr. Brown reassured her.

"Why, ma'am," he said, "they'll get no snow-plow through this road before morning, and before they'd get that train dug out and started there'd be such a tooting of whistles and blowing off of steam that you'd hear it a mile away. Besides, Jim Pearson,—he's the brakeman,—told me he'd come over and let us know if there was any chance of starting."

Mrs. Brown greeted her company warmly and in a few minutes the children felt as well acquainted with Walter and Esther Brown as though they had known them for years. Walter was a fine boy twelve years old, just Sylvia's age, and Esther was nine, a year younger than Russell.

After they had eaten what Russell and Giles called the best supper that ever was, they all went into the room where the Christmas tree stood. It was decorated with bright tinsel stars and festoons of popcorn and cranberries, and when Mr. Brown lighted the candles it looked very gay and pretty. Sylvia gazed at it a moment, then she whispered to her mother. Mrs. Girdwood smiled and nodded, then she and Sylvia left the room, coming back in a few minutes with some little packages that they handed to Mr. Brown to hang on the tree. What a merry time they had! At papa's suggestion they formed a ring and danced gaily around the tree; then Mr. Brown took the packages down and distributed them. How surprised Russell was to have a fine bow and arrow handed to him! (He did n't know that Walter had taken it from his store of cherished toys.) Sylvia got a lovely photograph of Esther; Giles was made happy by a big paper soldier cap; and Laura had a paper doll that she thought was a marvel of beauty. Then the packages that Sylvia had hung on the tree were taken down and the Browns were surprised in their turn, for there was a tiny parcel marked with Esther's name, which when it was opened proved to be the pretty turquoise ring that Sylvia had quietly slipped from her finger; papa's stylographic pen went into Walter's pocket; and mama had found a dainty handkerchief for Mrs. Brown. Little Giles had insisted upon giving Mr. Brown his most precious possession, a beautiful new knife. Mr. Brown thanked him warmly for it, and told him he should always keep it.

So the evening passed away; they laughed and



talked and ate walnuts and popcorn until Laura was fast asleep in mama's lap, and Esther and Giles found it hard to keep their eyes open, and even the bigger ones were growing sleepy; then off they went to bed. The snow had ceased falling, and as Mrs. Brown drew aside the curtain

hardly say enough to thank Farmer Brown and his wife for their kindness, and the children parted with Walter and Esther with much regret.

"It seems as if we'd always known each other, does n't it?" said Esther, and Sylvia and the others agreed with her.



"WHAT A MERRY TIME THEY HAD!"

they all peeped out and saw the stars shining in the clear dark sky.

"I hope they won't get the snow-plow through for a week," said Walter, as he led Russell into the cozy bedroom they were to share that night.

"So do I," answered Russell; "this is one of the best Christmases I ever had."

But before the sun rose the next morning the great snow-plow, with a gang of men with shovels, had arrived, and there was only time to dress and eat a hurried breakfast before Jim Pearson came running in to say that the train would start in a few minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Girdwood could

"We'll stop and see you next summer, when we go to Uncle Tom's," said Russell.

But papa said that Mr. and Mrs. Brown must surely promise to come to Boston to make a return visit, and bring Walter and Esther with them. And he would n't let Mr. Brown say no.

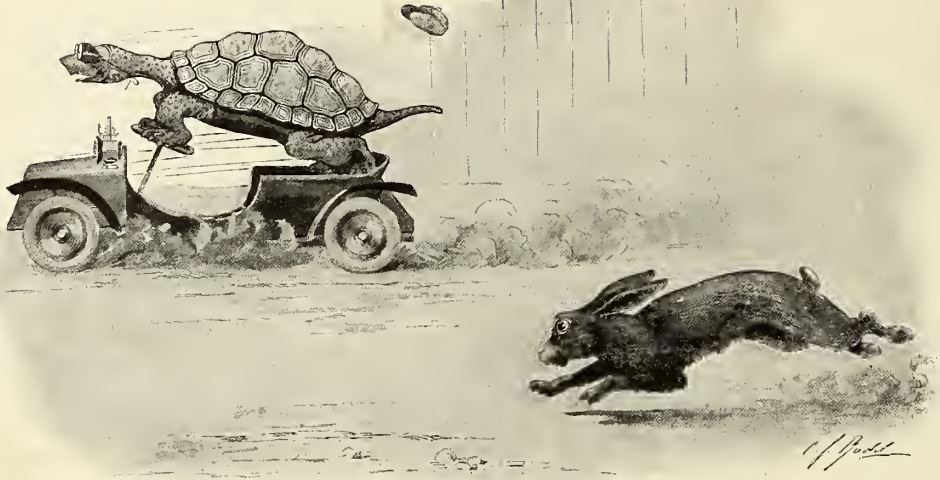
Then the whistle blew long and loud and everybody ran for the train, shouting, "Good-by, good-by, Walter!" "Good-by, Esther."

And slowly the engine moved off, bearing with it the happy little stop-over Christmas travelers in time for them to have their promised Christmas dinner with their grandmother.

# OLD FABLES BROUGHT UP TO DATE

(Just for fun, and with apologies to Æsop)

BY C. J. BUDD



## I. THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A HARE meeting a Tortoise one day, remarked as he looked at the Tortoise's heavy shell and short feet: "I think I could beat you in a race."

"All right," answered the Tortoise; "it is not every race that is won by a 'hare.'"

At the hour appointed for the contest, the Hare soon left the Tortoise out of sight, and, feeling sure of winning, lay down by the roadside to take a nap. After a half-hour's sleep and rest, he resumed the race. But the Tortoise had

turned into a wayside garage and hired an automobile; and so he soon overtook the fleet-footed Hare.

The Hare was going at the limit of his speed, but the Tortoise was going at the speed limit, and won the race by three miles and seven laps.

When the Hare, in the course of time, arrived at the post, he said with a sigh: "You 'll never catch me in an endurance race again."

MORAL

*Foot-racing is healthy, but motoring is swifter.*

## WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

I LOVE to hear the wind blow, on mornings in the Spring;  
I think it blows us grass and flowers and birds that like to sing.  
I love to hear it blowing, in Summer's days of ease;  
It sets the ripe wheat curtsying and whispers in the trees,  
And tips the tall white lilies that smell as sweet as musk.—  
But I love best the wind of Fall that blows the leaves at dusk.

The brown leaves dance before it, and rustle as they go;  
The red leaves on the maple-trees come flying to the show.  
I 'm glad that Winter 's coming; I 'm sure as I can be  
The wind that blows the leaves at dusk blows happy days to me.

When the wind blows, when the wind goes, whirling down the street—  
All day long it sings a song that 's made for dancing feet.  
I have a hundred wishes that no one ever knows,  
But many or few, they all come true when the Fall wind blows.



# HOW CHRISTMAS WAS SAVED

## OR THE SORROWS OF

### SANTA CLAUS

(A Christmas Play)

BY

CATHARINE  
MARKHAM



PLACE: The home of Santa Claus near the North Pole.

TIME: The week before Christmas.

CHARACTERS:

- |                              |                           |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Santa Claus.                 | Robinson Crusoe.          |
| Mother Goose.                | Friday.                   |
| Jennie Wren, sewing girl.    | Captain Kidd.             |
| Jack Frost, man of all work. | Robin Hood.               |
| Dame Rumor.                  | Man in the Moon.          |
| Mother Shipton.              | The Clerk of the Weather. |
| William Tell.                | Dick Whittington.         |
| Lo, the Poor Indian.         | Pocahontas.               |

### ACT I

(Mother Goose and Jennie Wren at left, busily sewing. Tables and shelves piled high with toys. White skins on floor. Sparkling chandeliers, candles, etc.)

JACK FROST (dressed in white with spangles, pointed cap, pointed shoes, and wand. Enters at right with rush and whoop, scattering snow and breaking icicles). Hello, Mother Goose. Hello, Jennie Wren. Oh, but I've had a hard time chasing up his reindeer for Santa Claus! I've got them herded into a mossy field over in the corner of Iceland, and I hope they will stay awhile now.



Jennie Wren

MOTHER GOOSE (sweeping up the litter made by Jack). Dear me, Jack, what is the need of coming in in such a bluster and mussing the house this way?

JACK. Excuse me, Mother Goose. I just keep forgetting. My, but it is hot here! It almost gives me chilblains. Actually, the thermometer is only five degrees below zero in this room. I should think you'd melt, Jennie.

(Opens a window, tweaks Jennie's ear. Starts to skate across the room and falls down.)

JENNIE (with a start). Why, Jack, how did you come to fall?

JACK. Oh, not-with-standing, Jennie (turns a handspring).

JENNIE. Oh, Jack, what a bad pun! Now see if you can't subside and not make any more trouble for Mother Goose. You know it is only three more days before Santa has to start off with his pack, and there are many things for you to do to help him get ready.

JACK. Oh, excuse me, everybody. I wish I could learn calm, cool manners. Maybe I could behave better if I was n't so hungry. Could n't I have something to eat? I have n't eaten a thing since breakfast but three tallow candles, and I'm starving.

MOTHER GOOSE. Yes, you shall have a little snack right now, Jack, as supper will not be ready for some time yet. You must attend the door to-night, as the Auld Lang Syne Club holds its annual meeting here this evening, you know. (She hurries out.)

JACK. I wish Santa would let me run the wireless, instead of always having me tend reindeer.

MOTHER GOOSE (entering with tray). Here, Jack, is a little luncheon for you—a bowl of ice-cream, a piece of frosted cake, and some iced tea.



Jack Frost

JACK (seating himself). Oh, Mother Goose, you are the best cook at the Pole. Oh, how good and cold everything tastes. But where is Santa? I thought he was too busy to leave home to-day.

MOTHER GOOSE. He went out a little while ago to see if there were any messages at the Wireless Station. He thinks he has at last got the wireless line in working order. It runs from the Pole now to every school yard in the country, you know. He expects great fun in hearing the children of the world planning for their Christmas trees and stockings. There will be no more mistakes in presents now, for every boy and girl will get just what Santa hears him or her wishing for.

JENNIE (looking out). Why, here comes dear old Santa now, and he looks quite sad. I wonder if the

wireless line is out of order after all the trouble he has had trying to get connections made.

SANTA (*enters, and flings himself in easy-chair*). Well, Mother Goose and Jennie, you can put away your needles, and Jack, just turn the reindeer loose again. There will be no Christmas gifts for anybody this year, nor any other year.

ALL. No Christmas gifts! Never again any Christmas gifts!

SANTA. That 's what I said. Never again any Christmas gifts! Santa Claus will never be seen away from the North Pole again!

MOTHER GOOSE. Why, Santa, you might as well say there will be no more skating or coasting. Winter without Santa Claus and Christmas is unbelievable. I can't bear to think of your never again carrying Christmas gifts to the children. How can you think of stopping that custom?

SANTA CLAUS. I feel just as bad as you do about stopping my annual visit and my gifts. Ever since I can remember I've been distributing gifts to children at Christmas time; and until an hour ago I expected to keep it up always, but now Santa Claus and his Christmas rounds are at an end forever!

MOTHER GOOSE. But what has happened, Santa, to put this into your mind? Have you had a fall on the ice and do you feel a little dazed?

JENNIE. This is one of your jokes, Santa.

JACK. Oh, come off, now, Santa. You almost gave *me* a chill. Let 's get a big box of those drums and whistles packed up for the sleigh.

SANTA CLAUS. No; I am in dead earnest. My head never was clearer. I'll tell you how it is. You will hardly believe me, but up at the Wireless to-day I got the shock of my life. I went up and sat on an iceberg at the foot of the Pole to listen to what the children of different playgrounds were saying about Christmas, and what gifts they expected, and so on. I had my note-book ready to write what this one and that one wanted. And—oh, I can hardly tell you—I heard children from three different cities talking about Christmas and saying they did not believe in Santa Claus.

ALL. Not believe in Santa Claus? Impossible! Preposterous! And that, too, after all the gifts—dolls and Noah's arks and bags of candy you have scattered around the world!

JACK. Maybe they think I have been chasing reindeer to the end of the rainbow for—nobody!

SANTA CLAUS. I knew you'd hardly believe it. I would not believe it myself if I had n't heard the words just as plainly as I hear you all talking now. One little girl in Boston was talking to quite a lot of little comrades. "Pooh," she said, "no well-informed person nowadays believes in Santa Claus. Santa Claus is only a medieval myth!"

JENNIE. Medieval! What 's that? There 's noth-

ing *evil* about you, Santa. You are just three hundred pounds of solid goodness.

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, Jennie, I thought they all loved me as you do; and it is hard to find they don't believe in me, after all my years of Christmas visits.

MOTHER GOOSE. Go on, Santa dear. What else did you hear over that horrid wireless line?

SANTA CLAUS. Well, some boys were talking in a school yard in Chicago, and one of them said loudly: "You can't fool me. There is n't any Santa Claus, and there never was. He is nothing but a picture in the books, like Uncle Sam!" And he was a boy with a pair of mittens on his hands that I'd given him last Christmas. He was that curly-haired boy I think, Jennie, that you've been knitting mittens for for ten years, each year a size larger.

JENNIE. Oh, is n't he ungrateful? And here I have another pair almost finished for him this year, too. (*Holds up red mittens.*)

JACK. I'll give that fellow a nip yet. I'll make him believe in *me*, anyhow!

MOTHER GOOSE. Those certainly were cruel speeches, Santa. But let us hear the worst. What else did they say?

SANTA CLAUS. Some little girls in Los Angeles were at the school gate and I heard one saying, "Oh, Santa Claus will do for babies. But when you are seven you ought to say he 's just make-believe, like the Sand Man and such folks."

MOTHER GOOSE. I don't wonder you feel hurt, Santa, after all your kindness to children. But you must remember that these were only three out of all the school yards in the country. There must be hundreds of other children who *do* believe in you. Perhaps these just happened to be the few who don't believe in fairies, either. There are some such strange children I have heard.

JENNIE. Oh, Peter Pan will convince those foolish children who don't believe in fairies.

MOTHER GOOSE. Never mind, Santa. I am sure there cannot be many children of that unbelieving kind. But I wish you had never had your wireless rigged up. It seems only to make you unhappy.

SANTA CLAUS (*sighing*). It has made me unhappy. I never felt so sad in all my life before. I shall order the wireless telegraph discontinued to-morrow. I shall give up the wireless line and the Christmas business altogether.—Dear me, how lonesome I shall be for the children!

MOTHER GOOSE. I shall not be sorry to have you give up the wireless line, Santa. I can't bear to think of your stopping this lovely custom of gift-giving. You have made so many children happy, and so many little believing hearts will miss you.

SANTA CLAUS. It does seem sad, Mother Goose. But I shall never have the heart to set out again at Christmas time with the bells jingling, and the rein-



THE MAN IN THE MOON



William Tell



deer galloping and the sleigh flashing over the snow. I shall never again go crowding down the chimneys to cram stockings and load the children's trees. All that pleasure is over forever, and I used to be so happy and so busy at Christmas!

JACK. But I should think you would be glad enough to give up that stunt of scrooging down chimneys. Suppose you'd get stuck some night!

JENNIE. I'm sorry for the children who will expect you, Santa, but I am glad you will not have to work so hard any more. You have given your whole time to getting ready for Christmas, just to make other people happy.



SANTA CLAUS. Oh, I'd gladly take all the danger and all the trouble of that Christmas journey and all the work of getting ready for it, if I were sure the children would care to have me come. But to be just an intruder, it is too much. I shall never go Christmasing again. Never, never, never!

JENNIE. Oh, Santa, don't be so sure of that. Let's think it over. If you don't go, what shall we do with all these toys and dolls in the attic and cellar and on the shelves here?

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, have a rummage sale of them, Jennie.

JACK. But what use shall we have for the reindeer that I have been watching all year?

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, give them to the Peary expedition when it gets to the North Pole. Really, I'd be glad to go just as I always have if I thought I was welcome; but you see how it is! I must not intrude where I'm not wanted.

MOTHER GOOSE. Santa, don't decide yet. The Auld Lang Syne Club, as you know, is to meet here to-night. Let us put the case before those old friends and hear what they advise. What do you say to that?

SANTA CLAUS. That is a good suggestion. These people of the Auld Lang Syne Club have all had experience in the world. They will be able to give me an expert opinion. I will do whatever they all seem to think best.

ACT II

(Same scene an hour later. Santa Claus, Mother Goose, and Jennie Wren stand in a row, center, shaking hands with guests. Jack Frost at door shouts names of guests as they appear R. at ring of door bell.)

MOTHER GOOSE. I do love to have the Auld Lang Syne Club meet with us. Santa, you must try to look a little pleasanter. Just as soon as the guests are all here we will tell them our troubles and be

guided by their advice. So let us now cheer up and act as if nothing sad had happened.

JENNIE. Your collar is a little crooked, Santa. Now let the smiles come. There, you look better.

JACK. The Man in the Moon.

(Enter the Man in the Moon, lantern in hand, yellow robe, and smiling face.)

THE MAN IN THE MOON. Good evening, Santa and Mother Goose and Jennie. I hope I am not too early. I always seem to come down too soon. (Stands next to Jennie L.)

SANTA. No, no. You are never too early to please us. We like to see your shining face at any time.

JACK. William Tell of Switzerland.

WILLIAM TELL (Tyrolese costume, an apple in hand, bow and arrow under arm). Good evening, everybody, what pleasant weather! Thirteen degrees below zero. It reminds me of our Alps at home. (Stands next to the Man in the Moon.)

JENNIE. How is your son, Mr. Tell? Is he just as brave as ever? Do you ever shoot apples off his head nowadays?

WILLIAM TELL. Thank you, Jennie. Little Billy is well and happy. He is always a fearless child. He is tending a herd of chamois on Mt. Blanc this winter. Yes, we often practice a little sharpshooting.

JACK (aside). Now that chamois herding is a job I'd like to hold down myself. (Aloud.) The Clerk of the Weather.

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER (carrying thermometer, weatherecock, telescope, umbrella, weather bulletin). Good evening, all. I am so glad to be here. I had a great time getting my work arranged so I could get off. I am afraid now



(looking at bulletin) that there will be floods or blizzards or something. There are so many hitches in a business like mine. (Stands next to Tell.)

JACK. Robinson Crusoe and Friday.

(Robinson Crusoe and Friday are dressed in furs. Friday leads toy goat. Jack bows on Friday, who shivers.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Good evening, Santa and Mother Goose. Allow me to present Friday. No, thank you, we

will retain our furs. This weather is so different from the climate in the tropics, you know. (Crosses and stands by Mother Goose.)

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER (tartly). Now, that's just the way it goes. It is n't warm enough for you,



Robinson, and here 's William Tell who thinks it just right. It is hard to please everybody on weather. I get almost distracted at the complaints all over the planet. It keeps me changing things all the time.

JACK. Mother Shipton.

MOTHER SHIPTON (*very solemn and important*). Yes, here I am. I came in one of those carriages without horses that they call automobiles. Really they ought to be called Shiptonians in honor of me, for it was I who gave the idea of them to the world. We prophets are seldom believed, though, I suppose, we are lucky not to be stoned.

JACK. How about 1881, Mother Shipton? Why did n't you hit that date a little closer for the world to come to an end?

MOTHER SHIPTON (*stands next to Crusoe and Friday*).

That was simply a misprint, young man. Just you wait long enough and you will see the world come to an end yet. Wait till 2881 and see what happens!

JACK. Rip Van Winkle and Schneider.

RIP VAN WINKLE (*leading toy dog*). Goot efening, goot efening. So I bring mein little dog Schneider. I am so lonesome already ven I don't have along this schmall dog, ain't it? Mein frau like not Schneider never in the house. Have you some objectifications mit him, Mother Goo-ze? (*Stands by Mother Shipton.*)

MOTHER GOOSE. Not at all, Rip. He seems a very pleasant dog. You must always bring him with you.

JACK (*aside*). I say, I 'd like a game of ninepins on the ice with Rip. (*Aloud*) Dick Whittington and the cat.

JENNIE. Oh, Mr. Whittington, good evening. I am so glad to see you and the cat. I have so often heard of this wise old pussy of yours.

DICK WHITTINGTON. Oh, you don't see me anywhere without that little mascot of mine. Here, Tabby, don't be afraid of Schneider. Schneider is a good little dog. (*Dog chases cat.*)

JACK. Captain Kidd and Robin Hood.

CAPTAIN KIDD (*dressed as a pirate with cutlas, carrings, etc.*). Here we all meet again on this pleasant occasion. It is seldom we old rovers have this home feeling anywhere on the globe. We go cruising around all the time visiting scenes of old. But you know, Mother Goose, we always make a point of coming to the Auld Lang Syne Club to meet with you, even if we have to come from Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope.

ROBIN HOOD (*in hunter's green*). Yes, yes, Santa, we look forward all the year to this quiet evening with you. I am happier here than I am anywhere except with my merry men in Sherwood Forest. The Auld Lang Syne meeting is worth a trip across the planet. (*Kidd goes R. Robin goes L.*)

JACK. Dame Rumor.

DAME RUMOR (*spectacles and ear trumpet, enters talking very fast*). I am sorry to be so late, but I met so many people on the way and there were so

many things to tell and to hear that I thought I never should get here. They say—(*goes whispering to Mother Shipton*).

JACK. Pocahontas and Lo, the Poor Indian.

POCAHONTAS (*dressed, as is Lo, in Indian costume, beads, feathers, etc.*). Lo and I stopped to see the Falls of Minnehaha and that has made us late, I am afraid. We always linger at that lovely place.

MOTHER GOOSE. No, no, Pocahontas.. You are in good time. You must stay all the longer for being a little tardy.

DAME RUMOR. Santa, why are you not laughing and joking as usual? I never saw you so downcast.

MOTHER GOOSE. Really, Dame Rumor, Santa Claus is feeling quite sad this evening. He will tell you all about what is weighing on his spirits, and I hope the wisdom of this good company will help him to look at matters more cheerfully.

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, friends, I am sorry to appear so sad on an occasion that ought to be so happy—an occasion when we old friends meet after a long separation.

RIP VAN WINKLE. Yes, yes, I haf never so much joyness any more as in this house, Santa. Here only is the beoples that can remember mit me the happy times long ago.

DAME RUMOR. They say you used to be grumbled at a good deal in those happy days, Rip.

JENNIE. Oh, now, Dame Rumor, let bygones be bygones. Please all listen to what Santa Claus has to tell. I want very much to see what the Auld Lang Syne Club will advise him to do. Go on, dear Santa.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, my friends, I thought I would try the experiment this year of running a wireless line from the North Pole to most of the school yards in the country in order to hear the children telling what they would like to have for Christmas.

DAME RUMOR. Dear me, I 'd like to have a wireless line connecting with every home in the country! It was a fine idea, Santa.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. I wish we had had one down on the island, Friday.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, I have just got the connections made, and to-day I went to the Pole to spend the forenoon taking notes from school grounds in various parts of the country. And, to my utter astonishment, I heard children in each section of the nation all saying they did not believe in Santa Claus!

ALL (*laughing*). Not believe in Santa Claus! How ridiculous!





**DAME RUMOR.** Oh, Santa Claus, you don't take that seriously, do you? Why, I have heard that gossip for years, and I have also heard people saying that they did not believe the story of George Washington chopping down the cherry-tree. And yet I used to know a lady who knew a lady whose cousin's brother-in-law had a piece of cherry-pie made from cherries that grew on that tree before George ever had the hatchet,—yes, indeed!

**WILLIAM TELL.** Santa, we are all in the same boat. Don't let such remarks trouble your mind. It's the fate of every popular character to be disbelieved. People have gone so far as to discredit me and the story of the shooting of the apple off little William's head. Think of that!

**DAME RUMOR.** Yes, William, I have heard that apple shooting contradicted, too, and was n't that charming song, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," written in honor of a tree that sprang from some of those seeds that you shot out of the apple on little William's head that day?

**POCAHONTAS.** Santa, you must not let such gibes hurt your feelings. My own existence has been denied over and over,

notwithstanding John Smith's testimony. One must simply live such things down.

**LO, THE POOR INDIAN (solemnly).** Pocahontas is right, Santa. Don't you know there is a theory among critics that I exist only in the pages of Cooper's Indian stories? Think of just being shut up in a book all the time!

**JACK.** Would n't that make you gloomy?

**ROBINSON CRUSOE.** I can understand how Lo feels. For it is

now claimed by critics that a certain Alexander Selkirk instead of myself was the hero of my adventures. Think of having the ground taken from under your feet like that! Here is Friday and here is the goat, and yet they say there is no Robinson Crusoe!

**FRIDAY.** If Robinson Crusoe did n't discover me then I am not discovered yet, and I never made those tracks.

**RIP VAN WINKLE.** Just alike mit me come all dese peoples. Some people say now I haf not hat that nap already, and we haf not seen that game of ninepins in dose Kaatskils, ain't it, Schneider.

**CAPTAIN KIDD.** Have n't I been ruled out of existence, too? But wait till they find my buried treasure, some day! Then they will know that those piles of gold were never hidden without hands. Oh, my name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed. . . . Ha ha!

**ROBIN HOOD.** Well, Santa, they have long had me down as a fabulous character myself, and I suppose I'm out of it. But then just think what they say of the great King Arthur! I understand that King Arthur and all the Knights of the Round Table are now considered merely as romance, if you please. So you see we are all in good company, my friends.

**DICK WHITTINGTON.** Yes, I also belong to the large class of the unbelieved-in. But Tabby and I are not concerned about what others think. We just deserve to have friends, and then it's up to the people to love us. Don't you see?

**JENNIE.** Well, if anybody has ever earned love it is our faithful old Santa Claus.

**ALL.** Yes, indeed it is. Everybody that knows him loves Santa Claus.

**THE MAN IN THE MOON.**

Santa, when you have been laughed out of existence as often as I have, you can well complain. Why, I have been called everything from a piece of green cheese to an extinct volcano! But you never see me moping over it. I just keep a shining face, clouds or no clouds.

**THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.** Yes, I will vouch for that. The Man in the Moon is always beamy. And, Santa, just note how I send the rain on the just and unjust alike, although they all say there is no such person as I, and call the weather itself just a meteor-o-log-i-cal phe-nom-e-non. No, Santa, do not mind a few chance remarks. Those children will know more by and by.

**DAME RUMOR.** Santa, there are still hundreds and thousands who *do* believe in you; for I have heard children all over the world, talking of your loving-kindness. I myself always take pains to tell what you have brought to this one and that one.

**SANTA CLAUS.** Dear friends, I have noted what you say and it really cheers me very much to find that I am not alone in being disbelieved in.

**MOTHER GOOSE.** Then you will forgive the children whom you overheard, Santa, and you will not desert the faithful ones who have always loved you?

**JENNIE.** And you will not think of that sorrow again, and you *will* go down with the reindeer

as usual and take those ten thousand dolls to the ten thousand good little girls?

**JACK.** Oh, forget it, Santa, and take down those horns and drums for the boys on that waiting list. Think of the fun those kiddies will have!

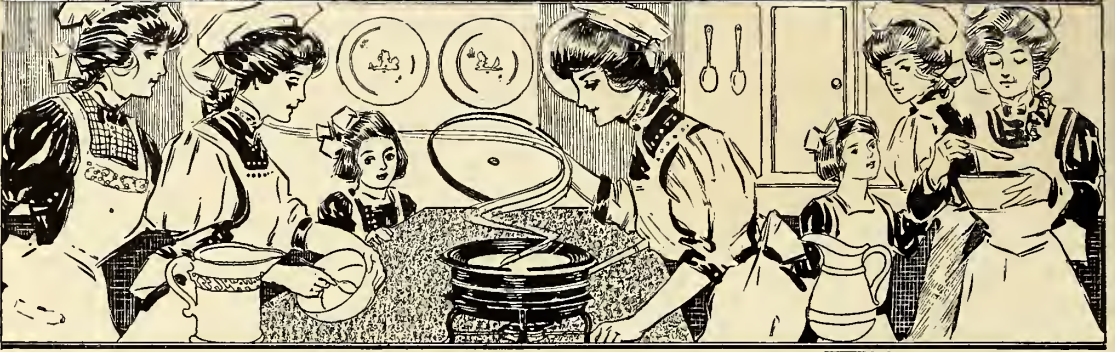
**ALL.** Oh yes, Santa, the world cannot spare you. We love you, and the children love you.

**SANTA CLAUS (smiling at Mother Goose and the rest).** Your words give me new courage. Yes, I will go on as if nothing had happened. I will never desert the dear children. They shall have their Christmas gifts as long as there is a Santa Claus.

CURTAIN (and distribution of gifts).



# ST. NICHOLAS COOKING CLUB



## THANKSGIVING TIDBITS

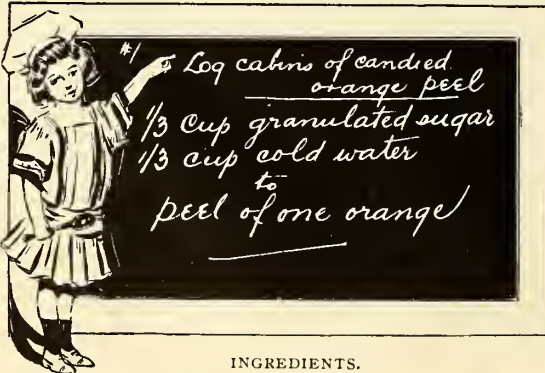
BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

1. LOG CABINS OF CANDIED ORANGE PEEL.
2. SALTED ALMONDS.

*Let grown folks cook substantial  
In Thanksgiving accord  
While we prepare the tidbits  
To grace the festive board.*

### LOG CABINS OF CANDIED ORANGE PEEL

SAVE all the skins of oranges  
And soak them overnight  
In water slightly salted  
To make them taste just right.



INGREDIENTS.

Then cook until quite tender  
And pare away the white,  
Cutting the peel in narrow strips  
To make a dainty sight.

3. PEPPERMINT FUDGE.
4. SALAD SATELLITES.

Dissolve sugar in water hot  
In which the peel was cooked;  
Then simmer in the syrup,  
Nor have it overlooked

That every piece is coated well,  
Spread them upon a pan  
And sprinkle well with sugar white,  
Then dry as best you can.

Now build the strips log cabin-wise  
Upon a fancy plate,  
And guests will say who eat them up,  
"This tidbit 's simply great!"

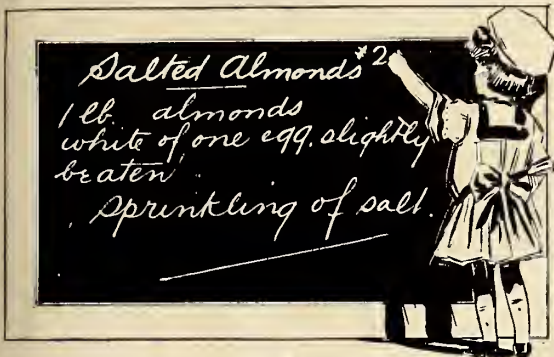
### SALTED ALMONDS

If you wish to have your almonds  
The daintiest in town,  
Just try this way of making them  
An even, golden brown!

First drop in boiling water,  
A minute let them stand,  
Then turn on the cold water,  
Rub off the skins by hand.

In white of egg half beaten  
Roll each one carefully,  
Then salt and put in oven  
To crisp them thoroughly.





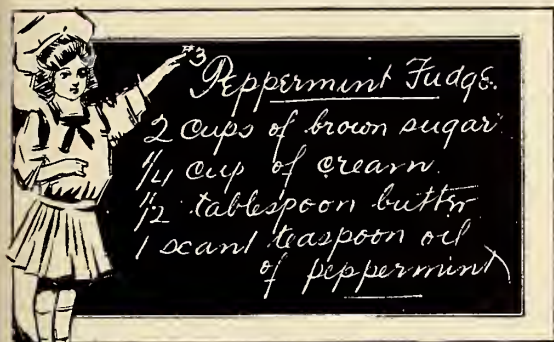
*Salted Almonds*<sup>2</sup>  
 1 lb. almonds  
 white of one egg, slightly  
 beaten  
 Sprinkling of salt.

INGREDIENTS.

Occasionally stir them 'round  
 And you will soon espy  
 The nuts turning a creamy brown  
 Well crisped and yet not dry.

PEPPERMINT FUDGE

Two cups of soft brown sugar,  
 Three-quarter cup of cream,  
 And butter size of walnut  
 Give richness in extreme.



*Peppermint Fudge*<sup>3</sup>  
 2 cups of brown sugar  
 3/4 cup of cream  
 1/2 tablespoon butter  
 1 scant teaspoon oil  
 of peppermint

INGREDIENTS.

Boil these till thick and creamy,  
 And meanwhile stir it all  
 Until a bit in water dropped  
 Will form a waxy ball.

Then, just before you take from fire,  
 Vanilla bear in mind,  
 And oil of peppermint also,  
 The strongest you can find.

Now beat until it 's sugary,  
 Pour into buttered plate;  
 Then cut in squares when cool, and serve  
 This tidbit up-to-date.

SALAD SATELLITES

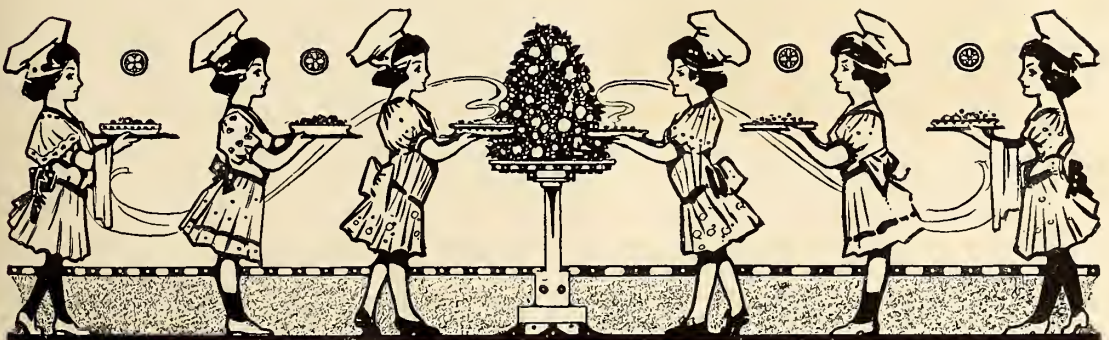
FIRST crisp the crackers slightly  
 By spreading them on tins,  
 And warming in the oven.  
 Then spread the Butter Thins  
 With cream cheese laid on thickly,  
 Pimolas cut crosswise;  
 Next deck the white cheese quickly,—  
 An appetite surprise.



*Salad Satellites*<sup>4</sup>  
 1 box of butter thins  
 2 cream cheeses  
 1 bottle pimolas

INGREDIENTS.

In geometric patterns  
 Now place the little rounds  
 (About five to a cracker)  
 Upon the cheesy grounds.  
 Revolved with toothsome salad,  
 With coffee or with tea,  
 These dainty disks of color  
 Make best of company.



# TICKLISH



“‘Tis dreadful to be ticklish,”  
The snow man said, “And oh!  
How horrid when they’re fitting  
The ribs where they must go!”

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## “SANTA CLAUS’S NOTE-BOOK”

BY LILIAN B. MINER

CORDELIA was a little girl who lived in a big house full of sunshine and flowers all the year round. Cordelia had about everything she wanted—ice-cream for dinner twice a week, and new pink and blue hair-ribbons every day or so. Strange to say, she was not a spoiled child, but a sweet and simple little girl, who believed in fairies and in Santa Claus and who never quarreled with her small brother, though he had snapping black eyes and was called “Fighting Bob.”

A good name it was too, for the only toys Bob cared about were soldiers and make-believe weapons. With his toy sword he beheaded Cordelia’s nasturtiums, and charged upon and shattered her maidenhair fern. He rescued her dolls

from the Indians, only to leave them in the barn to be trampled under the horse’s feet, or in the garden to be soaked with rain. As a war-horse in a rage, he chewed her gold beads quite out of shape with his sharp-edged little teeth. But he was only four years old, so his sister forgave him everything. Cordelia had a motherly care for everybody. If the cook was tired she pricked the pies for her and filled the tarts. She brought cold lemonade to the hard-working ice-man and doughnuts to the hungry paper-boy. When the teacher looked sad, Cordelia smiled at her, and at recess gave her half of her orange; when the minister called she took care to tell him that she liked his sermon about little Samuel.

At Christmas time of course Cordelia wanted

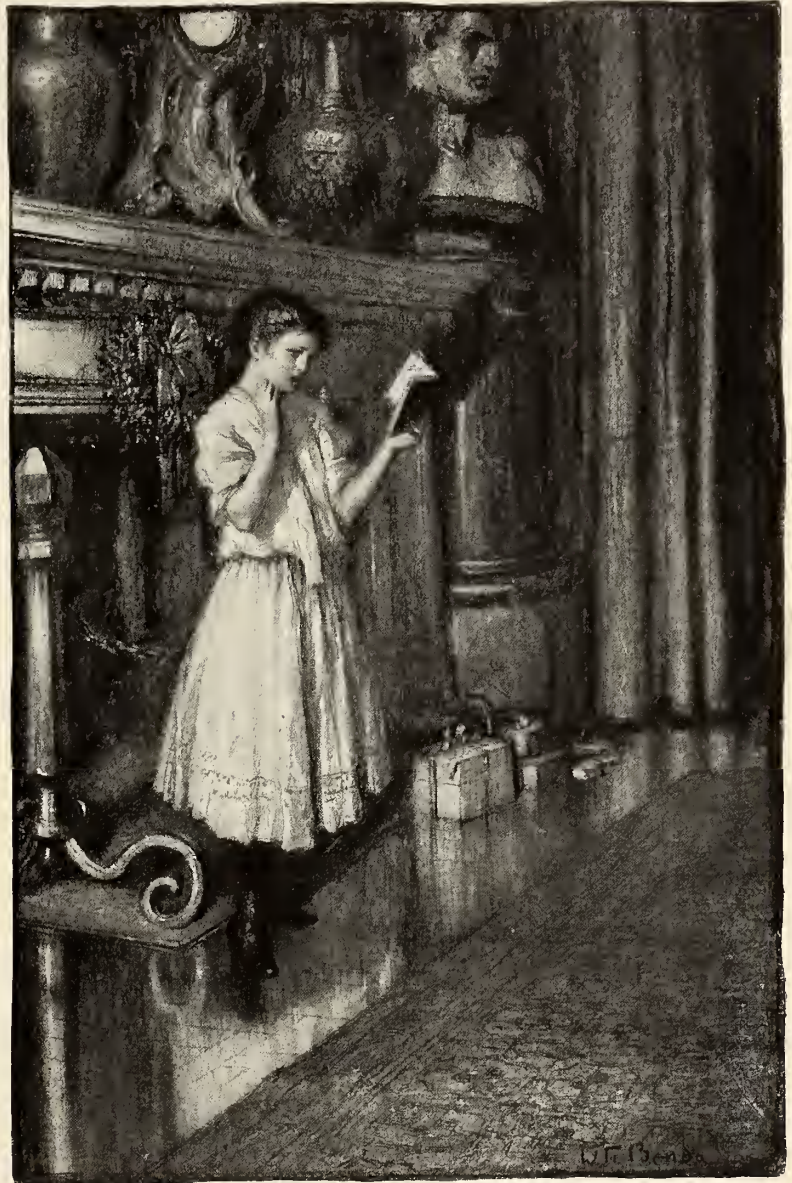


to give presents to everybody. Even before the Thanksgiving turkey was bought she had begun to go shopping, with a list nearly a foot long, sat patiently snipping and sewing at shaving-cases, pen-wipers, and pin-cushions, and laid away in a big box little parcels labeled “For Uncle Harry,” “For Aunt Bertha,” “Helen,” “Roberta,” “Marget.”

A day or two before Christmas Cordelia was in the sewing-room in the midst of a whirlpool of holly, ribbon, tissue paper, and Christmas cards. She was doing up packages and wondering what Santa Claus would bring to her and Bob. For, no matter what some people said, Cordelia knew there was a Santa Claus. Other folks left presents at the door or sent them through the post-office; but Santa Claus came down the chimney and left the best things of all beside the fireplace, where she and Bob found them early Christmas morning. Dear old Santa! How she would like to see him! If only he would not come so quietly, but would make a friendly call now and then. She wanted to thank him for her pony and her watch, which she had n't expected until she was grown up, for her big doll and her fur coat, and her writing-desk, and a hundred other things.

All at once an idea came to Cordelia. Strange it had never come before! Why not give Santa Claus a present? Had he been forgotten—he, the big-hearted, the bountiful, the children's friend, the untiring giver, kind old Santa Claus? She hurried to Mother's room, but Mother was out. She met Bob in war regalia, gun over his shoulder, leading a make-believe army through the hall. He offered his “spress wagon” and his new mittens for Santa—and he was proud of his mittens—

but Cordelia left him to his warriors and ran to curl upon the library couch and think. What should they give him? Something nice,—and something useful. Next year she could embroider



CORDELIA FINDS SANTA'S NOTE-BOOK.

“S.C.” on the very finest handkerchief, but it was too late now.

While Cordelia sat here in a brown study, her father walked slowly into the room, his eyes fixed on the carpet. He, too, was thinking. Presently he pulled out of his pocket a little note-book, which he consulted. On the cover Cor-

delia saw, in gilt letters, the word "Memoranda." That meant "things to remember." Just what Santa Claus needed! He must have a great many things to remember,—long lists of children all over the world, and presents that they wanted.

"Oh, Father!" she cried. "Don't you think Santa Claus needs a 'Memorandum book'?" Then she explained to him that it was to be a Christmas present. Father seemed pleased with the

Cordelia ran with the book to her father, who was helping Bob put up a flag on his new battleship "Amerigo."

"Look!" she cried, "Santa Claus dropped his notebook! And I'm afraid he did forget the Knead Family. What shall we do?"

Father looked at the book. He did not seem surprised.

"I know who they are," he said; "there are two or three children and their mother. They have no father—now. He used to work for us in the factory. I hear that they are very poor indeed."

Cordelia seized her father's hand. "If we only knew what Santa Claus was going to give them," she cried, "we could take it ourselves; for now they'll have to wait a whole year."

"Perhaps," said her father, moving the ink just in time out of Bob's reach, "perhaps Mother may think of something they would like."

Mother took a long time to decide what they would like, but at last when everything was ready all four started, with a load of clothing, food, and toys, which could be spared.

MEANTIME the Knead Family in the little brown house around the corner were already eating their Christmas dinner, though the clock said barely twelve.

But as they had had scarcely any breakfast, they were more than ready and had seated themselves at the table, dressed in their cut-over, mended and faded best clothes, their eyes fixed on the glorious feast—at least they thought it glorious.

In the center of the table was a platter, small even for a family of three and a baby, heaped with a smoking mound of—something—covered with white gravy. It was—oh, delicious!—salt codfish and potato! And the gravy was made of real milk! In the middle of the mound was stuck for ornament a green geranium leaf from the plant growing in the tin can on the window-sill—picked from underneath, where it would n't be missed. Moreover, beside the platter was a plate



"'GOOD MORNING. MERRY CHRISTMAS!' SAID THE GENTLEMAN."

idea, and the next day he went with Cordelia to Penn and Pomeroy's, where they chose a red Russia leather memorandum book—smooth and shiny and sweet-smelling—to fit Santa Claus's big vest pocket. That night Cordelia wrapped it daintily in white paper and laid it in plain sight on the hearth.

On Christmas morning so busy and delighted was she with her stocking and Bob's that she did not notice for some time that the book was still there, but it was unwrapped. On the first page was written, in large letters, the name "Santa Claus," and on the second a hasty scrawl which read as follows: "Don't forget—Knead Family—little brown house round the corner."



of baker's cookies; for when the Knead Little Girl proposed that they leave these till to-morrow, when they would not have so much else, the mother had said, "No, my dears, you shall have a good dinner one day in the year, and all you want."

The dinner was their only Christmas present. They had not taken the trouble to hang up their stockings, for they felt sure that neither Santa Claus nor anybody else would come to fill them. They had n't a friend in the world, so far as they knew; but they had one another, and they were keeping Christmas together as best they could.

They had emptied the platter all too soon, and were just beginning to nibble the cookies slowly to make them last a long time, when there came a knock at the door. What could it be? On Christmas Day! Peeping out of the window, they saw a sweet-faced little girl bearing in her arms a big branch of holly, and beside her a gentleman with a large basket like that in which the Knead little Mother carried home the washing. Behind them a lady, her hands full of bundles, was trying to keep a tiny, black-eyed boy out of the snowbank.

The Knead Family gazed at each other in wonder, while the mother went trembling to the door.

"Good morning. Merry Christmas!" said the tall gentleman, setting down his basket. "Our name is Goodrich." He held out his hand. "We have some things here that we think Santa Claus intended for you. Made a mistake in his hurry, you know—very natural—please excuse him."

The poor Children's eyes were as round as saucers; but their mother in a quivering voice invited the Goodriches in—she seemed to know who they were. When the basket was unpacked, the Knead Children laughed with delight, and their mother wept for thankfulness; for there seemed to be everything in it that they had ever wanted to eat or to wear, or to play with. Then Cordelia's mother sat down to talk with the Knead Mother about the baby; Bob, after he had punched the Knead Little Boy to see what he was made of, showed him how to run the train of cars on the toy track; and Cordelia and her father made the Knead Little Girl tell them how she went to school and had high marks in spelling, and how she helped mother iron on Saturdays, and washed the dishes—and also the baby—every day. And somehow they found out, though the Knead Little Girl did not tell them, that she never had any good times, nor any pretty clothes, nor even enough to eat; and yet she was so sweet and cheerful, and had such clear, patient brown eyes, that Cordelia fell in love with her on the spot, and made her promise to come to see her the very next day.

And so she did. The Knead Little Boy had not been able to go out except in dry weather for some time, because of big holes in his shoes; but in the basket were some outgrown rubbers of Cordelia's which fitted him; so he came too. While Bob was teaching him to shoulder arms and quick-march, Cordelia led the Knead Little Girl upstairs to her room, all snow-white and sky-blue like an ice-fairy's bower. The Knead



"CORDELIA THREW OVER HER HEAD A STRING OF CORAL BEADS."

Girl touched with one finger the shining brass bedpost and the spotless white spread, and her pale cheeks grew rosy with delight when Cordelia threw over her head a string of coral beads—"to keep."

That night at bedtime, when Cordelia's mother came to tuck her into the dainty white bed, Cordelia said with a sigh of relief, "Just suppose we had n't found that Memorandum book!"

And the Knead Mother was talking it all over with her small family in the brown house around the corner. Finally, she asked her little daughter, cuddled down in her lap, "Don't you wish you were Cordelia?" But the Little Girl said, "It was a beauty room—as sweet as roses; but,"—and here she threw her patched calico arms around her mother's thin neck, and gave her a big hug—"but I 'd rather live here with you, Mummie."

# SANTA'S SURPRISE PARTY.

BY

GLADYS HYATT SINCLAIR.

**T**was a glad Christmas eve, and all over the world,  
With reindeer and sleigh dear old Santa had whirled.

No one was forgotten or slighted by him;  
Each stocking was bulging and crammed to the brim.

"There!" cried the old saint as he stopped at his door,

"I've made all the little ones happy once more!  
But the rest of the night will be lonely, I fear;  
Why—what is this wonderful racket I hear?"  
He bounded down nimbly, so great his surprise,  
But stopped just inside, scarce believing his eyes;



For here were the children that he had supposed  
Were sleeping down yonder with eyes tightly  
closed;

Here, singing and dancing and frisking in glee  
Around a most dazzling and beautiful tree!

"Oh, Santa," they cried, "we have found you at  
last!

How tired you must be! You have journeyed  
so fast

To take us good gifts; but now, Santa Claus, see!  
We have brought *you* some gifts, and this  
splendid, big tree!

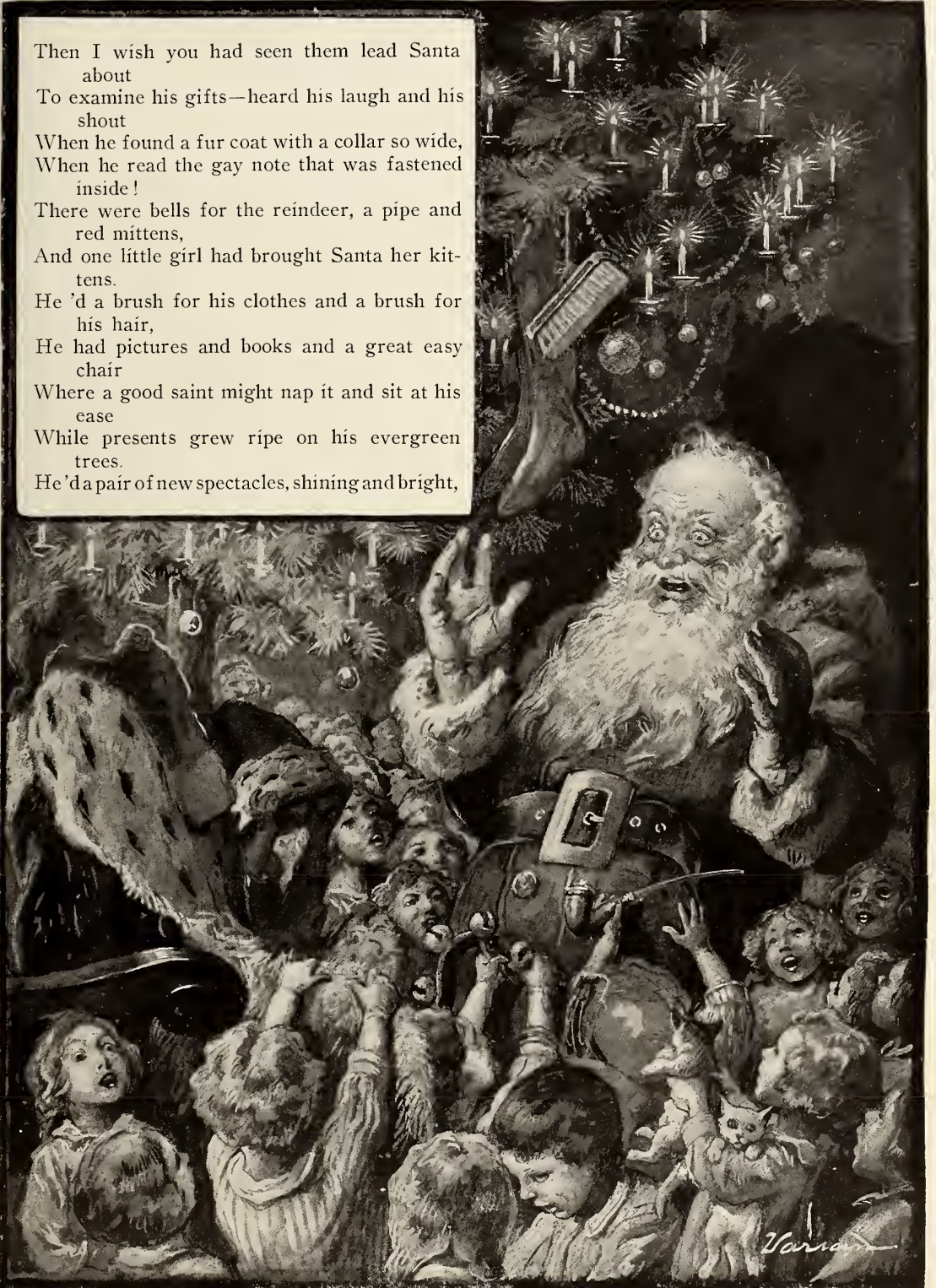
We want you to know, just for once in a way,  
How happy you make us, each new Christmas  
day.

These gifts did not grow in your Christmas  
tree grove:

We brought them for you, with our very best  
love!"

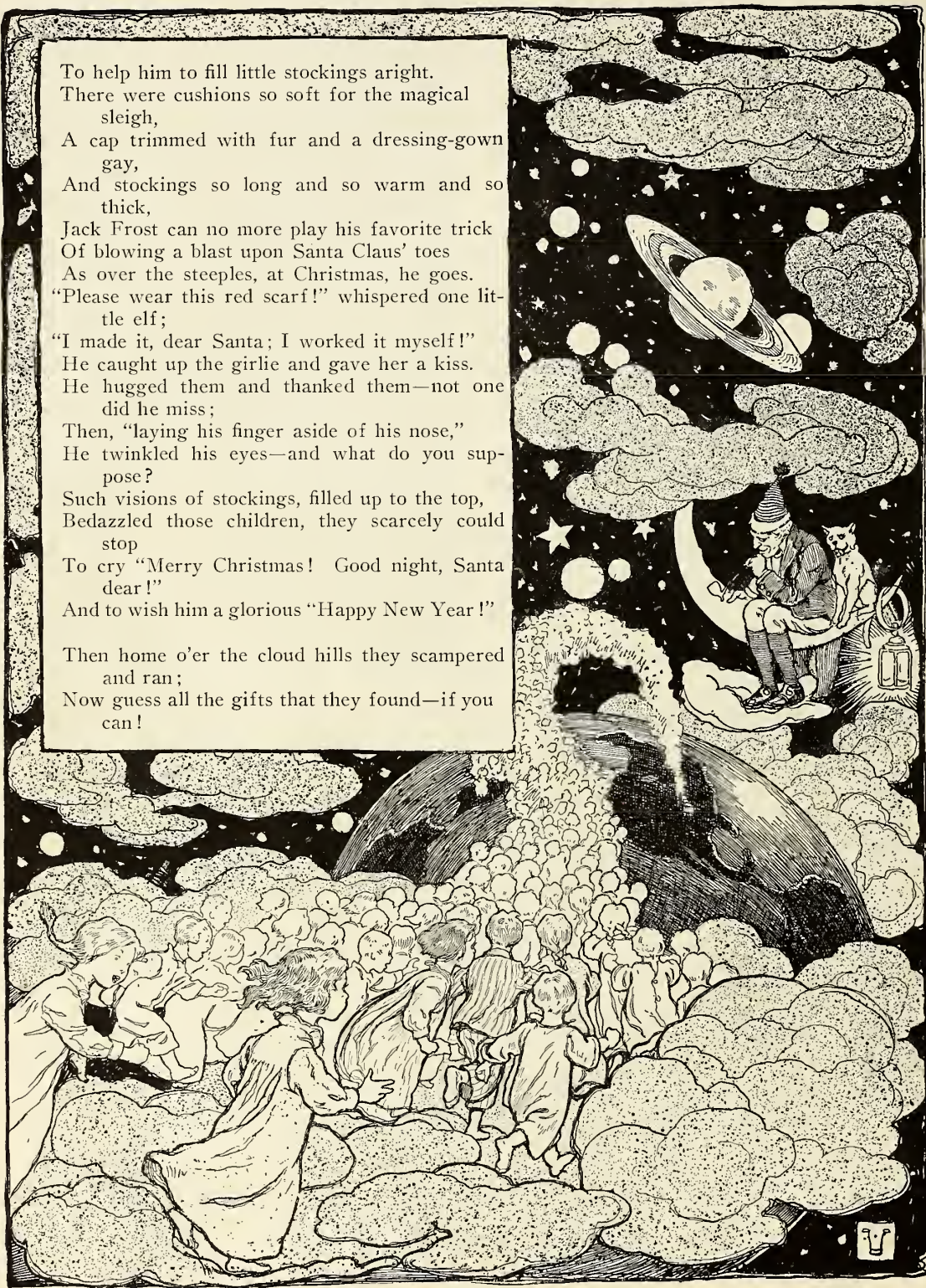


Then I wish you had seen them lead Santa  
about  
To examine his gifts—heard his laugh and his  
shout  
When he found a fur coat with a collar so wide,  
When he read the gay note that was fastened  
inside!  
There were bells for the reindeer, a pipe and  
red mittens,  
And one little girl had brought Santa her kit-  
tens.  
He 'd a brush for his clothes and a brush for  
his hair,  
He had pictures and books and a great easy  
chair  
Where a good saint might nap it and sit at his  
ease  
While presents grew ripe on his evergreen  
trees.  
He 'd a pair of new spectacles, shining and bright,





To help him to fill little stockings aright,  
 There were cushions so soft for the magical  
 sleigh,  
 A cap trimmed with fur and a dressing-gown  
 gay,  
 And stockings so long and so warm and so  
 thick,  
 Jack Frost can no more play his favorite trick  
 Of blowing a blast upon Santa Claus' toes  
 As over the steeples, at Christmas, he goes.  
 "Please wear this red scarf!" whispered one lit-  
 tle elf;  
 "I made it, dear Santa; I worked it myself!"  
 He caught up the girlie and gave her a kiss.  
 He hugged them and thanked them—not one  
 did he miss;  
 Then, "laying his finger aside of his nose,"  
 He twinkled his eyes—and what do you sup-  
 pose?  
 Such visions of stockings, filled up to the top,  
 Bedazzled those children, they scarcely could  
 stop  
 To cry "Merry Christmas! Good night, Santa  
 dear!"  
 And to wish him a glorious "Happy New Year!"  
 Then home o'er the cloud hills they scampered  
 and ran;  
 Now guess all the gifts that they found—if you  
 can!






# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

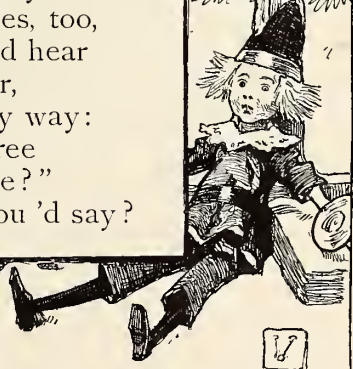


## WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

BY  
EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.



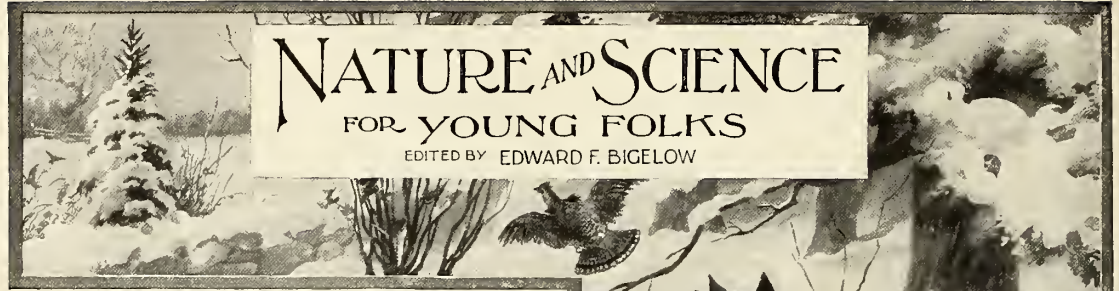
If you should see  
A big green tree,  
With candles all alight,  
With pop-corn strings  
And pretty things,  
And tinsel shining bright,  
With stars that swing,  
And bells that ring,  
All green and red and blue,  
And lots of toys  
For girls and boys,  
And lots of candies, too,  
And you should hear  
Somebody near,  
Call out in cheery way:  
"What sort of tree  
Can this one be?"  
I wonder what you 'd say?



# NATURE AND SCIENCE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



THE fox seems to get his living by industry and perseverance. He runs smelling for miles along the most favorable routes, especially the edge of rivers and ponds, till he smells the track of a mouse beneath the snow, or the fresh track of a partridge, and then follows it till he comes upon his game. . . . There may be a dozen partridges resting in the snow within a square mile, and his work is simply to find them with the end of his nose.—THOREAU.

### SURPRISES

THE tracks of the fox led to the cozy retreat of a snow-laden cedar, a true Christmas tree of the woods. The snow had been shaken from the lower branches. In the immediate vicinity were the tracks of a partridge. But not a feather was visible. I could close my eyes and easily see the fox pouncing upon the low-hanging, snow-covered branch under which a partridge had evidently taken cover. But the bird had surely been too quick for the fox. It was a comedy, not a tragedy. The fox had lost a Christmas dinner.

From the tracks and the bare limb I could easily infer what had probably taken place, as our artist has shown you in the illustrated heading of this department.

Perhaps you have been to a well-laden tree and not obtained what you expected. If so, from that point of view you can sympathize with the fox. But I am confident that the sympathy of most "Nature and Science" readers will go to the partridge with a feeling of gladness that she escaped.

This surprise or mistake of the fox called to mind several incidents of my boyhood's days, and before I had learned in nature interests to lay the gun away in the attic as a souvenir of my boyish cruelty to birds and four-footed animals. My traps now exist only in memory.

But so long as I shall live I shall never forget some of these droll experiences and surprises.

I had been told that woodchucks pass the winter asleep in underground burrows, and I wanted to see how one looked when in that state. So one day in the early part of December we boys dug several holes down to the burrow. Ponto, the dog, was an eager helper, but he could n't talk. If he could, he would have said: "There 's more than a woodchuck in that burrow."



DIGGING OUT A WOODCHUCK BURROW AND FINDING A SURPRISE. The skunk is too indolent even to dig his own hole, but appropriates that of a woodchuck, from which he extends his rambling in all directions.—BURROUGHS.

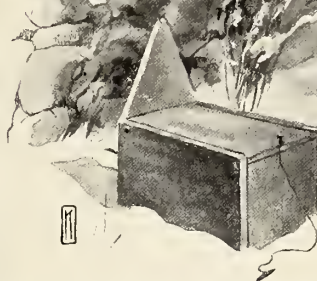


However, he made full amends for his lack of language. He tried to tell us after he had darted into the fifth or sixth hole, that there was a skunk down there. Before long it was perfectly evident, and soon we had the evidence of sight. It was unforgettable, and at the time unendurable. We ventured near the burrow a few days afterward and got the tools where we had dropped them in our flight.

Speaking of surprises at digging, reminds me that a hog was once surprised at the results of its digging. A zigzag rail fence separated a hay-field from an orchard. There were apples in the orchard and the hog wanted to get them. The corners of the fence were supported on stones partly sunk in the earth to hold the bottom rail for a short distance above the ground so that it would not so soon decay. One corner was on a short length of a large piece of drain-pipe, which was



WHAT HE EXPECTED



THE SURPRISE IN THE BOX TRAP.

Box traps are usually set on the ground on the sunny side of a wall or on the wall and baited with apple. Quail frequent both places and are fond of apples, especially when other food is scarce.



WHAT HE GOT

sunk into the ground within a few inches of the top so that both openings were in the hay-field. The inquisitive and persistent hog dug into one end and then "rooted" out the dirt and pushed it through the other opening. It looked as if the digging would make a hole by which to enter the orchard; but it did n't, and it was, indeed, a surprised hog that found itself after much labor back in the same field. Repeated traveling back and forth through that drain-pipe, which at the opening plainly led out of the field, seemed never to make clear just what was the trouble. It was an unending surprise.

But some animals have more wit than a hog. Last December, with a party of young folks, we found a man trying to fool a fox. He hung meat on a limb over a pile of leaves under which were several traps. He burnt the meat over a small bonfire, holding it by the string so as to remove all traces of the scent of his hand. He used several traps because he wanted to entangle the fox and catch it alive, without injuring it. But the fox was too



THE ANIMAL HE EXPECTED TO FOOL—BUT WAS TOO WISE

TRAPS BEFORE BEING COVERED

TRYING TO ENTANGLE A FOX IN SMALL TRAPS.

These traps are covered with leaves and the bait heated and suspended by a cord. Though a skilful plan, it is frequently the trapper and not the fox that is surprised.

wise. We saw the man several times at intervals of a week and he said he never caught a fox. It was the absence of any surprise to the fox that made us glad.

Sometimes the wrong animal is caught, as would have been the case if one of us had gone under the limb and stepped on the leaves among the rocks.

I well remember how I baited a box trap with apple to catch a rabbit, and set it on the sunny side of a wall, and caught a quail. Quail evidently frequented the place and liked apples, as well as do rabbits.

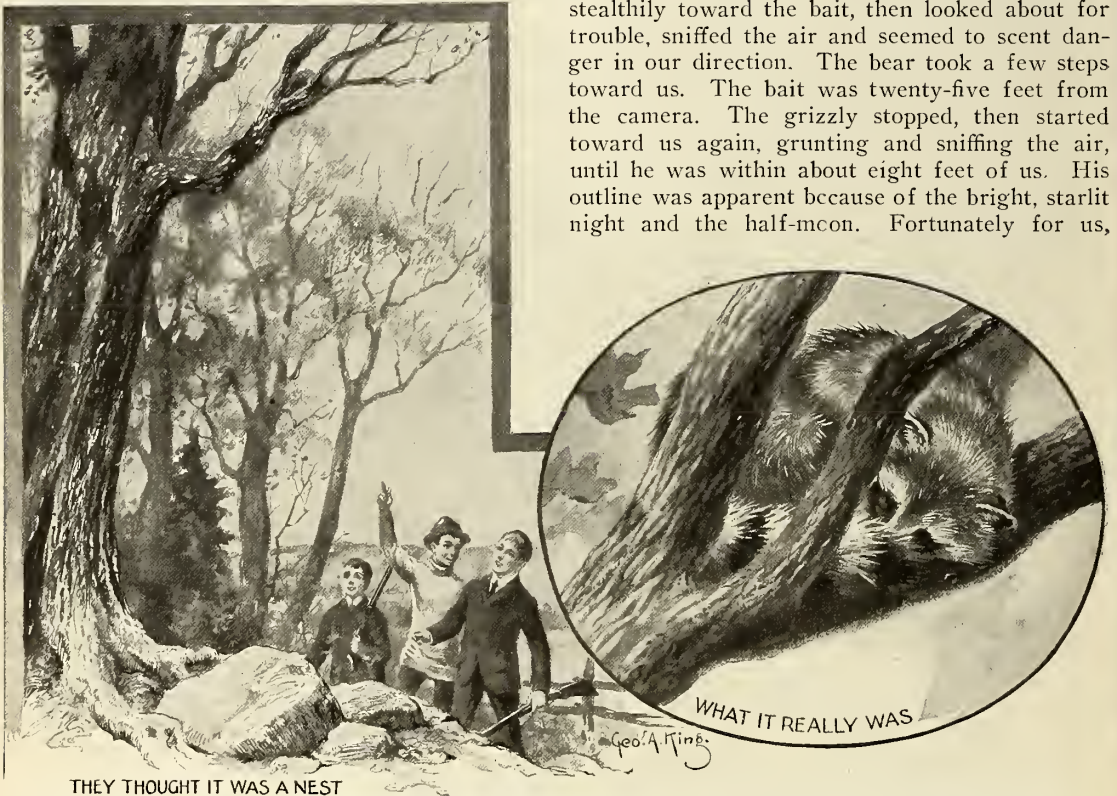
Perhaps the greatest surprise of all my hunting and trapping days was on finding what we supposed to be a squirrel nest. It proved to be a 'coon curled up in the crotch of the tree. And when we disturbed him the "nest" came to life and, as one boy phrased it, "when he walked up the limb he looked almost as big as a panther."

mental vision of a much bigger animal moving along the branch near the top of the tree.

We, at the time, did not know what it was and for a mile or more we did not stop to find out or to compare notes!

#### A FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF A GRIZZLY BEAR

THE flash-light of the grizzly was taken just after midnight, in September, 1902. The bear's tracks were seen while we were hunting elk, and we determined to camp near the tracks, in western Wyoming, and try our luck with the camera. He was carefully baited with elk meat and bacon, the camera focused on the bait and screened by some spruce saplings. Two of us took up our position at sunset, lying single file on the ground behind the saplings, and waited. About one o'clock in the morning, a large, silver-tipped grizzly appeared from the opposite side of this small opening, or "park," in the woods. He came stealthily toward the bait, then looked about for trouble, sniffed the air and seemed to scent danger in our direction. The bear took a few steps toward us. The bait was twenty-five feet from the camera. The grizzly stopped, then started toward us again, grunting and sniffing the air, until he was within about eight feet of us. His outline was apparent because of the bright, starlit night and the half-moon. Fortunately for us,



THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A NEST

RACCOONS, like most other climbing animals, make frequent use of the nests of hawks and crows to sleep in. At other times they flatten themselves along the thick branch of a tree, their gray fur harmonizing admirably with the colour of the bark.—"American Animals."

None of us, however, had ever seen a panther in a tree, nor a 'coon, either. To this day, I cannot realize that that was a raccoon. I have a

favoring breeze brought to him a whiff of the meat, and it was evidently too much for a hungry bear. He hurried back, swung round and, with



both eyes fixed in our direction, took up a piece of the elk meat, and at that moment I opened the shutter and fired the flash. It was a

to be prized than its skin. Photography of wild animals requires greater skill than shooting. Sportsmen should discard rifles for cameras, and



THE FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WILD GRIZZLY BEAR IN THE WOODS—AN UNUSUAL PICTURE.

large, blinding flash and the bear took to his heels, stumbling and grunting through the woods.

There was much excitement in developing the negative a month later, because a photograph of an animal as difficult to find as a grizzly is more

thus let wild animals increase in numbers. Is not this photograph a better achievement than to have slain Bruin with a "flash-light" that carried a bullet.

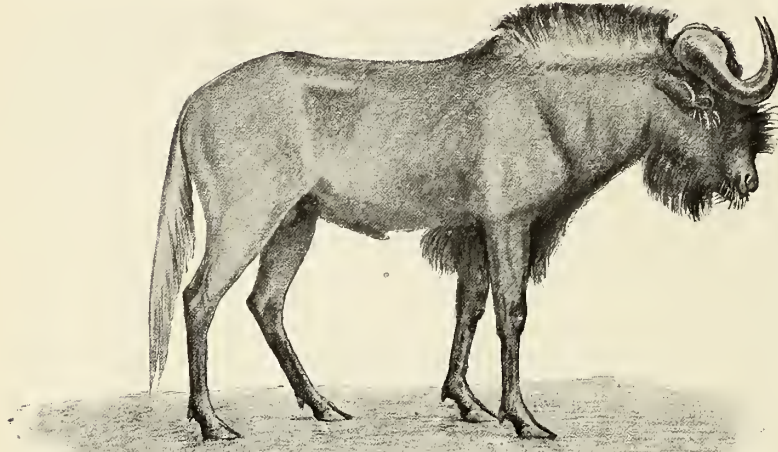
F. C. WALCOTT, New York City.

### THE WHITE-TAILED GNU

THIS is a new animal in two senses of the word; it being a recent arrival at the Washington Zoo.

His native home is the open country of South Africa, where herds of from ten to fifty are found, often associated with quagga. The old males separate from the herd in summer and lead a solitary life, lying in a sort of lair during the day, where they are frequently shot by the natives. The gnu is a very wary animal, of great speed and endurance. Its hide is an article of export in Natal.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.



THE WHITE-TAILED GNU.

An ugly animal with dangerously sharp horns.

It is one of many animals which the keeper does not care to go into the cage or yard with, as it does not lose its wild instinct, and its horns are terrible weapons, being very sharp and strong.

This specimen is a male about four years old, and is four feet high at the shoulders. The body and tail are quite like those of a pony. The color is sooty black, but the females are lighter, and have horns like their mates. The tufted, yellowish-gray mane is bordered with a deep brown, and the tail is white, with the under part of a blackish color. The legs are very neat and slender, and the hoofs are like those of a deer. The horns are very large and massive at the base, where they nearly come together in front. The nose is very broad and flat, and the lips are supplied with coarse, white hairs. A few bristly, white hairs also hang just below the eyes. The long, black hair on the nose, dewlap and chest gives the animal a very peculiar appearance, and looks as if the "cropping" had been overlooked in those places.

The gnu makes a barking snort like a large, angry dog, and often stands almost upright, pawing the air as he swings about on his hind legs—just for amusement, I suppose. When wild, they wheel in a circle once or twice when alarmed, before setting off. This may be a signal of alarm, also to ascertain if all the rest of the herd is aware of the danger.

In his native haunts, his food is the same as that of the wild horse; in captivity he is fed in about the same way as the domestic horse.

### A COZY PLACE FOR A HOME

WHILE walking through a banana plantation near Matanzas, Cuba, a small dove fluttered out from under some leaves I disturbed in passing.

She feigned a broken wing, and tried to lead me from the spot, but I was hard-hearted enough to ignore her, and peer under the leaves instead. I was repaid for my trouble by a sight I shall always remember—the coziest little home I ever saw.

A large bunch of bananas, nearly ripe, and hanging so low as to nearly touch the ground,



THE DOVE'S NEST IN A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

sheltered in its heart a neat little nest, with two pearly white eggs.

G. W. DAMON.



### THE WILD FAWN

ONE day I, a farmer in Shirkshire District of Conway, Massachusetts, was working on my



THE WILD FAWN AND TWO LITTLE PLAYMATES.

meadow and saw a doe and a fawn not more than two or three days old not far away. I went up to them, when the doe became frightened and fled to the woods, leaving the fawn in the soft mud. It did not seem frightened, so I picked it up and took it to my home and afterward to Shelburne Falls, where I had it photographed with my two little daughters. On returning home, I told the children that the fawn must return to *its* home also. So I took it back to the meadow, where it was soon joined by the doe. It was a beautiful little animal, about the size of a little lamb, and its back was covered with rows of white spots.

The above picture shows the fawn with its two little playmates of a day.  
BERT N. ROGERS.

### STRANGE LIVING FENCES AND HEDGES

THE civilized world is familiar with all sorts of contrivances of wood and metal for fencing material. Innumerable shrubs have been trained into beautiful and effective hedges, but the remote and treeless portions of the great Southwest can boast a quite unique and durable fencing material. There various species of the cacti are used for this purpose. The cattlemen of the great cattle ranges of the arid region frequently use the different varieties of the common tuna or prickly pear.

These hedges form impenetrable barriers and not only protect the flocks from the attacks of prowling animals, but also furnish a constant supply of succulent forage which is prepared by burning off the spines of the tender young segments.

In southern California, in the vicinity of the old missions, it is no uncommon sight to see remnants of the defensive hedges over fifteen feet high stretching for miles over the brown hills. These thorny fortifications were planted by the early mission fathers to protect their little settlements from the attacks of savage Indians and dangerous beasts.

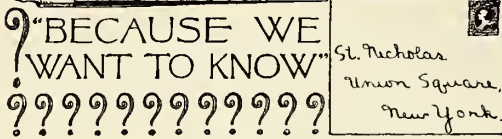
Throughout Mexico what is commonly known as the "organ" cactus is used to make fences. Pieces the desired length are cut off and set close together in the ground. These pieces take root and grow and spread, forming an impenetrable thicket of unyielding thorns.

In the isolated regions about Magdalena Bay



THE "ORGAN" CACTUS (RESEMBLING THE PIPES OF AN ORGAN) GROWING IN MEXICO AS A FENCE.

a species of this same cactus is the only fencing material known.—CHARLOTTE M. HOAK.



#### ENGLISH SPARROWS KILL A CICADA

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I recently saw an English sparrow picking at a live cicada for a short time. The cicada would try to escape but only fluttered a little way. Then another sparrow came and began picking at it. Soon both sparrows took hold of it and began to pull in opposite directions. Then one got it and flew a short distance with it. They seemed not so anxious to eat it as to kill it. After the sparrows left it I saw the dead and wingless body lying on the sidewalk. Why did the sparrows kill the cicada?

PEARL A. BIGELOW.

English sparrows eat a few insects. They seem to be especially fond of killing cicadas. A few years ago when the seventeen-year cicada was at Washington, the sparrows killed large numbers on the Smithsonian grounds. They attacked the insects soon after they left the larva cases and before they were strong enough to fly.—DR. A. K. FISHER.

#### "DIVINING" FOR WATER

ROCHESTER, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There seems to be a prevalent belief among most country folks that veins of water, even at great distances below the surface of the earth, can be detected by some people by the following operation, which I



HOLDING THE FORKED TWIG IN  
"DIVINING" FOR WATER.

From "Myths and Myth Makers."  
Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin  
& Company.

have seen apparently successfully performed, though without being able to do it myself.

A forked twig is cut from a sweet-apple-tree and held, the fork extending downward, in an upright position, each hand, the palm upward, grasping a projection of the fork. Then the person holding the twig walks slowly over the place where a vein of water flows. As he passes over the desired spot the stick will bend in his hand as though attracted to the ground, and if he retains a firm grasp on the stick, the bark will sometimes even be twisted off in his hands.

I am personally acquainted with the man whom I saw perform this feat and I can vouch for his sincerity.

Can this belief be explained by any scientific theory? Impatiently waiting for your answer, I am  
Your interested reader,

LESLIE W. SNOW.

The divining-rod has a long history and an immense literature which is an odd and interesting mingling of fact and fiction. It has been frequently referred to in prose and in poetry; it has been treated as a myth; it has been gravely discussed by eminent scientists, and pictures have been printed showing it in action. Many persons of the present day regard it as a superstition or as a relic of past ages, and yet many others, as you state, still believe in it and use it for the discovery of underground springs or water-courses.

Since your letter was received I have brought the subject to the attention of several persons for whose opinion in such matters I have respect. Most of these ridicule the divining-rod and regard it as one of the most absurd of human delusions. But several stoutly maintain its value, and one cited, from actual experience, an instance in which the rod bent downward so forcibly that the bark was torn from the branch. An excellent well of water was obtained where this bending indicated the spring.

The common form has always been a forked or Y-shaped branch of the witch-hazel, although other wood, such as peach, apple, ash, pine, has been employed. Some professors of the art have varied the shape of the rod, using sometimes a straight twig with a small fork only at one end; sometimes a straight stick curved by the pressure of the hands, or even a strip of metal or whale-bone, has been used.

Many forms are still employed in this country for locating minerals and deposits of oil.

Since it has been so long and so extensively used, and therefore has so many advocates, to say that it has no value would not be reasonable. Yet every thoughtful person is necessarily skeptical. The rod succeeds in some hands and fails in others, even when carried above the same places. It has turned strongly and yet failed when carried across the same spot by the same person when blindfolded. It would be unscientific to claim that (varying according to different desires in different places) metals, buried treasure, oil, water, etc., directly cause the rod to rotate, for it can be easily proved that the rod when placed on supports or pivots over oil, metal or water does not change its position. The explanation of the whole matter is that the mental state of the expert appears to affect the rod's movements, rather than any mysterious influence



from the mineral, the water, or the oil. The rod held in the hands may influence one's "unconscious judgment" to make the decision that he announces through the seemingly magical action of the wand.

Only from that point of view has the rod any value, and in this way only can be explained the strong arguments for and against its use. To those who find it helpful, it is of value; to others, it is foolishness. The movements of the rod are at all times probably due to involuntary muscular movements in the arms that hold the rod.

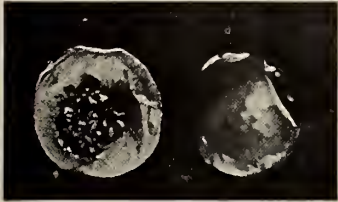
#### TINY EGGS IN A QUEER COCOON

WALLA WALLA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This afternoon I found among the leaves the little nest of eggs I have inclosed. We thought it

must be the eggs of some queer spider. Can you tell us what kind of eggs they are?

Your loving reader,  
LOUISE PENNELL  
(age 12).



THE EGGS IN THE COCOON.

They are like tiny bonbons in a box. The "cover," showing the impression of the eggs from the under side, is placed at the right.

put them in a cocoon that opens like two plates placed tops together. The scientist says the spider that made this cocoon and put the eggs in it is either a *Clubionid* or a *Thomisid*.

#### HARD TO KILL

N—H—, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about an experience which I had when I was living in Arizona. I was going to Tucson from our camp with my mother, my brother, some friends, and a cow-boy. We were riding in the latter's wagon.

When we were about twenty miles from Tucson, I saw something moving a little distance away from us, so I called to the cow-boy and asked him what it was. He said it was a gila monster and that it was the most poisonous animal in the West, it being more poisonous than the rattlesnake. He jumped out of the wagon and threw a lasso around his neck. Then he hung him on the back of the wagon with a rope and we went the rest of the way. But gila monsters have very tough skins and when we reached Tucson he was as alive as could be, even after riding twenty miles with a rope around his neck and his feet not touching the ground. It was the first gila monster that I had ever seen. Wishing you long years of usefulness and prosperity,

Your appreciative reader,

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH.

This is an excellent account of an interesting experience with this dreaded animal. Naturalists welcome all original observations of the "gila monster" because its habits are not fully known. It is also not known to just what extent the animal is poisonous.

#### "THE WITCH'S BROOM"

CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a picture of what I thought to be a very curious formation on a tree. The bunch you can see on the right did not have the same foliage as that of the rest of the tree. Would it have been possible for a bird to carry the seed there and leave it? How could it live without earth or water? It looked just as if a bush had grown out of the tree.

Yours truly,

HELEN WHITCOMB.

This growth is caused by a fungus, probably *Accidium elatinum*. The fungus develops in the branch and interferes with the normal habit of growth.

A great mass of small shoots comes out at the affected point, each shoot being covered with small yellow-green needles, differing considerably from the regular needles of the pine or spruce, whichever it may be. The common name for this deformity is "witch's broom." It is not a common or dangerous disease, and is usually confined to the coniferous trees.—H. O. COOK, Assistant Forester.



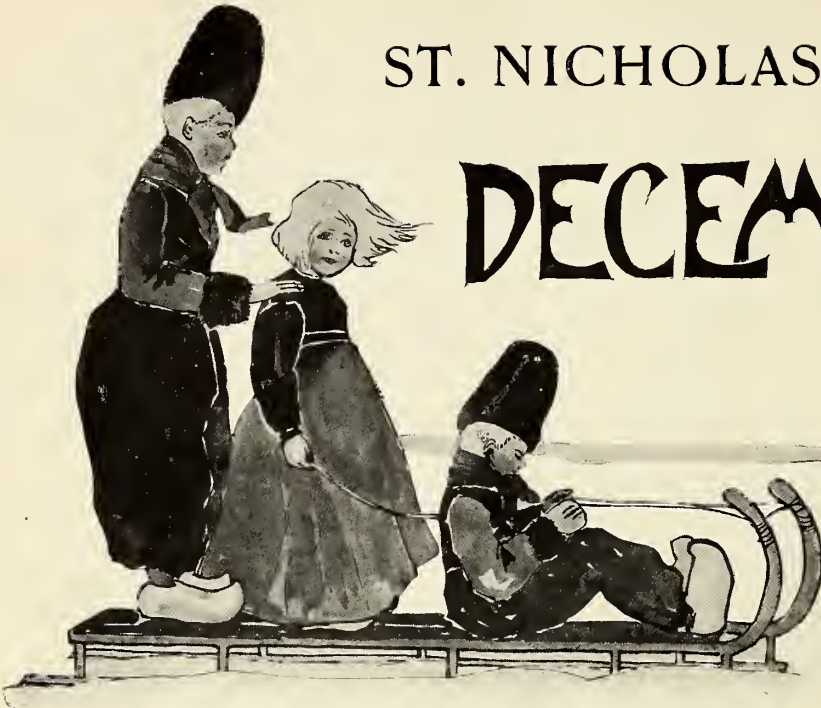
THE FUNGUS KNOWN AS "THE WITCH'S BROOM" GROWING ON AN EVERGREEN.

The large, dense mass about half-way up at the right.

Inasmuch as the true "witch" (the fungus spore) is not readily discovered without a magnifying glass, we need hardly worry much about her.—WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

# DECEMBER.



"HEADING."  
BY  
HILDE  
VON THIELMANN,  
AGE 16.  
(CASH PRIZE.)

## A LEAGUE GOOD-BY

How long ago, a little group, we gathered  
To weave our stories and to build our rhymes!  
How tenderly the vagrant muse we tethered  
Through winter eves and drowsy summer-times.

Those days were sweet—the path of inclination  
Lay ribbon fair beneath the lifting sun;  
And fast we followed, filled with contemplation  
Of dreams made substance, and of prizes won.

Those days are fled—what echo shall remind us  
Of winter fancy, and of summer rhyme,  
When we who say good-by have left behind us  
Our meager drift along the marge of time?

Adieu, adieu, companions of the morning,  
My pathway faces to the sloping sun;  
The shadows longer grow—I heed the warning,  
And trim my fires ere nightfall has begun.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE,  
Editor St. Nicholas League,  
Nov., 1899, to Dec., 1908.

Nine years ago last month the first announcement of the ST. NICHOLAS League was made in this magazine. That is a long time in a young life. Our oldest members, now, were just little boys and girls then, of not more than eight, and if they sent anything at all to the League it was a crude little drawing or story or poem, or perhaps it was a photograph, accidentally good, because the camera is a happy-go-lucky sort of an artist and sometimes makes a wonderfully good picture for even its youngest friends. And our older members?—they have all gone—one by one and two by two they passed through the little quiet gate that marks the eighteenth milestone along the path of youth, and have closed it from the further side. Most of them are living, busy men and women now—some of them

following the work they loved and made their own in the pages of the League; some of them pursuing other and perhaps more congenial employments. But whatever their tasks and wherever they may be, the editor believes there is not one who does not sometimes remember the old League days when the monthly competition with its prize distribution was all important; when the printed list of winners was scanned for the single name which, if found, was written as if in letters of gold. It must be so, for the good-by letters that have come all along have told the tale of hope and anxiety and triumph, and they have echoed the sadness of the parting—a sadness that never failed to find answer in the thought of the one who, though always left



"A HOLIDAY." BY MARION M. PAYNE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



behind to welcome the new group, never failed to follow affectionately the old familiar names as they vanished from the pages of contribution and from the Honor Roll.

AND now, at last, the League editor himself is to be among those who go. The years have laid so many duties upon him that he is no longer able to give to the League the consideration and the time that it requires and deserves. Certain labors press upon him to be finished, and he must perform them while he has the strength and will, or not at all, for the months fly and the years slip away, and the time of labor is only a little while. He began with the League at its beginning, and in sympathy and spirit he will remain with it, come what may. But the active labor will hereafter be performed by another hand, trained and capable, whose owner will be one in full sympathy with the ambitions and the efforts of youth, with time and talent and energy for the place. To League friends and members old and new the old League editor waves good-by.

St., Colfax, Wash., and **Eugene L. Walter** (age 15), 1301 Michigan St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Helen Sewell** (age 12), 59 S. Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Margaret Crouch** (age 11), 719 Comstock Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., and **Frances Watts** (age 12), care American Consulate General, 39 Rue de la Regence, Brussels, Belgium.

**Photography.** Gold badges, **Marion M. Payne** (age 15), Ovid, N. Y., and **C. Marguerite Daloz** (age 15), 467 Columbia Rd., Dorchester, Mass.

Silver badges, **Charles E. Ames** (age 13), Readville, Mass., and **Kathleen Mattingly** (age 13), Eagle Grove, Ia.

**Wild Creature Photography.** First prize, "Night Heron and Nest," by **Alfred C. Redfield** (age 17), Barnstable, Mass. Second prize, "Doe and Fawn," by **S. R. Swenson** (age 12), Saranac Inn, N. Y. Third prize, "Herring Gull Flying," by **Roger Brooks** (age 11), R. F. D. 3, Wazzata, Minn. Fourth prize, "Guess What Bird?" by **Tom Buffum**, The Gunnery, Washington, Conn.



"A HOLIDAY IN LUXOR." BY C. MARGUERITE DALOZ, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 106

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Gold badges, **Agnes Mackenzie Miall** (age 16), 19 Cyprus Rd., Finchley, London, Eng.; **Mary Culver** (age 13), 36 Eagle St., Albany, N. Y., and **Anne Parsons** (age 14), 665 E. Town St., Columbus, O.

Silver badges, **Isabel Adami** (age 13), 331 Peel St., Montreal, Can.; **Katherine Hitt** (age 14), 447 S. Normal Parkway, Chicago, Ill., and **Dorothy Dawson** (age 13), 4, The Grove, Westward Ho, N. Devon, Eng.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Gertrude Hearn** (age 16), 276 Westminster Rd., Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Ruth Merritt Erdman** (age 15), 521 W. Lake St., Canton, O., and **Ruth E. Fisher** (age 17), 51 E. 92d St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Israel J. Kesser** (age 14), 223 Madison St., N. Y. City; **Sybil Marie Comer** (age 11), Tampico, Tam., Mexico, and **John W. Hill** (age 12), 272 State St., Portland, Me.

**Drawing.** Cash prize, **Hilde von Thielmann** (age 16), Berlin, W. 10, Rauchstrasse 9, Germany.

Gold badges, **Dorothy Starr** (age 14), 6059 Monroe Ave., Chicago, Ill.; **Eula M. Baker** (age 12), 318 Mill

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badge, **Erma Quinby** (age 16), 24 Stratford Place, Newark, N. J.

Silver badges, **Convass B. Dean** (age 17), Ulysses, Pa.; **Lucile Strüller** (age 13), 307 N. Mountain Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J., and **Philip Sherman** (age 10), care E. A. Sherman, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

**Puzzle Answers.** Gold badge, **Frances C. Bennett** (age 16), 213 Mifflin Ave., Wilkingsburg, Pa.

Silver badges, **Katharine B. Hodges** (age 16), 602 Hill St., Wilmette, Ill., and **Philip Wadden Thayer** (age 14), 35 Wilbraham Ave., Springfield, Mass.

#### THE GIFTS OF THE SEA

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALL (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

Oh, the sea, the azure sea,  
Clear and bright of hue;  
Calm and stormy, fresh and free,  
How it calls to you and me  
From its depths of blue.

Saying, "Leave the smoke and grime,  
Hasten to the beach.  
Come to me a little time,  
To this cleaner, brighter clime,  
I have gifts for each.

I will rock you on my breast,  
I will ease your pain;  
I will give you peace and rest,  
Comfort you when you're distressed,  
Lend you hope again.

Only trust yourselves to me;  
Take these gifts of mine.  
From the crowded cities flee  
To the bosom of the sea,  
To my love divine.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

BY GERTRUDE HEARN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

EVERY year our family spends the most part of Christmas day at my grandmother's. One Christmas we returned home from there about ten o'clock in the evening. We went into the dining-room and my sister lighted the gas.

We had decorated the chandelier with Christmas greens and from it streamers of crêpe-paper extended to the four corners of the room. As the gas-light flared up, the greens caught fire, and before we knew what had happened the whole chandelier was in roaring flames. In her excitement, mother jumped up on the table (she never knew just how she got there) and wrapped my father's overcoat around the flames. Meanwhile the four streamers had caught fire and were lying on the floor, burning, where they had fallen. My brother, sister, and I extinguished these.

Mother called for water, and my sister rushed into the kitchen and returned with — the drinking cup full of

water! My father, who never gets excited, stood quietly by, watching all this. She handed the cup to him, probably expecting him to throw it on the blaze. He took the cup and calmly drank the water! We did not think it funny then, but how we laughed about it afterward!

In a few moments the greens were all burned, and as they could catch on nothing else, our "fire" was out. Fortunately there was no further damage than a scorched coat and table-cover, but we learned a lesson — never to put decorations around lights.

THE DIFFERENT GIFTS

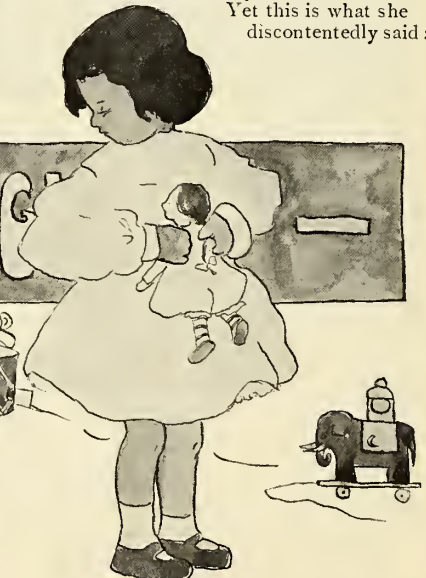
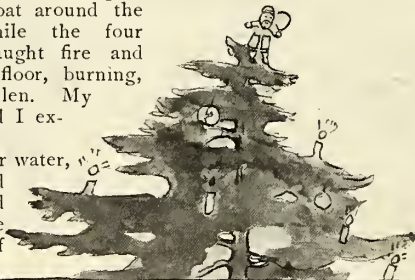
BY ANNE PARSONS (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

LITTLE Jane Margaret sat on the floor, Surrounded by beautiful presents galore. There were books, there was candy; a doll and a sled; Yet this is what she discontentedly said:



"HEADING." BY EUGENE L. WALTER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



DECEMBER

"A HEADING." BY DOROTHY STARR, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)





"THE OLD HOMESTEAD." BY EULA M. BAKER, AGE 12.

"The books have no pictures, the candy 's not good,  
I hate dolls, and the sled is of iron, not wood;  
I wanted some blocks and a big rubber ball;  
I don't think I 've had a nice Christmas at all!"

Now, while she thus cries, and complains of her lot,  
We 'll see what the coachman's small daughter has got.  
Whose mama is so poor that she cannot obtain  
Gifts like those which are given to rich little Jane.

But her father has whittled a table of wood,  
And her mother has knitted a warm, woolen hood;  
And the child as she picks up these things in her hand  
Says: "I 'm sure I 'm the happiest girl in the land."

#### A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

BY RUTH MERRITT ERDMAN (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

WHEN one of my friends was about eight years old, she felt uncertain about the existence of Santa Claus. As she was a very adventurous child, she determined to find out about it to her satisfaction.

On Christmas eve, after her mother had tucked her snugly into bed, she crept into a large closet, in the room where the generous saint usually deposited his presents. There she waited for what seemed an endless length of time, but, finally, sleep closed her tired eyes, and she knew no more until a slight noise awakened her.

All was dark. The child distinctly heard a noise at the window. Her heart gave a joyful leap. Surely that was Santa Claus! But the window! What a strange place for him to enter, but then she always had wondered how he could come down the chimney. Evidently theirs was too small.

As quickly as possible the childish fingers groped for the Christmas-tree candle and matches which she had gotten the day before. Of course she must see the jolly saint, and in a moment a small light tried bravely to dispel the darkness. She eagerly strained her eyes to see the window, but no Christmas saint appeared.

One glance through the semi-darkness revealed a face. Then came hurried footsteps and all was still. The child knew that the owner of the face was not Santa Claus, but the fact that her dim light had frightened away a thief never

occurred to her. Looking into the room she could see shadowy objects. Santa Claus had come and gone while the young adventuress slept, and her doubts still remained unsatisfied.

If she had not been so anxious to see the dear old saint there would have been little Christmas joy in her home, but the thief took the light as evidence of discovery and consequently left the house unmolested.

#### AUNT MATTY'S GIFTS

BY MARY CULVER (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

Of all the Christmas gifts we get  
Aunt Matty's are most  
queer.

Such useless ones they seem, and  
yet,  
Our Aunty is a dear.

Last Christmas-time for bookworm Lynde,  
A racket fine was sent.  
To Nelly, frivolous in mind,  
A set of Shakspeare went.

To languid sister Rosalie  
Who never goes about,  
Some calling-cards were sent, to be  
Of use when she went out.

But Lynde now has a tennis court,  
And plays there with a vim.  
It makes him strong, and gives him sport,  
Which seemed no use to him.

And Nelly now stays home from balls  
And o'er Othello bends.



"HEADING." BY MARGARET CROUCH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

While Rosa made some formal calls  
And gained some lovely friends.

And so they 've all done good, you see,  
But a book of manners, small,  
That Auntie sent last year to me  
Has done the most of all.

### A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

BY RUTH E. FISHER (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

EVERY year during my Christmas vacation I go to Eatontown, New Jersey, to spend Christmas day with some friends, and each year I bring my gifts from the city, but last year in my hurry to get away, I forgot a number, for those I wished to remember. So I told my friends I was going to the near-by village to get the things I needed.

When I started out they advised me to pack up warmly, as snow was then on the ground, and it threatened to snow more. I was in the cutter, so it was easy to travel over the roads.

I got to the village safely, and after making my purchases, I was on my way home, when it began to snow. Then it came down in flurries, and by the time I got two miles out of the village, I was what people call "snowed in." I could hardly go any further when all of a sudden I spied a little light, and knowing that it must be some kind of a house I made straight for it. When I got to the gate I could go no farther. I got out of the sleigh to walk



"THE OLD HOMESTEAD." BY FRANCES WATTS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

through the drift of snow in front of what proved to be a small cottage. So without waiting to knock I walked right in.

On entering I found two light-haired little girls playing in a neat, but shabby room. After making myself known to them, I asked if I might stay there. They nodded in assent. For by this time I saw it was impossible for me to get home. The horses were under a little shed by the gate, so I stayed indoors with an easy conscience.

I was there about one hour when a little pale woman came in whom, I knew at a moment's glance, to be the children's mother, and when she saw me in the room, she no doubt wondered who I was; but the little girls already made me known to her. After she was home a short time it seemed as though we were old friends. She told me all about her early life, what hardships she had to bear, and how she had to work for her little girls (the two sweetest children on earth I think, for now they are very dear to me).

While we talked it was snowing furiously, and I found I could not get home till it abated, so I asked Mrs. E— to lend me her old rubber boots and cape to go out and get the packages in the sleigh, for I knew the children would not have many gifts, and I decided to give them the ones I had bought for the dear friends at home.

By this time it was Christmas Eve and when I gave them the gifts, my readers can imagine what kind of faces I got in return; they paid me many fold. The old saying is, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." I received their hospitality in return, but I also acquired three of the best friends I think I will ever have.

### THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

BY ISABEL ADAMI (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ALL life seemed so empty, yet filled with care

And my heart seemed turned to stone  
And I flung myself down in dull despair  
To sob in the gloom—alone.

And it mattered not if 't was day or night  
Withered was pleasure and faded was light—

And the cheerless world was gray;  
When out of the darkness there stole a hand  
And a soft voice whispered, "I understand." . . .  
Then the sun smiled down from a misty sky  
While a rainbow of promise gleamed on high  
And the cheerful world was gay.



"NIGHT HERON AND NEST." BY ALFRED C. REDFIELD, AGE 17.  
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)





"DOE AND FAWN." BY S. R. SWENSON, AGE 12.  
(SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

### A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

BY ISRAEL J. KESSER (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

LONG ago when my father was a resident of Russia, he entered the army at twenty-one. He was assigned to do duty in a town near the city of Baku in the Caucasus Mountains. There my father, being a good horseman, was made an orderly. It was while doing this duty that the adventure which I will relate in his own words befell him.

"About two days before Christmas, I was sent with despatches to the headquarters at Baku,—two days' ride from us. Another orderly and a Tartar accompanied me. The journey was a very perilous one; but as the weather was fair, we started out in high spirits. We trotted along merrily over the mountains chatting and singing until it grew dark. It was then that we noticed that the snow was falling, and the wind blew almost with the force of a gale. We quickly sought a cave to shelter ourselves during the night and, after lighting a fire, lay down to sleep wrapped up in our fur coats.

"In the morning a storm was raging and to go outside of the cave was sure death. We therefore kept within it for that day and night. During the night the storm abated and Christmas morn dawned clear and bright.

"We decided to resume our journey hoping to reach the city by night-time. But on going out we saw that the trail leading to the city was covered with snow and we could not distinguish it from the rest of the ground.

"Our course was directly west and we started out as we thought in that direction. After traveling for about three hours we discovered, to our joy, footsteps. It was, however, quickly changed to dismay when the Tartar who had examined them told us that they were our own. Instead of riding as we thought straight, we had ridden in a circle. We were now really lost in the Caucasian Mountains!

"We were dismayed! We thought of every possible plan to get out of this scrape, but they all proved useless. At last we decided to let the horses go at random in hopes that they would find their way back.

"Before starting my comrade took out his watch to ascertain the time. A small watch charm however attracted his attention. On looking at it he suddenly gave a shout and jumped up. I took it from his hand and saw to my joy that it was a tiny compass.

"At two o'clock that night we arrived at Baku."

### A CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY DOROTHY DAWSON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

SURROUNDED by Christmas presents, in a handsome easy chair,  
A fair little girl was sitting, with a dull and listless air,  
"I am tired of dolls and pictures, and these splendid toys," said she.  
"They are all too grand to play with, and they cannot play with me.  
I am dull in this great big nursery, with nobody here to see;  
And how can I love my dollies, when they cannot love me?"  
—A knock at the door—"If you please, Miss, here's Billy, the gardener's boy,  
"He has brought you a Christmas present, —a different sort of toy—"

And Billy came in on tiptoe, bearing a basket, full,

Of the dearest Persian kittens, on a bed of cotton wool.  
With a cry of joyful rapture, the little girl took them out,  
And one by one she kissed them, and turned them all about.  
Then, her arms full of kittens, she thanked the gardener's boy;

For now these living playthings had filled her cup of joy.  
And when he had gone, she murmured,—her kittens on her knee:

"Yes, I can love my kittens, for they will soon love me."



"A HOLIDAY." BY KATHLEEN MATTINGLY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

## A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE ON THE FLORIDA KEYS

BY SYBIL MARIE COMER (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

A YEAR ago, at the time we were living in Miami, Florida, my father being in connection with the Florida, East Coast R.R., was down on a Key, about ninety miles from Miami where my mother and I were living.

At Christmas we were very much disappointed when we heard that my father's work would not allow him to come to town. So we were to go down there. When we arrived, we were invited to spend Christmas day with friends of ours, who lived not a great distance from Long Key, where my father was. But we hesitated some time, as my father's yacht was not there and, if we went we would have to go in a small launch with no accommodations, and the engineer did not know the way. At last we decided to go, and father was to take it upon himself to find the way there.

We arrived safely and enjoyed ourselves immensely, until at last my father thought as it was getting late, and as he did not know the way well, we should start. Our



"A HOLIDAY." BY FREDERICK R. BAILEY, AGE 16.

friends begged us to stay all night, but father thought it best to go, so off we started.

We went quite a way before our launch's engine ceased to work; already it was dark and the stars out. We had not realized it was so late. It was soon very dark, and the engineer could not see to fix the engine for the want of light, and all the matches he had were wet. We paddled along for about fifteen minutes and then to add to our distress, we found we were lost! The tide was falling fast, and soon we were hard aground. As the little ripples rolled the launch, we could easily feel it bump the ground.

We stayed there all night and about four in the morning the tide rose and we pushed off and rowed through deep water toward a trestle. We tied our launch to a piling, and climbed to the top of the trestle, then walked seven miles home. My father afterward sent back for the broken down boat.

We were certainly glad to be home again, we were so tired and sleepy.

That was a Christmas never to be forgotten.



"GUESS WHAT BIRD?" BY TOM BUFFUM, AGE 13.  
(FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

### THE GIFT OF GIVING

BY KATHERINE HITT (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

HEAVEN sends gifts to mortal men  
That they content may be,—  
Wisdom, Wealth, and Honesty,  
The Joy of being free.

But of all the good gifts granted us  
That make our lives worth living,  
Hand in hand come the very best,—  
Love, and the Gift of Giving.

### A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

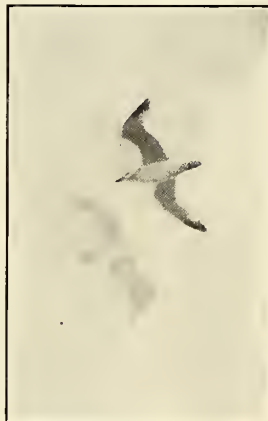
BY JOHN W. HILL (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

LAST summer when I was at Christmas Cove, one of those summer resorts for which Maine is so famous,

I made the acquaintance of a queer character who went by the name of Uncle Ben Thorp. After I grew to know Uncle Ben I became very fond of him. The stories that he told were interesting and dramatic and full of the heroism and courage of the rough fisher folk. But the story which delighted me the most was the one of how the island chanced to get its name. I will relate it to you:

One stormy, gloomy Christmas night, about the year 1703, a small boat was driven on the coast. It contained a Frenchman who had taken to it, with companions, because of the wreck of the schooner in which they were sailing to found a colony on the shores of Maine. All the others had been swept off during the storm. He had managed, however, by prodigious exertions, to keep his hold upon the boat and after a while the storm had abated. Far off in the distance was a wavy line of blue. This he knew to be land and seizing a paddle he



"HERRING GULL FLYING."  
BY ROGER BROOK, AGE 11.  
(THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



# December 1908



"HEADING." BY OTTO C. PEICHERT, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

used it to so much advantage as to reach the shore in a little over an hour. Upon landing he fell upon the ground and thanked God for saving his life. A little later, when he had drunk some of the cold spring water close at hand, he made a rude cross and erected it on the beach. On this he carved with his jackknife, Christmas, 1703. Thus Christmas Cove received its name.

Where the man came from and who he was no one knows. Some time afterward a fisherman from the neighboring settlement of Pemaquid chanced to note a signal of distress, which was fastened to the top of a tall pine, and came to take him off. His arrival at Pemaquid attracted much interest, France being then at war with the English Colonies. But the massacre at Deerfield soon drove the memory of his romantic story out of their minds and it was not until after his death that people began repeating it and speculating on his origin, not a few maintaining that he was a French officer of noble birth. However this may be, the man who first landed on Christmas Cove and gave the place the name it now bears, died unnoticed and forgotten.

## GIFTS

BY ESTELLE KING (AGE 16)

ONCE, long ago, on a brand new day,  
Eve gave Adam an apple to eat,  
And long before he had finished, they say,  
The dust of Paradise left his feet.

How out of this apple much has come,  
Evil, and good, friendship, and strife,  
And this one little gift on a long ago day  
Has turned the course of human life.

So gifts, you see, may mean a lot  
And are quite deserving of care and pain,  
For who can tell but the thing you give  
May let us all into Eden again.

## A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

BY MARIAN E. GRAY (AGE 16)

My father had suddenly been called to Honolulu on the 15th of December, and my mother and I decided to go

with him. We arrived there a few days before Christmas. Some of the Americans who had come over on the steamer with us went to the same hotel, and so we did not feel hopelessly strange. Soon after arriving, invitations were received for a party to be given at the hotel on Christmas Eve. Strange sights met our eyes at this festival. Members of native royalty, together with the rich Chinese, a few Japanese, and some Americans, danced together, having the best kind of a time. The lawn was hung with Japanese lanterns, and you might have seen couples strolling around under the trees between dances. As all the ladies had on thin and low-necked gowns, this seemed to us very queer



"A HOLIDAY." BY CHARLES E. AMES, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

because we usually spent our Christmas sleigh-riding or skating, while in Honolulu Christmas is nearly as warm as our summer.

The next day being Christmas, the natives had a feast. The Americans as a great privilege were invited, and because we were there to see the sights we went. First they

gave us leis, which are wreaths made of flowers and are usually thrown around and around the neck. The feast was in a long grass house, and each one sat on the floor with his bowl of poi before him. The natives eat this by using their fingers much as the Chinese use chopsticks. After eating we heard a native band which played weird but beautiful music. Shortly after, we set sail for home amid many expressions of *aloha*, meaning, "Fare thee well." We had spent a strange but interesting Christmas.

### THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

BY ANNIE LAURIE HILLYER

(Honor Member)

FAR in the cold and frosty North,  
A little fir did sway,  
Amid the grandeur of the snows,  
It saddened, day by day.

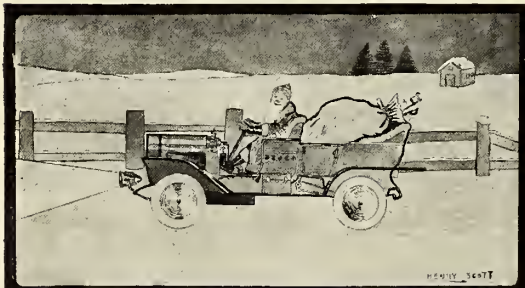
The "Northern Lights," they made it bow,  
The icebergs made it sigh.

"I am so small," it thought, until  
The Christmas Saint passed by.

"Ah, little tree," the Christmas Saint

Then cried, his face aglow,

"A picture will I make of you —  
A gift of fir and snow."



## DECEMBER

"HEADING." BY HENRY D. SCOTT, AGE 15.

The shiv'ring tree now glowed in green,  
Its boughs swung, high and proud,  
"I'll deck you," smiled the Christmas Saint,  
"With stars from yonder cloud!"

"I'll twine your boughs with shining snow,  
Instead of tinsel bright,  
I'll drape you o'er with threads of ice  
In place of candle light!"

Oh, 't was a happy little fir,  
And blest by it are we —  
For it was honored always as  
The first, dear Christmas Tree!

### AN ANNUAL CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

BY NORINE MEANS (AGE 16)

My favorite Christmas adventure occurs yearly and yet it is always different.

My papa owns a department store and every Christmas mama, my sister, and myself go to the store to help papa and his clerks.

We are up early, and all day we are continually flying, from one part of the store to another, in our vain attempts to please our customers.

First, there is the woman who looks at all the china,



"THE OLD HOMESTEAD." BY VIRGINIA GRANT, AGE 11.

from a dollar up — remarks that it is high and easily broken, decides she won't take any, visits the other departments in the same manner. When she leaves the store a couple of hours later her only purchase is a five-cent handkerchief.

Next, comes the fond grandparent whose granddaughter has "everything in the universe." "No, this won't do," "No, that won't do," and finally a bundle of calico, which she purchased at another store, falls from her arms and drapes the floor in a most amazing manner. The bundle wrapped and returned to her, she disappears, without even saying "thank you."

At this moment, a young man hands you a quarter saying he wants a handkerchief for his Sunday-school teacher, and to the amusement of all but him he turns to find her standing near him.

So the day passes on, till night comes, when we are glad to creep sleepily in our beds, happy at having taken part in the Christmas of many.

### THE GIRL'S BEST GIFT

BY ALISON WINSLOW (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

I KNOW a girl who gives away  
From morning until night.  
And with her comes an atmosphere  
That fills one with delight.  
She gives away, and gives away,  
But does not pay a cent.  
And ev'ry one is just as pleased  
As though a lot were spent.

But, if she spends no money  
And gives from night till day,  
Whence come the wondrous gifts of hers,  
Now tell me, can you say?  
Oh, can't you see, oh, don't you know?  
She's happy all the time  
And life with her and all her friends  
Is one long happy rhyme.



"HEADING." BY SARAH YALE CAREY, AGE 16.





The Old Homestead.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD." BY LYNN ROLLINS, AGE 17.

She gives away her happy laugh,  
Her smile, her song, her love.  
She gives us all the blessed thought  
That she is from above.  
We love her when she 's near us  
And when she does n't stay;  
We love, of all the boys and girls,  
This girl who gives away.

## A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

BY MARION J. LEONARD (AGE 13)

ONE of the loveliest Christmases I ever had and the one that came nearest to being an adventure was one that I spent at the age of nine in a little Wyoming fort on the Shoshone Indian reservation. It was a very little fort one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railroad, and sixteen miles from the nearest town, or rather village; but the people were better neighbors for that.

A few days before Christmas my father and our Filipino servant, Pablo, went up into the Wind River Mountains and cut down a handsome pine-tree, and set it in our front room.

We had lost our Christmas-tree ornaments in moving, but we had candles and pop-corn. Then we ransacked our books and toys for all that we felt we could give, and bought plenty of candy and oranges and apples. We hung the presents also on the tree; and when it was finished it looked surprisingly well.

We invited all the children in the fort in to see the tree; those that belonged to my mother's little Sunday-school class included, colored and white. Each child received a present, a book, an orange, and an apple. Some of them had never seen a Christmas-tree before, and probably would never see another.

We all had a lovely time, and I don't believe we shall ever enjoy a Christmas more than we did that one, away off in the lonely mountains of the Indian reservation.

## THE GIFT OF PAN

BY ELIZABETH TOOF (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

As echoes from the songs  
Of angels died away  
Pan swiftly sought the chamber where  
The sleeping Christ-child lay.

He dared not stand within  
The silent, holy place,

But knelt without the door, alone,  
To see the new God's face.

When rays of glory from  
The manger filled the night,  
He, wondering, sought the forest's shade  
Half-blinded by the light.

Pan left beside the door  
A lily freshly blown;  
The purest dews of midnight  
On its fluted petals shone.

And when the Christ-child woke  
And saw the flower bright  
The little town of Bethlehem  
Was filled with morning light.

## THE GIFT OF FELICITAS

BY CECELIA G. GERSON (AGE 15)

IN the far off land where the fairies dwell,  
And the sun shines on the bay,  
A dear little baby princess  
In her snow white cradle lay.

Her big blue eyes were opened wide  
She cooed like birds in spring,  
For her fairy friends had come that day  
To attend her christening.

Then Felicitas, the fairy  
Of happiness and cheer,  
Stepped forward and impressed a kiss  
On her forehead pure and clear.

She spread her wings and flew away  
On a ray of bright sunshine,



"THE OLD HOMESTEAD." BY VIVIAN BOWDOIN, AGE 14.

Singing, "The kiss upon your brow  
Will make your life divine."

Most truly spoken were those words,  
For through the maiden's life  
With tender words of love and cheer  
She settled war and strife.

And each of you, my little friends,  
Possess the gift of love  
Which Felicitas, the fairy,  
Hath wafted from above.



"HEADING." BY PERCY BLUMLEIN, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

**THE ROLL OF HONOR**

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.  
 No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

**VERSE, 1**

- Marguerite Weed
- Jean Gray Allen
- Nannie Clark Barr
- Miriam Noll
- Helen Fitz James
- Searight
- Mildred M. Whitney
- B. H. Fairbanks
- Dorothy Evans
- Eleanor J. Tevis
- Jeannette Munro
- Maud Holly Mallett
- Agnes Gray
- Ruby E. Wilkins
- Adelaide Nichols
- Lois Estabrook
- Sandison
- Alma J. Herzfeld
- Lucy E. Fancher
- Elinor Wilson Roberson
- Louise F. Hodges
- Mildred Southwick
- Constance Wilcox
- Mathilde Harriet Loeb
- Dorothy Foster
- Carol Thompson
- Margaret F. Weil
- Ellis Allen
- Ruth Livingston
- Eleanor Johnson
- Warren L. Marks
- Marion Dinsmore

**VERSE, 2**

- Helen Marie Mooney
- Clara F. Chassell
- Aileen Aveling
- Dorothy Kerr Floyd
- Olive Mary Pilkington
- Marguerite C. Hearsey
- Gisela von Unterrichter
- Charlotte Agnes Bennett
- Margaret T. Babcock
- Bertha North Wilcox
- Lennox Clark Brennan
- Frances Elizabeth Simpson
- Stella Anderson
- Gladys Vezey
- Mildred Best
- George Godoy
- Emma D. Miller
- Jessie R. Morris

- Dorothy Mac Pherson
- Ruth H. Reboul
- Wyllys King
- Gladys S. Bean
- Isabel Randolph
- Ellen L. Papazian
- Dorothy Emerson
- Lillie G. Menary
- Ida C. Kline
- Eleanor M. Sickels
- Sybil Davis
- Jessie Bogen
- Mabel E. Edwards
- Elizabeth B. Prudden
- Eleanor Hussey
- Marion E. Thomson
- Gertrude Kinkle
- Gladys Stephenson
- Barbara K. Webber
- Primrose Lawrence
- Emmeline Bradshaw
- Elizabeth Harrington
- May Kuchti
- Lois Donovan
- Sarah Cecilia
- McCarthy
- Bessie B. Stryon
- Alison Strathy
- Marie Armstrong
- Mary de Lorme
- van Rossem
- Bibi Elizabeth Lacy
- Helen Thomas
- Clara Eliese Simon
- Pauline Nichthauser
- Helen Agnes Slater
- Isabel D. Weaver
- Doris F. Halman
- Bertha Pitcairn
- Louise L. Cardozo
- Grace W. Wingate
- Alice I. Gilman
- Anna B. Stearns
- Gwendolyn V. Steel
- Helen A. Ross
- Marian Nevin Funk
- Miriam Abrams
- Ruth Z. Mann
- Grace Harvey
- Mary Augusta Johnson
- Ruth W. Seymour
- Elizabeth S. Allen
- Olivia Johnson
- Kathryn Manahan
- Alice Phelps Rider
- Louise M. Rose
- Duncan Mellor

- Julia Ten Eyck
- Howard W. Combs
- Linzee W. King
- W. Gerald Barnes
- Minna Lewinson
- Barbara F. Allen

**PROSE, 1**

- Thelma G. Williams
- Virginia H. Duncan
- Marie Hall Wilson
- Wesley Ferguson
- Katbarine F. Noll
- Alice Mac Dougal
- Annabel Rennitz
- Elizabeth K. Stauffer
- Robert Alston Willard
- Kathryn Southgate
- Anna K. Seip
- Tillie Hoffman
- Deborah Sugarman
- Carolyn A. Perry
- Lucile Laura Chase
- James McHenry
- Fred D. Harrington
- Ellen Lemly
- Dorothy Elizabeth
- Wallace
- Mildred Menhinick
- Emily Taft
- Gladys Hall
- Marguerite Knox
- Marion D. Freeman
- Edith Dana Weigle
- Jeannette Covert
- Hazel Edgerly
- Juniata Fairfield
- Fannie Butterfield
- Vera Good
- Gertrude Tebo
- Martha L. Cooke
- Ruth Butler
- Elizabeth Kendall
- Lila R. Feeley
- Carlton W. Cox
- Anita Marjory Taylor
- Catharine Patton
- Marjorie Winrod
- Lavinia James
- Margaret Benney

**PROSE, 2**

- Anna Sandford
- Elizabeth Curtiss
- Alex L. Berliner
- Mary Taft
- George Lindberg
- Hazel R. Abbott
- Hester M. Dickey
- Dorothy Read
- Kathrine Park
- Marjorie Paret
- Louise Reynolds
- Bessie R. Gregory
- Elizabeth F. Abrams
- Mary Farmer
- Jennaveve John
- Mary Elizabeth Van Fossen
- Kenneth Allen
- Brownell
- Edna Anderson
- Elizabeth Page James
- Florence M. Ward
- Minnie R. Stuartt
- Ollie Ford
- Ruth Allerton
- Florence Mickey
- Margery C. Abbott
- Henry F. Resch

- Ruth E. Abel
- Mildred White
- Celestia Fromyer
- Lydia M. Scott
- Jean McCaleb
- Amo Reinarz
- Alice Brabant
- Manon de Humersdorff
- Calvert Cabell
- Corinne Weston
- Elizabeth M. Burkhardt
- Elsa Montgomery
- Maxine Elliot
- Isabelle Berry Hill
- Julia Williamson Hall
- Elizabeth Shepard
- Beth Clare
- Anna Halpert
- Henry Kaestner
- Ruth Patterson
- Erma Quinby
- H. Siegal
- Ellen B. Coleman

**DRAWINGS, 1**

- Rachel Gilmore Head
- Otto Tabor
- Decie Merwin
- Ernest Liefuchtner
- Carroll Miller
- Helen A. Seymour
- Kathleen Buchanan
- Louise Dantzebecher
- Jack B. Hopkins
- Cornelia Elliott Devine
- Dorothy Gray Brooks
- Ruth Cutler
- Marjorie E. Chase
- Hugh Albert Cameron
- Helen Underwood
- Dorothy Ochtman
- Margaret Putnam
- Merrill
- Lydia Carolyn Gibson
- Hugo Greenbaum
- Alma Champlin
- Adolph G. Schneider
- Margaret Farnsworth
- Ruth Colburn
- Helen J. McFarland
- Mary Sherwood
- Ethel Shearer

**DRAWINGS, 2**

- Florrie Thomson
- Mary McKittrick
- Paul Todd
- Waldron Faulkner
- John Murry Wickard
- Flora McDonald
- Cockrell
- Caroline Bagley
- Helen Edward Walker
- Sarah M. Bradley
- Reginald Marsh
- Augusta L. Burke
- Eleanor Park Kelly
- Harold H. Hertel
- Margaretta Comstock
- Johnson
- Alison M. Kingsbury
- Dorothy Gardner
- Margaret Kemp
- Lloyd Goodrich
- Marjorie K. Gibbons
- Helen D. Baker
- Helen Gillespie
- Virginia P. Bradfield
- Doris Lisle
- Agnes H. James

- Edward L. A. Woods
- Dorothy Loomis
- Gladys Felker
- Helen B. Nichols
- Beatrice H. Cook
- Adele Belden
- Lucy Mae Hanscom
- Margaret J. Marshall
- Eleanor Bournonville
- Watt
- Helen Bradley
- Joyce Armstrong
- Felicity Askew
- Edith M. Tuttle
- Helen Louise Walker
- Janet Dexter
- Julia Harvey
- Samuel Harrington
- Eleanor Patterson
- Spencer
- Esther Curtis
- Marshall Williamson
- Frances P. Irwin
- Margaret A. Smith
- Muriel G. Read
- Howard Henderson
- Dorothy Hamilton
- Ernest C. Leigh
- Dorothy Bastin
- Jessica Wagar
- Roberta Barton
- Isabel S. Allen
- Bertram E. Kosf
- Olive M. Smith
- Frank L. Hayes, Jr.
- Elizabeth K. Hazlehurst
- Dorothy Helen Gaeger
- M. Udell Sill
- Guy Arthur Olson
- Mabel Alvord
- Jeanette Reid
- Dorothy Louise Dade
- Helen Houghton
- Ames
- Doris Howland
- William Bullitt
- Maurice C. Johnson
- Aline M. Crook
- Verna Keays
- Elizabeth Chippendale
- Helen S. McLaanahan
- Edward Schwarzwaelder
- Cora Johnson
- Margaret Lantz
- Daniel
- Ruth Chapman
- Mary Woods
- Saasito Azoy
- Elizabeth Eckel
- Helen Fernald
- Frederick D. Griggs
- Sylvia Allen
- Joan Cowes
- Nannie Hull
- Emil Belansky
- Dorothy G. Stewart
- Helen Schweikhardt
- Cuthbert W. Haasis
- J. Loomis Brawley
- Margaret Roafle
- Edward, Carroll
- Callan
- Caroline Hosford
- Herschel M. Colbert
- Irene Fuller
- Clinton Newbold
- Dorothy Wellington
- Dorothy Woods
- Elizabeth Lewis
- Constance E. Hazel
- Kathryn Maddock
- Edith Simonds
- Louise Winton
- Margaret A. White
- Katharine Mary Keeler
- Hans Witzel
- Clarence E. Matthews
- Mildred L. Coale
- Evelyn Bucbanan
- Sybil Emerson
- Anne Geyer
- Elizabeth Keeler
- Ernest S. Day

- PHOTOGRAPHS, 1
- Constance Ayer
- Helen B. Nichols
- Lucile W. Rogers
- Willard Burke
- John B. Davis
- Charles Franklin Brooks
- James M. Horington
- C. M. Clay, Jr.
- Howard P. Clements, Jr.
- Marie Agaesig
- Mildred Taylor
- Ellen K. Hone
- Ruth Thayer
- Clyde Stringer
- Marvin Davis

**PHOTOGRAPHS, 2**

- James R. Warren
- Irvine Morrat
- Margaret E. Nash
- Freda Schratt
- Charles H. Miller
- Oakes J. Ames
- Frederick A. Brooks
- Alexander
- Wortherspoon
- Dorothea Jones
- Elizabeth Zulauf
- Wm. Marrat
- Richard S. Ely
- Victor Mackenzie
- Kingsley Kunhardt
- Jerome Weiss
- Grace Bristed
- Margaret S. Mears
- Mildred A. Peck
- Mary E. Maccracken
- Edith H. Bailly
- Ruth Lapham
- Margaret Middleton
- Gertrude Burger
- Charlotte W. Williams
- Hamilton B. Bush
- Edna Lewis
- Juliette M. Omohundro
- Starrett Dinwiddie
- John J. Regenold
- Lucy Rose Morguthan
- Mary Green Mack
- Lavinia K. Sherman
- Annie C. Clement
- Eleanor G. Boyd
- Astrid Platen
- Lucille Narvis
- Pauline M. Dakin
- Lorraine Ramsom
- Elsie Wormser
- Pauline Ehrich
- Margaret Jackson
- Leven C. Allen
- Clem Dickey
- Blanche Deuel
- Charles D. Hoag
- Edna Lois Taggart
- Margaret Cornforth
- Agnes Walter
- Kate M. Babcock
- Susan J. Appleton
- Jessie Atwood
- Ernestine Peabody
- Eileen Buckley
- Gustav Zeese
- Y. G. Leekun
- Eunice L. Hone
- Dorothy Bedell
- Charles B. Hone
- Constance Pateman
- Russell Patterson
- Ellison
- Julia Stell French
- Victor Hoag

**PUZZLES, 1**

- Walter Strickland
- Grace E. Kennedy
- Elizabeth Beale Berry
- Simon Cohen
- Frances A. Hardy
- E. Adelaide Hahn



Jennie Lowenhaupt  
 Ida E. C. Finlay  
 Harriet E. Gates  
 Ellen E. Williams  
 Caroline C.  
 Johnson  
 Dorothy Gay  
 Elisabeth Brockett  
 Maida Gullock  
 Juniata Fairfield

Florence West  
 Alexander Morrison  
 Eleanor S. Wilson  
 Allan Cole  
 Hope H. Stone  
 Rundall Lewis  
 Dorothy Haug  
 Anna Potter  
 George Louis  
 Sill

Harrison Lewis  
 Minna Lewinson  
 Elwyn C. Thomas  
 Louise Stockbridge

## PUZZLES, 2

Mary Gale Clark  
 Marie P. Long  
 Katharine B. Harris  
 Tennessee O. May

No. 1071. President, Donald Davis; Secretary and Treasurer, Ivalyne McDaniel; ten members.

No. 1072. President, Marjorie Trotter; Secretary, Pauline Sperry; Treasurer, Margaret Coup; three members.

No. 1073. "George Washington Club." President, Betty Stryker; Secretary, Jeanette Ross; Treasurer, Esther Watrous; seven members.

No. 1074. "St. Nicholas Lovers." President, Sidney B. Dexter; Vice-President, Harold Alexander; Treasurer, Samuel Landreth; nine members.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 110

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 110 will close Dec. 10 (for foreign members Dec. 15). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the word "Star."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "A Story of the Stars."

**Photograph.** Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My Favorite Nook."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "Portrait of My Friend," and an April (1909) Heading or Tail-piece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its *natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

## RULES

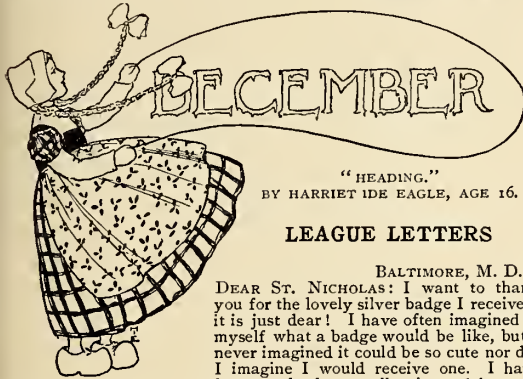
ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the

number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
 Union Square, New York.



"HEADING."  
 BY HARRIET IDE EAGLE, AGE 16.

## LEAGUE LETTERS

BALTIMORE, M. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you for the lovely silver badge I received; it is just dear! I have often imagined to myself what a badge would be like, but I never imagined it could be so cute nor did I imagine I would receive one. I have been on the honor roll twice and have always wanted badly, as every other child must, to have my work published, but now that I have won a silver badge I am not satisfied, for I think to myself if I try hard I may be able to win a gold one and I most certainly am going to try, and oh, I certainly hope I don't get on the roll of the reckless.

I have taken you for nearly four years now, and I get you every year for a birthday present. I have taken you for such a while, though not very long, that I feel you belong to me like a member of the family and I love you and wait for you more and more every year.

I especially liked the stories by Ralph Henry Barbour, as I think I like boys' books best, although I liked "Fritz" and "The Gentle Interference of Bab" ever so much. There is one story which I certainly am sorry stopped and that was "Pinky Perkins, Just a Boy." I thought those were fine stories, so like a boy.

I am afraid my letter is growing too long, so I must close. From your devoted and interested reader,

DOROTHY B. SAYRE (age 13).

BARABOO, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You can never realize my surprise and joy when I learned that I had won the gold badge. My pride in wearing it will be very great, I am sure, but such pride is pardonable, I think.

I could scarcely believe my friends when they told me I had won the badge, because the verses were such simple ones that I hardly hoped for Roll of Honor No. 1. You can never know the joy it gives me to feel that I am now an Honor Member of the ST. NICHOLAS League, and I cannot tell you that in a letter—so I will simply thank you from the depths of my heart, and not inflict a long letter upon you, for I know you are receiving letters of this sort all the time, and that my letter means no more than all the rest.

Thanking you again and again, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am  
 Yours most sincerely,  
 DOROTHY BARNES LOVE.

MATANZAS, CUBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Cuba, where we never see snow. There are beautiful flowers blooming all through the winter.

If we visit the outskirts of the city we will see many poor people with their children naked in mid-winter.

There is a high hill which has a Catholic church on the top called Monserrate. From the top you can see the Yumuri valley which is just beautiful with all its "royal palms."

There are many dark caves on the hillside above the Yumuri River, but none are as beautiful as the Bellamar cave, which is known all over the world.

I am your interested reader,  
 GUSSIE NELSON.

## CHAPTER LIST

No. 1066. President, Joseph Kaplan; Vice-President, Joseph Deitch; ten members.

No. 1070. "Pandora Chapter." President, James B. Ferris; Secretary, Jacob Jalewsky; Treasurer, Otto Plotz; ten members.



"A HEADING." BY HELEN SEWELL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

# THE LETTER-BOX

## EDITORIAL NOTES

IN five of the six clever illustrations for Mrs. Ogden's verses "Larry O'Keefe" on pages 134 to 139, Mr. Birch has introduced a group of Irish elves—or the "Little People" as the superstitious Irish peasants are said to call them. The poem has nothing to say of these mischievous little fellows, but in scattering them through the illustrations Mr. Birch has added to the humor of the drawings.

ALTHOUGH there seems, at first sight, to be only one page for "Very Little Folk" in this number, yet they will all enjoy the story in rhyme entitled "Santa Claus's Surprise Party," which is really intended for them. So we hope that fathers and mothers and big brothers and sisters will read the verses to the little tots and show them Mr. Varian's Christmas-y pictures.

=====

P—, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very glad to hear that a sequel to "Harry's Island" is beginning in your November number. I hope when that is ended there will be another.

My home is in the same beautiful city where Longfellow was born and which he loved so well. His home is opened summers and I have been all through it. In a great chest of drawers, in one room, were some towels, sheets, etc., worked beautifully by his sisters. The initials were done in human hair.

Perhaps some of the ST. NICHOLAS readers have read "Boys of '35." It is a story of Portland, or Landsport it is called in the book, in 1835, and tells not only some interesting facts about the city, but about some of the islands in the bay.

There are 365 of them. Some are private and on those there is generally only a house or two, but most of them are covered with hotels and cottages.

Yours truly,  
MARY A. WOODMAN (age 13).

=====

B—, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber for two years. Papa gives me ST. NICHOLAS for a Christmas present. I hope he will give it to me this year; he could not please me better. I spend many pleasant hours reading ST. NICHOLAS. I am a little girl eleven years old and have assisted my mama in her duties as a telegraph operator for the past two years, having learned the Morse alphabet when I was eight years old. The duties at this office are very light. We live in a lonely place and have no neighbors; consequently we have a great deal of time to devote to reading and studying.

ST. NICHOLAS is one of my best friends.

Your devoted reader,  
JOSEPHINE DENNING.

=====

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin and I have taken you for a year and enjoy reading you very much. We always look forward to the day when we expect ST. NICHOLAS to arrive.

I was born in the capital of the Republic of Guatemala in Central America. Guatemala is a tropical city but as it

is situated in the mountains it has a lovely climate. It is like spring all the year around.

In April, 1902, after the terrible earthquake, we left that country and though I was only six years old I still remember the interesting trip we had.

In order to reach the port, Puerto Barrios, on the Atlantic coast, we had to travel on muleback over a part of the Andes mountains, as the railroad was at that time not yet completed. The first eight hours the paths were wide enough to allow us to travel in a carriage, then as the paths became narrower and narrower we went on muleback for three days. At night we stopped at an Indian hut.

In Puerto Barrios we took a steamer to New Orleans, and we enjoyed our eight-day journey over the Gulf of Mexico very much. After seeing New Orleans we went to Washington where we visited the White House, Congressional Library, and other buildings. From thence we came to New York, our present home.

I wonder if ST. NICHOLAS has any readers in Guatemala City!

Your admiring reader,  
MERCEDES MORITZ (age 12).

=====

L—, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been buying you for about five years and have not written to you before. I live in Lenox, Massachusetts, all summer but in the winter I live in New York.

I love the story of "Harry's Island," and also, "Hints and Helps for Mother." I am 12 $\frac{3}{4}$  and will be 13 in November. I have an old canary and a very old pony named Sir Arthur. When he was young he won ten blues and I do not know how many reds. I had a darling little fox-terrier, but he was 12 years old, and died about a week ago. I feel badly about it, but when I read you, you cheer me up with your many nice stories. Mother says that she will give you to me for my birthday, but now I buy you every month.

I remain your faithful and loving reader,

ANNA R. ALEXANDRE (age 12  $\frac{3}{4}$ ).

WE thank our "faithful and loving reader" for her pleasant letter, and congratulate her upon having left the "12 $\frac{3}{4}$ " mark by this time and reached her next birthday.

=====

N— A—, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me on my birthday this year, and I love you very much.

I was very sorry "Harry's Island" had to stop last month, but I hope some one will write another story quite as good, to take its place. I'm sure I would, were I old enough or knew how.

I have a sweet little dog called Tinkerbelle, after the fairies in "Peter Pan," which I saw in London.

I hope to take you a long time.

Your interested little reader,  
BARBARA J. L. WATSON (age 12).

BARBARA's hope for another story "as good as 'Harry's Island'" will be fulfilled, for Mr. Barbour, we are sure, is "old enough and knows how," and his "Captain Chub" began last month. Here is a letter from another of his eager readers:

=====

E—, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of eleven years and I take your lovely magazine called ST. NICHOLAS, and I



really believe it is as exciting and interesting and lovable as jolly old St. Nick himself.

I am very fond of books and have a great many. I am really quite sorry "Harry's Island" has finished, but not really very sorry because I know another enjoyable story will take its place. But I do wish your magazine would come oftener, because they stop where it is interesting and I forget the ending when I continue to read it.

I wrote a League story in prose once but I have received no badge, but to my delight it was put on the honor roll. I wrote a story for the "Detroit Free Press" and received a book as a prize. I have a leaflet and League pin, but I prize it so much that I do not wear it. Though I have taken you but a short year, I have grown to love you and would feel very bad to part with you. I have other things to say, but fearing my letter will be too long I have concluded not to write any more.

Your devoted reader,

VIVIAN SMITH.

COLUMBUS BARRACKS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl, but I have been going to a convent in Rochester, New York, for almost four years. But now I am back at an army post at Columbus, Ohio. I enjoy the military side of our life very much, and it is very interesting to watch parades and drills, especially parade as it is accompanied by the military band. I have taken you for nearly four years, and I think you are fine. Captain Harold Hammond, who wrote "Pinkey Perkins," was my brother's drawing teacher when he was a cadet at West Point. The stories I like best are all of Mr. Barbour's. Then, "Fritzi," "Pinkey Perkins," and "The Gentle Interference of Bab."

Hoping you will always have great success, I remain,

Your loving reader,

MARY G. BONESTEEL (age 13).

T—, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about the fire.

One day I was reading ST. NICHOLAS when our man was heard calling, "The barn's on fire." Well, you may be sure I was scared, and I ran out of the house as fast as I could and sure enough there it was on fire. We have three horses and we saved all of them, and all the wagons; a pig and a calf were burned, but we saved the other pig.

The paint on the house was n't even blistered, although it was only about thirty or forty yards away, because we kept the hose going.

I hope this letter is n't too long. Good-by, dear, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

I am your interested reader,

MARY HOAG (age 10).

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in your Indian stories and shall be very sorry when they end. Probably my interest is stimulated by the fact that there are a number of Indians in California. We spent three of our summers at Lake Tahoe and there the Paiute tribe of Indians is quite numerous. They come from Nevada, generally around Carson City, and try to sell their winter's work,—baskets,—at the different lake resorts.

There are about forty small lakes in the vicinity of Tahoe and the Indians give an interesting legend accounting for their formation. Last year in one of the largest lakes, Fallen Leaf, two waterlogged canoes were found. They had been cut out of a log with tomahawks. Indian John,

one old fellow up there who sold bows and arrows, said it was a war canoe, but that is all he would tell.

Last summer we also spent part of our vacation at Yosemite and there we saw some Tulare Indians and a few Paiutes. The women work at some of the camps in the valley washing clothes and preparing vegetables. The men hire themselves out as guides. When we went up to Glacier Point we had a very fearless one who kept riding in all sorts of dangerous places. Their ponies, for that is what they generally use, are very spirited.

In one family there were four generations living. The oldest woman was hardly able to crawl around and the youngest was a baby, whose picture we were allowed to snap after paying the mother twenty-five cents.

Yours truly,

FLORENCE MALLET.

S—, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and I enjoy reading you very much.

Mama took you when you were first published and both my brother and I enjoy reading the old numbers.

I just love to read and when ST. NICHOLAS comes I just devour it.

Your devoted reader,

MARY CULGAN (age 14).

R—, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It would be impossible for me to tell you what pleasure I take in reading you.

My grandmother lives in New York and I often go to see her. I always take a ST. NICHOLAS with me to read on the train.

I live in a small town, but we have great fun climbing trees in the summer and coasting in the winter. We coast at the golf links where it is very hilly, and go skating at a pond near our home.

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY B. THOMAS.

THE young author of the following little story writes us that it was suggested to him by the picture on page 131 of ST. NICHOLAS for *last* December—a remarkable photograph, showing a lonely "Life-saver" patrolling the beach at Christmas time.

#### A LONELY CHRISTMAS

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR BARNES (AGE 11)

ON Christmas night, in the year 1907, the life-saving station was a pretty lonely place to be in. One man on this night was appointed watchman, that is to parade up and down the beach, watching for any vessels in need of help. It was a dark night, but with here and there streaks of the moon coming through the clouds.

This man put on a heavy coat, a pair of earmuffs, a pair of hip boots, and took a lantern. The tide was coming in and the great heavy rollers came tumbling in, all on top of each other. As he walked up and down he thought of his warm bed in the station. It seemed as if he was all alone in the great world with nobody but the great waves to keep him company.

Suddenly, as he looked out over the dark waters, a rocket shot up from behind the horizon. His well-trained mind knew in a minute what that meant. As quick as a flash he darted back to the station, aroused all of his companions and soon the news of a wreck spread all through

the station. Then the life-boats, the cannon, the breeches-buoy were all gotten out, and hauled to the beach.

Out over the ocean now was seen a four-masted schooner tossing about in the angry waves, flying a signal of distress. Soon the cannon was fired, which carried a line to that helpless schooner. Then the life-boat was manned, with six men on a side, with the captain or steerer in the stern. Soon they were in speaking distance of the schooner, and a line was cast off from the vessel and made fast to the life-boat. Then the sailors from the schooner were taken off, and carried ashore, taken to the station and warmed and fed. As for the schooner, she was towed by a tug to the nearest city to be repaired.

When she was hauled out it was found that a whale had seen the black hull moving slowly through the water and taken it for one of his sea enemies.

The same day that the schooner was towed off, the men who were rescued were sent on another tug to the mainland, where they took a train for their homes.

C—, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think some of your readers would like to hear about my three mice. Mother found a little mouse and she made him run out of the house. It sat down because it was n't big enough to be afraid. Mother called me. I had some shredded biscuit; I gave him some. He ate it. He went down and got his little brother to eat with him. I had a box. We put the box there for the mouse. It ran out and the cat caught it. The other mouse ran in the hole. It came out again. I put him in the box. After a while another mouse came out. I put him in the box, too, and the next day they both died.

We buy the ST. NICHOLAS every month and mother reads it to me. I enjoy it very much.

Yours truly,

EDWARD WINES (age 7).

THIS letter by a little "seven-year-old" is written in a simple, direct style that might be used as a model by some seventeen, or even seventy-year-olds who have a very roundabout way of telling a simple story.

HERE is an interesting letter describing the gathering of some Scottish clans:

BRAEMAR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to hear about the Highland Meel given here two days ago. These are held all over the Highlands, once a year, but the Braemar gathering is the most important. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present with Princes Albert, George, and Henry and the Princess Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Fife and their two daughters, and the Farquharsons also in the royal box.

In the morning we walked over to the Invercauld Arms to see three of the clans gather. The Royal Stuarts, the Duffs, belonging to the Duke of Fife and the Farquharsons. They looked beautiful in their plaids, some of them had very handsome buckles, pins and dirks, a few had "Skean Dhus," these are little knives which the men carry in their stockings, some are very prettily ornamented with silver and semi-precious stones found in Scotland. These knives are used to cut meat with at table. The bagpipers and drummers were lovely, the chief drummer of the Farquharson clan wore a leopard skin fastened around his neck and hanging down in front. After we had watched the procession pass, we went home to lunch, and at about half past two set out for the Princess Royal Park, where the games were held. We saw all kinds of sports, hurdle

races, obstacle races, sack races, wrestling, throwing the hammer, putting the stone, tossing the caber, a bagpipe competition, and reels, hualachans and Highland flings, which were danced beautifully. The scenery around the grounds was very grand with the mountains covered with purple heather in the distance. I can't commence to tell you how lovely it all was. After the Prince of Wales arrived and just before he left, the three clans paraded around the inclosure. I forgot to tell you that the Royal Stuarts carried spears and wore an oak leaf and a thistle in their bonnets, while the Duffs had Lochaber axes and their badge was a sprig of holly, the Farquharsons only had pine. They were all very picturesque looking.

I think I had better close now or my letter will be too long.

With much love and wishing you success all your life,  
Your devoted reader,

KATHARINE SELIGMAN.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A short time ago some things were found here at St. Gabriel's, Peekskill, which had been used in the time of the Revolution,—pieces of pots and pans and some hand-made wrought iron nails, a queer shaped spade, and some human bones.

There had been an oven or fireplace built of stones. The place was filled with ashes which had once been the logs of the camp that had evidently been burnt.

Under these ashes the pieces of pots, pans, spade, and nails were found.

A little while later another person found an old musket used by the soldiers in the time of the Revolution.

We know that there was a permanent camp in this place. Near by there is a spring and the story has always been that Washington used that spring.

We are all very interested in this and I hope you will be as excited as we are.

Your loving little reader,

MARCELLITE WATSON (age 11).

OTHER letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Charles J. Heinold, Helen French, Margaret D. Trimble, Lucy F. Kingsbury, Helen Peycke, Ruth Butler, Valerie Shannon, Eric H. Marks, E. M. Woodward, Marion Pilpel, Bessie Zweiner, Ida Carleton, Frances Spencer, Mildred Josephine Creese, Mary Goulding Fawcett, Stark Compton, Paul F. Bayard, Ida Cecil Davis, Gerald Smith, Grace Ashman, R. Gordon Young, W. Gilman, Thelma J. Williams, Allison Eaton, Athur S. Cook, Betty Lou Crane, Theresa Warner, Marion E. Chapin, Fannie Hayes Ingram, Eleanor Greenwood, Josephine Trigg Pigott, Clara Louise Lamphear, Alice Richards, Beatrice Pierce, Josephine de Gersdorff, Isabel Walker, Mildred D—, Margaret Hanning, Dorothy Gilfeather, Bernice Frankenheimer, Eleanor Houghton, Chandler Hale, Jr., Jennie Hazlett, Marguerite Pearson, Leighta Schuster, Grace B. Woodworth, Marion Holdridge, Pauline Fitz Gerald, Florence Cecil Gere, Winnifred S. Pallon, Ben H. Baker, Ethel Simmons, Jeanne Beverly Dillard, Marian Grant, Isabella Moore, Edward Fellowes, Rose Merritt, Simon Halle, Beatrice E. Dail, Robert Blake, Margaret Ruth Hentz, John Francis Huyck, Emily I. Case, Preston Holt, Marjorie Davies, Darthea Plemister, Gladys May Heacock, Helen Elizabeth Adams, Nan Vail, Harriet Leonard, Felix Friedman, Philip Gilbert, Ruth Salveter, Margaret Osborne, Constance Meeker, Margaret A. Barber, Ruth L. Lapham, Margaret Slack, Olive Tilghman, Irene Demster, Elizabeth Howard, Jean Portell Jervey, Elizabeth Kendall, Almée Briol, Josephine Savilla Wilson.



# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

CLASSICAL ACROSTIC. Aphrodite. Cross-words: 1. Adonis. 2. Phlutus. 3. Hector. 4. Rubico. 5. Osiris. 6. Daphne. 7. Idalia. 8. Thetis. 9. Europa.

STAR PUZZLE. 1. P. 2. R. R. 3. Prætor. 4. Resume. 5. Tuber. 6. Omelet. 7. Rereign. 8. T. G. 9. N.

DIAGONAL. Charles Dickens. 1. Centralization. 2. Chrysanthemums. 3. Craniometrical. 4. Corruptibility. 5. Conclusiveness. 6. Crescent-formed. 7. Compulsiveness. 8. Calamanderwood. 9. Cornetapists. 10. Cucurbitaceous. 11. Clothes-baskets. 12. Courageousness. 13. Cairngorm-stone. 14. Cotemporaneous.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Omen. 2. Mode. 3. Edna. 4. Neat. II. 1. Under. 2. Nerve. 3. Drain. 4. Evict. 5. Rents.

CHARADE. Ho-me-o-pa-thic.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Tennyson. 1. Notes. 2. Fleet. 3. Candy. 4. Dance. 5. Rhyme. 6. Casks. 7. Crown. 8. Dunce.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 15th from Alice Lowenhaupt—Dorothy Haug—Four of "Wise Five"—"Toots and Dor"—Margaret H. Smith—"Peter Pan and Tinker Bell"—Dorothy Fox—John F. Hubbard, Jr.—Erma Quinby—Evangeline G. Coombes—Willie L. Lloyd, Jr.—Elena Ivey—Frances McIver—Elsie, Lacie and Tillie—Violet W. Hoff—Peg and Meg—Walter H. B. Allen—"Queenscourt"—Ida Finlay.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 15th from R. M. Overcken, 9—Edna Meyle, 9—Alice H. Farnsworth, 7—Lois L. Holway, 3—Hamilton B. Bush, 8—Helen Cohen, 2—Elva Schulze, 2—Betty and Marj, 7—Peggy Shufeldt, 9. The following sent answers to one puzzle: S. A.—A. C. G.—C. I. R.—R. H. K.—I. D.—"Hoppy S. and Joan."

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the initial letters will spell the name of a Revolutionary hero.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A feminine name. 2. Claws. 3. A farm implement. 4. The first name of the heroine of "Children of the Abbey." 5. Not any one. 6. A continent. 7. Flexible. 8. To attend closely. 9. Mistakes. 10. Agile.

PHILIP SHERMAN (age 10).

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Charles Dickens; third row, "Pickwick Papers." Cross-words: 1. Cypriot. 2. Hairpin. 3. Ascribe. 4. Rokeage. 5. Lawless. 6. Edifice. 7. Seclude. 8. Dakotas. 9. Impeach. 10. Chagrin. 11. Kipskin. 12. Ejector. 13. Norther. 14. Session.

LETTER PUZZLE. 1. Tree. 2. Reel. 3. Eels. 4. Else.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Initials, Sherman; zigzag, America. 1. Sanable, sale, ban. 2. Hamlets, hats, elm. 3. Eaglets, eats, leg. 4. Refrain, rein, far. 5. Manikin, main, kin. 6. Alcoran, Alan, roc. 7. Nutgall, null, tag.

St. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. E. 2. Amb (o). 3. Anele. 4. Emerald. 5. Bland. 6. Eld. 7. D. II. 1. D. 2. Vis. 3. Vesta. 4. Distend. 5. Stern. 6. Ann. 7. D. III. 1. D. 2. Dis. 3. Diana. 4. Diamond. 5. Snort. 6. Ant. 7. D. IV. 1. D. 2. Bis. 3. Basta. 4. Discord. 5. Stoic. 6. Arc. 7. D. V. 1. D. 2. Try. 3. Tweed. 4. Dreamed. 5. Yemen. 6. Den. 7. D.

dew. My 25-46-21-27-35-14 is to make holy. My 33-3-19-29-1 is what we all do at Christmas. My 12-44-41-37-28-26-26-38-15-36 are flowers that come when winter is over. My 18-40-24-28 is another name for Christmas.

IDA E. C. FINLAY (Honor Member).

### HISTORICAL ZIGZAG

\* . . . 11 . . .  
 \* . . 8 . . .  
 \* 5 . . . 2 . . .  
 \* . . . 13 . . .  
 \* 3 . 12 . . .  
 \* . . . 9 . . .  
 \* 1 \* . . . 6 . . .  
 \* 10 . 4 . . .  
 \* . . . 7 . . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A battle fought in Africa, in 46 B.C., in which Cæsar was victorious. 2. The name of two kings of France. 3. A former kingdom of the Moors in Spain. 4. A race of people in the East with whom England had trouble in the nineteenth century. 5. The name of an unsuccessful conspiracy of Huguenots in 1560. 6. A Prussian marshal who played a prominent part in the battle of Waterloo. 7. A battle in the Austro-Sardinian War, in 1859. 8. An Englishman who showed unusual courtesy to Queen Elizabeth. 9. The legendary founder of Rome.

The zigzag, shown by stars, will spell the name of a battle fought in October; the letters from 1 to 13 will spell the title and surname of the victor.

ELIZABETH D. LORD (League Member).

### A DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a popular game.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A game. 2. Often on the supper table. 3. Easily broken. 4. A vegetable. 5. A document highly prized by a student. 6. Pledged. 7. A character in "Much Ado About Nothing."

RUTH S. COLEMAN (League Member).



(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

By beginning with a certain letter and going round and round, skipping the same number of letters each time, five words, often heard at this season of the year, may be spelled. Designed by

CONVASS B. DEAN.

### CHRISTMAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-eight letters and form a line from Tennyson's "May Queen."

My 14-10-38-22-36 are musicians welcome at Christmas. My 6-47-8-14-39-31-13-48 is a useful article in winter weather. My 45-16-32-6-24-7-42-29 form an important part of Christmas. My 23-5-19-16-30-43 is a cozy place in winter. My 2-17-46-34-11-4-40-29-9 is frozen



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of sixty-three letters, is a quotation from Shakspeare.

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC**

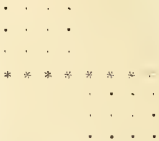
(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a legal holiday.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pinched. 2. To be added. 3. A remote planet of the solar system. 4. A Scotch pudding. 5. To soak. 6. A sea nymph. 7. A fine assemblage. 8. A cord or bundle of fibers. 9. A kind of limestone. 10. Lower. 11. A specimen. 12. A warning light. 13. Time or turn of being in. 14. New. 15. Idle talk. 16. A rope for hanging malefactors. 17. To fondle. 18. Shrewd. 19. Milfoil.

LUCILE STRULLER.

**CONNECTED SQUARES**



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To crack. 2. Refined. 3. A measurement.

From 1 to 2, without an equal.

II. LOWER SQUARE: 2. A large bird. 3. To burn. 4. Certain.

MARJORIE CATLIN (League Member).

**TRANSPOSITIONS**

REARRANGE the letters of one word so as to form another word. Example:

Transpose a box whose sides are wooden slats and make to mark out. Answer: crate, trace.

1. Transpose soil, and make a vital organ. 2. Transpose to accost, and make a kind of heron. 3. Transpose intends, and make specifics. 4. Transpose a dazzling light, and make kingly. 5. Transpose more lively, and make a German soldier. 6. Transpose equipped, and

- make an idle fancy. 7. Transpose scolded, and make commerce. 8. Transpose a swamp, and make injures. 9. Transpose a subject, and make an eye. 10. Transpose a sea-nymph, and make part of a harness. 11. Transpose an island in the Mediterranean, and make upright. 12. Transpose songs of triumph, and make a tree. 13. Transpose pertaining to the moon, and make pertaining to the elbow.

When the transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous American naturalist.

LOUISE FITZ (Honor Member).

**CHARADE**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My first is a person you know very well,  
My second is not far astray;  
My third is the "short" of a famous man's name,  
And he fourths what he wishes to say  
To the people who live in my whole;  
Now, you surely can guess it to-day.

ERMA QUINBY.

**ENDLESS CHAIN**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. To form the second word, take the last two letters of the first word; to form the third, take the last two letters of the second, and so on.

1. Ireland. 2. Within. 3. A constellation. 4. Spicy. 5. Part of a molding. 6. A labyrinth. 7. A Greek deity. 8. Occupied. 9. To prepare for publication. 10. An article. 11. A large bird. 12. A pitcher. 13. Ireland.

GRACE LOWENHAUPT (Honor Member).

**NOVEL ACROSTIC**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will name a famous writer, and another row of letters will spell the title of a book by this author.

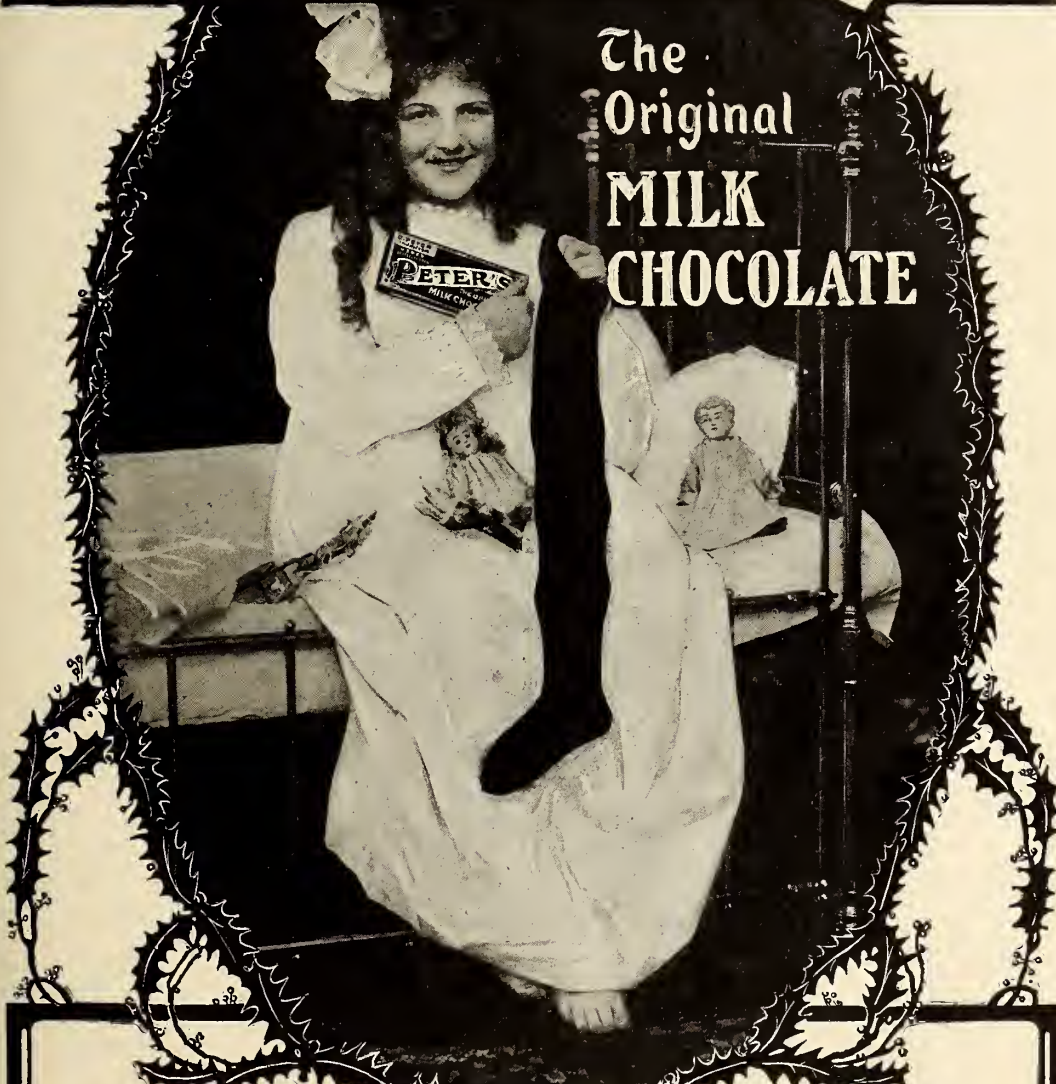
- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Sudden little squalls. 2. A choice or select body. 3. Dishes of stewed meat. 4. At hand. 5. Aëriiform fluids. 6. An ant. 7. Lifted up. 8. Great. 9. Interior. 10. A large body of water. 11. Weeds.

ALTHEA B. MORTON (Honor Member).



# PETER'S

The  
Original  
**MILK  
CHOCOLATE**



**PETER'S**

**CHOCOLATE**

Wholesome  
As Bread  
And Butter

**MAKES A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
SANTA CLAUS' BEST GIFT**

High As  
The Alps  
In Quality

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, 78 Hudson St., New York

Time to hand in answers is up December 10. Prizes awarded in February number.

THE Judges are filing into the ST. NICHOLAS Court Room to announce the Christmas Competition; and before they take their places, they blow their finger-tips, and warm their judicial toes in front of the fire, and wish you all

## A Merry Christmas!

Now let's have a little informal chat together before the business of the day, or month, begins. This is only November, and yet we call out Merry Christmas! Did you ever think that old Santa Claus has really been saying *Christmas* to himself for many moons? Way back in July, while you were down at the seashore, or climbing the mountains, or driving the cows on the farm, or riding on a bus along High Holborn, or taking a "taxi" in Paris for a drive in the Bois, the makers of good things were ready for your Christmas celebration.

The business men of this great country have been counting on you to buy this or that for Mother or Father or Sister, and when hundreds of thousands of boys and girls begin to buy things, even the grave bankers have to provide for the money that is drawn out of the banks.

The Judges want you to realize something of the importance of this good time to the business men of America. You all are of importance to them. Now the Judges are taking their places and you are listening, they hope, to these words,—*listening*, from Maine and Florida, and Mexico, and California, and Washington, the islands of the Pacific—all round the world, and without having to use a telephone, or telegraph, or cable,—just by the magic of ST. NICHOLAS,

which makes us all, Judges, and Boys, and Girls, one family. There are more than 60,000 of you enrolled on the Judges' lists, competitors and ex-competitors. Now here is the announcement.

You know the Judges said you were helpful to the business men of the country.

Look over this number, and see how important you are. Here are publishers and merchants and great manufacturers telling you about their wares.

Tucked away behind those eyes of yours, there are some thoughts that would be helpful to ST. NICHOLAS advertisers.

For Competition No. 84 take any ST. NICHOLAS advertiser off on a Christmas journey and illustrate by a drawing, how his goods would look in foreign countries, or in the United States away from ordinary surroundings. For instance, show Libby's maid serving luncheons (most delectable) at a camp in the Adirondacks, or Ivory Soap proving most refreshing after a day's journey on camel back through the desert, or Dorothy Dainty being presented to the Emperor of Japan—oh! you've caught the idea already. Take any advertiser, Swift, or Pears, or Peter's Chocolates, and just picture them journeying about in strange lands. For those who can't draw well, the Judges will allow you to tell an imaginary story of such an outing, in length not to exceed 300 words.

Now take pen and paper, and remember to follow the rules long laid down for your guidance.

A Merry Christmas again to you all.

ST. NICHOLAS

COMPETITION JUDGES.





## “I Thought Our Dresses Were Ruined”

“A very dear friend of mine was spending the day with me, and I awkwardly upset a big inkstand and spilled the ink on her skirt and mine. I could have cried, but she was so nice about it and said, ‘Don’t worry, it isn’t a new skirt anyway, and now I am going to dye it a navy blue with I amond Dyes.’ I said I would color mine, too, so the next day we had a Diamond Dye party, and both colored our skirts. Mine I dyed black, and really, after it was all over, we were both glad it all happened. The skirts after they were pressed looked so nice and so like new. I shall never forget how Diamond Dyes got us out of our trouble.”

—Isabel McDermott, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Diamond Dyes Solve Dressing Problems

Every woman who has any pride wants to dress well, and dressing well is always a hard problem. Look over the clothes that you are wearing or those you haven’t worn for some time. You will be sure to find some waists, or a skirt, or a dress, not worn out, just old-looking, spotted, faded, or a little out of style.

“Making over” an old dress and changing the color to a fresh, new shade with the help of Diamond Dyes gives all the variety of something new that could not look a bit prettier. A woman dislikes to wear “last year’s things” and there’s no need to. Diamond Dyes do magical things with last year’s clothes. You can dye waists, skirts, dresses, without ripping, or you can rip and choose a new color and make over. There are ribbons and laces and trimmings that can be made bright and new again with Diamond Dyes.

### Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of Imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton (“all fabrics”) *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other *animal* fibres, can be used as successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

“Mixed Goods,” also known as “Union Goods,” are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

**New Diamond Dye Annual Free.**—Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer’s name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the new Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. *Address*

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

**Diamond Dyes are the Standard Package Dyes. Every Imitation Proves It.**

For the best answers received in this competition the following prizes will be awarded:

- One First Prize of \$5.      Three Third Prizes of \$2 each.  
Two Second Prizes of \$3 each.      Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1 each.

1. This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (84). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

3. Submit answers by December 10, 1908. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps. Fasten your pages together at the upper left-hand corner.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition, No. 84, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

### REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 82

This Competition ran two months, because ST. NICHOLAS for October was published September 15, and you thought you had till September 20 to send in your answers. So the Judges gave you till October 15 to be fair to you. The consequence is that a great number of replies have been received.

And Competitors! You should be here to see the answers! Most of you again stumbled on that old brick, the possessive mark, and the place where the brick was hidden was in "Higgins' Eternal Ink." Many of those who were otherwise perfect put the apostrophe before the "s," thereby intimating that the familiar manufacturer answers to the name of "Higgin"! There is a Haggin, and a Hagen, but if there *is* a Higgin he isn't our friend who makes the Eternal Ink. There is a good deal said about this, because it is by doing just such little things correctly that you show your unremitting vigilance, and also because in the July report the Judges went fully into the matter of possessives.

There were several answers among which it was hard to choose, and which responded to all the tests of the Judges. Prizes have been given on the following points: Perfect work, Neatness, Age; and then when three or four competitors' work and ages were about equal, the prize went to the one who had been competing longest. This was deemed quite fair, and as you would desire it.

You would be surprised if you knew the length of time some of these enthusiastic young friends have been trying to make their competition papers good enough to stand trial by the Judges, only to have them run against some hidden obstacle like that possessive mark, and presto! out they would go! There is little doubt, though, that these failures, so called, are good for foundations on which to build; because the Competitor who *keeps at it* through discouragements is *bound* to come out well in the end. So to all those who have *tried* and *tried*, the Judges say, "Your work has been noticed" and every time you compete, we say, "Well, here is another answer from Ellen, or John, or Elizabeth, and we do hope he or she will do well this time."

You see, in the ST. NICHOLAS filing cases are kept your name, address, and age, and the number of times you have competed, with the prizes you have been good enough to win. Your work is not lost sight of; nor is your development unnoted. When you read this you will be thinking of Thanksgiving, and the cozy fire, and the turkey done to a turn. Can't you try to do this new Competition "to a turn": can't you put all your mind and imagination, and your trained fingers at work, so as to produce on paper a good copy of what your mind dictates?

The Judges have been asking you for hard, "fussy" things,—a little apostrophe put in the right place, for instance: now they are asking for just as careful work in a slightly different way. Here is a chance for you all—so begin now—with your drawing, or story telling, and don't worry about the past ones. ST. NICHOLAS will find lots of work for you all.

### LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS

#### ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 82

*One First Prize of \$5.00:*

**Lucinda H. Bradford, (15), Pittsburg, Pa.**

*Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 Each:*

Dorothy Fox, (15), Lexington, Mass.  
George F. Riegel, (14), Philadelphia, Pa.

*Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 Each:*

Buford Brice, (14), Washington, D. C.  
Bryce Blanchard, (17), Neponset, Mass.  
Harriet McAlister, (9), Logan, Utah.

*Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 Each:*

Bruce S. Simonds, (12), Bridgeport, Conn.  
Ellen Greenbaum, (10), Laramie, Wyoming.  
Merrill M. Goodhue, (13), Chestnut Hill, Mass.  
Dorothy Ochtman, (16), Coscob, Conn.  
Charlotte Bassett, (14), Edmonds, Wash.  
Katherine Rolfe, (14), Albany, N. Y.  
Annette Howe-Carpenter, (16), Denver, Colo.  
Marjorie Thurston, (14), Chicago, Ill.  
Lucy Cornelia Wheeler, (12), East Bloomfield, N. Y.  
Dorothy Yaeger, (14), Washington, D. C.

### SPECIAL HONOR ROLL

Marjorie Haug, (12), Knoxville, Tenn.  
Albert Gerberich, (10), Parkersburg, Pa.  
Ruth Cadwell, (16), Hartford, Conn.  
Hilda R. Bronson, (16), Morgan Park, Ill.  
Mary L. Powell, (15), New York City.  
Charles W. Horr, (14), Newark, N. J.  
Robert F. Milde, (13), Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Helen Cartwright Malmar, (12), Nutley, N. J.  
Margaret F. Whittaker, (13), Wilmington, Del.

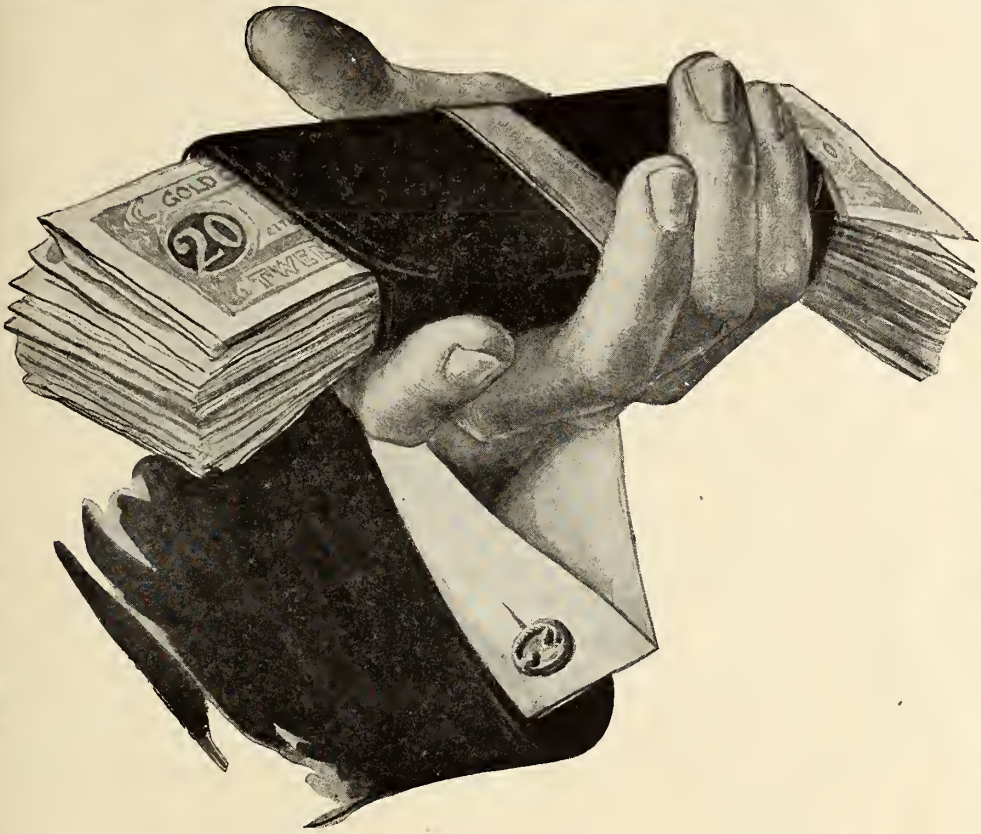
### FORMER PRIZE-WINNERS

Ruth M. Hapgood, (16), Hartford, Conn.  
Mary M. P. Shipley, Philadelphia.  
Mabel Mason, (17), Farmington, Conn.  
Helen M. Copeland, (17), Newton Centre, Mass.  
Rebecca E. Meake, (15), Carbondale, Pa.  
Margaret Eleanor Hibbard, (15), Itherville, Quebec.  
John E. Burke, (15), Milwaukee, Wis.  
Martha Noll, (14), Cambridge, Mass.  
Alice D. Laughlin, (12), Pittsburg, Pa.  
Edward B. Rogers, (13), Lovington, Va.

### ANSWERS TO COMPETITION No. 82

- |                                    |                                |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Macbeth Chimneys.               | 11. Baker's Cocoa.             |
| 2. Victor Talking Machine.         | 12. National Cloaks and Suits. |
| 3. Pond's Extract.                 | 13. Durkee's Salad Dressing.   |
| 4. Postum Cereal Coffee.           | 14. Diamond Dyes.              |
| 5. Shawknet Socks.                 | 15. Ivory Soap.                |
| 6. Pyle's Pearlina.                | 16. Calox Tooth Powder.        |
| 7. Crystal Domino Sugar.           | 17. Chiclets.                  |
| 8. Higgins' Eternal Ink.           | 18. Shredded Wheat Biscuit.    |
| 9. Prudential Insurance Company.   | 19. Libby Food Products.       |
| 10. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. | 20. Krementz Collar Button.    |





## Handing Out Money

for "Nerve Medicine" and keeping right on drinking coffee, is like pouring oil on a fire with one hand and water with the other.

Coffee contains a drug—Caffeine—and much of the "nervousness," headaches, insomnia, indigestion, loss of appetite, and a long train of ails, come from the regular use of coffee.

Prove it by leaving off coffee 10 days and use well made Postum.

Such a test works at both ends of the problem, you leave off the drug, caffeine (contained in coffee), and you take on the rebuilding food elements in Postum.

A personal test will prove that "There's a Reason" for

# POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## EARLY ISSUES OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES

THERE has not been in recent years a great deal of change in the way of increase in the prices of the older issues of stamps. The tendency has been on the contrary downward, if one considers the greater discounts at which such issues have been sold. This, however, does not prove that these old stamps are becoming more common. On the contrary, there can be no question that the number of fine specimens which can be obtained is continually decreasing. Consequently, it will not be long before a change will be seen in the prices which the catalogues make for these stamps. A writer in a recent issue of a stamp paper calls attention to the great increase which is seen in the number of collectors in Germany, stating that the business of one of the larger firms is increasing steadily and he concludes his remarks by asking what will happen when all these collectors desire the old issues. We all know what will happen and there can be no better direction toward which to turn one's efforts than that of the securing of all obtainable specimens of the early issues of every country.

## THE PONY EXPRESS



THE Pony Express for which the stamp illustrated was used, was an interesting development of the idea of a fast mail. In 1860 three weeks were required to get the mails from New York to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Wells, Fargo & Co. decided upon a pony express, which by means of relays enabled them

to cover the distance between the Pacific coast and the Missouri River in eight days, thus reducing the time from New York to San Francisco by a week. The government paid high prices for the carrying of the mails, and until the telegraph service was established in 1862 the pony express was very successful.

## THE VALUES OF STAMPS

COLLECTORS sometimes experience considerable discouragement on finding that the value of their collections does not equal the prices that are set opposite the stamps in the catalogues. The difficulty is that they do not understand the way in which catalogues are made. It is well to recognize the fact that the values set opposite low-priced stamps, that is, those listed at five cents each or less, represent mainly the cost of handling. It is true that there are notable exceptions to this rule. There are some varieties which although low-priced are exceedingly difficult to obtain. These exceptions only show, however, that there is a rule which is simply that those stamps in common use in all countries have no value while in use, and for a considerable time after they have passed out of use. Also it is not reasonable in examining one's catalogue to conclude that the large number of higher-priced stamps which can be bought at a discount of fifty per cent. or more are worth anything like catalogue prices. The writer in valuing a collection has always been in the habit of considering such stamps as these worth in net cash about one quarter of the catalogue prices. There are other high-priced stamps, however, which are seldom offered for sale in good condition at more than twenty-five per

cent. discount from catalogue prices. This is true, for instance, not only of such rare stamps as the early issues for the Philippines and Hawaii, but also for such low-priced issues as the first stamps of Norway. The writer remembers once selling to a dealer about two hundred specimens of the four skilling blue of the 1854 issue of Norway at eight cents each, which was then the full catalogue price. Another class of stamps which has a value closely approximating the prices of the catalogue is the unused current stamps. Twenty-five per cent. discount is as low as these can be sold by any one at a profit which will cover the cost of handling. The stamps best worth buying are those which are sold at prices nearest to those of the catalogue. It is necessary, of course, in buying such stamps to know that one is not paying more than they are worth and, therefore, a careful study and comparison, not only of catalogue prices, but also of the prices asked for stamps by various dealers is necessary in order to understand real values. The understanding of such matters is very important to the young collector who desires not only to secure a good collection but also to get it at a reasonable price.

## BOSNIAN STAMPS

THE present disturbances occurring in Bosnia and the desire of Austria to annex this country make it probable that collectors generally will be seeking to complete their collections of this country's stamps. There are none of the principal issues that are unobtainable and few of them are even scarce. Also the later issues are of a picturesque character which makes them very desirable. The natural characteristics of the country, buildings, fortifications, bridges, modes of travel and many other interesting matters are to be discovered by a study of these stamps. Their use will probably be discontinued and the stamps of Austria substituted for them.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

DATE and the name of a town printed across a United States stamp indicates that it was "pre-canceled." The Government allows large users of stamps in various cities to have them canceled before applying them to mail matter, thus saving the time of Government employees and enabling the senders to get out their mail with greater expedition than would otherwise be possible. ¶ The variations in the reengraved stamps of Cuba may be seen by a study of the catalogue in which these varieties are illustrated. There are no "secret marks" in the sense in which these were once placed upon United States issues. ¶ There is no book published which will enable the beginner to do his collecting correctly. The stamp papers and this page in ST. NICHOLAS endeavor to give information of this sort at all times and collectors are requested to send in any questions that occur to them in relation to collecting. ¶ The stamps of Norway with the posthorn unshaded differ only slightly from the shaded variety and it is best in selecting specimens of the earlier or shaded variety to see that they were printed from plates in good condition, as stamps from worn plates look very much like the unshaded varieties. Stamps of French colonies with letters printed across them were used in special places indicated by these letters. N. S. B., for instance, stands for Nossi Be, N. C. E. for New Caledonia.



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**STAMP ALBUM with 588 genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jan aica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. Agr. Wnd. 50per cent. Big bargain list, coupons and a set of rare stamps worth 80c. ALL FREE! We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN CO., Dept. I, St. Louis, Mo.**

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**Boys and Girls, Get a Rockaway.** Runs on roller bearings. Can safely coast without snow anywhere a sled runs. No dragging feet. New guiding principle. Safety brake regulates speed. Sent direct \$3.50; express prepaid east Rocky Mountains. Order from this ad.; money back if not satisfied. Wholesalers, dealers, order big for Christmas.

Write for free Booklet—"Snowless Coasting."

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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED  
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AN OUNCE FOR A NICKEL AND IN 5¢ AND 10¢ PACKETS

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Cake for your Papa's Christmas Dinner.  
You can eat all you want of it yourself.

## Currant Bread

is fine, too, for school lunches or any  
other kind. Tell your mother that  
Currants are a naturally dried seedless  
grape from Greece, containing more  
than 75 per cent. of nutriment. She'll  
understand that.

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\$5.00 will be paid for the two best accounts of  
how you made your Christmas Currant Cake.  
Send in your story to the address below be-  
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*This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or  
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Mothers: Send for "Currant Bread Making."

HELLENIC BUREAU  
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OH, THE JOYS  
OF MAKING TOYS,  
KOCH PAPER TOYS



Here 's the best thing yet. Furniture of all kinds that you make out of paper. Just the size for your doll house — only *this* paper is a very strong kind and the toys will last very long.

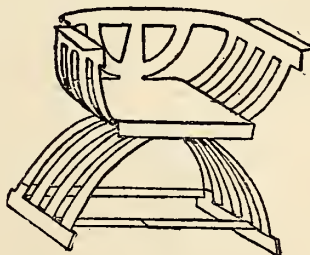
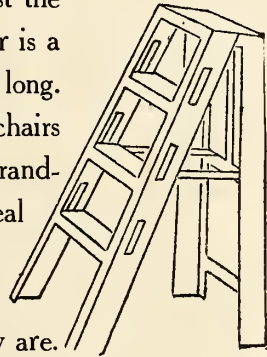
There are the cutest little tables and chairs and sofas and couches, and yes! — a Grandfather's Clock, and, oh! look here — a real little rocking-chair — and bureaus and tabourettes and, oh! — you 'll have to buy a set to find out all the things there really are.

There are three sets that come, so you 'll have a complete outfit for the doll's house — and lots and lots of fun making 'em.

Trot right around now, dears, to your toy man and ask him for Koch Paper Toys. If he has n't them, well, write us and we 'll tell you where you can get 'em for 50c. a set and ten pieces of furniture to a set.



STEPHEN O. URIE & CO.  
KOCH PAPER TOYS  
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Knives, Forks, Spoons, and Fancy Serving Pieces are for sale by leading dealers. Send for Catalogue "Z-5" showing all the newer as well as standard patterns.

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*Meriden Silver Polish, the "Silver Polish that Cleans."*



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and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample Free.*

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- Ball Pein Machinist's Hammer, metal handle
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of large tools, small enough to be used as watch charms. Make suitable favors for dance or card party.

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### Exquisite Gifts for Girls



Sash Set  
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Hair Bow Set  
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### Merry Christmas to You, St. Nicholas Girls

Would n't you like to have one of my sash sets, with one sash and two matched hair ribbons, or a hair bow set of six assorted bows, for a Christmas present ?

'Course you would—everybody just thinks my ribbons are lovely. Really, girls, you can't find a nicer present to give or receive.

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Dorothy Dainty Ribbons are specially made for hair bows and sashes, that's why they are always so fascinatingly pert and smartly stylish. No matter how often they are tied their crisp freshness remains the same. The knots never slip because they are held by the natural "cling" of pure silk, guaranteed by the famous mark



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In sash sets, hair bow sets or single ribbons in dainty individual envelopes. Be sure that Dorothy Dainty's picture is on each package and that the S & K Quality mark is on the end of each ribbon. Send for beautiful ribbon book free. Address

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Care of SMITH & KAUFMANN, 85 Prince St., New York

### A RIBBON SET FOR \$2.50

A special Christmas opportunity for those who live where Dorothy Dainty Ribbons are not obtainable.

The Sets are as illustrated above. Sash Set contains one floral brocade sash 2½ yds. long, 6¾ in. wide and two 40 in. hair bows to match. Hair Bow Set contains six hair bows 40 in. long, three different colors and three different designs (Lily of the Valley, Rosebud, etc.) in each box. Whites, pinks and blues of pure silk, extra quality.

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Send us your order now with \$2.50. If you prefer, and will send your card with order, we will inclose same in package and forward the ribbons prepaid to any address you name, tied seasonably with dainty Christmas ribbons and marked "To be opened on Christmas."

What better way could you have of sending a Christmas remembrance?

# FIVE YEARS OLD

☪ The first number of the Associated Sunday Magazines appeared December 6, 1903. Four newspapers issued it as a part of their Sunday editions. It had a circulation of 467,500.



Issued every week co-operatively and simultaneously as a part of the Sunday editions of

Chicago Record-Herald  
St. Louis Republic  
Philadelphia Press  
Pittsburgh Post  
New-York Tribune  
Boston Post  
Washington Star  
Minneapolis Journal  
Rocky Mountain News  
and Denver Times

THE  
ASSOCIATED  
SUNDAY  
MAGAZINES

1 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK

309 Record-Herald Bldg.  
CHICAGO

☪ The first year it printed 58,877 lines of advertising at an average rate of \$1.29 a line.

☪ Today the circulation of the Associated Sunday Magazines is more than a million copies a week, and is issued by nine different newspapers. In this fiscal year, ending November 29, 1908, it will have published 158,335 lines of advertising at \$3.00 a line.

☪ During this trying year of 1908, which has caused nearly every commercial activity to suffer, the advertising of the Associated Sunday Magazines showed a net gain of 15% over 1907.

☪ Advertisements of liquor, "get rich quick" schemes, alleged "cure alls," frauds, and shams (the easiest of all advertising to secure) are not taken in its columns.

☪ The reason for this gain,—the stride from \$76,143.41 to \$475,000 worth of advertising in four years?

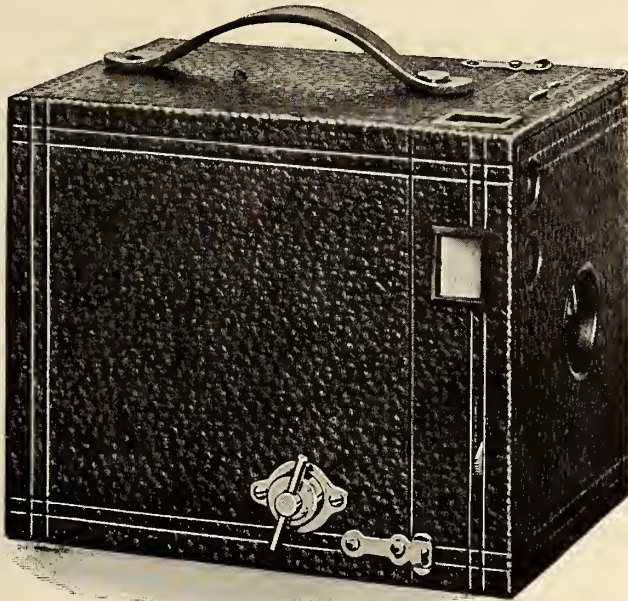
☪ Because the advertiser can cover the northern, eastern, central, and middle western states better and for less cost by using space in the Associated Sunday Magazines than in any other magazine in the country.

☪ One million circulation—\$3.00 a line.

"The Story of the Associated Sunday Magazines" will be mailed on request.



IT WORKS LIKE A KODAK.



For  
Pictures  
3¼ x 4¼  
Inches.  
Price,  
\$4.00.

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A new Camera in the Brownie Series. So simple that the children can make good pictures with it, so efficient as to satisfy the grown people.

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With a Kodak or Brownie there's no  
dark-room in any part of the work.

**EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,**

*Catalog free at the dealers  
or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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can write good stories. I knew a young girl once who could do good work with her pen; in fact, she had had three or four stories published.

I shall never forget, when I met her one day, how she came to me with her eyes shining and said, "My father has just given me a beautiful Christmas present, a REMINGTON TYPEWRITER—think of it, *a hundred dollar typewriter!*" That was the limit! A fond father could do no more for an aspiring daughter.



Remington Typewriter—New Model 10



JANUARY, 1909

# ST. NICHOLAS

## ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

### FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



❁ FREDERICK WARNE & CO · BEDFORD ST · STRAND · LONDON ❁  
THE · CENTURY · CO · UNION · SQUARE · NEW · YORK

FRANK H. SCOTT, PRESIDENT

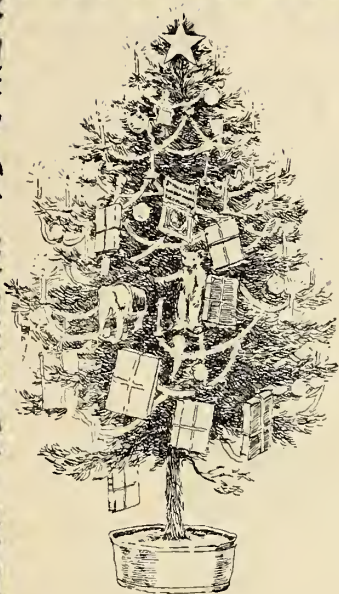
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, SECRETARY

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

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ENJOY  
ST. NICHOLAS?**

Then why not make some other  
boy's or girl's Christmas a mer-  
rier one by the gift of a year's  
subscription?

---

It comes twelve times a year  
A Christmas every month

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Three dollars for a year's subscription  
and a prettily printed certificate to be  
hung upon the tree. Remit \$3.00 to

The Century Co.,

Union Square, New York

# A New Brownie Book IN COLOR



## BROWNIE CLOWN OF BROWNIETOWN

Verses and Pictures in color by Palmer Cox

Colored cover, 6¼ x 9 inches. \$1.00

## A Guide to Parents in Selecting Books for the Children's Christmas.

**BOOKS TO BUY** for the Home  
for the Booklover, for  
Gifts for Travel and for *A Good Child*  
THE CENTURY CO.  
Union Square New York City



Cover and marginal illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

We will send to any address on request a copy of our new pamphlet "Books to Buy," with a charming cover in colors and marginal pictures on every page by John Wolcott Adams. It contains

### "A Classified List of Books for Young Folks"

arranged under ages of children for which they are suitable and whether for boys or girls. Most of the books named have been recommended by educators and are in lists chosen by boards of education for school libraries.

A postal card  
will bring it.

THE CENTURY CO.  
Union Square, New York



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**Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents.** The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers. Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

FRANK H. SCOTT, President.  
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Secretary.

**THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N.Y.**

# New Christmas Books for Girls and Boys

The First Brownie Book in Color  
**BROWNIE CLOWN OF BROWNIETOWN**

Pictures in color and verses by Palmer Cox

Colored cover, 6¾ x 9 inches. \$1.00.

A new "Two Years Before the Mast"

## THREE YEARS BEHIND THE GUNS

The sub-title is "The True Chronicles of a 'Diddy-box.'"

It is the story of a boy who ran away and enlisted just in time to cross the Pacific Ocean in the *Olympia* and share in the Battle of Manila Bay on the flagship with Dewey. The book is highly recommended by the Admiral himself and by other distinguished naval officers. A capital book for a boy's Christmas—for any one's, in fact.

Illustrated by Jorgensen and from photographs. \$1.50.

By the Author of  
 "The Crimson Sweater"

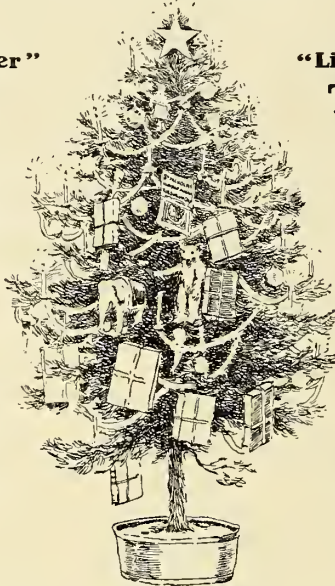
## HARRY'S ISLAND

Ralph Henry Barbour's new book, just the kind of a story that boys like. All about a camping party and the fun they had. *Beautifully illustrated by Relyea.* \$1.50.

By the Author of  
 "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

## THE SPRING CLEANING

A new "Queen Silver-Bell" story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Whimsical, fascinating, and of interest to young and old. *Illustrated in color by Harrison Cady.* \$60.



## THE HAPPYCHAPS

Verses by Carolyn Wells  
 Pictures by Harrison Cady

A delightful book for little children telling of a new kind of Brownie. \$1.50.

## FRITZI

By  
 Agnes McClelland Daulton

with charming illustrations by FLORENCE E. STORER. A sweet and tender story for girls, told with sympathy and skill. *The book for a girl's Christmas.* \$1.50.

## FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS I HAVE KNOWN

By Major-General O. O. HOWARD

Here the last living division commander of the Civil War tells of his interesting experiences with different Indian braves. General Howard has had more to do with Indian leaders than any other man in either civil or military life. A book of enduring value.

Illustrated by Varian and from photographs. \$1.50.

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Many people buy these bound volumes at the end of the year, instead of subscribing to the monthly numbers of "the best of children's magazines." Such a treasure house of literature and art for children can he had in no other form.

In two parts, a thousand pages, a thousand pictures. \$4.00.

The beautifully illustrated pamphlet, "Books to Buy," which we send free on request, contains "A Classified List of Books for Young Folks," telling whether the books are for boys or girls and for what age. Invaluable at Christmas.

The Century Co.  
 Union Square New York



## GREAT BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

*Standard Books published by The Century Co.  
Having a great yearly sale. Should be in every Child's Library*

### Rudyard Kipling's Famous Books

#### **The Jungle Book**

With illustrations by W. H. Drake and others. Containing "Mowgli's Brothers," "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," "Toomai of the Elephants," and others. 303 pp. Price, \$1.50.

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Decorations by J. Lockwood Kipling. Contains the stories "How Fear Came," "Letting in the Jungle," "The King's Ankus," etc. 324 pages. Price, \$1.50.

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It tells of a rich man's son who fell overboard from an ocean steamer and was picked up by a fishing dory off the Grand Banks. How the experience with the hardy fishermen made a man of him is something worth reading. Every boy should own this book. Twenty illustrations by Taber. 323 pages. Price, \$1.50.

#### **Mary Mapes Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy"**

The famous author of "Hans Brinker: or the Silver Skates" has here written a story of boy and girl life which has become a children's classic and which is put into thousands of new libraries every season. Illustrated. 355 pages. Price, \$1.50.

#### **Mrs. C. V. Jamison's "Lady Jane"**

Nearly twenty years ago this story was published serially in ST. NICHOLAS, and since its issue in book form it has had a constant sale. It is a delightful story of girl life in Louisiana. Illustrations by Birch. 233 pp. Price, \$1.50.

#### **Ernest Thompson Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly"**

No book ever written about animals has been more popular than this. It seems as if it were the real story of a real grizzly. Issued in beautiful form with illustrations and decorations by the artist-author. Printed in red and black on tinted paper. 167 pages. \$1.50.

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Based on the standard life of Lincoln written by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay and adapted to the reading of young folks by Miss Helen Nicolay. With 35 illustrations. 307 pages. Price, \$1.50.

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Making the Bible more attractive to boys and girls. The verse numbering is omitted, the chapters as given in the Bible are disregarded, and each chapter is complete in itself. Genealogies and such parts of the book as are usually omitted by careful parents when reading aloud to their children are not included. Printed in large type. 475 pages. Illustrated with beautiful engravings of paintings by the old masters. New edition. Price, \$1.50.

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The Story of the Government, showing how a party of boys and girls found out all about how it is conducted. One of a series of patriotic books by Eldridge S. Brooks.

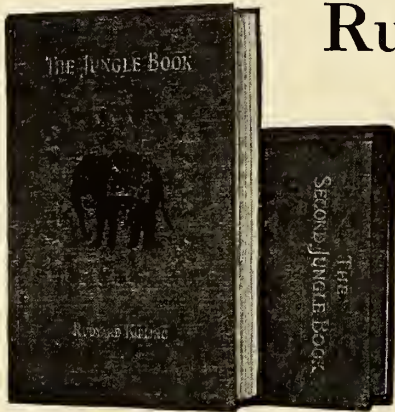
#### **Some Strange Corners of Our Country**

By Charles F. Lummis, describing some out-of-the-way wonders of the United States. With many pictures. Price, \$1.50.

*Sold by booksellers everywhere or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers.*

**THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK**

Of all the books to buy for a boy's or girl's book shelf nothing can surpass



Rudyard Kipling's  
famous

# JUNGLE BOOKS

They are classic. No child's education is complete without them. Two books, "The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle Book."

*Each over 300 pages, cloth, illustrated. \$1.50*

Young people as well as grown-ups will be glad to have for Christmas

## THE RED CITY

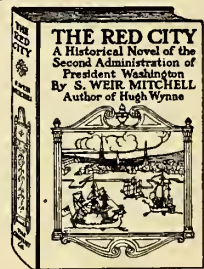
Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's

New Historical Novel  
of Philadelphia in President Washington's Time

It is a story of the romantic adventures of a young Huguenot émigré, who flees to Philadelphia, where he falls in love with a pretty young Quakeress, meets Jefferson, Hamilton, Washington himself; and plays a brave part in the stirring scenes of a stirring time.

"It would be difficult to find a more delightful American Historical Novel."

*Spirited pictures. \$1.50*



The Century Co.

Union Square

New York



No family should miss having  
**THE CENTURY MAGAZINE**  
 during the  
**LINCOLN CENTENNIAL YEAR**

From its beginning THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has been the medium of the most important information that has been given to the world concerning the career of the great President. In THE CENTURY was first published the Nicolay and Hay standard life of Lincoln, Noah Brooks's "Washington in Lincoln's Time," and, more recently, Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer," and David Homer Bates's "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office." Besides these nearly one hundred separate articles on Lincoln have appeared in THE CENTURY, with hundreds of illustrations and portraits. ¶ THE CENTURY in 1909 will publish a number of new contributions to Lincoln records, which will present unfamiliar and interesting phases of his life and character and will include unpublished documents from Lincoln's own pen and from that of one of his private secretaries. Frederick Trevor Hill has written on "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates" for the November number; and articles on "Lincoln as a Boy Knew Him," "Lincoln as Peace Negotiator," "Lincoln and the Theater," etc., etc., will follow in early numbers.



### OTHER FEATURES

#### Saint-Gaudens

greatest of modern sculptors, who died recently, left an autobiography—a wonderful human document—racy with anecdotes and descriptions. THE CENTURY will print it.

#### Queen Victoria

will be pictured in letters written by the wife of the American Minister when the Queen came to the throne.

#### Paderewski

has given an interesting interview to THE CENTURY, his views on great composers and their music. Gabrilowitsch and Kneisel will contribute interviews.

#### Animal Psychology

is the subject of papers by Professor Yerkes of Harvard, recording experiments in ascertaining what is in the minds of dumb creatures.

#### Romantic Germany

is the subject of a delightful series of papers by Robert Haven Schauffler, illustrated by the best of the younger German painters.

#### Stories

by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Thomas Nelson Page, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Jack London, Edith Wharton, Charles D. Stewart, John Corbin, Owen Johnson, Ruth McEnergy Stuart, and many others.

#### Grover Cleveland

—the real Grover Cleveland, will be described in THE CENTURY in 1909 by the men who knew him best.

#### Alice Hegan Rice

who wrote "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will contribute a brilliant serial novel to THE CENTURY. Pathos and humor are exquisitely blended in this new story, "Mr. Opp."

#### Helen Keller

is writing for THE CENTURY. Don't miss her article, "My Dreams."

#### Thompson Seton

has written a remarkable fox story (showing the monogamy of the better-class fox) which THE CENTURY will print.

#### Andrew Carnegie

is writing for THE CENTURY. Read his remarkable article on the Tariff and learn what he knows about tariffs.

#### The Art in The Century

is unquestionably the best in any magazine. Famous pictures by American artists, reproduced in full color, are coming in 1909—each one worth cutting out. Timothy Cole's masterpieces of French art will be continued. Joseph Pennell and Boutet de Monvel are working for THE CENTURY.

*New subscribers should begin with the great Christmas Number. \$4.00 a year.*

**The Century Co., Union Square, New York**

# California Limited



*True of no other train to  
Southern California via any line.*

For first class Pullman  
passengers only

Your family travels in  
pleasant company

In California every day  
is a June day.



Deluxe booklets of train and trip on request  
New equipment this season  
W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. AT & S F Ry. System  
1114 S. Railway Exchange, Chicago.







"'GLAD TO SEE YOU, MY BOY!' SAID PROCRASTINATION, HANDING HIM ANOTHER CARD." (SEE PAGE 200.)



# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVI

JANUARY, 1909

No. 3



## THE TIME SHOP by John Kendrick Bangs



OF course it was an extraordinary thing for a clock to do, especially a parlor clock, which one would expect to be particularly dignified and well-behaved, but there was no denying the fact that the Clock did it. With his own eyes Bobby saw it wink, and beckon to him with its hands. To be sure, he had never noticed before that the Clock had eyes, or that it had any fingers Bobby saw it wink, and beckon to him with its hands. To be sure, he had never noticed before that the Clock had eyes, or that it had any fingers Bobby saw it wink, and beckon to him with its hands. To be sure, he had never noticed before that the Clock had eyes, or that it had any fingers Bobby saw it wink, and beckon to him with its hands.

He was stretched along the rug in front of the great open fireplace, where he had been drowsily gazing at the blazing log for a half hour or more, and looking curiously up at the Clock's now smiling face, he whispered to it.

"Are you beckoning to me?" he asked, rising up on his hands and knees.

"Of course I am," replied the Clock in a soft,

silvery tone, just like a bell, in fact. "You did n't think I was beckoning to the piano, did you?"

"I did n't know," said Bobby.

"Not that I would n't like to have the piano come over and call upon me some day," the Clock went on, "which I most certainly would, considering him, as I do, the most polished four-footed



"ARE YOU BECKONING TO ME?" HE ASKED."

creature I have ever seen, and all of his family have been either grand, square, or upright, and if properly handled, full of sweet music. Fact

is, Bobby, I 'd rather have a piano playing about me than a kitten or a puppy dog, as long as it did n't jump into my lap. It would be awkward to have a piano get frisky and jump into your lap, now, would n't it?"

Bobby had to confess that it would; "but what did you want with me?" he asked, now that the piano was disposed of.

"Well," replied the Clock, "I am beginning to feel a trifle run down, Bobby, and I thought I 'd go over to the shop, and get in a little more time to keep me going. Christmas is coming along, and everybody is so impatient for its arrival that I don't want to slow down at this season of the year, and have all the children blame me because it is so long on the way."

"What shop are you going to?" asked Bobby, interested at once, for he was very fond of shops and shopping.

"Why, the Time Shop, of course," said the Clock. "It 's a shop that my father keeps, and we clocks have to get our supply of time from him, you know, or we could n't keep on going. If he did n't give it to us, why, we could n't give it to you. It is n't right to give away what you have n't got."

"I don't think I understand," said Bobby, with a puzzled look on his face. "What is a Time Shop, and what do they sell there?"

"Oh, anything from a bunch of bananas or a barrel of sawdust up to an automobile," returned the Clock. "Really, I could n't tell you what they don't sell there if you were to ask me. I know of a fellow who went in there once to buy a great name for himself, and the floor-walker sent him up to the third floor, where they had fame, and prosperity, and greatness for sale, and ready to give to anybody who was willing and able to pay for them, and he chose happiness instead, not because it was less expensive than the others, but because it was more worth having. What they 've got in the Time Shop depends entirely upon what you want. If they have n't got it in stock, they will take your order for it, and will send it to you, but always C.O.D., which means you must pay when you receive the goods. Sometimes you can buy fame on the instalment plan, but that is only in special cases. As a rule, there is no charging things in the Time Shop. You 've got to pay for what you get, and it is up to you to see that the quality is good. Did you ever hear of a man named George Washington?"

"Hoh!" cried Bobby, with a scornful grin. "Did I ever hear of George Washington! What a question! Was there anybody ever who has n't heard of George Washington?"

"Well, yes," said the Clock. "There was Julius Caesar. He was a pretty brainy sort of a chap, and he never heard of him. And old Father Adam never heard of him, and Mr. Methuselah never heard of him, and I rather guess that Christopher Columbus, who was very much interested in American history, never heard of him."

"All right, Clocky," said Bobby, with a smile. "Go on. What about George Washington?"

"He got all that he ever won at the Time Shop; a regular customer, he was," said the Clock; "and he paid for what he got with the best years of his life, man or boy. He rarely wasted a minute. Now I thought that having nothing to do for a little while but look at those flames trying to learn to dance, you might like to go over with me and visit the old shop. They 'll all be glad to see you and maybe you can spend a little time there whilst I am laying in a fresh supply to keep me on the move."

"I 'd love to go," said Bobby, starting up eagerly.

"Very well, then," returned the Clock. "Close your eyes, count seventeen backward, then open your eyes again, and you 'll see what you will see."

Bobby's eyes shut; I was almost going to say with a snap. He counted from seventeen back to one with a rapidity that would have surprised even his school-teacher, opened his eyes again and looked around, and what he saw—well, that was more extraordinary than ever! Instead of standing on the parlor rug before the fireplace, he found himself in the broad aisle of the ground floor of a huge department store, infinitely larger than any store he had ever seen in his life before, and oh, dear me, how dreadfully crowded it was! The crowd of Christmas shoppers that Bobby remembered to have seen last year when he had gone out to buy a lead-pencil to put into his father's stocking was as nothing to that which thronged this wonderful place. Ah me, how dreadfully hurried some of the poor shoppers appeared to be, and how wistfully some of them gazed at the fine bargains to be seen on the counters and shelves, which either because they had not saved it, or had wasted it, they had not time to buy!

"Well, young gentleman," said a kindly floor-walker, pausing in his majestic march up and down the aisle, as the Clock, bidding Bobby to use his time well, made off to the supply shop, "what can we do for you to-day?"

"Nothing that I know of, thank you, sir," said Bobby; "I have just come in to look around."

"Ah!" said the floor-walker with a look of disappointment on his face. "I 'm afraid I shall



have to take you to the Waste-Time Bureau, where they will find out what you want without undue loss of precious moments. I should think, however, that a nice-looking boy like you would be able to decide what he really wanted and go directly to the proper department and get it."

"Got any bicycles?" asked Bobby, seizing upon the first thing that entered his mind.

"Fine ones—best there are," smiled the pleasant floor-walker, very much relieved to find that Bobby did not need to be taken to the bureau. "Step this way, please. Mr. Promptness, will you be so good as to show this young gentleman our line of bicycles?"

Then turning to Bobby, he added: "You look like a rather nice, young gentleman, my boy. Perhaps never having been here before, you do not know our ways, and have not provided yourself with anything to spend. To encourage business we see that new comers have a chance to avail themselves of the opportunities of the shop, so here are a few time-checks with which you can buy what you want."

The kindly floor-walker handed Bobby twenty round golden checks, twenty silver checks, and twenty copper ones. Each check was about the size of a five-cent piece, and all were as bright and fresh as if they had just been minted.

"What are these?" asked Bobby, as he jingled the coins in his hand.

"The golden checks, my boy, are days," said the floor-walker. "The silver ones are hours, and the coppers are minutes. I hope you will use them wisely, and find your visit to our shop so profitable that you will become a regular customer."

With this and with a pleasant bow the floor-walker moved along to direct a gray-haired old gentleman with a great store of years in his possession to the place where he could make his last payment on a stock of wisdom which he had been buying, and Bobby was left with Mr. Wiggins, the salesman, who immediately showed him all the bicycles they had in stock.

"This is a pretty good wheel for a boy of your age," said Mr. Promptness, pulling out a bright-looking little machine that was so splendidly under control that when he gave it a push it ran smoothly along the top of the mahogany counter, pirouetted a couple of times on its hind wheels, and then gracefully turning rolled back to Mr. Promptness again.

"How much is that?" asked Bobby, without much hope, however, of ever being able to buy it.

"Sixteen hours and forty-five minutes," said Mr. Promptness, looking at the price-tag, and reading off the figures. "It used to be a twenty-

five-hour wheel, but we have marked everything down this season. Everybody is so rushed these days that very few people have any spare time to spend, and we want to get rid of our stock."

"What do you mean by sixteen hours and forty-five minutes?" asked Bobby. "How much is that in dollars?"

Mr. Promptness smiled more broadly than ever at the boy's question.

"We don't do business in dollars here, my lad," said he. "This is a Time Shop, and what you buy you buy with time: days, hours, minutes, and seconds."

"Got anything that costs as much as a year?" asked Bobby.

"We have things that cost a lifetime, my boy," said the salesman; "but those things, our rarest and richest treasures, we keep up-stairs."

"I should think that you would rather do business for money," said Bobby.

"Nay, nay, my son," said Mr. Promptness. "Time is a far better possession than money, and it often happens that it will buy things that money could n't possibly purchase."

"Then I must be rich," said Bobby.

The salesman looked at the little fellow gravely.

"Rich?" he said.

"Yes," said Bobby, delightedly. "I've got no end of time. Seems to me sometimes that I've got all the time there is."

"Well," said Mr. Promptness, "you must remember that its value depends entirely upon how you use it. Time thrown away or wasted is of no value at all. Past time or future time are of little value compared to present time, so when you say that you are rich you may be misleading yourself. What do you do with yours?"

"Why—anything I happen to want to do," said Bobby.

"And where do you get your clothes, your bread and butter, and your playthings?" asked the salesman.

"Oh, my father gets all those things for me," returned Bobby.

"Well, he has to pay for them," said Mr. Promptness, "and he has to pay for them in time, too, while you use yours for what?"

Bobby hung his head.

"Do you spend it well?" asked the salesman.

"Sometimes," said Bobby, "and sometimes I just waste it," he went on. "You see, Mr. Promptness, I did n't know there was a Time Shop where you could buy such beautiful things with it, but now that I do know you will find me here oftener spending what I have on things worth having."

"I hope so," said Mr. Promptness, patting

Bobby affectionately on the shoulder. "How much have you got with you now?"

"Only these," said Bobby, jingling his time-checks in his pocket. "Of course next week when my Christmas holidays begin I shall have a lot—three whole weeks—that 's twenty-one days, you know."

"Well, you can only count on what you have in hand, but from the sounds in your pocket I fancy you can have the bicycle if you want it," said Mr. Promptness.

"At the price I think I can," said Bobby, "and several other things besides."

"How would you like this set of books about wild animals?" asked Mr. Promptness.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Promptness, with a twinkling eye. "Now can you think of anything else?"

"Well, yes," said Bobby, a sudden idea flashing across his mind. "There is one thing I want very much, Mr. Promptness, and I guess maybe per-



"THE UNWELCOME VISITOR WAS AT LAST THRUST INTO THE STREET."

"How much?" said Bobby.

"Two days and a half, or sixty hours," said Mr. Promptness, inspecting the price-tag.

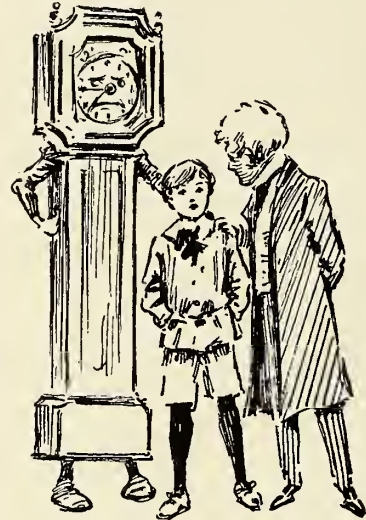
"Send them along with the rest," said Bobby. "How much is that electric railroad over there?"

"That 's rather expensive," Mr. Promptness replied. "It will cost you two weeks, three days, ten minutes, and thirty seconds."

"Humph," said Bobby. "I guess that 's a little too much for me. Got any marbles?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Promptness. "We have china alleys, two for a minute, or plain miggles at ten for a second."

"Put me down for two hours' worth of china alleys, and about a half an hour's worth of miggles," said Bobby.



haps you can help me out. I 'd like to buy a Christmas present for my mother, if I can get a nice one with the time I 've got. I was afraid I could n't get her much of anything with what little money I had saved. But if I can pay for it in time, Mr. Promptness—why, what could n't I buy for her with those three whole weeks coming to me!"

"About how much would you like to spend on it?" asked Mr. Promptness, with a soft light in his eye.

"Oh, I 'd like to spend four or five years on it," said Bobby, "but, of course—"

"That 's very nice of you," said the salesman, putting his hand gently on Bobby's head, and stroking his hair. "But I would n't be extravagant, and once in a while we have special bargains here for kiddies like you. Why, I have known boys to give their mothers presents bought at this shop that were worth years, and years, and years, but which have n't cost them

B/P  
3



more than two or three hours because they have made up the difference in love. With love you can buy the best treasures of this shop with a very little expenditure in time. Now what do you think of this for your mother?"

Mr. Promptness reached up to a long shelf back of the counter and brought down a little card, framed in gold, and printed in beautiful colored letters, and illustrated with a lovely picture that seemed to Bobby to be the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

"This is a little thing that was written long ago," said Mr. Promptness, "by a man who spent much time in this shop buying things that were worth while, and in the end getting from our fame department a wonderful name which was not only a splendid possession for himself, but for the people among whom he lived. Thousands and thousands of people have been made happier, and wiser, by the way he spent his hours, and he is still mentioned among the great men of time. He was a fine, great-hearted fellow, and he put a tremendous lot of love into all that he did. His name was Thackeray. Can you read, Bobby?"

"A little," said Bobby.

"Then read this and tell me what you think of it," said Mr. Promptness.

He handed Bobby the beautiful card, and the little fellow, taking it in his hand, read the sentence: MOTHER IS THE NAME OF GOD IN THE LIPS AND HEARTS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

"You see, my dear little boy," said the kindly salesman, "that is worth—oh, I don't know how many years, and your mother, I am sure, would rather know that that is what you think, and how you feel about her, than have you give her the finest jewels that we have to sell. And how much do you think we charge you for it?"

"Forty years!" gasped Bobby.

"No," replied Mr. Promptness. "Five minutes. Shall we put it aside for you?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Bobby, delighted to have so beautiful a Christmas gift for his mother.

So Mr. Promptness put the little card aside with the bicycle, and the wild animal books, and the marbles, putting down the price of each of the things Bobby had purchased on his sales slip.

They walked down the aisles of the great shop together, looking at the many things that time well expended would buy, and Bobby paused for a moment and spent two minutes on a glass of soda water, and purchased a quarter of an hour's worth of peanuts to give to Mr. Promptness. They came soon to a number of large rooms at one end of the shop, and in one of these Bobby saw quite a gathering of youngsters somewhat older

than himself, who seemed to be very busy poring over huge books, and studying maps, and writing things down in little note-books, not one of them wasting even an instant.

"These boys are buying an education with their time," said Mr. Promptness, as they looked in at the door. "For the most part they have n't any fathers and mothers to help them, so they come here and spend what they have on the things that we have in our library. It is an interesting fact that what is bought in this room can never be stolen from you, and it happens more often than not that when they have spent hundreds of hours in here they win more time to spend on the other things that we have on sale. But there are others, I am sorry to say, who stop on their way here in the morning and fritter their loose change away in the Shop of Idleness across the way—a minute here, and a half hour there, sometimes perhaps a whole hour will be squandered over there, and when they arrive here they have n't got enough left to buy anything."

"What can you buy at the Shop of Idleness?" asked Bobby, going to the street door, and looking across the way at the shop in question, which seemed, indeed, to be doing a considerable business, if one could judge from the crowds within.

"Oh, a little fun," said Mr. Promptness. "But not the real, genuine kind, my boy. It is a sort of imitation fun that looks like the real thing, but it rings hollow when you test it, and on close inspection turns out to be nothing but frivolity."

"And what is that great gilded affair further up the street?" asked Bobby, pointing to a place with an arched entrance gilded all over and shining in the sunlight like a huge house of brass.

"That is a cake shop," said Mr. Promptness, "and it is run by an old witch named Folly. When you first look at her you think she is young and beautiful, but when you come to know her better you realize that she is old, and wrinkled, and selfish. She gives you things and tells you that you need n't pay until to-morrow and this goes on until some day to-morrow comes, and you find she has not only used up all the good time you had, but that you owe her even more, and when you can't pay she pursues you with all sorts of trouble. That's all anybody ever got at Folly's shop, Bobby—just trouble, trouble, trouble."

"There seem to be a good many people there now," said Bobby, looking up the highway at Folly's gorgeous place.

"Oh, yes," sighed Mr. Promptness. "A great many—poor things! They don't know any better, and what is worse, they won't listen to those who do."

"Who is that pleasant-looking gentleman out-

side the Shop of Idleness?" asked Bobby, as a man appeared there and began distributing his card amongst the throng.

"He is the general manager of the Shop of Idleness," said the salesman. "As you say, he is a pleasant-looking fellow, but you must beware of him, Bobby. He 's not a good person to have around. He is a very active business man, and actually follows people to their homes, and forces his way in, and describes his stock to them as being the best in the world. And all the time he is doing so he is peering around in their closets, in their chests, everywhere, with the intention of robbing them. The fact that he is so pleasant to look at makes him very popular, and I only tell you the truth when I say to you that he is the only rival we have in business that we are really afraid of. We can compete with Folly but—"

Mr. Promptness's words were interrupted by his rival across the way, who, observing Bobby standing in the doorway, cleverly tossed one of his cards across the street so that it fell at the little boy's feet. Bobby stooped down and picked it up and read it. It went this way:

THE SHOP OF IDLENESS  
 PROCRASTINATION,  
*General Manager.*  
 Put Off Everything And Visit Our Shop.

"So he 's Procrastination, is he?" said Bobby, looking at the man with much interest, for he had heard his father speak of him many a time, only his father called him "old Putoff."

"Yes, and he is truly what they say he is," said Mr. Promptness; "the thief of time."

"He does n't look like a thief," said Bobby.

Now it is a peculiarity of Procrastination that he has a very sharp pair of ears, and he can hear a great many things that you would n't think could travel so far, and, as Bobby spoke, he turned suddenly and looked at him, waved his hand, and came running across the street, calling out to Bobby to wait. Mr. Promptness seized Bobby by the arm, and pulled him into the Time Shop, but not quickly enough, for he was unable to close the door before his rival was at their side.

"Glad to see you, my boy," said Procrastination, handing him another card. "Come on over to my place. It 's much easier to find what you want there than it is here, and we 've got a lot of comfortable chairs to sit down and think things over in. You need n't buy anything to-day, but just look over the stock."

"Don't mind him, Bobby," said Mr. Prompt-

ness, anxiously whispering in the boy's ear. "Come along with me and see the things we keep on the upper floors—I am sure they will please you."

"Wait just a minute, Mr. Promptness," replied Bobby. "I want to see what Mr. Procrastination looks like close to."

"But, my dear child, you don't seem to realize that he will pick your pocket if you let him come close—" pleaded Mr. Promptness.

But it was of no use, for the unwelcome visitor from across the way by this time had got his arm through Bobby's and was endeavoring to force the boy out through the door, although the elevator on which Bobby and Mr. Promptness were to go up-stairs was awaiting them.

"When did you come over?" said Procrastination, with his pleasantest smile, which made Bobby feel that perhaps Mr. Promptness, and his father, too, for that matter, had been very unjust to him.

"*Going up!*" cried the elevator boy.

"Come, Bobby," said Mr. Promptness, in a beseeching tone. "The car is just starting."

"Nonsense. What 's your hurry?" said Procrastination. "You can take the next car just as well."

"*All aboard!*" cried the elevator boy.

"I 'll be there in two seconds," returned Bobby.

"Can't wait," cried the elevator boy, and he banged the iron door to, and the car shot up to the upper regions where the keepers of the Time Shop kept their most beautiful things.

"Too bad!" said Mr. Promptness, shaking his head, sadly. "Too bad! Now, Mr. Procrastination," he added, fiercely, "I must ask you to leave this shop, or I shall summon the police. You can't deceive us. Your record is known here, and—"

"Tutt-tutt-tutt, my dear Mr. Promptness!" retorted Procrastination, still looking dangerously pleasant, and smiling as if it must all be a joke. "This shop of yours is a public place, sir, and I have just as much right to spend my time here as anybody else."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Promptness, shortly. "Have your own way if you prefer, but you will please remember that I warned you to go."

Mr. Promptness turned as he spoke and touched an electric button at the back of the counter, and immediately from all sides there came a terrific and deafening clanging of bells; and from up-stairs and down came rushing all the forces of time to the rescue of Bobby, and to put Procrastination out. They fell upon him like an army, and shouting, and struggling, but still smiling as if he thought it the greatest joke in the world,



the unwelcome visitor was at last thrust into the street, and the doors were barred and bolted against his return.

"Mercy me!" cried Bobby's friend the Clock, rushing up just as the door was slammed to. "What 's the meaning of all this uproar?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Promptness. "Only that wicked old Procrastination again. He caught sight of Bobby here—"

"He has n't hurt him?" cried the Clock.

"Not much, if any," said Mr. Promptness.

"You did n't have anything to do with him, did you, Bobby?" asked the Clock, a trifle severely.

"Why, I only stopped a minute to say how do you do to him," began Bobby, sheepishly.

"Well, I 'm sorry that you should have made his acquaintance," said the Clock; "but come along. It 's getting late and we 're due back home. Paid your bill?"

"No," said Mr. Promptness, sadly. "He has n't had it yet, but there it is, Bobby. I think you will find it correct."

He handed the little visitor a memorandum of all the charges against him. Bobby ran over the items and saw that the total called for a payment of eight days, and fifteen

"THAT SAUCY OLD CLOCK GRINNED!"

hours, and twenty-three minutes, and nine seconds, well within the value of the time-checks the good floor-walker had given him, but alas! when he put his hand in his pocket to get them they were gone. Not even a minute was left!

Procrastination had succeeded only too well!

"Very sorry, Bobby," said Mr. Promptness, "but we cannot let the goods go out of the shop until they are paid for. However," he added, "although I warned you against that fellow, I feel sorry enough for you to feel inclined to help you a little, particularly when I realize how much you have missed in not seeing our treasures on

the higher floors. I'll give you five minutes, my boy, to pay for the little card for your mother's Christmas present."

He placed the card in the little boy's hand, and turned away with a tear in his eye, and Bobby started to express his sorrow at the way things had turned out, and his thanks for Mr. Promptness's generosity, but there was no chance for this. There was a whirr as of many wheels, and a flapping as of many wings. Bobby felt himself being whirled around, and around, and around, and then there came a bump. Somewhat terrified he closed his eyes for an instant, and when he opened them again he found himself back on the parlor rug, lying in front of the fire, while his daddy was rolling him over and over. The lad glanced up at the mantel-piece to see what had become of the Clock, but the grouchy old ticker stared solemnly ahead of him, with his hands pointed sternly at eight o'clock, which meant that Bobby had to go to bed at once.

"Oh, let me stay up ten minutes longer," pleaded Bobby.

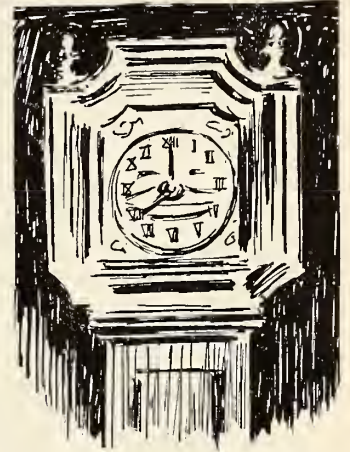
"No, sir," replied his father. "No more Procrastination, my son—trot along."

And it seemed to Bobby as he walked out of the room, after kissing his father and mother good-night, that that saucy old Clock grinned.

INCIDENTALLY let me say that in the whirl of his return Bobby lost the card that the good Mr. Promptness had given him for his mother, but the little fellow remembered the words that were printed on it, and when Christmas morning came his mother found them painted in water-colors on a piece of cardboard by the boy's own hand; and when she read them a tear of happiness came into her eyes, and she hugged the little chap and thanked him, and said it was the most beautiful Christmas present she had received.

"I 'm glad you like it," said Bobby. "It is n't so very valuable though, Mother. It only cost me two hours and a half, and I know where you can get better looking ones for five minutes."

Which extraordinary remark led Bobby's mother to ask him if he were not feeling well!





# The Lesson Learned



BY KATHRYN JARBOE

THE snow was falling in soft, fugitive flakes down over the gray land, sifting through the branches of the dark pines on the hillside, slipping from the carved cornices of the old temple in the shadow of the pines, drifting into the shrine to touch the gilded image of Buddha that, for centuries, had looked unmoved on sun and snow alike. For this all happened in Japan.

In the pretty garden in front of the little missionary house, the snowflakes flecked the feathers of the bronze crane, rested on the broad back of the stone turtle, and heaped themselves upon the dwarf cypresses, the miniature hills and dales, and tiny little bridges. Almost as unheeded, they fell upon little Davy Brewster, who sat upon the steps overlooking the garden, his elbows on his knees, his chin cuddled into his pink palms. The feathery atoms rested on his yellow curls, on his little black shoulders, his thin black legs, and his shining black shoes. He knew well enough that it was snowing; he even watched, with moody eyes, one huge flake, bigger than all the rest, that sailed on and on, lifting now and then as though it were all unwilling to alight in the toy garden, as though it would float on across to the temple gate, to the golden Buddha itself. Davy knew, too, that it was Christmas eve; that, after weeks of weary waiting, Christmas had come to every one in his own far-off land. But not to him and to his mother.

He could hear her chair rocking softly backward and forward just inside the door. He knew just how she looked, sitting there in her new black gown. He knew that if he went in to speak to her she would draw him close in her arms and whisper: "Oh, Davy, Davyboy!" He knew that if he asked her the same question, she would give him the same answer; that if he asked her if Santa Claus was coming to-night, she would say tenderly that there could be no Christmas for him or for her, because they were left all alone in the world. He was sure that he could kiss her tears away; that if he held his hands on her cheeks and told her how much he loved her, she would stop crying; but he knew, oh, yes, he knew very well that what she had said was true—that Christmas was not coming to them.

It was such a little time ago that his father had been with them, though, that his father had told him that Christmas would come when the snow

came. Now the white flakes were flying down from the sky, nestling everywhere upon the ground, but—but it was n't Christmas, it was n't Christmas for him. He wondered if it was Christmas in the heaven where his father had gone.

The snowflakes fell faster, the gray night slipped over the land. The temple bell boomed heavily down from the shadowed hill, and its waves of magical music rolled across the thatched-roofed village, across the fields, away to the misty horizon. Into the silence that trailed behind, the child's blue eyes gazed in a new terror of loneliness. Scrambling to his feet, he fled into the house and flung himself into his mother's arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

Mrs. Brewster held him close and whispered: "Davy, Davyboy!" For just an instant her tears fell on his yellow curls. Only for that instant, though, did he forget the promise he had made to his father—to be a brave boy. Suddenly mindful of it, he cuddled her cheeks with his hands, and kissed the tears from her tired eyes.

THE Christmas sun flung down upon the white world a flood of golden light and glory. The branches of the pine-trees drooped under their burdens; the temple roof was all smooth and white and undefiled; the lap of the golden Buddha was heaped with snow; the bronze crane stood knee deep in the feathery mass; the stone turtle showed only his pointed head. Davy, sitting again on the steps that led down into the garden, looked out toward the horizon that was shimmering blue and pink and white, and wondered where Christmas did begin, wondered just how near to him Santa Claus had come.

From the horizon his eyes wandered back across the village of thatched roofs that lay at the foot of the hill. A bright line of vivid color, red and blue and green, was moving slowly along the snow-covered road that led from the village to the hill. Davy knew that it was the children from the Mission school wearing their gayest, brightest kimonos. He watched them as they tumbled along over the snow in their high stilted clogs, and wondered where they were going and what they were doing. Then he saw that they were climbing the hill, slipping and sliding, but always climbing. He heard them laughing and



chattering in their high, shrill voices. All at once he was terribly afraid that they were coming to his house. He had not been down to the Mission since his father had gone away; he had not seen any of the children since then, and his only impulse was to run into the house and hide. He did not move, though, and soon the line of boys and girls, looking like giant birds and butterflies of brilliant plumage, filed along the garden path, past the bronze stork, past the turtle's head, past all the tiny little bridges and tiny trees. Their faces were grave, their voices were

"It 's Chrissmus for ever' one, Davysan," he said at last. "It 's Chrissmus for all the world. Your father, Revera Brewster, said it 's Chrissmus for ever' one."

"But not for Muvver and me," answered Davy, shaking his head again. "'Cause we 're all alone. Christmas could n't come to us, 'cause father 's died and we 're all alone in Japan."

"Revera Brewster said—" Otoyasan stopped. It was hard to remember the words, harder yet to repeat them. "Revera Brewster said," he began again determinedly, "that Chhrist love all



"DAVY HEARD THEM LAUGHING AND CHATTERING IN THEIR HIGH, SHRILL VOICES."

hushed as they looked up at the somber little boy sitting on the steps. They huddled close together, each trying to hide behind his neighbor, all save a Japanese boy called Otoyasan. He was but a few years older than Davy and had been a constant companion of the small American lad.

Otoyasan bowed low and all the line of his little followers ducked their heads in greeting.

"Good morning!" Davy spoke gravely and returned the low salute with an awkward little bow.

"Mer' Chrissmus!" cried Otoyasan. The other children tried to echo the strange words.

"It is n't Christmas here, Otoyasan." Davy stood up now and rammed his small clinched fists deep into his tiny pockets. "It can't be Christmas for Muvver and me."

Otoyasan looked at him curiously, rubbed his hands together and, for a moment, did not speak.

the world. He said Christ love us ever' day. We must love Christ ever' day. We must love ever'body ever' day; but Chrissmus Day we *show* Christ we love him by make ever'body happy. We say 'Mer' Chhristmus ever'body!' we give presents ever'body." Otoyasan paused and looked at Davy. He had not remembered all the words of the Reverend David Brewster. He had not repeated them even as he remembered them. "We lig you, Davysan," he went on with sudden desperation. "We bring you present." He drew from his long scarlet sleeve a tiny samisen and laid it on the steps near Davy's feet. Near it he placed a small gray fan. "For her," he murmured, nodding toward the door of the house. "We lig her, too, Davysan."

The orator of the day had spoken. The presentation of his gifts was the signal for which his

followers had waited. Now they crowded close about Davy, each laying his or her gift for the boy on the step near Otoyasan's samisen, each putting some small article near the fan that was meant for Mrs. Brewster. To Davy, they had brought paper fish and animals, wooden trays and boxes, thin rice-cakes and colored sugar wafers; to Mrs. Brewster, bits of silk and parchment painted with birds and flowers and a great, white paper lotus-blossom. For a moment Davy stood and looked at the little party-colored group of children. Then he turned toward the house.

"Muvver, Muvver!" he shouted, "Christmas has come to us, after all! See, we 're not alone any more!" He pointed not to the gifts but to the children. "Muvver, they are our Christmas!"

For only an instant did Mrs. Brewster hold her hands close pressed against her eyes. Then she knelt down on the veranda.

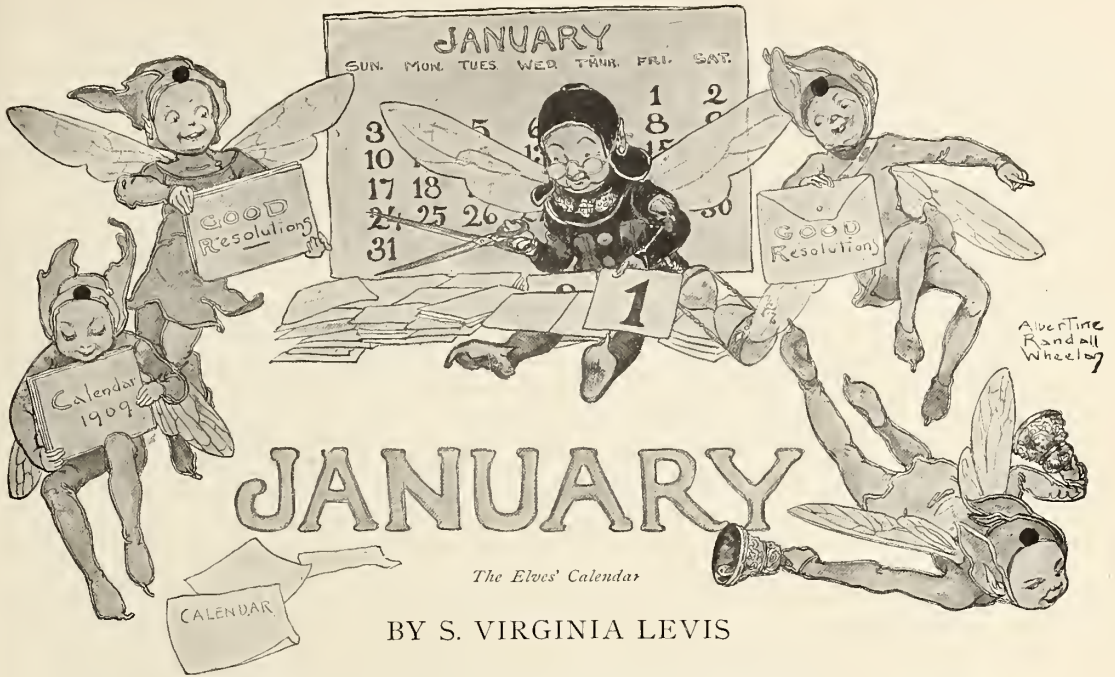
"Davy, Davyboy," she whispered. "Indeed, it is our Christmas—the dearest Christmas that could be, because—because He sent it to us."

A ray of sunlight slipped through a rift in the temple roof and lay full on the golden Buddha, on the folded hands, on the downcast lids, on the lips that smiled in an eternal peace. In the same sunlight knelt the American mother, one arm about her own boy, the other holding close a little Japanese lad in his gay scarlet kimono. "Peace on earth, good-will to men and love eternal," she murmured. The lesson had been taught and learned and taught again.



"' MUVVER, MUVVER!' HE SHOUTED, ' CHRISTMAS HAS COME TO US, AFTER ALL!'"





THE ELVES are busy cutting up old calendars just now,  
 To make them into new ones (though they 'll never tell you how).  
 But some of them fly straight to Earth, the first day of the year,  
 To whisper good resolves and golden rules afar and near.  
 So if you 'll just make up your minds—you happy girls and boys—  
 To be as good as you can be, you 'll double, all your joys!

## A SON OF THE DESERT

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

### CHAPTER VIII

#### AN APPARITION

DURING the night the sand-storm ceased. Its attack on the old prison had been fierce but vain. With reluctance the wild demon gave up the struggle.

For it is given to the Hkhamseen to rage only for a few hours. Could it have continued the attack on Tourah for weeks, had it lengthened its brief night attack into a siege, the great convict settlement would have been buried in a mound of sand.

The storm ceased, the air cleared, and the heavens were revealed in all their tropic splendor. A crescent moon was in the west; like a silver barge it rode upon the blue of the night, as a careening felucca rides upon the bosom of

the Nile; and the gray clouds, like humbler craft, glided silently by, rejoicing, for a brief moment, in that silver radiance.

The prisoner's escape was discovered in the early morning.

The commandant was informed, as soon as he awoke, and armed search-parties went out, with orders to bring back the fugitive alive or dead, if found. General Hewatt was angry at the escape; and why should he not be? To be sure, if asked to name the prisoner whom he most willingly would have seen gain his freedom, he would have named Achmed without any hesitation; for the young Arab had seemed to him less like a felon than a wild creature mistakenly caught in the meshes of the law. Still, it was a part of a commandant's duty to hold every man committed to his charge.

So it was with extreme irritation that he went over to the scene of the escape. He was soon joined by Ted Leslie, and the two discussed the probable details of the young Bedouin's movements. The manacles had been quickly found, half-buried in a sand-drift. Had any official connived at the escape? Could the prisoner, unaided, have freed himself? On this point doubt was expressed by everybody. All footprints had been blotted out by the loose sand, which now lay in mounds and windrows, throughout the courtyard. But on the other side of the wall, which was more sheltered, the imprints of human feet had been found, at the base of the acacia; and the escape was understood by all the officials to have been made by that tree. Still, how the youth, unaided, unequipped with ladder or rope, could have reached the tree,—that puzzled all the experienced heads of the prison.

It was made clear, however, a half hour later, when a half-naked fellah was brought in by one of the search-parties. He had been found a few miles at the east of the prison, bound hand and foot. He was the head of the family living there; such families were scattered about the low sand-hills, near the base of the giant Mokattam range. The men of such a family dwelt at night in holes, or burrows, in the ground, near by.

It was this nondescript sort of human being who had been brought into the prison. His dialect was an almost meaningless jargon; but with care and repetition it could be made out.

"Tell us your story!" said the commandant, as the stupid fellow was brought before him. "You were tied by somebody, they tell me; who did it?"

"A fiend"; responded the fellah, promptly, trembling in dread of this ominous place and this august presence.

The commandant's face expressed impatience. "Yes, and now tell us how he did it! Where were you? Where did it happen?"

"It was last night," said the fellah; and a look of terror came to his red eyes. "I crept out of my burrow, to look after the goats, for the Hkhamseen had ceased. The *Shaitan* (fiend), or perhaps only an *Afract* (spirit), was almost naked, and was much like a man; his body, and arms, and legs, were like a man's; *aywah!* (yes), but his head, his face, that was like a fiend, really. It was covered with something that flapped; his ears, perhaps; and his eyes—oh, his eyes were terrible: large, staring, like—like windows with a fire behind them. He caught me with a terrible grip; and he took away my clothing, and put it on himself—"

By this time the commandant had reached a tolerably correct idea of Achmed's escape. He had been examining the pieces of rope or cord with which the native had been bound; now he turned to Ted and said, with something in his voice as near reproof as he could allow himself to use toward his ward: "Your Bedouin was very clever. Don't you see how he managed it? He made a rope out of those fine clothes which you bought for him in Cairo; he climbed into the tree yonder and went down the trunk; what the chap says about the fiend's eyes and ears explains what I was much puzzled about. Evidently the clever young fellow stole a pair of spectacles somewhere, and padded them close to his eyes, and tied a piece of cloth over his mouth. That is the way I understand it. That is the only way, too, in which he could have breathed and traveled in a sand-storm. What he wanted of this native was his clothing, his own having been used up in making rope." And the commandant dangled the piece of twisted and knotted cloth.

Ted Leslie had no response to offer. If he had spoken his honest thought he would have said that he was glad of Achmed's escape; it seemed an admirable solution of a hard problem.

The fellah stood stupidly gazing about him. General Hewatt knew the kind of life he lived, and had even noted the low-roofed, brown tents of his family, a week or two before. "They are directly east of here," he mused, "or perhaps a trifle toward the southeast." Then he spoke sharply to the man. "Which way did the fiend go when he left you?"

The fellah was much agitated, but seemed to answer honestly, after a moment's reflection. "That way!" he said, extending his lean, bare arm toward the southeast.

General Hewatt nodded at this confirmation of his theory. "He has gone out into the Mokattam Hills," he said angrily; "he will join 'the gang' there. We can't reach those fellows, out in that region. Not all the police in Cairo can do it. Under his clever leadership they will be more dangerous than ever."

That was where the astute commandant of Tourah made a misjudgment; that was where he was outgeneraled by the clever son of Abou-Kader, who had wished to elude recapture.

Believing himself to be right, however, General Hewatt gave orders that the giant acacia should be cut down; and he sent the police squad from Cairo back to the central office, with the message that the young Arab murderer had escaped during an unusually heavy Hkhamseen; and had not yet been recaptured.



## CHAPTER IX

## A REFUGE FROM THE HEAT

ACHMED had not distinctly planned to plunder the wretched fellah of his clothing, but, as he had hastened away from the prison, he discovered the fellah habitation, and circumstances favored him more than he had expected. He purposely allowed the native to see him depart in a southeasterly direction, but after a few minutes he wheeled about, and came directly—and now more swiftly, in the increasing light of the clearing heavens,—back toward the Nile; for his instinct, as well as his cool judgment, led him away from the habitations of men, out into the trackless desert,—his home.

He had no desire whatever to join himself to the lawless gang of escaped convicts in the Mokattam Hills. He had heard enough prison gossip to know of their existence, and their ruffianly mode of life; but his one aim was to rejoin his father, and find peace and affection in the companionship of his friends and kindred.

“The Gang,” as it was commonly called, by the balked officers of the law, by the timid natives, and by the foreign residents near Helouan, had made itself a source of terror in all that region. A half dozen escaped convicts had fled to the impregnable fastnesses of the Mokattam range, and there, in the tortuous ravines and gloomy caverns of that wild country they had long been able to defy capture. They raided the flocks of careless shepherds and goatherds, and occasionally seized some incautious traveler, holding him for a ransom.

No better region than the rugged Mokattam Hills can be imagined for this kind of defiant retreat. The country is a vast desolation of limestone rock, with a soil of clay furrowed by occasional tropic rain-storms into gorges and caves, which are bewildering and dangerous to any one not familiar with every rod of the ground. Centuries ago these rocky hills furnished the blocks of stone from which were built the great pyramids across the Nile; and portions of the hills are honeycombed with galleries and tunnels, in which serpents and jackals dispute possession with all comers. The wadies, or ravines, are irregular in formation, and the periodic torrents which now and then roar through them often plunge into the bowels of the earth, finding issue through some cavern, miles away.

Such was the secure retreat of “the gang”; and their lawless mode of life was much like the wild region in which they dwelt. That kind of life had no attraction for Achmed, son of Abou-

Kader; and he had not once thought of making himself a part of it. Instead, having thrown possible pursuers on a false scent, he at once sought the muddy banks and thick sedges of the Nile, and there cast anxiously about him for some means of crossing the broad stream.

All that day he waited, hidden in the sedges; and when night came he crept, under cover of the darkness, to a position near a group of feluccas, moored close to the bank. In his impatience he was nearly resolved to take possession of one of these and attempt the unaccustomed work of sailing the unwieldy craft across to the other side; but, fortunately, one of the boatmen now came from the little hamlet behind the dike, and prepared to embark.

Achmed watched his opportunity; and when the boat sheered from the shore and pointed across the current, it towed behind it the young Bedouin, swimming quietly and carrying his captured clothing upon his head, fastened securely with the remnant of his twisted linen rope which he still instinctively retained.

The voyage was a brief one; the boatman was somewhat muddled by sundry potatoes in which he had indulged, and when Achmed touched foot on the opposite shelving shore, and crept unseen up into the sedges, he carried with him not only his dry clothing, but a parcel of food and a ghoolah of water, which he had thoughtfully extracted from the seat at the stern of the felucca.

Shrouded in the protecting gloom of the starlit and moonlit night, Achmed made safe and swift progress through the tilled fields and the palm-groves which bordered the river. His one thought was to reach the open desert. Somewhere in that wide expanse of sand he knew that his father's caravan was encamped; perhaps near, perhaps scores of miles away.

It was with exaltation that he felt the soft, yielding sand under his naked feet, when he reached the border of the desert; and he kneeled there in the profound silence of the night, under the constellations so familiar to him, and gave himself to his devotions with a fervor of gratitude which even his devout soul had not often known.

Once more he resumed his eager course. At times his forehead furrowed, as he recalled the thrilling incidents of his painful experiences at Tourah. He could not reconcile his condemnation to a dishonorable death with the high estimate in which he had been taught to hold the English. Yet he had certainly been near his end, only the day before; yes, he must have been equally near, weeks earlier; but the earnest efforts of that generous noble American lad,—

now "his pledged brother,"—had postponed the evil blow; and afterward Allah had sent the Hkhamseen out of the desert to aid him in escape. His heart was full of gratitude to mighty Allah, and also to his young American friend.

Thus reflecting, he strode on over the yielding sand, laying hold of it with his naked feet as one who loved it; and now raising his hand above his eyes, he discerned a great, dark mass, in the near distance, which he knew to be the ancient pyramid of Sakkarah; he recognized it by the serrated outline which its terraced sides made against the vault of heaven. "El Haram el Medarrah," the wandering Bedouins call it. He had seen its apex, several times, from afar, as the setting sun flooded it with its beams, and made it a beacon to the wandering tribes of the Libyan Desert, across forty level miles of sand. Now that great monument of ancient glory seemed like a familiar friend.

In majesty the mighty monarch of the sands awaited the advance of this child of the desert; a minute and a century were alike to it; in solemn silence it lifted its storm-defying head into the darkened heavens, and seemed to commune with the stars. The tempests of uncounted ages had beaten vainly against its rugged, rocky sides. It was steeped in memories of that remote antiquity which was already ancient, thousands of years before great Father Abraham was born. So said the Bedouin traditions. It had looked down upon the rock sepulchers of men, at its base, and seen them swallowed up for ages in the maw of the desert; and it had looked down, but yesterday, out of its imperial repose, as human ants toiled to lay bare again the massive creatures of stone which other human ants had fashioned silent centuries before.

"Great is Allah!" exclaimed the devout young Bedouin. And he drew near to the monarch of the Libyan Desert as to one who would protect him.

The dawn was now near. A faint, greenish



"ALL THAT DAY HE WAITED IN THE SEDGES."

light suffused the East, heightening into a white glow near the horizon. The full revealing radiance of the day was soon coming. Achmed at once felt the need of concealment. He must not be seen by human eyes, which might penetrate the secret of his escape. What better refuge could be found than the crevices and crannies of the great mountain of rough, irregular rock? And at the thought he climbed among the scattered blocks of stone, at the pyramid's base, quickly



finding nooks and corners which gave complete protection from sharp, Arab eyes, and gave shelter also from the burning rays of the sun, as it climbed the blue and cloudless sky.

The greater part of the first day in the desert Achmed passed in sleep. He was greatly fatigued by his excitement and exertions of the past twenty-four hours. But the great Sakkarah pyramid held him in its arms as quietly as if he had been a babe; and he slept until the measure of his need was fully met.

During the day, as he awoke at times and peered cautiously from behind ledges and through crannies, he saw the groups of people, —nearly all Europeans and Americans, as shown by their dress,—who came to gaze at the excavated tombs of that neighborhood.

They came on donkeys, with donkey-boys and dragomans, breaking rudely in upon the dignity and sanctity of that ancient city of the dead by their shouts and laughter. Their noon meal they ate in the now deserted house of Mariette Bey, the late French excavator, who had laid bare a part of this Necropolis of the Nile, only to have it engulfed again soon after his death by the restless, greedy sand, jealous of all human invasions.

When these noisy tourists had departed, and the sun was near its setting, Achmed climbed to the topmost platform of the pyramid. This he easily accomplished by using his coil of knotted rope. When the lofty summit was reached, he gazed eagerly across the desert, hoping to see some caravan on its slow, stately journey, or encamped for the night.

But the desert was bare. The vast expanse of sand lay below him like an ocean, like the real ocean of which his young American friend had told him; now it was as calm as if asleep; but it could waken and toss and surge, like the blue ocean of water; and, like that ocean of water, it had engulfed many lives in its deep dark recesses.

Achmed waited upon the summit of the pyramid until long after the sun had set and the golden glow had faded in the West. Now, amid the darkness, he hoped to see some glint of light, afar off, which should mark the camp of a caravan; but he looked and looked in vain. Through the long hours he sat, lifted high above the world, a companion of the stars and of the peerless crescent moon; he sat and rocked gently in the dim light, pondering on the nature of the stars, and of man, and of great Allah himself, who, as the devout Bedouins say, holds all his creation easily, yet securely, like a frail bubble, in the hollow of his mighty hand.

## CHAPTER X

### THE SEARCH FOR A FOSSIL

A DAY or two sufficed to restore the well-disciplined prison of Tourah to its normal condition of quiet and order. The accumulations of sand in the courtyards and open passages were cleared away within twenty-four hours.

The work in the quarries under a spur of the Mokattam Hills proceeded as usual. Each morning the great, double doors in the eastern wall opened cautiously, and allowed, reluctantly, a train of platform cars to be pulled out of the prison yard, along the narrow track, by a small, wheezy locomotive; several of these cars were crowded with convicts, in chains, guarded by rifles in Sudanese hands.

All day the exhausting toil went on, and at night the men were brought back, like cattle, and they filed into their cells.

Ted Leslie, after a few days of "sight-seeing," gave not a little of his time and strength to the collection of minerals which he was making for a Natural History Society in New England. His interest in the young Arab prisoner had for the moment kept him from his work; now Achmed was gone; and although he missed the young prisoner, his escape gave Ted a secret joy, and also allowed him to continue his collecting.

IN the active lad's mail, one morning, came a letter from a friend in London, who wrote, after giving some school gossip: "I was talking, yesterday, with a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and he told me that the part of the delta where you are has some very interesting fossils; he spoke, especially, of the region adjacent to the Mokattam Hills. If you find any rare specimens, get duplicates, if possible, and trust me to show my gratitude."

This inquiry aroused Ted; although so active a young fellow hardly needed any outside stimulus. Indeed, Ted's strength fell far short of his plans and projects. His resolution was speedily taken; and he would make a special trip for the search suggested.

A few days later, at about four o'clock, when the day's heat had somewhat abated, he set forth. His regular donkey-boy had gone, with his donkey, to Massarah; so that Ted was obliged to impress into service one of the vagrant boys who lounged with their donkeys about the railway station. Our young friend wore a costume well fitted to the climate: a gray serge suit, and a straw hat around which he loosely wound a few folds of a thin white silk scarf, in the fashion of the "Puggaree." This

kind of costume gave the best possible protection from the rays of the sun, which, even at that afternoon hour, were powerful and dangerous.

The donkey-boy, clad in one garment only, a loose, flapping, dirty gown reaching to his bare ankles, carried a thick jacket, a white umbrella with green lining, a geological hammer, and a small wooden box. The sky was cloudless, save for a feathery fringe hanging here and there above the white Mokattam cliffs; and a faint blue mist rose above the line of the Nile, a mile away at the west.

There was a freedom about this open life of the desert which had a charm for the fearless, self-reliant, young American lad; and especially to-day, with a clear object before him, with a definite commission on his mind, he was light-hearted and happy. He found the shaggy ill-kept donkey much harder in gait than was his own petted beast, and he was not unwilling to alight often, and investigate some dike or ledge, or to pick up a fossil, humming contentedly as he did so.

The route which he was following led just across the level lands between the Helouan railway and a spur of the hills; presently, leaving this open plain, he turned into one of the wadies, or ravines, which extended for many miles back into the Mokattam range, intersecting one another and forming a complicated network of winding valleys, of varying breadth, with slopes and cliffs rising higher and higher on all sides.

It must have been near the point where their road entered the Wady Dughla or "Valley of Wanderings" that Ted's wrathful altercation with his donkey-boy arose. At least that was his opinion afterward.

The donkey was small and weak, and had been worked hard all through the forenoon, carrying stone slabs down to a barge on the river; he therefore needed considerable urging; and the donkey-boy, after the fashion of his species, plied stick vigorously, until Ted ordered him to cease. All went peacefully, for a time; presently the kind-hearted lad roused himself enough from his geological researches to notice that the pitiless but resourceful donkey-boy had a sharp nail in the butt of his stick, and was noiselessly, yet effectively, using this on the tired animal.

Instantly Ted was ablaze with anger. His hatred of cruelty expressed itself in a burst of indignation, as he discovered a raw spot hidden under the broad strap over the poor beast's haunches; and he poured out his wrath in his best Arabic upon the head of the brutish lad,

and ended by ordering him to leave at once. "I can look after myself," Ted exclaimed; "and I will bring back the donkey without your aid. You will find him tied to a ring near the guard-room gate, this evening. Now go!"

The donkey-boy paused, a moment only; Ted's upraised, rigid arm and extended finger left him no choice. He turned and picked his way slowly over the ledges and loose pebbles, and soon disappeared around a jutting shoulder of the wady.

Ted patted the patient beast, remounted, and went slowly on his way up the ravine, now scanning the ground closely; for here was the place where he expected to find good specimens of fossils; there were layers of marl and clay, cropping out under the limestone strata, which ought to furnish the soil suitable for such specimens.

His search, however, was fruitless; and he examined the ground narrowly for better results, but in vain.

Ted grew eager and even impatient. Once he just escaped being stung by a scorpion; the agile, striped creature glided past his hand and disappeared under a rock. The incident made the lad somewhat nervous. He was so absorbed in his search that he gave no heed to the passage of time, and was made conscious of the fading light only by the increasing difficulty of distinguishing even pebbles and pellets of earth from one another.

Now, for the first time, he looked about him, to determine where he was and what would be his best route out of this confusing region. Ted had a good "sense of direction," and his eyes at once sought the sun, as a starting-point; but the sun had sunk below the very high horizon line, and the sky had so thickened with dust from the desert that he was at a loss to know the exact points of the compass. Nevertheless, acting promptly, he turned about, leading the donkey, and tried to retrace his path. If the region had been sandy, like the open desert, he could have easily followed back the donkey's footprints; but of sand there was hardly any; the formation of the whole wide tract was rock, marl, clay, and loose pebbles; moreover, the confused lad was vaguely aware that he had made many turnings in his course. He began to feel more and more anxious, and dragged the donkey after him at a sharper pace than he had at any previous time attained.

For a short time Ted had hope of finding some clue, of recognizing some familiar object, by which he might direct his course; but he grew more and more confused, and he could no longer disguise from himself the fact that he was quite lost; and he now paused in his ran-





"AT THE TOP OF THE RAVINE STOOD A MAN WITH A GUN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

dom efforts; for he was only involving himself, the more helplessly, in the tangle of wadies.

Accustomed as Ted had been to an open-air life, he was not fearful of spending the night in the hills, without shelter; but he was nervous about possible dangers, from man or beast, in this remote region. As the twilight deepened, the irregular rock formation about him took on grotesque and suggestive resemblances to monster animals, like huge, weird ghosts. Thus, all about him, there were horrid shapes; he knew, when he stopped to reason, that they were illusions; but, to the casual glance, in the gloom, they were formidable; they seemed all to be waiting, preparing to attack him, simultaneously.

As he was confronted with these distorted, weird creatures, all his self-command and common-sense were needed to lift him, in his half-invalid, supersensitive condition, above a state of unreasonable but haunting dread. He felt a strong impulse to relax his self-restraint and to rush about, seeking some path of escape; but winds and rains had scoured the sides of the ravines into sharp and often deep gullies, and further progress became perilous.

With his nerves considerably shaken, Ted hastened to find some sheltered nook in which he might pass the night; he had taken possession of his thick jacket when he dismissed the donkey boy; and with that covering he was likely, in so mild a climate, to suffer but little from cold. It was the loneliness, the vague sense of hidden danger, lurking in the darkness, which most troubled him. The whole region was a forsaken "No man's land"; and he had heard all the rumors of vagrant bands of Arabs who haunted it, and tales of renegade criminals who made it their abode.

At length he decided upon a little triangular spot, under a sheltering rock, for his camping place; and he took the "Puggaree" from his hat and used it as a "hobble" for the donkey, tying his two front feet together, in the usual Egyptian fashion. This done, he brushed away the loose pebbles from a bit of ground, put on his jacket, and seated himself, leaning against the hard wall of rock, and tried to quiet his nerves for the night. He told himself, many times over, that there was no cause for alarm, and that when the sun arose, in the morning, he would easily make out the points of the compass, and return home in a few hours. Cheered by these thoughts he felt ashamed that he had given way to uneasiness and alarm.

As he gazed straight out before him, over the scene now dimming rapidly, he suddenly thought

he saw something move; yes, he was not mistaken; his pulse quickened, and his eyes strained hard to distinguish what it was; not a large object, but—ah, there it was again; now he made it out, with much relief to himself; it was only a busy sand-grouse, silent, swift; harmless enough, and evidently quite at home in this lonely place, needing no help, no sympathy. And Ted felt a momentary pang of envy at the self-reliance of the spectral figure, now quite vanishing from sight.

The lad was not conscious of a slightest desire to sleep; his mind was active, and eyes and ears were strained to catch any signs of danger. The minutes slowly passed, and the hours dragged. There was a new moon in the sky—the same moon which was even then shining upon the great Sakkarah pyramid, and upon the silent figure on its summit. The direct rays of the moon were shut out of the wady by its lofty walls; only a dim, diffused light penetrated the gloomy ravine, and served to confuse and distort natural objects into terrifying shapes.

After a time—it seemed many hours to the anxious, sleepless lad—even this light faded, the stars had become obscured by a filmy vapor which settled into the wadies, and all was dark about him, ebon blackness, which seemed to cling to his face and blind his eyes as if it were a black shroud. The donkey had laid himself down upon a scanty patch of sand; Ted could hear him move, slightly, at times; then all settled into utter silence.

Nature seemed to be asleep—or dead; the beating of his heart was a mournful companionship to the lost lad; once he heard the soft tread of padded feet near him; some four-footed creature, with eyes sharper than his own, was doubtless looking at him, watching him. Had Ted been armed, he would have been less nervous; but he had brought neither pistol nor knife with him. Was the unknown creature bent on attacking him? He held his breath. A few anxious moments, and he heard the soft "pad, pad, pad" fading away, as the unseen visitor departed into the night.

Ted thought he never could sleep, even for one short minute; but, presently, his great fatigue overpowered him, and he closed his eyes and sank into a restless slumber.

WHEN he awoke, the sunlight was pouring into the wady, the donkey was browsing on some shrubs at his right, and upon a rock, at the top of the ravine, stood a man with a gun; the man was intently observing him.

*(To be continued.)*





# Peterkin Paul

By Clara Odell Lyon

Young Peterkin Paul was so very polite  
That he said to the stones in the street,  
"Excuse me, I pray, for stepping on you,  
But there's no other place for my feet."



## THE LASS OF THE SILVER SWORD

BY MARY CONSTANCE DUBOIS

### CHAPTER III

#### A TORNADO

THERE had been two uneasy consciences in the Orioles' Nest as the minutes went by and Cecily and Jean did not appear. Adela peeped out into the hall and announced: "There go Jean and Cecily into our room! Frisky, do you suppose—?"

"She must have found out!" said Frances.

Curiosity was aroused and the Mice were teased into confession. That morning they had stolen up to Castle Afterglow to make an "apple-pie bed" for Blanche, and had found on the table the book in which Adela had discovered Jean writing when she had hidden in her closet.

In their mood of thoughtless mischief the temptation to look at the mysterious volume had proved irresistible and honor was forgotten.

"And it 's the queerest thing you ever saw!" said Adela. "She 's written the greatest lot of poems and stories, and *odes* to—Carol Armstrong! She 's dead in love with her! Well, we thought it was a shame for Carol not to know Jean was in love with her, and we' knew wild horses would n't drag it out of *Jean*, so we wrapped it up in white tissue-paper and tied it with red ribbon, and wrote on it, 'Miss Carol Armstrong, with love from Jean Lennox'; and we left it on Carol's bureau."

"Well! You 're nice girls to belong to the Order of the Silver Sword!" cried Betty, indignantly. "That was a dreadfully mean trick!"

"We did n't mean any harm. It was only a joke," said Frances, looking troubled.

"Come along. Let 's go and see what she 's doing in our room," Adela proposed, as the sus-

pense grew unbearable. The guilty twain left the Orioles' Nest and crept down the hall, an excited procession tiptoeing after them; and peering in at their own door they brought up face to face with Jean.

"Frances Browne, you 've stolen my book!" Jean rushed forward and panic seized the culprits. Frances pulled the door to, shutting Vengeance inside the Mouse Hole, and clung to the door-knob with all her might.

"You stole my book! I 'll never forgive you—never!" cried Jean, furiously, struggling to open the door. Adela whipped a key from her belt. She had carried it to the party, intending to run home first and lock her room-mate out; but now she used it to lock Jean and Cecily *in*. Then she darted away and fled up-stairs. Jean rattled her end of the knob till she almost wrenched it off, and beat upon the door, crying wildly: "Let me out! Let me out!"

"Let us out this minute," Cecily commanded.

"I can't," Frances called back. "Whitey 's run off with the key."

"We 'll catch her, though!" said Betty. "Come, girls!"

There was a sound of feet hurrying away, but Blanche lingered to soothe her room-mate. "Jean, don't make such a fuss. Miss Sargent will hear you," she called. "They gave your book to Carol Armstrong for a joke, that was all. You can get it back as soon as they let you out."

"Frances, you and Adela are cruel, wicked, dishonorable girls!" cried Jean, passionately. "I 'll never forgive you as long as I live, and I 'll never forget!"

But Frances hurried away to join the hunt for the White Mouse, and Jean flung herself down in despair on Adela's bed, and buried her burning face in her enemy's pillow. She knew Carol was giving a tea to the senior class, of which she was the president! No doubt she was reading the book at that very moment to her class-mates, and they were laughing together over those sentimental outpourings. The idea was unbearable!

"I wish you would n't feel so badly," said Cecily. "I don't believe Carol 's reading your book at all. I wonder if I could make her hear if I put my head out of the window and screeched. I 'd tell her not to read it."

"We can get out by the window!" cried Jean. She was across the room in an instant and raising the sash. "Come on!" she said, and scrambled upon the sill.

"No, thank you," replied Cecily, gripping her fast. "I don't care to break my neck, and you shan't break yours, either!"

Jean twitched herself free, however, and let

herself down to the sloping piazza roof. The bow-window of Carol's room was open. In it a girl was sitting, and though her back was turned, Jean recognized Nancy Newcomb by the copper-red hair shining in the sun. The sound of laughter came through the open window.



"'I 'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!' CRIED JEAN, STRUGGLING TO OPEN THE DOOR."

"Cecily," she said, "I simply *must* find out if those girls are reading my book."

Deaf to her friend's pleading, she made her way slowly and cautiously along the roof and safely reached the bow-window. The curtain sheltered her, and peeping over Nancy's shoulder, she looked in. There on the divan was Carol, flushed and laughing, and struggling to rise, while her room-mate, Eunice Stanley, held her down and Marion Gaylord sat in her lap, fet-



tering her with arms around her neck. Helen Westover, standing behind, pressed a fat sofa cushion down on the prisoner's head, and called out: "Now, Nan, go ahead while I have her smothered!"

Furtively Jean craned her neck and saw the lost book open on Nancy's lap. That was the moment to speak, but she felt paralyzed; and Nancy began slowly and impressively:

"To Carol

"My love has a forehead broad and fair,  
And the breeze-blown curls of her chestnut hair  
Fall over it softly, the gold and the red  
A shining aureole round her head.

Her clear eyes gleam with an amber light,  
For sunbeams dance in them swift and bright!  
And over those eyes so golden brown,  
Long, shadowy lashes droop gently down."

"Take away that cushion, Helen," said Marion. "I want to measure her shadowy lashes. Hold up your head, Beauty. Let me see if your eyes really are *yaller*."

"Oh, pale with envy the rose doth grow  
That my lady lifts to her cheek's warm glow!"

Nancy continued. "Imagine Carol sentimentally lifting a rose to her cheek! She probably presented it to the botany class for dissection.

"But for joy its blushes would come again  
If my lady to kiss the rose should deign."

"Girls, we've discovered the rising genius of the twentieth century! I'm sorry the last verse is scratched out and she's written 'apple' all over it, so you can't read a word." She turned a page or two and gave a shriek of glee. "This is the richest yet! Carol is the heroine of a novel! It's called 'Hearts of Gold!' Listen:

"The sun was setting. The western sky was all ablaze, and in the radiance of the dying day stood Carol on the brow of Rosslyn Hill. She shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed down the hillside. She was a tall, beautiful girl, with sunset gleams in her hair."

"Sunset gleams! Oh, now we know what color Carol's hair is!" said Marion. "It's purple and crimson and gold and pink, with streaks of green!"

"But she was not thinking of the lovely picture that she made. Far down the green slope she saw, climbing the hill, a tall, athletic figure; young, handsome, and manly. Her breath came quickly; her heart throbbed. Arthur de Lancy was coming!"

A peal of laughter interrupted the reader. Poor Jean! She listened, her cheeks burning. But

Carol freed herself at last, and flew to recapture the prize.

"You wretch, give me back my property!" she cried. There was a laughing battle, from which she came out victorious. The next moment there came an unlooked for diversion.

"Jean Lennox, what are you doing on the roof?" The start that Jean gave nearly made her lose her balance. She looked up and saw Miss Sargent leaning out of the third story window directly overhead. The girls, hearing the voice, looked out, and Jean stood revealed to the senior class.

"You eavesdropper!" cried Nancy. "You scared me to death!"

"Come in, poet laureate!" called Carol; and Jean came in with the precipitation of a bomb-shell, and in an equally friendly manner. She was quivering with excitement.

"Jean Lennox, you're a genius!" exclaimed Carol.

"Give me back my book!" Jean demanded fiercely.

"Indeed, I won't! It's lovely," said Carol. "Don't misunderstand, dear. They were just teasing *me*."

"Give me back my book!" Jean repeated.

"No, I won't. It's too valuable a present," said Carol.

"It's *not* a present!" and Jean snatched the book away. "I did n't give it to you. It was Frances and Adela!"

"Frances and Adela! Why, what do you mean?" asked Carol. "Did n't *you* leave it here?"

"Do you think I'd be such a conceited idiot?" cried poor Jean. "Frances and Adela stole it out of my room and gave it to you just to plague me!"

"The wicked little monkeys!" exclaimed Carol. "Won't I pitch into them when I catch them! But you need n't mind our seeing your book. You ought to be proud of it! I'm sure I'm proud to have such lovely things written about me. And you must n't mind Nan and Marion; they'd make fun of Shakspeare!"

"Of course we were only teasing Carol," said Nancy. "We were afraid she'd get vain with so many compliments!"

But Jean was too deeply wounded to take their assurances in earnest. Crimson with shame, she turned toward the door. Carol followed and put her arm over her shoulder.

"You must n't feel so hurt, dear," she began gently. Here the door burst open and in rushed Cecily.

"Frances and Adela came back and let me out, and Miss Sargent caught them!" said she. "I'm

afraid she 'll be coming after *you* now, Jean. Don't go out or she 'll see you." And then indignant Cecily told the story of the book stealing and the locking in.

"Those children always *were* terrors, especially Adela! This is simply outrageous!" declared Carol.

"We shall have to see they are kept in subjection after this," said Eunice, with severity in her blue eyes.

"I *intend* to suppress them," said Carol, with decision. She stepped out into the hall, and stepped back again with the warning: "Look out, everybody! the sergeant-at-arms is coming!"

The next minute Miss Sargent was in the room. She carried herself with the military erectness that distinguished her, and said sternly: "Jean, I am astonished! You have done a most dangerous thing. Do you not know that it is absolutely forbidden for any girl to venture out on the roof?"

"Of course she did wrong to get out on the roof, Miss Sargent; but she was excited,—she had been locked in and could n't get out any other way," said Carol in apology for Jean.

"Miss Armstrong, I think you forget yourself," said the teacher. "It was most unladylike, most hoidenish, Jean, for a great girl of your age to climb out there as you did. Do you not know that you endangered your life? It is a miracle you did not slip and fall. Now, go to your room. I found it in a most disgraceful state of disorder just now. Put everything in place at once. You will be good enough to remain there till Miss Carlton returns from New York this evening."

"Miss Sargent," said Carol, earnestly, "please don't send her to her room. She has n't been the least bit to blame. Some of the girls have been

treating her abominably and she 's all excited and upset. Just see how nervous she is: she 's trembling all over! Let me keep her here with me and get her quieted down."

"Carol, I must remind you that it is not your



IN "CASTLE AFTERGLOW."

place to interfere with the discipline of teachers," returned Miss Sargent. "Jean, go to your room instantly."

Jean obeyed, but as she left the room she gave Carol one grateful look and saw that the brown eyes were flashing.

Then she ran up-stairs, slammed her door, and imprisoned herself in Castle Afterglow.



## CHAPTER IV

## CASTLE AFTERGLOW

JEAN'S first act on shutting herself up in her castle was to fling her book across the room. Then she picked it up and tore it into fragments. Busy with destruction, she forgot to put the disordered premises to rights, and by the time that a mass of scraps in the waste-basket and a bent and inky cover were all that was left of the book, Miss Sargent came in. Finding that chaos still reigned, she made her scolding doubly sharp. The tired, nervous teacher found her pupil most exasperating, for Jean would give her only scowls and glum silence, and Miss Sargent left her with the assurance that her "disobedience and ill-temper" would be reported to Miss Carlton on her return from the city.

Slowly and wearily Jean put the room in order, tormenting herself over her grievances as she did so, and hotly rebelling against life. Suddenly, in collecting the scattered contents of her desk, she picked up the paper on which she had been copying her code of rules for the order. Her eyes fell on the heading: "The Order of the Silver Sword." The name of that sword was Caritas,—it was the sword of love! At the very outset of her quest, Jean had forgotten her silver weapon and been worsted when she might have gained a victory! Her brave resolutions came back to her: she had decided that her own hot temper should be one of the enemies she would fight down with the sword of love; and now she had fallen in her first battle! Cecily had seen her, and all the girls must have heard her! "I founded the order, and then I got angry the first minute!" she said to herself. "And I felt as if I hated Frances and Adela! I said I 'd never forgive them! They 'll all think I was n't in earnest in what I said about fighting our battles, and charity, and all that! I 've disgraced myself! I can't ever look them in the face again!"

Then came passionate longing for home. If only she could tell out the whole trouble in the comforting shelter of her mother's arms! And the humiliation of her downfall, and the rush of homesickness together, brought the rain after the thunder.

That evening, when the girls gathered in the gymnasium for the Saturday dance, Carol was missing. She had slipped away in her pretty white dress, and just as the music was beginning she was knocking at the door of Castle Afterglow. No answer came. She opened the door and went in. The room was dark, but the light from the hall showed Jean huddled in a forlorn bunch on the window-seat. Her head was turned

away, and she was resting her forehead against the pane.

"May I come in?" asked Carol.

Jean started and looked at her visitor.

"You poor little soul, all alone here in the doleful dark!" said Carol. "May I light up? It 's against the rules to come, I know, but I can't help it. I simply *had* to run up and see you! You don't mind if I pay you a call?"

"Oh, no!" said Jean, longingly, for her heart was very hungry just then.

Carol turned on the electric light. "Why, Jean, dear!" she cried, as she saw the poor girl's face. It was feverishly flushed, and disfigured with the burning tears that had been shed.

Jean was ashamed to have her piteous state found out, and bent her head. But Carol seated herself beside the pathetic little figure, and putting her arms around her, drew her close and kissed her.

"You poor little girlie!" she said. "They 've been martyring you! The idea of shutting you up in prison like this! It was an outrageous shame! Never mind! You just wait till Miss Carlton comes back, and she 'll set things straight! But I 'm glad I got the book, any way! To think I might have gone on to the end of school, and never found you out, you dear!"

Jean listened to the girl who had seemed so far above her, and had suddenly come so close, and her poor, little, lonely heart began to be consoled: yet she held herself stiff and erect, for she felt her self-control giving way under kindness. The tears were rising again, and, in spite of her efforts to keep them back, down her cheeks they rolled. She tried to jerk herself away, but it was no use. Carol had seen the tears, and she drew the tired, aching head gently down on her shoulder. Then Jean gave up the struggle, and nestling close to her new friend, had her cry all over again; but all the time there was the sense of being comforted, for Carol's arms were holding her fast, and she heard a soft voice speaking the first loving, petting words that she had heard in all those dreary months at school. Jean lifted her head at last.

"I can't help it!" she said. "I was so homesick, and I wanted—somebody—so much! And—and—I thought—nobody cared. And I was so dreadful to-day. I got so angry! I disgraced myself so! Oh, my head! It never ached so before!" She pressed her hands to her temples where it seemed as if hammers were pounding.

"Does your head ache so, dear?" Carol stroked Jean's forehead. "Why, you poor child! Your head 's burning!" she exclaimed. "Bed 's the place for *you*."

"I don't want to go to bed," said Jean, too tired to stir.

"Oh, yes, you do! Then we can have the light out and let in some fresh air. This room's cooking hot! I don't wonder your head aches."

"I'll go to bed later, but I want *you*, now."

"Well, you're going to have me! I'm the one that's going to put you to bed. Come along! I'm a terrible boss, you know; and I always get my own way, so you might as well give in prettily first as last." Merrily masterful, Carol took possession of Jean, and a few minutes afterward the patient found herself in bed.

"I love to play trained nurse," said Carol, tucking her up. "Now I'm going to show you the way I cure Eunice when she's studied herself into a headache. I'll have to go and get something first. Will you be a good baby while I'm gone?"

"I'll be good," Jean promised, and she lay still, feeling as if the world had turned around in a very unexpected way during the last few minutes.

Carol's "something" turned out to be cracked ice, and she returned from a trip to the lower regions with a bowlful.

"Delia was a jewel," she said. "She's given me enough to freeze ice-cream. She's quite broken-hearted because you would n't eat any dinner, and she says she's going to bring you up some 'crame toast' when she comes up-stairs, to 'timp't your appetite.'"

While Jean cooled her parched throat with ice, Carol rummaged about for handkerchiefs, taking tidy Blanche's when she could not find Jean's. She soaked a handkerchief, wrung it out, cooled it in her bowl of ice, and laid it on the burning forehead.

"Oh, but that feels good!" murmured Jean.

Carol put out the light, raised the window, letting in the crisp night air, and settled herself in a chair by the bedside.

"Now," said she, "we're as cozy as can be, and you're going to sleep like a well brought up infant."

She began to stroke the aching head with a soft, quieting touch. Jean closed her eyes and lay obediently still; and gradually, as the cold compresses were renewed and the gentle stroking soothed her, the hammers in her head beat less and less violently, until only a dull, throbbing pain was left. But after a while she stirred restlessly; then came a sigh; then: "How much did you read of that thing?"

"You disobedient baby!" said Carol. "I thought you were sound asleep."

"I was, almost. But then I got thinking. I feel so much better now, and I'd rather talk.

Carol,—you're *so* dear and lovely to me!—I think you'll understand. I think if I just talk everything out first, then maybe I'll really go to sleep."

"Very well, if you don't think it'll hurt your head," said Carol. "That's what I came up for, to talk it all out."

Jean found Carol's hand and held it gratefully; but her mind was troubled. "Tell me what you read," she pleaded.

"I will. But first I want you to understand that nobody had the least idea of doing anything dishonorable. I did n't mean the girls to read the book at all. But like a goose I left it out on my chiffonnier, and Nan got hold of it when I was n't noticing and the first thing I knew, there she was, reading away! She's very sorry now,—we all are,—so you'll have to forgive us all round. You would, I'm sure, if you'd heard us praising you this evening. Promise me you'll let me have a copy of those poems."

"I tore the old book up," the poet confessed.

"Jean! You Goth, Vandal, and Hun! How could you!" cried Carol, reproachfully. "Where are the pieces? In the scrap-basket?"

"Yes, but please don't get them out! I don't want ever to see that miserable old stuff any more. Please, Carol!" And, as Carol rose, Jean pulled her back.

"No, dearie, I won't tease you when you have a headache. Only it was wicked of you," said Carol. "Promise you won't let the scraps be thrown away till I've fished out what I want. I'm going to compile all the lovely things you said about me, and send a copy to my family. Then perhaps they'll really begin to appreciate me at last! No, dear, I'm not making fun of you,—indeed I'm not! Honest Injun! Now I'll tell you what I read. I read all there was of the novel—"

"Oh, that idiotic old novel!" groaned Jean.

"It's a *fine* old novel, and you *must* finish it! I read the Odes to myself, and my head's so turned I'll never get it straight again! And I read most of the other poems; and, dearie, I never heard anything so pathetic as some of them! Jean, have you really been so lonely and homesick all this time?"

"Oh, I'm dreadfully homesick! You see I never was away from mother, even for a night, till I came to school."

"You poor little thing; it must be fearfully hard for you! And coming all the way from Brazil! It's very different from being able to go home every vacation like the rest of us! We ought to have a good shaking, every one of us, for not joining together and petting you. But



you shan't be lonely any more—no, you shan't! Now, dear, tell me, for I 'm puzzled to death. How did you ever come to choose *me*, and talk as if I really were your best friend, and write all those beautiful things to me."

"I did want a friend so," Jean answered. "I mean a real intimate friend. Every girl in school has one except me, and it hurts so to be left out! I don't mean the girls are n't friendly enough, but they all have their own chums, and I don't like to push myself in. I *can't* make friends somehow! And so I thought if I could n't have a real friend, I could play I had one, anyway. And I thought I 'd rather have *you* than any one else in the world. You're so beautiful, and—"

"Jean! You have the *wildest* imagination!"

"But you *are* beautiful; *all* the girls think so."

"They *don't*."

"They *do*. And then you're so—so sort of splendid, you know!"

"Oh, mercy!" gasped Carol. "No, I *don't* know! I 'm anything but splendid!"

"Well, you are splendid. And I just imagined you were my best friend. You know if you imagine hard enough, you can make anything seem true. And,—please don't think me a perfect goose,—sometimes I pretend we're having lovely times together. I can stop homesick fits that way."

"Jean, darling," said Carol. "Why did n't you come right to me? Then we really would have had lovely times together. But how was I to know you wanted me, when you never came near me?"

"I did n't think you 'd want to bother with a little snip like me. You're so high up, you know!"

"Please just where between heaven and earth do I hang?" Carol inquired.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean. You're president of the senior class, and you're so popular; everybody just adores you! Carol, do you think I 'm terribly crazy and queer?"

"I think you're a darling," said Carol, and kissed her. "And I think we were a set of horrid, old, blind bats not to see you needed looking after! And I think I want to have you for my friend just as much as you want me for yours, so we 'll turn the make-believe into real, won't we? Just you come right straight to *me*, whenever you want me. Will you, dear?"

For answer Jean raised herself in bed and flung her arms around Carol's neck.

"I must tell you, though, that the real *me* is n't half as nice as the make-believe," said Carol, "but I 'll do the best I can."

"You're a million times nicer!" declared Jean.

"But won't you get tired of me?" she added. "I 'll want to be coming to you all the time."

"Very well, come all the time," said Carol. "Come and tell your 'best friend' all your troubles, and I 'll pet you up. I think everybody needs some one to tell troubles to."

"I 'm sure I do," sighed Jean. "I always had mother at home; but here,—why, I can't even write them to her, because she 's such an invalid now, and she 'd worry. Oh, I 'm so glad I can tell *you*! I have such stacks of troubles, all the time! Something goes wrong about every day. I have such a dreadful temper!"

"Nobody else ever had one, you know," remarked Carol.

"Nobody ever had such a dreadful one. I get so furious, I don't know what I 'm saying or doing, as I did to-day!"

"Shake hands, Jeanie, I 'm a terrible peppercorn, myself!" said Carol.

"Carol! I don't believe it! I *know* you're always perfectly lovely."

"Distance lends enchantment," quoted Carol. "Wait till you know me better."

"Do you really mean you have a quick temper too?" asked Jean, delighted to find this link between herself and Carol.

"Indeed I have! Why, Fräulein Bunsen named me the 'Storm Child,' the first year I came here."

"Storm Child?" exclaimed Jean.

"Yes. I was only fourteen when I came, and I skylarked straight through my first year. I used to get into tempers, too; and once there was a blizzard raging out-of-doors, and little Carol Armstrong was raging away indoors, and Fräulein Bunsen came out from her German class just then, and she said: 'You are like that tempest, liebchen! I shall call you the *Sturm Kind*—the Storm Child.' She said it in the cunningest way. But it made me feel so ashamed of myself that I did try to hold my tongue after that."

"I 'm sure she does n't call you that now," said Jean.

"Oh, yes, she does! It 's her pet name for me. And I call her 'Bunny.' Little Fräulein and I are regular chums."

"I think you 'd better call *me* Storm Child. It exactly suits me," said Jean.

"I 'll name you 'Storm Child the Second,'" replied Carol. "Now, Storm Child the Second, next time you feel tempestuous, just come and pay Storm Child the First a visit; because, you see, I know just how hard it is to keep from blazing out."

"I will!" and Jean squeezed her friend's hand tight.

"Well, have we talked it all out, or are there

any more troubles that want to be told?" asked Carol, as Jean lay silent.

"There 's a great big trouble."

"A great big trouble! Well, let 's hear it."

"Why, one reason I felt so terribly was because we were getting up an order. I started it. It was the Order of the Silver Sword." And won to confidence Jean poured out the story of the band of battle-maids who were to conquer by love, and of her own miserable defeat.

"Oh, just think of my talking so hard about Caritas, and then being so bad and wicked the next minute! I 'll have to give it all up! I 've ruined everything," she ended, with a choke in her voice. "I won't dare to say a word about the Silver Sword again, ever! They 'll think I did n't mean what I said! Oh, dear! I wish I need n't ever see the girls again!"

"Why, Battle-maid, are you going to cry 'Quarter' as easily as all that?" said Carol, cheerily. "You 've only been unhorsed in the first fight, and that was always happening to the knights, was n't it? They were unhorsed, and then they got up again and fought on foot, did n't they? That 's what you 'll have to do. Now, you 're up! Now go for the enemy again with your silver sword. You 'll beat him next time!"

"But they won't want me in the order after the way I behaved," said Jean.

"Won't they? You ought to see how the girls are all up in arms for you! I pity those poor Mice when they come out of their hole! Why, everybody 's on your side!"

"I thought I 'd spoiled the whole order," said Jean with a sigh of relief.

"No, indeed, you have n't. And Jean, dear, I 'm just as sure as sure can be that you 'll conquer in the end, with Caritas for your sword."

"Do you really think so?" asked Jean wistfully.

"I *know* you will. And I know your order is going to do ever so much good in the school. It 's a splendid idea of yours: the sword of love and the shield of truth! They 're just the things that are needed, I 'm sure. And I 'm sure a girl like you, who can think of an order like the Silver Sword, can be a fine influence in her class. You don't know how much good you can do, Jean!"

"Carol! not really! Do you think there 's a chance?"

"Indeed you can," said the president of the seniors. "You have no idea what an influence one single girl can have if she stands up steadily for what 's right."

A step sounded in the hall just then. The door opened,—and there stood Miss Carlton herself.

"Jean, my little girl!" she said softly. "Why,

Carol—are *you* here!" as Carol turned on the light.

"Miss Carlton, Jean 's sick with a bad headache," Carol explained.

"My poor child! It often ends so, does n't it?" said Miss Carlton. She bent down and kissed Jean, then took Carol's place by the bedside.

"I 'm sorry I broke the rules," said Jean. "I lost my head when I found we were locked in."

"I 'm sorry you could not control yourself better, dear," said Miss Carlton. "If you had waited quietly as Cecily did, this trouble would not have come. Now tell me exactly how it all happened."

Jean began to explain, but her vague remarks about looking for something in Frances' and Adela's room, and her hesitation and distress made Miss Carlton turn to Carol and ask her if she could finish the story. Carol could and did, with no qualms of conscience about bringing the Mice to justice.

"My child, you have had a hard trial to-day," said Miss Carlton, when she had heard it all. "Frances and Adela have done a very wrong and dishonorable thing, and one which they will be heartily sorry for. And when they come to make their peace with you, as they will have to do, you must meet them more than half-way, as we say, and treat them like the warm-hearted, generous girl that you are."

"I told them I 'd never forgive them," whispered Jean, penitently. "I was so angry!"

"Ah, little girl," said Miss Carlton, "we can never unsay the things our bad tempers make us say. But cheer up, now, for I am trying to help you fight your battle, and I fancy Carol is too." Bending over the tired girl for a good-night kiss, she added: "And wait till the house is on fire before you let your nervous fears send you on the roof again. Poor Miss Sargent is trembling still, I 'm afraid."

"I *am* going to be good, now; I *will* be good," answered Jean softly, with a grateful kiss in return.

While Jean rested contentedly on her pillow, Carol followed Miss Carlton into the hall.

"Miss Carlton, I ought to confess," said Carol, with more glee than repentance in her face, "I 'm here without permission."

"I thought so, Carol," replied Miss Carlton. "But I understand. I know your loving heart could not resist going to comfort that poor little lonely girl. Carol, you have won Jean's admiration and love, and I believe you can help her a great deal in the battle she has to fight. Will you take her for your little sister for the rest of the year?"





# WHEN I GROW UP



By



W. W. Denslow

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## The Clown



“I want my face all painted white,  
Declares young Billy Brown;  
“And in the ring I’ll prance and sing  
And be a circus clown.

“I’ll train a baby elephant  
And little donkey, too;  
T’will make the children wild with joy  
To see the tricks they do.



"I want my face all painted white,"  
Declares young Billy Brown,  
"And in the ring I'll prance and sing  
And be a circus clown."







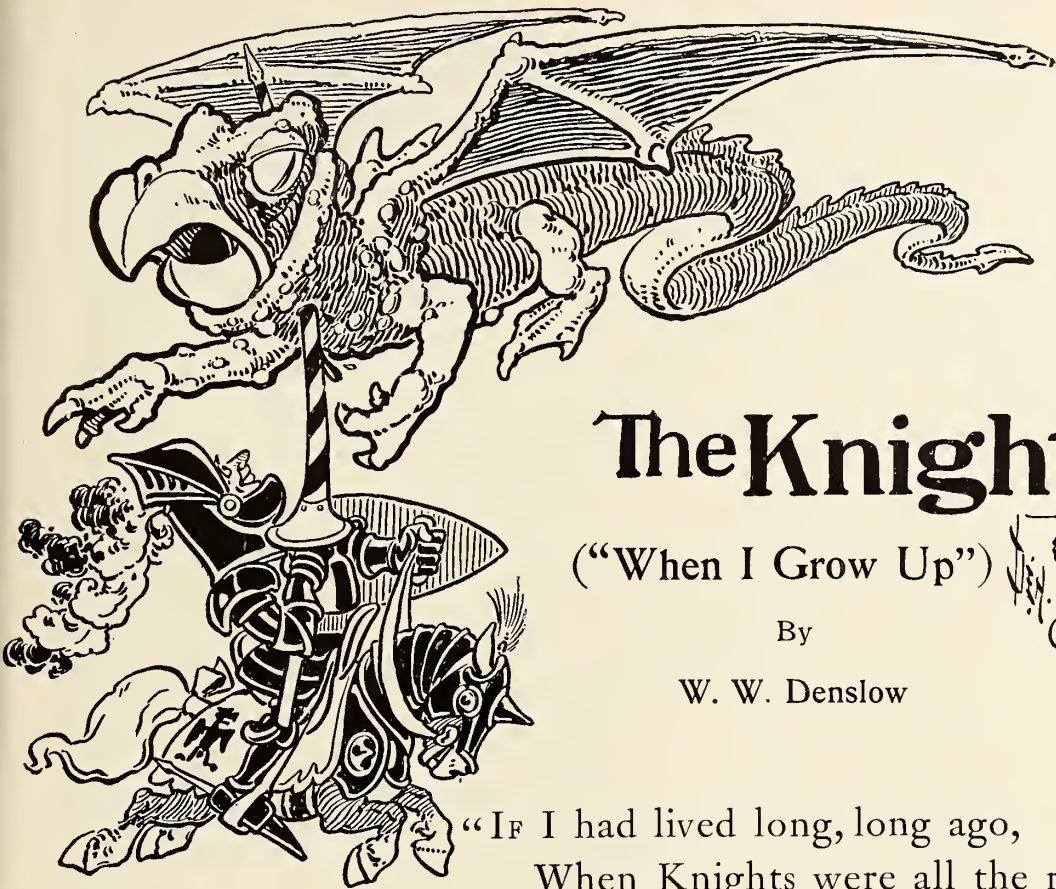
“I’ll sing a song and turn hand-springs  
Upon a horse’s back;  
And make them shout with laughter, too,  
While riding ’round the track.

“When I am on the high trapeze,  
They’ll think it very queer  
To see me floating through the air  
Or hanging by my ear.

“The circus man must make to me  
The very highest bid;  
And then some day I’ll own a show  
As P. T. Barnum did.”







# The Knight

(“When I Grow Up”)

By

W. W. Denslow

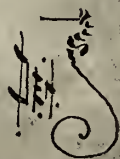
“IF I had lived long, long ago,  
When Knights were all the rage,”  
Said Jimmie Jones, “my name might stand  
To-day on history’s page.

“I must admit if I’d lived then  
I would not be here now;  
But it is fun to make believe  
I was there anyhow.

“You’d read then, how ‘Sir James de Jones’  
(That stands for me, you know),  
‘Went into battle with his sword  
And laid the pagans low:’



No Giants tall nor Dragons grim  
Could stand before his spear,  
He quickly conquered every one,  
For he was free from fear.







“How, ‘dressed in steel from head to heel,  
He fought for people’s rights,  
And won in many a tournament,  
And vanquished other Knights.

“‘No Giants tall nor Dragons grim  
Could stand before his spear;  
He quickly conquered every one,  
For he was free from fear.’

---

“This all, you know, is make believe;  
But still I feel, somehow,  
I’d like to have lived in those old days—  
But also be here now!”





# CAPTAIN CHUB

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## CHAPTER V

### A TRIP OF INSPECTION

IT was but a very short walk from Mr. Cole's house to Dick's hotel. It turned out when they got there that the real host was not Dick, but Dick's father. Neither Roy nor Chub had met Mr. Somes before. Like Mr. Cole, he was a large man, but his size was rather a matter of breadth and thickness than height. He had a round, clean-shaven, jovial face lighted by a pair of keen steel-gray eyes, and a deep, rumbly voice that seemed to come from the heavy-soled shoes he affected. But he was kindness itself, and by the time they had gathered about the table beside the open window in the big hotel dining-room Roy and Chub were quite captivated. And that luncheon! Chub talks of it yet! There was ice-cold cantaloup to start with, and then tiny clams lying on shells no larger than half-dollars, and cold bouillon, and chops not much larger than the clams—so small, in fact, that Chub viewed them with dismay until he discovered that there were many, many of them,—and potato croquettes, and peas no larger than bird-shot, and Romaine salad, and—but, dear me, no one save Chub can give the entire program at this late day! I know there were lemon tarts and strawberry ice-cream and all sorts of astonishing cakes at the end. As a matter of course such a repast consumed considerable time, and after it was over no one seemed in any very great hurry to leave the table. So they sat there contentedly while Mr. Somes, craftily led on by Dick, told marvelous stories of mines and discoveries, until Chub was for abandoning the cruise in the *Jolly Roger* and starting west to prospect for gold. It was almost the middle of the afternoon when they finally left the dining-room, and then a hasty consultation of the time-table showed them that to reach Loving's Landing that day and return in time for dinner was quite out of the question. Roy and Dick were a little disappointed, but Chub took it philosophically.

"We can go up in the morning just as well," he said. "We can go any day, but it is n't every day a chap has the good luck to be invited to a luncheon like that. It's all right for you fellows to make fun, but you have n't been in training for two months, living on beef and potatoes and rice puddings! I'm not objecting, though," he added softly; "that luncheon made up for it all!"

So instead of going to Loving's Landing they ambled downtown, feeling very contented and peaceful, and obtained a price-list from one of the big grocery houses. Armed with this they returned to Dick's room and made out a long list of purchases. There is no need to set it down here, for when they reckoned up they found that it came to over ninety dollars! In disgust Roy crumpled it up and threw it into the waste-basket.

"We're awful idiots," he said. "What's the good of wasting our time up here when we might be out of doors? Let's go and have a walk in the Park."

Chub, reclining at full length on Dick's bed, groaned dismally.

"'Strenuous' is a much overworked word, Roy," he said, "but it certainly applies to you. Just when I'm beginning to feel comfortable you ask me to get up and walk! *Walk!* If you'd said ride, now—"

"Well, let's," said Dick. "Let's get on the top of one of those silly Fifth Avenue stages and bump up-town. It's lots of fun, honest; you think every minute that the fool thing's going to topple over!"

"What joy!" murmured Chub. "Let us go. I'm the neat little toppler. Come on and let us topple."

But although they went to the end of the route in both directions the coach failed to turn over, notwithstanding there were several occasions when Chub screamed with delight and told the others that the moment was at hand.

"Now we're going!" Chub cried. "Stand back, men! Women and children first!" And when the danger was over he shook his head disappointedly. "I shall ask for my money back," he declared warmly. "What kind of service do you call this, anyway? Here I am out for a pleasant afternoon topple and nothing happens! I believe I could have some one arrested for this." He looked darkly about him in search of a victim. "The first policeman I see I shall make complaint to. It's an outrage, a perfect outrage!"

But when they reached Roy's house the prospect of dinner had restored his good-humor. Dick dined with them, and in the evening they went to the theater.

Theoretically it is a simple matter to journey from New York to Loving's Landing. Actually it is much more difficult, especially when you mistake the train, as the three did the next forenoon,

and find yourself hurrying off in quite the wrong direction. By the time they were able to get out of that train they had wasted fourteen miles. By the time they were back in the station, ready to start over again, they had squandered nearly three quarters of an hour. Roy was inclined to be angry, laying the blame, by some remarkable method of reasoning, on the railroad company.

"What did that fellow tell us Track 12 for?" he asked irascibly.

"There, there," said Chub soothingly, "don't waste your time trying to find out why anybody does anything in a railroad station. They have laws of their own, Roy, laws that you and I will never comprehend."

Chub was back in a minute shaking his head dismally. "He says Track 8, and that there 's a train in about four minutes, but of course—"

"Come on," said Roy impatiently, "don't let 's lose another."

They sought Track 8, Chub expostulating against the folly of believing the gateman. But both the conductor and the brakeman assured them earnestly that the train did go to Loving's Landing, and after some persuasion Chub allowed himself to be dragged aboard.

"Have your own way," he sighed. "But when you get out in Chicago or Cincinnati or New Orleans don't blame me, don't blame me! I wash my hands of the whole undertaking—remember that."

"I guess it won't hurt them," answered Dick cruelly.

Loving's Landing, at first sight, did n't appear to be worth the trouble they had taken to find it. It was largely composed of lumber yards, machine-shops, and wharves in front of which dirty little canal-boats were lying. Higgins's Boat Yard was difficult to discover, but at last they found it tucked away between the railroad and the river and hidden by a lumber-yard. They presented their credentials at the office and were directed to where the *Jolly Roger* lay ready for launching. By that time Chub was speculating on the chances of obtaining luncheon in such a "one-horse metropolis."

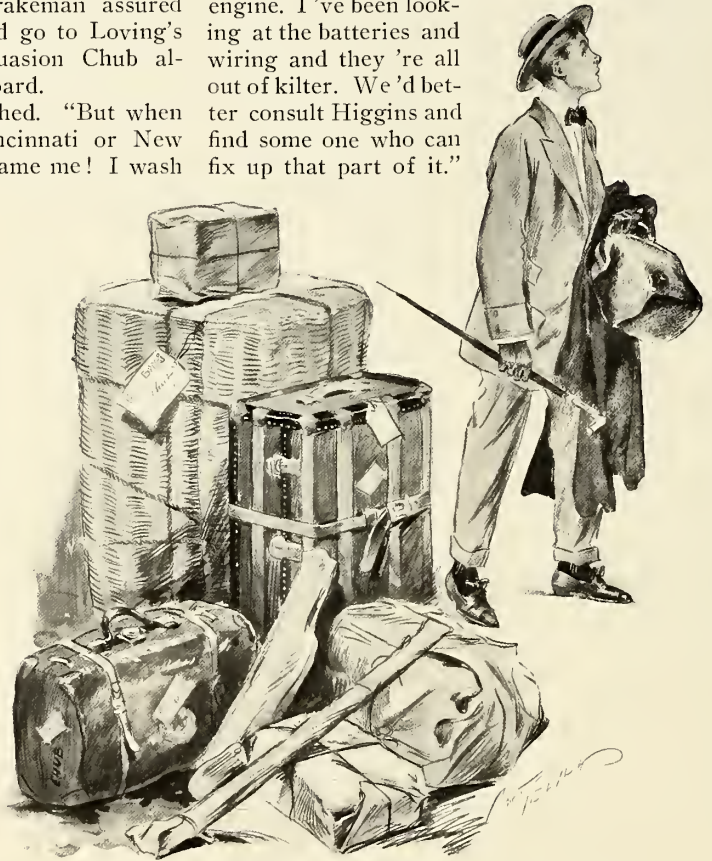
The *Jolly Roger* lay at the

top of the way, one end tilted high in air. It was something of a feat to climb aboard her and more of a feat to move around after they were there. The doors and windows had been opened, but the interior still had a musty odor that caused Roy to sniff in displeasure. For the next half-hour they roamed around in and out, planning and making memoranda of things to buy. The boat was furnished just as when they had last seen it, although the hauling out had seriously displaced many of the articles. In the forward cabin, or living-room, just as you had a mind to call it, chairs and table had congregated against one wall as though holding a conference.

"Seems to me," said Chub, "we 're going to need a lot of things. We ought to have new curtains all over the shop, cot-beds, bedding, some more chairs—"

"Well, we 've got those all down," answered Roy shortly. "What is most important, I fancy, is to have some one go over the engine."

"That 's so," Dick agreed. "We can do without new curtains better than we can do without an engine. I 've been looking at the batteries and wiring and they 're all out of kilter. We 'd better consult Higgins and find some one who can fix up that part of it."



"CHUB DESCENDED AT ROY'S HOME, BAG AND BAGGAGE."



"The boat does n't look as attractive as she did last summer," said Chub disappointedly.

"Oh, she will when she gets in the water and



"'HELLO!' WAS ROY'S GREETING. 'WHY DID N'T YOU BRING THE GRAND PIANO?'"

we have her fixed up," Dick replied. "How about painting her outside?"

They climbed down and had a look at her from the wharf, finally agreeing that a coat of white on the house was necessary. Then they found the boat builder and talked it all over with him. As soon as he found that there was a prospect of work to be done he was all attention. He offered to take charge of the matter, paint her as directed, have the engine and batteries thoroughly gone over and deliver her at a certain dock in the North River, New York, in one week's time.

"Of course he 's yarning too," said Chub gloomily as they made their way out of the yard, "but it 's a sweet yarn. I don't suppose he will have her ready before the middle of July. Some one of us will have to come up here every day or so and get after him."

"Don't you worry," answered Dick, "Roy and I will camp on his trail, and by the time you come back she 'll be all ready."

Chub allowed himself to be comforted, and

they set forth in search of luncheon. They found it, but the least said of it the better. The next morning Chub left for Pittsburg, having bound himself as one condition of the agreement with his father to spend a week at home before beginning the cruise in the house-boat. While he was away Roy and Dick fulfilled their promise to keep after Mr. Higgins, and that worthy responded finely to encouragement. The boys went to Loving's three times during the week, the last time bearing with them the new curtains, which had been purchased by Mrs. Porter and made under her directions. There were other purchases, too; cot-beds that folded into almost nothing when not in use, blankets, sheets, mattresses, and pillows, dishes and a few extra cooking utensils, new records for Mr. Cole's talking-machine, two brightly-hued and inexpensive Japanese rugs for the upper deck and numerous lesser things. The provisions were left to the last. They kept up an incessant and animated correspondence with Chub, who hated to have anything done without getting a finger in it, and altogether that was a busy week. At the end of it, strange to say, the *Jolly Roger* actually appeared in her berth in the river, and the next afternoon Chub descended at Roy's home, bag and baggage.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE JOLLY ROGER

WHEN I say that Chub arrived "bag and baggage," I mean every word of it.

It was a delightful afternoon—July was almost a week old—and Roy, pausing before his front door and fumbling for his latch-key, looked westward along the street into a golden haze of sunlight. And as he looked, suddenly there appeared, huge and formless in the sunset glow, something that arrested his attention. For a moment he could n't make it out, but presently, with a rattle of wheels, it drew near and resolved into a "four-wheeler" piled high with luggage. The cab pulled up at the curb before the door, and Chub leaped out, while the driver deposited his baggage upon the sidewalk.

"Hello!" was Roy's greeting. "Hooray! Looks as if you were going to spend the rest of your days with us! Why did n't you bring the grand piano? Or is it in the big trunk there?"

Chub grinned and directed the transfer of his belongings from cab to house. There was a small steamer trunk, a whopping wicker trunk, a suit case, a case containing fishing rods, a case containing a shot-gun, three brown paper parcels, an umbrella, and a rain coat. The largest trunk was placed in the rear hall down-stairs,

but the other things were carried up to Chub's room. And when the confusion was over and the cabman, liberally rewarded, had rattled away, Chub deigned to explain.

"Is n't that a raft of stuff?" he asked, throwing himself into a chair. "You see, Roy, after

you see. That littlest bundle is a barometer. Every boat ought to have a barometer, so I borrowed it from the front porch. And the other—"

"Oh, you need n't tell me," sighed Roy. "I know what 's in that. It 's a sewing-machine."

"You run away and play! It 's a pair of



THE BOYS ARRIVE AT THE WHARF. (SEE PAGE 234.)

I 'd got all packed up I came across two or three things I thought would be nice for the boat, and as there was n't time to do anything else, I just wrapped them up and brought them along. That big bundle is a corn and asparagus boiler, and—"

"A what?"

"Corn and asparagus boiler. It 's a great thing. I found it in the kitchen cupboard. It 's sort of oblong, you know, and there 's a tray that lifts out with the corn on it when it 's done. You see, we 're likely to have a lot of green corn and I was pretty sure we did n't have anything big enough to cook it in. Good idea, was n't it?"

"Splendid!" said Roy. "Did they know you were taking it?"

"They do by this time," laughed Chub. "I forget whether I made any special mention of it. There were so many things at the last moment,

white canvas shoes. I found them after the trunks had gone and there was n't room for them in the bag."

"And, without wishing to appear unduly inquisitive," said Roy, "may I ask what the large trunk down-stairs contains? You said it was n't the piano, I believe?"

"I 'll show you after dinner," answered Chub. "I 've got a lot of useful things in there. What time is it? After six? Then I must wash off some of this dust. My! it was a grimy old trip."

"It must have been. How are the folks?"

"Splendid! They 're getting ready to go to the Water Gap. My, but I 'm glad I don't have to go there! I suppose, though, I 'll have to go there for a while in September. Is the boat done? Have you seen it?"

After dinner Dick appeared and Chub solved the mystery of the wicker trunk. The entire



household gathered in the back hall while he displayed his treasures.

"What do you say to those?" asked Chub, pulling four sofa cushions out. "They 'll be just the thing for the window-seat in the forward cabin, eh?"

"We 've got pillows for that window-seat," said Dick.

"How many?" asked Chub, scathingly. "About six! We need a lot. Mother said I could have these just as well as not for the summer, so I bagged them. And look here! Camp-stools, don't you see? You open them out like—like this—how the dickens?—there we are! See? When we don't need them they fold up out of the way—*Ouch!*" Chub had folded one of his fingers in the operation.

"They 're fine!" laughed Roy. "We can use them on the roof."

"Upper deck, please," Dick requested. "What 's the red blanket, Chub?"

"That 's a steamer rug, and it 's a fine one. Feel the warmth of it. I thought maybe we 'd want extra covers some time. And there 's an old foot-ball—"

"What 's that for?" asked Roy.

"Oh, we may want to kick it around some time when we 're ashore. It 'll be something to do. And this is an old sweater; I thought I 'd just bring it along. And here 's a small ice-cream freezer. It only makes a quart, but that 'll be enough, I think. And that 's a bag of salt. Mother thought I might as well bring it as buy new."

By this time the audience was frankly hilarious.

"But do you know how to make ice-cream, Chub?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"Oh, anybody can make ice-cream," he answered, carelessly. "You just mix some cream and sugar and flavoring stuff and then freeze it. I 've seen our cook do it lots of times. Here 's my electric torch. That 'll be handy, you 'll admit. And here 's a collapsible bucket. It 's great! I saw it in a store window one day. See how it folds up when you are n't using it? That 's a box of soap; I knew you fellows would forget to put soap on your list."

Neither Dick nor Roy had anything to say; they had forgotten.

"Those are some books I want to read. Have you read that one, Roy? It 's a thriller! Take it along with you. It 'll keep you awake half the night. These old trousers I thought might come in handy in case any one fell in the water."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Roy's mother. "You don't expect to fall overboard, do you?"

"No, Mrs. Porter, but you never can tell what will happen," replied Chub, wisely. "Those are shells for the shot-gun and that 's my fly-book. I should think we might find some good fishing, eh? Here 's a "first aid" case. Mother insisted on my bringing that. I don't know what 's in it, but I suppose there 's no harm having it along. Here are some curtains; I used to have them in my room until they got faded. I thought maybe we 'd find a place for them. And this is an extra blanket. I just put it in so that the bottom of the trunk would be soft. And a hair pillow; it 's rather soiled, but that 's just shoe dressing I spilled on it once. The laundress could n't get it all out. And I think that 's all except this thermometer. Oh, the mischief! The plagued thing 's broken! Throw it away. It was just a cheap one, anyhow. There, that 's the lot. What do you say?"

"I don't know how we 'd have got along without those things, Chub," said Roy, very, very earnestly. "How we could have expected to go on a cruise without a foot-ball and a hair pillow and a collapsible bucket—"

"And a pair of old trousers and a thermometer," added Dick.

"I don't see. Do you, Dick?" Dick shook his head gravely.

"We must have been crazy," he said, sadly.

"Oh, you say what you like!" responded Chub. "You 'll find that all these things will come in mighty handy before we get back."

"Of course," said Roy, "even if we have to load them in another boat and tow it along behind."

"Oh, get out; there 's plenty of room for this truck. You fellows are just jealous because you did n't think of them."

"I quite approve of the ice-cream freezer," remarked Mrs. Porter, "but I don't just see how you 're going to work it without the dasher."

"*What!*" exclaimed Chub. "Did n't I put that in?"

"Well, I don't see it anywhere; do you?" Then followed a wild search for the dasher. At last Chub gave it up and looked a trifle foolish.

"I remember now," he muttered. "I took it out of the can so that it would n't rattle around. I—I must have forgotten to pack it."

He joined good-naturedly in the laugh that arose.

"Anyhow," he said presently, "I dare say we can get along without ice-cream. It 's a bother to have to freeze it. And maybe we can use the tub as a bucket and keep something in the can; we could keep our milk in it."

"I imagine that most of the milk we 'll have will come in cans," said Roy. "You don't expect fresh milk, do you?"

"I surely do. We can buy it at the farm-houses."

"Condensed milk is cheaper, though," said Dick, "because you don't have to use much sugar with it."

"Listen to Dickums!" jeered Chub. "He's getting economical!"

It was finally decided to leave the ice-cream freezer behind, and the bag of salt was donated to Mrs. Porter "as a slight testimonial of esteem from the master and crew of the *Jolly Roger*." Then the boys went up to Roy's room and sat there very late, planning and discussing.

The next morning found them at the wharf bright and early, even Chub disdaining for once what he called his "beauty sleep." The wharf belonged to a company in which Mr. Porter was interested and accommodations for the *Jolly Roger* had been gladly accorded. She lay in the slip looking very clean and neat. The new coat of paint had worked wonders in her appearance. Each of the boys had brought a suit case filled with things, and Chub carried besides the two camp-stools and a large crimson pillow. And while they are aboard unloading let us look over the house-boat.

At first glance the *Jolly Roger* looked like a scow with a little one-story white cottage on top, and a tiny cupola at one end of that. The hull was thirty-three feet long and thirteen feet wide and drew about four feet. There was a bluntly curving bow and the merest suggestion of a stern, but had it not been for the white cupola on top, which was in reality a tiny wheel-house, it would have been difficult to decide which was the bow end and which the stern end of the craft. The hull was painted pea-green to a point just above the water-line. Beyond that there was a strip of faded rose-pink, and then a narrow margin of white. The decks were gray, or had been at one time, the house and railings were white and the window and door trimming was green. So she did n't lack for color.

Small as the boat was she was well built and, in spite of having been in use for several years, was in first-rate condition. It was nothing short of a miracle that so many rooms and passages and cubbyholes were to be found on her. Chub, in commenting on this feature, had said once: "If you gave this hull to a regular carpenter and told him to build one room and a closet on it he'd be distracted. And if he did do it he'd have the closet sticking out over the water somewhere. But just look what a boat-builder does! He makes three rooms, a kitchen, and an engine compartment, all sorts of closets and cupboards, puts a roof garden and a pilot-house on top and

runs a piazza all around it! Why, a fellow I know at home has a little old launch about twenty feet long and six feet wide and I'm blest if he has n't nearly everything inside of her except a ball-room! I'll be jiggered if I see how they do it!"

On the *Jolly Roger*, beginning forward, there was a living-room nine feet by ten. There were five one-sash windows in it, two on each side and one in front. Under the front window and running from side to side was a broad window-seat comfortably upholstered and supplied with pillows. Between two of the windows was a book-case, in one corner was a cabinet holding a talking-machine and records, in the center of the room was a three-foot round table, and three wicker chairs were distributed about. Forward, in front of the window, a tiny spiral stairway of iron led up into the wheel-house above. It had already been decided that if Harry and her mother joined them, a cot-bed was to be placed in this room, which, with the cushioned window-seat, would give accommodations for two persons. The living-room gave into a narrow passage which traversed the boat. Across the passage at the other end was a door leading into a little bedroom, nine feet by five. This held a three-foot brass bedstead, one chair, and a lavatory. Above the bed, several long shelves and a mirror had been built in.

Back of the bedroom, opening from the deck, was the engine-room. The engine was of six horse-power and a very good one, in spite of Mr. Cole's aspersions. The gasoline tank was on the roof above. The *Jolly Roger* had a guaranteed speed of five miles an hour, but the boys soon discovered that the guaranteed speed and the actual speed did n't agree by a whole mile. The engine-room had no window but was lighted by a deadlight set in the roof. Beyond the engine-room, on the other side of the boat, was a tiny kitchen, or, as the boys preferred to call it, galley. This opened into the after cabin and was so small that one person entirely filled it. But in spite of its size it was a model of convenience. There were an oil-stove, a sink—you forced water from a tank under the deck by means of a little nickel-plated pump—, an ice-chest, shelves for dishes, hooks overhead for pots and kettles, cupboards underneath for supplies and a dozen other conveniences. As Dick said, all you had to do was to stand in front of the sink and reach for anything you wanted. There was a window above the sink and Dick discovered that it was very handy to throw potato peelings and such things through it.

The remaining apartment was a room nine by



seven which the owner had used mainly as a store-room for painting materials. Before, it had contained only a cupboard, table, chair, and a small, green chest. But now two cot-beds were established on opposite sides. There was n't much room left, but it was quite possible to move around and to reach the galley. This after cabin opened on to the rear deck, about five feet broad, from whence a flight of steps led up to the roof, or, again quoting the boys, the upper deck.

This was one of the best features of the little craft. It was covered with canvas save where panes of thick glass gave light to the room below, and was railed all around. Outside the railing were green wooden boxes for flowers. Last summer these had been filled with geraniums and periwinkle and had made a brave showing. And the boys had decided that they would have them so again. Stanchions held a striped awning which covered the entire deck. At the forward end was the wheel-house, a little six by four compartment glassed on all sides, in which was a steering wheel—the boat could also be steered from the engine-room—various pulls for controlling the engine, a rack for charts, a clock, and a comfortable chair. Near the stairs there was a little cedar tender, but this was usually towed astern. Stowed away below were some inexpensive rugs which belonged up here, and three willow chairs and a willow table. A side ladder led from the upper deck to the lower so that one could get quickly from engine-room to wheel-house. Topping the latter was a short pole for a flag. Such was the house-boat *Jolly Roger*, Eaton, master.

"Tell you what I 'm going to do," said Dick, when they had unloaded their bags and distributed the contents, "I 'm going to try the engine. We 'd better find out as soon as we can whether she 's going to run."

"What do you mean?" asked Roy, anxiously. "Go monkeying around here among all these ferry-boats and things?"

But Dick explained that his idea was to keep the boat tied up. So they looked to their two lines which ran from bow and stern and Dick slipped into the engine-room. Presently there was a mild commotion at the stern of the boat which gradually increased as Dick advanced the spark. The lines tightened, but held, and Roy and Chub joined the engineer.

"How does she go?" asked Chub.

"All right," Dick answered, cheerfully. The engine was chugging away busily and Dick was moving about it with his oil-can. "I did n't have

any trouble starting it. I don't believe Mr. Cole knows much about engines." There was a tone of superiority in Dick's voice that caused the others to smile, recalling, as they did, his own vast ignorance of the subject less than a year ago. The summer before Dick had purchased a small launch and what he now knew of gas engines had been learned in the short space of a few months' experience chugging about Ferry Hill in the *Pup*.

"Oh, Mr. Cole always said he did n't understand that engine," answered Roy. "Turn her off, Dick; or we 'll break away from the dock."

"Wait till I see how she reverses," said Dick.

"Well, start her back easy," Chub cautioned, glancing anxiously at the lines which held them to the wharf. So Dick slowed the engine down and then threw back the clutch. The *Jolly Roger* obeyed beautifully, and Dick was finally persuaded to bring the trial to an end. Then they went over the boat again.

"Where 'll we eat our meals?" Roy asked. They looked at each other in perplexity.

"Mr. Cole ate in the after cabin," said Chub, finally, "but there is n't much room there. And how about when the others come?"

"Oh, we 'll fix it somehow. Besides, maybe they won't come. We have n't heard a word from Harry yet."

"Well, the letter had to be forwarded from Ferry Hill to her aunt's, I suppose," explained Roy. "We 'll probably hear from her to-day or to-morrow. Half the time we 'll be tied up to the shore, anyhow, and we can easily enough set that little table on the ground."

Other problems were solved, and then luncheon, which they had brought with them, was spread on the table in the forward cabin and they set to with a will. Before they had finished the florist appeared on the scene with geraniums and periwinkle for the flower boxes. By the time he had transferred the plants from pots to the boxes along the edge of the upper deck, he had managed to mess the new white paint up pretty badly and the boys spent the better part of half an hour cleaning up with water and brushes. By that time it was well toward the middle of the afternoon and then all three were quite ready to go home.

"If we can get the rest of the supplies in to-morrow morning," observed Chub as he locked the last door and slipped the key in his pocket, "I don't see why we should n't start to-morrow after luncheon instead of waiting until the next morning. We could easily get up the river far enough to spend the night. Let 's do it!"

(To be continued.)



## FATHER TIME AND HIS CHILDREN

(A MASQUE FOR YOUNG FOLKS)

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

**CHARACTERS:** Father Time and the Twelve Months of the Year.

**COSTUMES, etc.:** TIME, an emblematic figure; MONTHS dressed according to characters: JANUARY wears a mask at back of head, resembling face; FEBRUARY is the shortest child, and walks with a skipping leap at every fourth step; MARCH's costume suggests the lion and the lamb, etc. Scenery may be elaborate, or simple, or dispensed with entirely. A sun-dial or a clump of rocks may be placed at back of stage, where TIME will take his position while the Months recite. Snow may be simulated by small pieces of white paper being gently dropped from above, or by a little salt being placed in the folds of a character's coat, so that it drops off lightly, or by a frothy little dab of soap-suds on the shoulder melting almost immediately. Taking a commanding position TIME will summon each Month in turn by name, through a megaphone, then when the Month appears will retire to the back of stage till the recitation shall have been concluded. The Months will appear when summoned, in turn, disappearing on the opposite side of stage, if possible behind a piece of scenery, reappearing at back of stage, there to remain quietly till the ensemble at close. Appropriate music for exits and entrances may be used. The songs and dances may be arranged to popular tunes. Colored lights if skilfully handled may be used.

**MUSIC:** It ends with heavy chords marking time. Curtain rises disclosing FATHER TIME. He blows blast through megaphone, then speaks.

TIME:

WHAT ho, hilly ho! Before you you see  
A being as ancient as old can be.  
Methuselah's decades a thousandfold  
Would not have made him one thousandth as old.  
The ages of all the world and his wife  
Are not a speck on a patch on my life;  
Nay, all your ancestors strung in a line  
Would not reach back with their birthdays to  
mine;

And though the agedest ancient you know  
The longer I live the older I grow!  
Oh, no one was ever so old as I,  
Nor ever will be, so 't were vain to try!

For, lo! I am TIME, your old FATHER TIME,  
The reason of wrinkles, the rhythm of rhyme;  
First aboriginal native of space;  
Earliest settler all over the place;  
The oldest inhabitant here, or there;  
The latest arrival everywhere.  
By the wink of my eye your clocks are set,  
And the corn you cut when my scythe I whet.  
'T is the wag-of my beard marks music's sound,  
Makes the sun come up, and the world go round.  
And you tell by my smile, or shake of head  
When to turn out, or to turn into bed!



Now Time is money, so, therefore, you see  
 Whoever wants gold must reckon with me;  
 Though if I should look with a frown your way  
 The gold of your hair might be changed to gray!  
 Or, if your gold is a counterfeit crime,  
 You may cheat the world, but you can't cheat  
 Time!

The wealth I bring is a golden chance  
 For making the best of your circumstance;  
 But if too freely you spend what I give  
 I shorten your days, as sure as you live!  
 So you, the neighbors, the world and his wife  
 Must come to me for the time of your life!  
 For I can make you dance to . . .

*(Dances and sings)*

Quick time and slack time; nick o' time and back  
 time!

Back time and fast time; lack of time and past  
 time!

Last time and least time; fasting time and feast  
 time!

Little time and long time; tittle-tattle wrong  
 time!

Sleep time, and train time; keeping time to gain  
 time!

Best time to find time; lest you be behind time!  
 Saint time and sinner time; fainting-for-dinner  
 time!

Night-time and daytime; right-you-are time;  
 playtime!

Make time and meantime; take-your-time be-  
 tween time!

Some time and no time; coming time and go  
 time!

Zig time and zag time; jigging time and rag-  
 time!

Prime time and high time; Time-to-say-good-by  
 time!

*(Stops; wipes brow; speaks)* Not so bad for an  
 ancient, eh? . . . And that is the way I shall  
 dance to the END OF TIME! *(Goes to center of  
 stage)* And now let me present to you my  
 twelve beautiful children! *(Begins to call  
 through megaphone)* What, ho! *(Just then an  
 unseen clock strikes twelve. TIME counts the  
 strokes. As the last dies away he summons JAN-  
 UARY. Instantly there is a great to-do behind the  
 scenes, bells, horns, whistles, people cheering,  
 &c. JANUARY appears.)*

JANUARY:

WHEN the old year dies at midnight's chime  
 Behold, I appear!  
 The eldest and youngest child of TIME,  
 The Happy New Year!

Two faces I wear, like the Roman god  
 At the temple door,  
 Surveying the path by pilgrims trod,  
 And the path before.

Backward looking, and looking ahead,  
 Like that god in Rome;  
 We read the roads we have yet to tread  
 By the roads we've come.

Then, Janus-wise, with our double view,  
 Let us bear in mind  
 To bring no faults to the year that's new  
 From the years behind;

Only good counsels by which we live,  
 Good thoughts and good cheer,  
 For that is the way to get and give  
 A Happy New Year!

FEBRUARY:

BEHOLD the shortest month in all the year—  
 And yet I hold my head as high  
 As January or July,  
 Since Washington by birth belongs to me,  
 And Lincoln. Greater glory could there be?  
 I'm sure you'll all applaud and cry Hear, hear!

Also I proudly claim for mine  
 That favorite Saint Valentine,  
 Upon whose day birds pair and build their nest,  
 Lads rhyme about the maidens they love best,  
 And maids dream of the lads they hold most dear.

And then, each fourth time I come round  
 I have to give a mighty bound,  
 Like this! As if at leap-frog did I play.  
 Thus to my twenty-eight an extra day  
 I add, to keep the almanac in gear!

MARCH *(enters roaring)*:

WRAPPED in clouds and a flurry of snow,  
 Like a roaring lion March comes in;  
 All a boisterous, blustering blow!  
 I rattle windows, and doors I slam;  
 And people's hats, to their great chagrin,  
 I snatch and send on a whirling spin;  
 Then, hiding in chimneys, laugh Ho, ho!  
 Oh, what a practical joker I am!

Or, rocking the tree-tops to and fro,  
 I climb aloft like a harlequin  
 To play my pranks on the world below.  
 Stout timbers creak when ice-floes jam  
 From sea to harbor where ships come in;  
 And flood and freshet their foam-wreaths throw,  
 And mill-wheels turn with furious din  
 As the mill-stream rushes over the dam!

O wintry March, will it never go,  
 You cry, and suffer sweet spring to win,  
 With fields for plowing and seed to sow?  
 Then how I laugh, for 't is all a sham,  
 My blustering roar and lion's skin . . .  
 My practical joke, to take you in!  
 For, see! I 'm the mildest month you know,  
 As I tiptoe off like a gentle lamb!

## APRIL:

HA HA, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha! Oh, dear, Oh, dear,  
 Oh, dear!  
 I am the saddest and the gladdest month of all  
 the year!  
 I cry and cry and cry until my tears make little  
 pools,  
 Because upon my way I meet so many April  
 Fools!  
 And then I laugh and laugh until my sunshine  
 dries my tears,  
 Because though foolish April Fools those April  
 Fools are dears!  
 For some are foolish flowers that get out of bed  
 too soon,  
 Mistaking April's laughter for the call of May or  
 June;  
 And some are foolish children who get out of  
 bed too late,  
 And go to school with tousled hair and most un-  
 seemly gait;  
 And some are foolish grown-ups. But, in strict-  
 est confidence,  
 I think . . . Don't you? 't is time that these  
 should have some common-sense!  
 Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha! Oh, dear, Oh, dear,  
 Oh, dear!  
 I am the saddest and the gladdest month of all  
 the year!

## MAY:

OH, I 'm the merry month of May,  
 The time of white and tender green  
 That nature makes a gala day!  
  
 Of May-crowned queens I am the queen,  
 The happy, singing heart of spring—  
 A maiden turning seventeen.  
  
 The fairies weave a magic ring  
 About my footsteps where I roam:  
 I have not learned that nettles sting.  
  
 Beneath the blue of Heaven's dome,  
 Brushed by a feather from Time's wing,  
 The world at large I call my home.

Where flowers bloom and linnets sing  
 Within the heart, is aye my home,  
 The shrine of May, the soul of spring!

## JUNE:

SEE! The Heavens beam more brightly.  
 Days are strewn  
 Flowerful, like gardens sightly . . .  
 I am June!  
  
 Hark! The bird-note sounds more tender.  
 Sweetest rune  
 To my praises poets render . . .  
 I am June!  
  
 Speed the parting, hail the comer,  
 Sun, stars, moon!  
 I 'm the rose, sweetheart of summer . . .  
 I am June!

(JULY and AUGUST enter together)

## AUGUST:

AUGUST is my name, and I . . .

JULY (*interrupts*):

I speak first. I am JULY.

(*Together:*)

Hand in hand we come.

## AUGUST:

Because!

## JULY:

That 's no reason. Nature's laws!

## AUGUST:

Nature's laws? Same thing! Because!

(*Together:*)

We together on our ways  
 Scatter summer holidays.

## JULY:

All the joys that we unfold  
 Children would not change for gold.

## AUGUST:

Nor would teachers, I am told!

## JULY:

Boating 'mid the lily pads,  
 Swimming; fishing for the lads . . .



AUGUST:

With a worm upon a hook!

JULY:

Or with interesting book . . .

AUGUST (*interrupts*):

Dozing in some shady nook!

JULY:

Picking berries by the road;  
Riding on a haycart's load!(*Together:*)

Oh, the pleasures that we bring . . .

AUGUST:

Sitting idly in a swing,  
Just not doing anything!(*Together:*)But, alas! our song must close.  
Summer passes with the rose!(AUGUST *starts to go*. JULY *restrains* AUGUST)

JULY:

Wait until July has passed!

AUGUST (*yawns*):Nothing done from first to last!  
Nothing wears one out so fast!

SEPTEMBER:

It is easy to remember the enchanting month  
September,With its mellow days, and nights starbright and  
clear.When Jack Frost starts to make merry then red  
leaf and scarlet berryAnd the purpling grape proclaim that autumn 's  
here!Maples flame upon the gray side of the moun-  
tains, and the waysideGolden-rod, gold-hearted asters now adorn:  
Like old friends returned from places far away  
we greet their faces

As we hasten to the husking of the corn.

There are dry leaves for the raking, there are  
bonfires for the making;There are ruddy apples heaped upon the grass;  
And in spells of stormy weather, in some attic,  
barn, together,

Oh, how gaily do we make the moments pass!

Aye, in sport and happy pastime we were quite  
forgetting class-timeAs it swiftly steals upon us unawares,  
With its sums that must be slated, and its dates  
that won't stay dated,  
And the rocky road to learning's many snares!Then, as misers hoard their treasure, so we  
count our days of pleasure,  
Days that slip away as thread reels off a spool,  
Till resounding lamentation marks the close of  
the vacation,  
As we gather up our books and start for school!

OCTOBER:

WHO says my month is dismal, sober?  
Now that 's a libel on October!The winds come tumbling from the hills,  
Like boys at play;  
Like happy girls the mountain rills  
Dance on their way.The trees wear coats of golden brown;  
Each breeze that stirs  
From chestnut boughs is bringing down  
The ripened burrs.Then, when abroad the spirits flit,  
Unheard, unseen,  
A night of revels they permit . . .  
All Hallowe'en.For apples in a tub you duck,  
Or seek to know  
The spell to bring you love and luck  
From candle's glow;Or in a shadowed looking-glass  
Your future lot  
You may behold behind you pass,  
Or you may not!A merry month indeed, not sober.  
I ought to know, for I 'm OCTOBER!

NOVEMBER:

NOVEMBER 's the month for whole-hearted thanks-  
giving;For thanks for your being, and thanks for your  
living;For plenty to-day, and enough for to-morrow;  
For freedom from sorrow, or hope beyond sor-  
row.And if for naught else are you thankful, remem-  
ber:

BE THANKFUL YOU STILL ARE ALIVE IN NOVEMBER!

## DECEMBER:

THERE are snowdrifts by the wayside, there is writing on the pane,  
Where Jack Frost has left a message about winter come again;

There 's that tingling in the blood and there are sleighbells in the air,  
There is coasting down the hills, and slipping, sliding, ev'rywhere!  
There 's a stocking by the chimney hung on Xmas eve because  
There 's a chance you 'll have a visit from our old friend Santa Claus.

There 's a bright star in the Heavens that proclaimed a wondrous birth  
When the Chosen Child of Children brought his Christmas day to earth;

There are mistletoe and holly in the woods to deck the hall,  
Here 's the Christmas spirit wishing Merry Christmas to you all!

TIME (*blows a blast*):

What, ho! Stand forth, all ye, my children!

(*The Months reappear*)

TIME:

These are my children, my children dear.

MONTHS:

Yes, we are the Twelve Months of the Year!

TIME: Every year, for a bite and sup,  
I gobble them up!

MONTHS: Gobbles us up!  
TIME: And every year, despite my pain,  
They bob up again!

MONTHS: Bob up again!  
TIME: Throughout the world, in every clime;  
And so 't will be, to the END OF TIME!

MONTHS: Throughout the world, in every clime;  
And so 't will be, to the END OF TIME!

(*Dance and sing*)

With our Play days, jolly days; heydays and holidays!  
May days and mirth days; gala days and birthdays!  
Olden days; new days; golden days and blue days!  
Work days and school-days; shirk days, April Fool days!  
Sundays and sleek days; wonder days and week-days!  
Sundays and Mondays; rather under-done days!  
Mondays and Tuesdays; please-to-pay-your-dues days!  
Tuesdays and Wednesdays; women's days and men's days!  
Wednesdays and Thursdays; kittens' days and curs' days!  
Thursdays and Fridays; up-and-do-or-die days!  
Fridays and Saturdays; mad-as-a-hatter days!

(*They form a ring about TIME and dance round him, repeating the song, while TIME in the center repeats his dance and song, "Quick time and slack time," &c.*)

CURTAIN.







"HERE THEY COME IN THE SLEIGH! AND THEY 'RE TO  
STAY *THROUGH* THE HOLIDAYS!"

# THE SPRING CLEANING

(As told by Queen Crosspatch)

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

THE moment after I exclaimed "I shall lose my temper in a minute!" I suddenly remembered I had n't any Temper to lose, because I had lost

"There is another frost," she said. "The primroses will never come at all."

I flew on to her arm and called out to her as loud as I could:

"Don't be frightened. I will manage it somehow."

And of course she felt as if she had had a cheerful thought, and a smile began to curl up her nice red mouth.

"I won't be frightened," she said. "I will believe that somehow they will come up—even if Fairies have to come and pull them."

You see the truth is that all the nice thoughts that children have—the really nice things—are things that Fairies tell them.

She went down on her knees and began to push the dead leaves away from a place where she saw a bit of green sticking up. The bit of green was



HARRISON [ADY

JANE ANN BIGGS.

the only one I had just before I decided to write *The Troubles of Queen Silverbell* and I had never found him since. So as I felt that I must lose something I lost my pocket-handkerchief instead. I flew over to the Primrose World in such a hurry that I was quite out of breath when I got there. It was covered with dead leaves and the dead leaves were covered with frost and you could not believe it had ever even *heard* of a primrose. I stamped about and *stamped* about. Of course I knew that if this sort of thing went on I never, never could get it ready in time for Bunch and the party and Jane Ann Biggs.

And while I was stamping about I heard a rustling of the dead leaves and there was Bunch herself, and I could see she was neither laughing, nor was just going to laugh, and she had not just finished laughing either. She did not look like Bunch in the least.



HARRISON [ADY

"SHE WENT DOWN ON HER KNEES AND BEGAN TO PUSH THE DEAD LEAVES AWAY."

the new leaf of a primrose and she uncovered it and found two or three more—very little and very cold.



"Oh! you darling fings," she said, talking baby talk to them. "You darling fings!" And she stooped and kissed them and kissed them. "Do

In two minutes the air was all green and buzzy with them. They came this way and that, and that way and this. They came in flocks, they came in clouds, they nearly knocked each other down they came so fast. The fact is some of them had guessed they were being called to do something for Bunch and they all liked her.

The wood was full of them, they crowded together on the ground and hung in clusters from the branches. And they all chanted together:

All steady—all steady  
Fly we,  
All ready—all ready  
You see!  
From East and from West  
To do your behest  
Whatever it chances to be:

I could not wait a moment. I told them the whole story about Bunch and Jane Ann Biggs and the Primrose party. They got so excited that the wood buzzed as if fifty million beehives had been upset in it.

"What shall we do! What shall we do! This is work for us—s-s-s-s-s-s-s-!" they said, in their tiny voices.



HARRISON [AD]

"IT IS SO COLD," SHE SIGHED."

come up," she said, patting the earth round them with her warm little hand. "Do come up. Try and try and try. Jane Ann Biggs does so want you."

I could not stand it a minute longer. I left her and flew across the Primrose World and into the wood on the other side of the stream. I alighted on the top of a tree and put my golden trumpet to my lips and called out just as I did that day on the Huge Green Hill when I was reforming the Cozy Lion. This was what I called out this time:

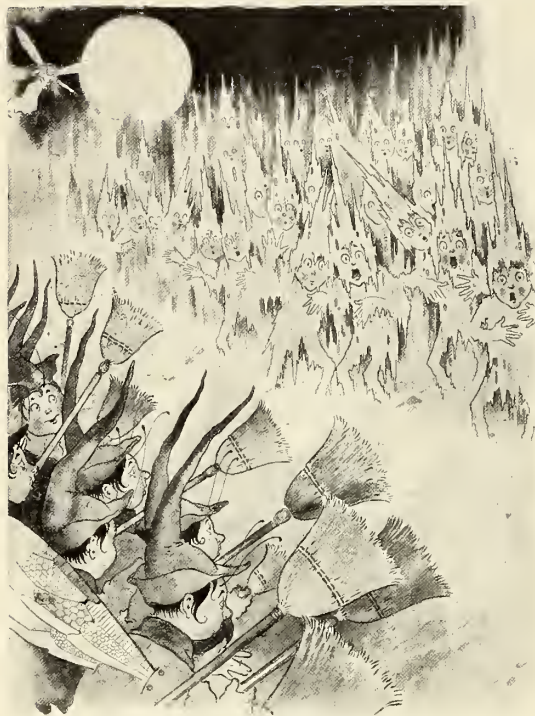
Green Workers! Green Workers!  
Holloa!  
Green Workers! Green Workers!  
Ho! Ho!  
Come East and come West,  
Come o'er the hill crest,  
Come ready for friend  
Or for foe!  
Come ready to polish  
And sweep!  
Come ready to crawl  
And to creep!  
Come ready to sing  
While you clean for the Spring,  
Come ready to bound,  
Hop and leap!



HARRISON [AD]

A FROST IMP.

"This is what you will do," I answered. "Never until the Primrose World is ready must you go to bed. You must stay up and watch



"MY GREEN WORKERS SPREAD OUT THEIR LINE  
FACE TO FACE WITH THEM."

every single night. Then when the Frost Imps come out to do their work you must all gather in a long line behind them and sweep off the frost as fast as they put it on. At this time of the year they are very tired of their winter work, and they really want to go to bed for their summer sleep. If you undo their work they will get discouraged and not come any more. The great thing is that Frost Imps cannot turn round because their necks are made of icicles and would break, and they won't know what is happening behind them. They can only see when the army is turned to march home."

The Green Workers shrieked and laughed and rolled about with delight. They were not only fond of Bunch, but they did not like the Frost Imps because they interfered with fun.

That night they were ready dressed in their warmest green smocks, and carrying their brooms. We were all hiding in the Primrose World when Bunch came out to look at it. She had on her little red cloak and hood and was mournful.

"It is so cold," she sighed. "I am afraid there will be another frost to-night."

If she could have heard Fairies she would have heard the Green Workers just squeal as they rolled about under the dead leaves and thought of the fun they were going to have.

When it was quite dark and every one was in bed and the Primrose World was as still as still could be, we heard the Frost Imps creeping along. They came to the top of the slope and stretched their whole army in a long line. Then their general gave his orders in an icy voice, saying slowly:

Frost, frost begin to freeze  
Grass and moss and buds and trees,  
Leave nothing peeping.  
Pinch, nip and bind them fast,  
Till each bud when you have passed  
Stiff and cold lies sleeping.

Then the army marched forward and began. They worked as hard as they could, fastening the ice crystals on everything and even putting ice sheaths on some poor things. But my Green Workers were spread out in a line behind them—a Green Worker behind each Frost Imp, and as fast as an Imp covered a bud, or a twig, or a peeping green primrose leaf, the Green Workers behind him swept off the crystals or broke off the ice sheaths. I never saw them work quite as fast. They were so excited and hot that they melted ice crystals just by coming near them. They thought it would be such fun when the Imps turned round to march home and found all their work undone—and serve them right! They hopped and rushed about so that they made a noise and as the Imps could not turn their icicle necks they began to feel frightened. They knew something must be behind them and they could not tell *what* was going to happen to them.

When they were nearly at the foot of the hill they began to make little groans and sighs, and at last all along the line you could hear them saying this in a kind of creepy chant:

What *is* the meaning of this?  
Behind us something rustles.  
What is the meaning of *this*?

Behind us something bustles.  
What is the meaning of this?  
Behind us something hustles.

It's something very queer and very bold.



PUTTING HOT-WATER BAGS AT  
THE ROOTS OF PRIMROSES.



What is the *meaning* of this?

Behind us things are sweeping.

*What* is the meaning of this?

Behind us things are leaping.

*What* is the meaning of this?

Behind us things are creeping.

It really makes MY  
BLOOD RUN  
COLD!



FAIRY TUGGERS HELPING THE  
SPRING PLANTS OUT OF  
THE GROUND.

And by that time they had reached the bottom of the hill and wheeled round all in a line ready to march home. And there were my Green Workers spread out in *their* line face to face with

them. And their work was all undone and it startled them so and made them so hot that they gave one wild shriek and their icicle necks broke, their heads fell off, and the whole army melted away—General Freeze and all.

After that night we never left the primroses a minute. They had been cold so long that they were half dead with sleep. So the Green Workers never stopped going round from one to the other to knock at their doors and tell them they *must* wake up. They told them about Bunch and the party and Jane Ann Biggs. They called it out, they sang it, they shouted it. They knocked on their doors, they thumped on their doors, they kicked on their doors. The primroses were not really lazy, but the cold had stupefied them, and when they were wakened they just drawled out, "In a min-ute—" and fell asleep again, and the Green Workers had to thump and kick on their doors again. When they did waken at last they were so stiff that they could hardly move. It took them so long to push a green leaf through the earth and when they got one through they could not get it any further.

Bunch used to come down with the little Bensons and say:

"They are so slow in growing. I never saw them so slow. Look what weenty leaves."  
So we brought out the Green Delters and the

Green Tuggers. The Delters brought their tiny spades and dug the earth loose round all the roots, and the Tuggers brought their ropes and fastened them round every least bit of a leaf they saw, and pulled and tugged, and tugged and pulled until they dragged them up into the light so that they grew in spite of themselves.

But there was such a short time to do it in and Bunch and the Bensons sometimes looked so frightened, and one day they brought a letter with them and it was from Jane Ann Biggs and this was what it said:

DERE MIS

wil the primroses bee reddy

*Jane ann bigs.*

It was bad spelling but Jane Ann had never been to school. There was only a week more to work and I should nearly have gone crazy, only



THE LETTER FROM JANE ANN BIGGS.

Fairies never do. And suddenly one night I thought of hot-water bags.



HARRISON [A.P.Y.]

"BIRDS BEGAN TO SIT ON BOUGHS TOGETHER."

"Get two or three million fairy hot-water bags," I said to my head Green Workers, Skip and Trip and Flip and Nip. "Get them at once."

They got them before sunset and all that night the whole army of Green Workers ran from one clump of primroses to the other putting the hot-water bags close to the roots and keeping them almost as warm as if they had been in a greenhouse. The next morning the sun came out and kept them warm all day and more green leaves and more green leaves began to show above the earth every few minutes.

"Hooray! Hooray!" the Workers shouted all together. "Now we have got them."

The next night we used more hot-water bags and the next day the sunshine was warmer still and the green leaves thrust themselves up on every side and began to uncurl.

Dear me! how we did work for four nights and how the primroses did work in the daytime. And on the fourth day Bunch and all the little Bensons came out together and in two minutes after they bent down to look at the clumps of green leaves they sprang up shouting:

"There are buds! There are buds! There are buds! And lots of them are yellow!"

They ran about up and down the Primrose World, darting here and there and screaming for joy and at last they joined hands and danced and danced in a ring round a huge cluster which had on it a dozen wide-open pale yellow primroses.

"I believe the Fairies did it," said Bunch. "I just believe it!"

"I just believe it!"

There was such excitement that the very trees got interested and began pushing out leaves and leaves as fast as they could, everything began to push out leaves, birds began to sit on boughs together and propose to each other with the loudest trills and twitters, dormice waked up and rabbits and squirrels began to frisk about and whisk tails. Old Cawker Rook shuffled on his surplice and fussed about with his book in such a flurry to do something that he married birds who had n't asked him—married them the minute he saw them. He was quite out of breath with marrying, and on the fifth day he accidentally married a squirrel to a lady woodpecker just because they chanced to be on the same tree and he was in such a hurry that he dropped his spectacles and did not know what he was doing. If I had



"MRS. WIGGLE'S GRANDSON BROUGHT HER IN A WHEELBARROW."

not been on the spot to unmarry them at once, it would have been most unfortunate, for as it



was the lady woodpecker was so provoked that she nearly pecked the squirrel's eyes out.

Then the village children came to help and every one had a basket and they picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and Daddy Dimp came and picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and Mrs. Wiggles's grandson brought her in a wheelbarrow and when she sat down and began to pick I made her forget all about her legs and she stood up and found that they were quite well and she need never be bedridden or need never grumble any more.

My Green Workers picked as well. The children could not understand why their baskets filled so soon.

It was the most beautiful party that I ever went to. The vicarage cook made perfectly delightful things to eat and the vicarage housemaid and the boy who weeds the garden brought them out and



"THE VICARAGE HOUSEMAID AND THE BOY WHO WEEDS THE GARDEN BROUGHT THEM OUT."

Well, on two days before Primrose Day the Primrose World was a sight to behold. It had seventeen million more primroses on it then than it had ever had before and they were all twice as big and twice as lovely.

When Jane Ann Biggs came and was brought out by Bunch and the little Bensons her eyes looked like saucers and she sat very suddenly flat down on the ground.

"Miss," said Jane Ann Biggs to Bunch, "is this 'ere the earth or 'ave I died an' gone to 'eving?"

Bunch and the Bensons pulled her up and made her dance round with them.

"No!" they shouted. "You 're alive! You 're alive! You 're really alive! And this is the Primrose World."



"THE VICAR ARRANGED ABOUT SENDING THE PRIMROSES TO TOWN."

spread them on beds of primroses and everybody was so hungry and happy that Jane Ann

Biggs clutched Bunch's sleeve twelve times and said:

"Oh! Miss! Are yer sure it 's not 'eving?"

The vicar had arranged about sending the primroses to town in hampers so that they would be all fresh in the morning. He was such a nice vicar and only preached quite short sermons and they were only about things you can really do—like being cheerful and loving one another.

So hampers and hampers of primroses went to town and Jane Ann Biggs sold them to men in Covent Garden Market and kept a hamper to sell at big houses herself. She really made quite

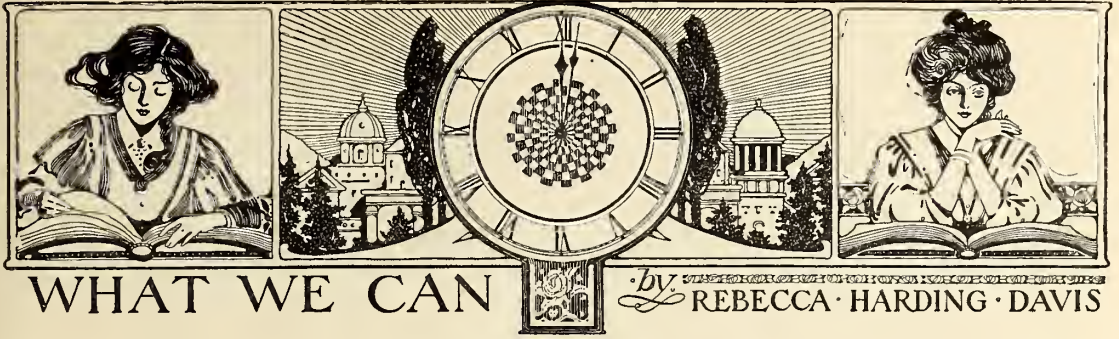
a little fortune—for a thin flower girl. And the best of it was that she and Bunch and the Bensons were such friends that it was arranged that she should come to the Primrose World every single Spring so she would have it to look forward to all the year.

*Now that 's the story of just ONE of my Spring Cleanings, and if it does not show you how much I have to do and how nothing could happen without me, you must be rather stupid.*

QUEEN CROSSPATCH.







A NEW YEAR'S HINT

Who was that French boy that made his servant wake him every morning with the cry, "Rise, Monsieur le Comté, you have great things to do to-day!" The world has forgotten his name, and it is probable that he never did any great thing in it, but we may be sure that the call drove him every day to do many little good things for which the world was better and happier then, and which, no doubt, are working in it like leaven for good to this day.

Why should not each one of us waken every morning remembering that though the new day may give us no chance for splendid achievement—no line to carry to a sinking ship—no word to speak which shall uplift a nation—there will be plenty of chances in it before night to give to our neighbors fun, courage, or strength? We cannot, perhaps, write a poem like Keats's "Nightingale"; we cannot discover radium; but we can fill our windows with flowers to bid a cheerful good morning to passers-by.

The old Puritan doctrine that piety meant self-torture and gloom is dying out among us. People of all sects are finding out that our Father has given us a beautiful home, and that He wishes us to rejoice in it and in Him, and to help our neighbors to rejoice with us. Even Isaac Watts, far back in his gloomy day, insisted that "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less."

"But," argues some girl who has neither beauty, health, nor social position to give her influence, "what can I do to make the world better and happier?"

A woman living a few years ago in a miserable little village planted in front of her house a flower garden. When her neighbors crowded round to admire it she persuaded them to go and do likewise. She gave them seeds, she helped them to dig and weed, she kept up the work until they achieved success and were able to send flowers to the county fair. The poor-spirited women

in other villages became wise in seeds and bulbs instead of scandalous gossip. The men, for shame, cleaned and drained the streets. The little woman is dead and forgotten, but her work will be a help to many generations.

An Eton boy, Quintin Hogg, appalled by the misery of mighty, dreadful London, got a barrel and a board, a couple of candles and some old books, and started a school at night, under London Bridge. He had two wharf-rats as his first scholars. When he died, hundreds of thousands of poor men put a black band on their arms. They had been trained in the many polytechnic schools which had grown out of the barrel and boards—not only in Great Britain but in her colonies as well.

In short, we may be sure when we waken each morning, that God has filled our hands with good seeds, which if we plant them will go on yielding fruit throughout the ages.

The best word which St. NICHOLAS can speak on New Year's morning to the young folk who read it is, Make the Best of your Selves; yes, and help all you can.

Whoever you are—wise or foolish, rich or poor—God sent you into His world, as He has sent every other human being, to help the men and women in it, to make them better and happier. If you don't do that, no matter what your powers may be, you are mere lumber, a worthless bit of the world's furniture. A Stradivarius, if it hangs dusty and dumb upon the wall, is not of as much real value as a kitchen poker which is used. Before you in your journey wait hundreds of human beings with whom you must have relations, whom you must either urge on or hinder on their way. It is your business to use your money, or beauty, or wit, or skill or whatever good thing God has given you, for their help. Why not begin every morning with the French boy's thought—"I have great things to do to-day!"

# ST. NICHOLAS COOKING CLUB



## CHRISTMAS SWEETS

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

1. CHRISTMAS CONSERVE.
2. SHERBET SURPRISE.

3. MOCK CREAM-WALNUTS.

4. NOVICES' NUT-CRISPS.
5. STAR SPICE-SNAPS.

### *Christmas Conserve.*

3 oranges, - *juice pulp + grated rind*  
 1 lemon = *juice + grated rind.*  
 1/2 lb. seedless raisins  
 3/4 lb. shelled English walnuts  
 3/4 lb. shelled almonds.  
 1/2 lb. sugar.  
 1/2 pt. grape juice

### CHRISTMAS CONSERVE

TAKE oranges and lemon, too,  
 Remove the juice and pulp  
 And add the rinds, grated most fine,  
 Or by machine ground up.

Next, put through the grinding machine  
 (Or chop in wooden bowl,)

The walnuts and the raisins good  
 And almonds, blanched when whole;

Dissolve the sugar in a pint  
 Of excellent grape-juice;  
 Then add to it the other things,  
 And gradually reduce

By simmering all quite slowly down  
 Till like a marmalade.

Put into glasses, seal, and place  
 Within the pantry's shade.

With Christmas roast or toothsome game  
 This conserve is delicious,  
 Or, thinly spread on buttered bread,  
 At tea-time proves propitious.

### SHERBET SURPRISE

FILL sherbet glasses just half full  
 Of orange and banana sliced,  
 With pineapple or winter grapes  
 In tiny pieces diced.

Sprinkle with powdered sugar fine,  
 And grape-juice, clear and bright,  
 And cover well with lemon ice  
 To hide the fruit from sight.

Smooth over until leveled well  
 With silver spoon or knife,  
 And note your guests' surprised delight  
 When fruit-depths come to life.

### MOCK CREAM-WALNUTS

PIECES of Philadelphia cream-cheese,  
 'Twixt halves of walnuts pressed,  
 Make daintiest accompaniment  
 And add to salad zest.



*Novices' Nut-Crisps*  
 1 Egg.  
 1 Cup brown sugar.  
 1 Cup finely ground pecans  
 sprinkled with  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon  
 salt

NOVICES' NUT-CRISPS

THE youngest reader in this club  
 Can make these cakes with ease;  
 They win a welcome everywhere  
 And always seem to please.

First, beat the egg up briskly,  
 Then add the sugar brown,  
 And cup of salted nut-meats,  
 And stir them up and down.

Have shallow pans all ready,  
 Just slightly greased and cool,  
 And spread therein the mixture  
 As thin as a foot-rule.

And then be sure, be *very* sure,  
 Your oven 's not too hot;  
 Quite moderate heat thin cakes require,  
 Or else you 'll burn the lot.

Near twenty minutes let it bake;  
 Then, just before 't is cooled,  
 Cut quickly into sightly squares  
 With a good pie-wheel ruled.

Or, easier still, grease slightly  
 An inverted dripping-pan,  
 And drop the mixture from a spoon,  
 And little round cakes plan.

*Star Spice-Snaps*  
 1 large cup of butter + lard mixed.  
 1 pint molasses.  
 1 cup brown sugar  
 7 cups flour (sifted)  
 2 tablespoons ginger  
 2 tablespoons cinnamon  
 2 teaspoons all spice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon clovis.  
 1. grated nutmeg  
 dash of cayenne  
 sprinkling of salt.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon soda

STAR SPICE-SNAPS

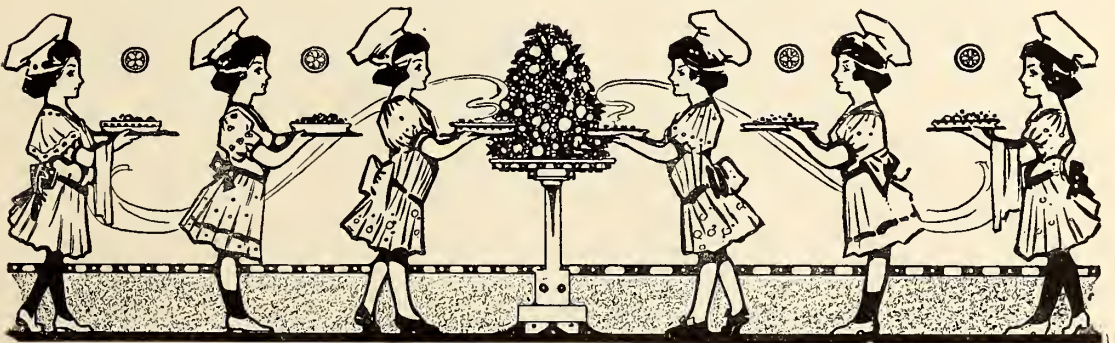
SOFTEN the butter and the lard,  
 Dissolve them in molasses rich.  
 Put all the dry ingredients  
 Together in a separate dish.

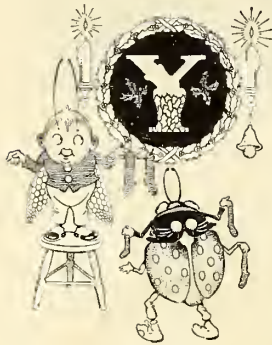
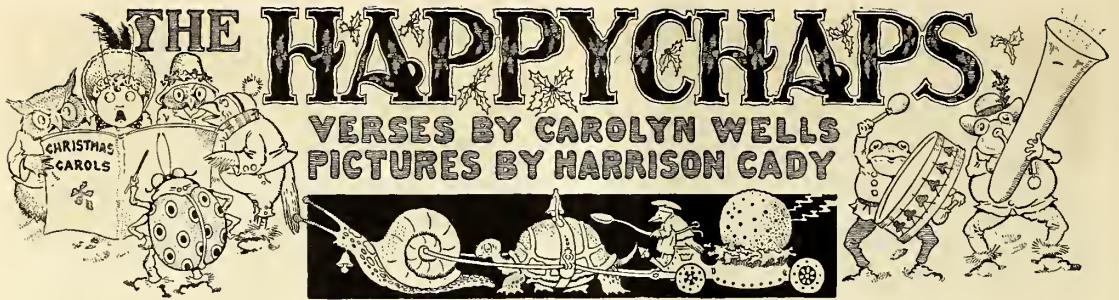
Then slowly in the syrup stir.  
 Dissolve the soda in a cup  
 In which a little water is  
 And in the mixture stir it up.

Knead well, and roll upon the board  
 Till it is very thin;  
 With cake-cutter then make the stars,  
 Or rounds with biscuit-tin.

Bake in a moderate oven till  
 A rich, inviting brown;  
 When cool and crisp and snappy,  
 They 're bound to win renown.

NOTE: At any large house-furnishing store cake-cutters can be made to order from original sketches. Christmas-y shapes—little stockings, stars, Santa Clauses, or trees, add to the holiday fun.





ULETIDE in Jolli-  
popolis  
Was a gay and festive  
time.  
The people of this  
metropolis  
Were a busy and jolly  
populace,  
And the bells were  
all a-chime.  
Everybody was bent on  
important affairs,

The shops showed most tempting and beautiful  
wares;

Happychaps and Skiddoodles  
Spent money by oodles,  
As if they were real millionaires.  
The spirit of Christmas pervaded the city,  
And of course they appointed a gen'ral commit-  
tee,

For a great celebration,  
And fine decoration,  
With everything novel and pretty.  
Now, right in the midst of the city there stood  
A tall, handsome fir-tree. Said Toots: "T would  
be good  
To decorate that for a big Christmas Tree."  
"Out of doors?" with a shiver, asked old Jim-  
Jam-Mee.

But they laughed at his shudder;  
And 'Rastus said: "Brudder,  
Ef you 'll get a fur coat, you 'll be warm as a  
toast.  
Look at me! I 's wropt up, twel I 's ready to  
roast."

And Toots said that he  
Would hang on the tree,  
A fur coat as a gift to cold Jim-Jam-Mee.  
Old General Happychap then was invited  
To represent Santa Claus. He was delighted.  
Tailor Cricket made for him a marvelous rig,  
Of red plush trimmed with ermine. They  
stuffed him out big,

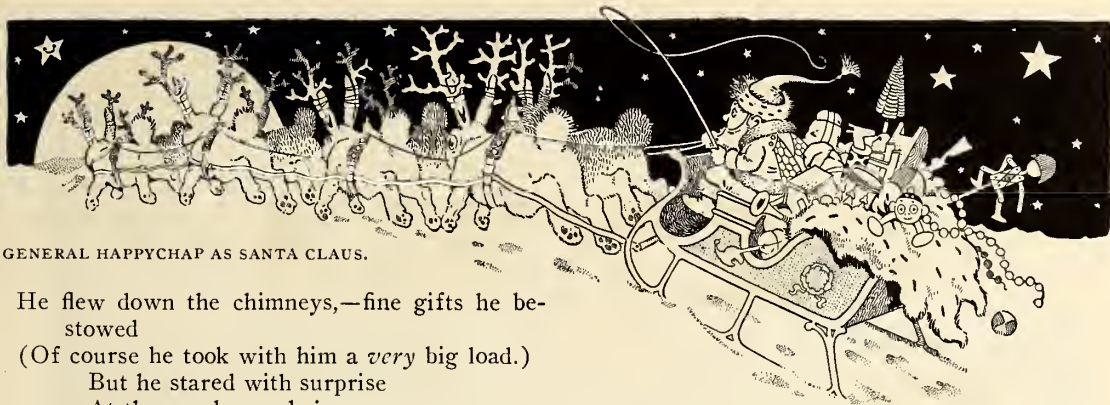
And added a white false beard and a wig!  
Well, as you may know,  
He was a great show!  
For General Happychap did things up brown.  
And the night before Christmas he drove around  
town  
With a pack on his back, and bells jingling clear  
On his miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer!  
(The reindeer were rabbits, with harness sup-  
plied;  
Artificial horns Toots to their long ears had  
tied!)



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN JOLLIPOPOLIS.

Well, this Happychap Santa Claus did as he  
should;  
He went to the houses of all who were good.





GENERAL HAPPYCHAP AS SANTA CLAUS.

He flew down the chimneys,—fine gifts he bestowed

(Of course he took with him a *very* big load.)

But he stared with surprise

At the number and size

Of old Daddy-long-legs' extremely long hose.

And he said, "Goodness me! I just *can not* fill those!"

Then a happy thought struck him. He said, "What 's the odds?"

And he filled those long stockings with eight fishing-rods!

Most Skiddoodles hung up about three or four pairs,

And as they were short, little things would fill theirs.

But 't was saucy, indeed,

Of old Centipede,

To hang up fifty pairs! then go calmly to sleep.

"Whew!" exclaimed Santa Claus: "I must say this is steep!"

Skiddoodles, you know are humorous folk,

And Br'er Spider put up a practical joke.

To catch Santa Claus he thought would be fun, So in his own chimney, a fine web he spun.

And when down the flue the General dropped,

By the tangling web he was suddenly stopped!

His arms and his legs, his feet and his hands,

Were all twisted up in the long snarling strands.

And while in the web he twisted and wriggled

Old Br'er Spider just stood by and giggled,

And laughed at his victim,

To think how he 'd tricked him!

Then he said: "Something handsome

By way of a ransom,

I 'll accept from your pack, and then I 'll assist

Your noble self out of this tangle and twist.

"Take your pick of the pack!" the General cried,

"Take whatever you want, and some more things beside."

The old spider did as the General bid;

Then he helped him get out of the tangling ends,

And they said "Merry Christmas!" and parted good friends.

Next morning, with good-will the sun fairly beamed.

Jollipopolis like a big Christmas card seemed. The houses were glittering with ice and with snow,

And decked with red holly and white mistletoe.

And of holly-leaves green,

Wreaths and garlands were seen,



THE HOUSES WERE DECKED WITH RED HOLLY AND WHITE MISTLETOE.

Till Toots said: "I think that our Jollipopolis, Might, on this occasion, be called Hollypopolis!" Skipper Happychap's wonderful sea-going home,





JOLLIPOPOLIS HAS A BIG CHRISTMAS TREE.

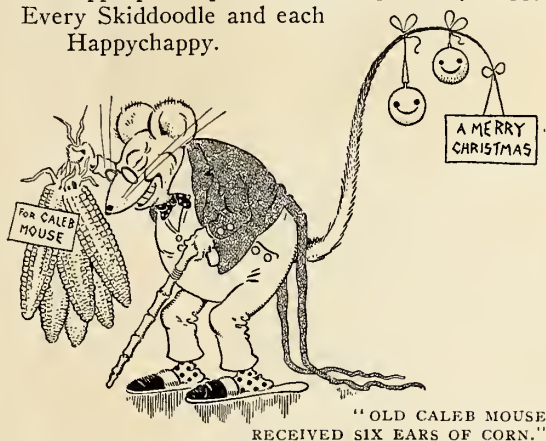


Was n't tossing about on the waves and the foam;  
 But was drawn up on shore,  
 And garlanded o'er,  
 With gay decorations. While from masts and  
 spars,  
 Long icicles hung, and glittered like stars.  
 In the evening the people all gathered in glee  
 Round the wonderful, beautiful, big Christmas  
 Tree.

When the breeze blew the branches, the little  
 bells tinkled;  
 And a firefly or glowworm on every twig twin-  
 kled.

The people applauded with rapturous cries,  
 And the Rah Rah Boys' cheers fairly rang to  
 the skies.

Then bright faces glowed  
 As the gifts were bestowed;  
 And appropriate presents made perfectly happy  
 Every Skiddoodle and each  
 Happyhappy.



Toots had a magnificent new motor-horn;  
 And old Caleb Mouse received six ears of corn;  
 The Eskimo Happychaps all had dried herrings;  
 The chipmunks, small bags of choice applepar-  
 ings;

The Figs and Hottentots all had new beads;  
 The Skiddoodle bugs reveled in real pumpkin  
 seeds;

The woodpeckers all returned voluble thanks  
 For their Extra Delicious Hickory planks.  
 And another kind thought of good old Kriss  
 Kringle's

Was to give to the wood-wasps some well-flav-  
 ored shingles.

There were bundles of old "Daily Buzzes" at hand  
 For the bookworms, who thought they were  
 perfectly grand!

And Raggedy Happychap had some new rags,  
 For his old ones were nothing but tatters and tags.

New lamp-chimneys bright  
 For the fireflies' soft light,

And shades for the glowworms of soft green  
 and white.

Old Big Chief Dewdrop received some new  
 feathers,



"NEW LAMP-CHIMNEYS BRIGHT  
 FOR THE FIREFLIES' SOFT LIGHT."

Which would stand (it was warranted) all sorts  
 of weathers.

And Sir Horace had white spats and new patent  
 leathers.

Then Mr. and Mrs.

Gray Squirrel said: "This is  
 The best gift of all!" As Toots handed them  
 out

A bag of shelled chestnuts, an answering shout  
 Arose from the little gray squirrels, and they  
 On the beautiful nuts were soon nibbling away.  
 Strange presents delighted the Happychaps for-  
 eign:

Old Paddy had Shamrock, and Duncan a sporran;  
 A fan and a parasol did for the Jap;  
 And wooden shoes pleased the Dutch Happychap.



A SURPRISE FOR MR. AND MRS. MOUSE.

And large five-pound boxes of Fyler's Best  
 Bird-seed

Were given to birds, and to all who preferred  
 seed:

Then just in the midst of the gay celebration,  
The big tree caught fire! There was great con-  
sternation,

For every one feared a bad conflagration.

But ere the flames spread,  
A messenger sped,

And the Volunteer Fire Brigade rushed into view,  
And put out the flames in a minute or two.

'Rastus Happychap always was getting off jokes,  
And he perpetrated a comical hoax.

He had a big box—no one knew what was in it;  
When Caleb Mouse asked him, he said: "Wait a  
minute!

You mice all sit *so*, in a straight little row,  
Now watch very closely, you 'll see a fine show!"

The mice in a trice,—

Sat stiller than mice,

And waited to see

What the fine show might be.

"Now!" 'Rastus  
said,

"Watch!"

Then he loosened  
the catch,  
And up from the  
box sprang a  
great big cat's  
head!

The way those  
small mice  
squeaked,  
and scam-  
pered and  
fled!

Old 'Rastus,  
he  
laughed  
till they  
feared he  
would  
choke;  
And, wip-  
ing his  
eyes, he

said, "That *was* a joke!"

Then every one helped to bring in the Yule log,  
From the tiniest ant to the portliest frog.

They pulled and they tugged,  
They lifted and lugged,  
They toted and dragged,—  
Not one of them lagged,

But every one helped, as the General com-  
manded,

And at last the great log was successfully landed.  
In the wide fireplace of the big Town Hall  
It was set ablaze and enjoyed by all;

As they gladly obeyed the General's call

To dance at the Christmas ball.

There was laughter and feasting and merry cheer,  
And mistletoe hung from the chandelier,

And the ladies fair,

If they stood there,

Were apt to get kissed, but they did n't care.

At midnight the boar's head was brought in,

And then the merriment rose to a din,



"AT MIDNIGHT THE BOAR'S HEAD WAS BROUGHT IN."

When at last it appeared

Then every one cheered

And all the assemblage just shouted and laughed—  
And when it was served, and wassail was quaffed,  
Happychaps and Skiddoodles found it was late,  
And they started for home at a double-quick  
rate.

But every one cried, as he flew out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all! And to all a good-  
night!"



A MISCHIEVOUS HAPPYCHAP.



# VANITY



"Big bows, you know, are quite the style,"  
Said Mary's little kitty;  
"Now who would ever *dream* that I  
Could look so very pretty!"

# HISTORIC BOYHOODS.

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

## VI. CHARLES DICKENS: THE BOY OF THE LONDON STREETS

THE little fellow who worked all day long in the tumble-down old house by the river Thames pasting oil-paper covers on boxes of blacking, fell ill one afternoon. One of the workmen, a big man named Bob Fagin, made him lie down on a pile of straw in the corner and placed blacking-bottles filled with hot water beside him to keep him warm. There he lay until it was time for the men to stop work, and then his friend Fagin, looking down upon the small boy of twelve, asked if he felt able to go home. The boy got up looking so big-eyed, white-cheeked, and thin, that the man put his arm about his shoulder.

"Never mind, Bob, I think I 'm all right now," said the boy. "Don't you wait for me; go on home."

"You ain't fit to go alone, Charley. I 'm comin' along with you."

"'Deed I am, Bob. I 'm feelin' as spry as a cricket." The little fellow threw back his shoulders and headed for the stairs.

Fagin, however, insisted on keeping him company; and so the two, the shabbily-dressed under-sized youth, and the big strapping man came out into the murky London twilight and took their way over the Blackfriars Bridge.

"Been spendin' your money at the pastry-shops, Charley, again? That 's what was the matter with you, I take it."

The boy shook his head. "No, Bob. I 'm trying to save. When I get my week's money I put it away in a bureau drawer, wrapped in six little paper packages with a day of the week on each one. Then I know just how much I 've got to live on, and Sundays don't count. Sometimes I do get hungry, though; so hungry! Then I look in at the windows and play at being rich."

They crossed the bridge, the boy's big eyes seeming to take note of everything, the man, duller-witted, listening to his chatter. Several times the boy tried to say good night, but Fagin

would not be shaken off. "I 'm goin' to see you to your door, Charley lad," he said each time.

At last they came into a little street near the Southwark Bridge. The boy stopped by the steps of a house. "Here 't's, Bob. Good night. It was good of you to take the trouble for me."

"Good night, Charley."

The boy ran up the steps, and, as he noticed that Fagin still stopped, he pulled the door-bell. Then the man went on down the street. When the door opened the boy asked if Mr. Fagin lived there, and being told that he did not, said he must have made a mistake in the house. Turning about he saw that his friend had disappeared around a corner. With a little smile of triumph he made off in the other direction.

The door of the Marshalsea Prison stood open like a great black mouth. The boy, tired with his long tramp, was glad to reach it and to run in. Climbing several long flights of stairs he entered a room on the top story where he found his family, his father, a tall pompous-looking man dressed all in black, his mother, an amiable but extremely fragile woman, and a small brother and sister seated at a table, eating supper. The room was very sparsely furnished, the only bright spot in it was a small fire in a rusty grate, flanked by two bricks to prevent burning too much fuel.

There was a vacant place at the table for Charles, and he sat down upon a stool and ate as ravenously as though he had not tasted food for months. Meanwhile the tall man at the head of the table talked solemnly to his wife at the other end, using strange long words which none of the children could understand.

Supper over, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens (for that was their name) and the two younger children sat before the tiny fire, and Mr. Dickens talked of how he might raise enough money to pay his debts, leave the prison, and start fresh in some new business. Charles had heard these same

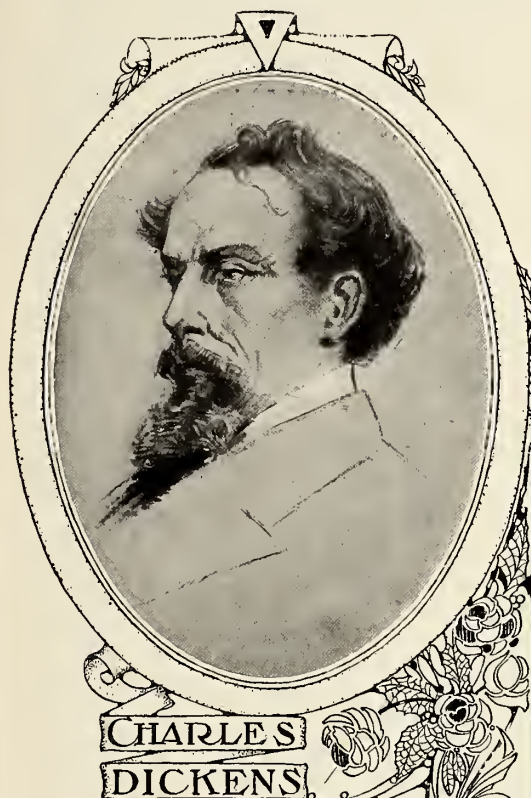


plans from his father's lips a thousand times before, and so he took from the cupboard an old book which he had bought at a little second-hand

through a dismal labyrinth of the dark and narrow streets of old London. Sometimes a rough voice or an evil face would frighten him, and he would take to his heels and run as fast as he could. When he passed the house where he had asked for Mr. Fagin he chuckled to himself; he would not have had his friend know for worlds that his family's home was the Marshalsea Prison.

Even that room in the prison, however, was more cheerful than the small back-attic chamber where the boy fell asleep for the second time that night. He slept on a bed made up on the floor, but his slumber was no less deep on that account.

The noise of workmen in a timber-yard under his window woke Charles when it seemed much too dark to be morning. It was, however, and he was quickly dressed, and making



CHARLES  
DICKENS

shop a few days before, a small tattered copy of "Don Quixote," and read it by the light of a tallow candle in the corner.

The lines soon blurred before the boy's tired eyes, his head nodded, and he was fast asleep. He was awakened by his father's deep voice. "Time to be leaving, Charles, my son. You have not forgotten that my pecuniary situation prevents my choosing the hour at which I shall close the door of my house. Fortunately it is a predicament which I trust will soon be obviated to our mutual satisfaction."

The small fellow stood up, shook hands solemnly with his father, kissed his mother, and took his way out of the great prison. Open doors on various landings gave him pictures of many peculiar households; sometimes he would stop as though to consider some unusually puzzling face or figure.

Into the night again he went, and wound

*the boy of the*  
LONDON  
STREETS



his breakfast from the penny cottage loaf of bread, a section of cream-cheese, and small bottle of milk, which were all he could afford to buy from the man who rented him the room. Then he took the roll of paper marked with the name of the day from the drawer of his bureau and counted out the pennies into his pocket. They were not many; he had to live on seven shillings

a week, and he tucked them away very carefully in a pocket lest he lose them and have to do without his lunch.

He was not yet due at the blacking factory, but he hurried away from his room and joined the crowd of early morning people already on their way to work. He went down the embankment along the Thames until he came to a place where a bench was set in a corner of a wall. This was his favorite lounging-place; London Bridge was just beyond, the river lay in front of him, and he was far enough away from people to be secure from interruption. As he sat there watching the bridge and the Thames a small girl came to join him. She was no bigger than he, perhaps a year or two older, but her face was already shrewd enough for that of a grown-up woman. She was the maid-of-all-work at a house in the neighborhood, and she had fallen into the habit of stopping to talk for a few moments with the boy on her way to work in the morning. She liked to listen to his stories. This was his hour for inventing them. He could spin wonderful tales about London Bridge, the Tower, and the wharves along the river. Sometimes he made up stories about the people who passed in front of them, and they were such astonishing stories that the girl remembered them all day as she worked in the house. He seemed to believe them himself; his eyes would grow far away and dreamy and his words would run on and on until a neighboring clock brought him suddenly back to his own position.

"You do know a heap o' things, don't you?" said the little girl, lost in admiration. "I 'd rather have a shillin', though, than all the fairy-tales in the world."

"I would n't," said Charles, stoutly. "I 'd rather read books than do anything else."

"You 've got to eat, though," objected his companion; "and books won't make you food. 'T ain't common sense." She relented in an instant. "It 's fun though, Charley Dickens. Good-by till to-morrow."

Charles went on down to the old blacking factory by Hungerford Stairs, a ramshackle building almost hanging over the river, damp and overrun with rats. His place was in a recess of the counting-room on the first floor, and as he covered the

bottles with the oil-paper tops and tied them on with a string, he could look from time to time through a window at the slow coal-barges swinging down the river.

There were very few boys about the place. At lunch-time he would wander off by himself, and, selecting his meal from a careful survey of several pastry-cook's windows, invest his money for the day in fancy cakes or a tart. He missed the company of friends of his own age. Even Fanny, his oldest sister, he only saw on Sundays, when she came back to the Marshalsea from the place where she worked to spend the day with her family. It was only grown-up people that he saw most of the time, and they were too busy with their own affairs to take much interest in the small shabby boy who looked just like any one of a thousand other children of the streets. In all the men at the factory it was only the big clumsy fellow named Fagin who would stop to chat with the lad. So it was that Charles was forced to make friends with whomever he could, people of any age or condition; and was driven to spend much of his spare time roaming about the streets, lounging by the river, reading stray books by a candle in the prison or in the little attic where he slept. It was not a boyhood that seemed to promise much.

In time the boy left the factory and tried being a lawyer's clerk, then a reporter, and at last wrote a book of his own. The book was "Pickwick Papers," and it was so original that people clamored for more. Then the young man took note of all the strange types of people among whom he had lived as a boy, and those days of poverty and drudgery were turned to wonderful account because he could write of such people and such scenes as he remembered them. The little maid-of-all-work became the "Marchioness" in the "Old Curiosity Shop," Bob Fagin loaned his name to "Oliver Twist," and in "David Copperfield" we read the story of the small boy who had to fight his way through London alone. Those days of his boyhood had given him a deep insight into human nature, into the humor and pathos of other people's lives; and it was that rare insight that enabled him to become in time one of the greatest of all English writers, Charles Dickens, the beloved novelist of the Anglo-Saxon people.

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## WINTER

SNOWFLAKES flutter down from the clouds  
 And icicles hang from the eaves,  
 But the sleeping flowers never know  
 And lie warm beneath the leaves.

The children polish skates and sleds  
 They never find it drear,  
 The house is full of spicy smells,  
 And Christmas-time draws near.





WINTER.

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



THE little boy and the little girl had many friends among the animals. There was the rabbit, the turtle, and the owl and the proud blue jay and pretty, cheery Robin. The old gray goose and the speckled guinea hen and the quacking duck and the strutting rooster and the clucking hens were their friends, too. So were the pigeons and the old black crow, and the little, frisky, scampering squirrel.



MASTER SQUIRREL BRINGS NUTS FOR A PRESENT.



These friends all knew that early New Year's morning the little girl and the little boy would go to the evergreen playhouse for the gift the New Year brought. Nobody had ever told the little girl and the little boy that the New Year would bring them a gift, but all children know a great many things that nobody tells them.

The evergreen playhouse was a beautiful circle of evergreen trees, with an opening on one side for a door. This playhouse had only the sky for a roof, so it was very gay and cheerful. A table for play stood in the center of the house.



All these bird and animal friends of the little girl and boy thought it would be nice to bring New Year's gifts and lay them on the table in the evergreen playhouse—fine, good, New Year's gifts.

So early New Year's morning the little boy and girl went hand in hand to the evergreen house and stood quietly inside the door.

Then they looked at the table and there they saw all the beautiful New Year's gifts.

"Feathers!" shouted the little boy when he saw what some of the birds had brought. "Feathers of all sorts of colors! I know what I will do. I am going to make an Indian war-bonnet that *is* a war-bonnet!—a perfect beauty!"

“Oh, see the red grains of corn, and the yellow grains of corn!” cried the little girl, as she saw the present the barnyard fowls had brought, “I’ll string them for a necklace!”

“Oh, goody, look at the nuts!” laughed the little boy, as he saw the nuts the squirrel had brought; “won’t they taste fine!”

“There’s my littlest doll—the one I lost!” shouted the little girl. The sharp-eyed crow had brought it back from his hiding-place.

“And there’s my lucky penny!” shouted the little boy. For that rascal of a crow had brought that back, too.

So they laughed over their presents until all their animal friends crept in to see.



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE GIRL HAD  
MANY FRIENDS AMONG THE ANIMALS.

“Come!” cried the little boy, “We’ll all have a dance around the table!”

So around they went; the birds and chickens, the squirrel and the crow, and all the friends, squeaking and quacking and crowing and chirping and cawing, while the little girl and boy sang “la, la, la,” to no tune at all, just because they were so happy.

“Mercy, children!” called their mother who came out to the evergreen house to see what was going on, “what *are* you doing!”

“Just having fun!” answered the little boy.

“Oh, the *mostest* fun, mama!” called the little girl, “with all our friends!”



A FUNNY FAMILY



There was a  
little lady. she was n't very big  
She had a spotted cow . . . . .  
Also a spotted pig . . . . .  
Her dress had dots . . . . .  
Her dog had lots . . . . .  
It was a funny family but oh so very trig



THE AUTOGRAPHS (TRACKS IN SNOW) OF MINK AND REDPOLLS NEAR THE BROOK.  
 Note carefully these "signs of wild life" on the ice-covered brook, in the foreground, near the tree, and on the right and left banks.

### SIGNS OF WILD LIFE IN WINTER

BIRDS and four-footed animals are few now and rather seldom seen, for it is not always easy to wade through the deep snow in the woods and fields for chance glimpses of crossbills, owls, redpolls, and snow-buntings, while fur bearers generally make quick forays after food and water and soon return to their snug burrows or hollow trees. We are lucky if we see on our winter walk "hide or hair" of anything but a few squir-

characters. Not even a tiny field-mouse can take one timid step from his hole without leaving this record for sharp eyes to read. The snow, which shuts the animals themselves away from us, is, after all, an advantage. Animals of which we learn little in summer, because they are scarce or roam abroad largely at night, now by their trails in the snow tell us about their wanderings, how and where they got food, and where they went for water; and whether they ran, trotted, walked, or ambled, is there written down.



"WRITING HIS SIGNATURE."  
 The cottontail rabbit making tracks in snow.

rels and rabbits. But on the snow are many stories written in most varied and interesting

In looking for and following these written trails, I have learned that certain kinds of places are particularly favored. Thus a swift stream or any piece of open water is always sure to attract many of the winter wide-awakes, and is the best place I know in which to look for various snow trails, especially of mink and muskrat. Near bushy or weedy growths along old fences, beside low thickets or in dry sedgy marshes you will find that mice have been most numerous and active, their trails crossing and recrossing in some places quite like the railroad tracks at a busy junction, or a large freight terminal. Here, too, is naturally a good place to look for signs of foxes and of big snowy owls. Where one of these creatures has sat in wait for the mice or pounced upon one of the poor fellows there will be curious marks to study. The fox, however,



is a great traveler, and once you are in the open or wooded country you should be constantly on the lookout for his trail, though unless foxes are more than usually numerous in your locality, one or two fresh trails are all for which you may reasonably hope.

A weedy field with just the right look is perhaps the second best place for wild trails, mostly bird tracks. Goldenrod, "sticktight" of various sorts, mullein, and other heady weeds in the shelter of a wood, with perhaps clumps of black haw and wild plum—this is the place for winged winter gleaners. A search here can hardly fail to show where "snowflakes," tree sparrows, horned larks, redpolls, and perhaps goldfinches have been at work; about specially seedy stalks of the right kinds the little trails are clustered and confused, reminding us of the mice tracks which we saw in the swamp, but much more thickly grouped than mouse tracks are ever found to be. I have watched the lively birds making just such trails on a frosty day, and how they did flutter and flit about one weed stalk, one of the flock trying to keep all the rest away and at

you pick out the snowflake's tracks and those of the tree sparrow? If not you have so much at least to learn in the weedy field.



RED FOX AND TRAIL.

It is remarkable how many tracks of foxes you will see quite near the village, where they have been in the night.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.



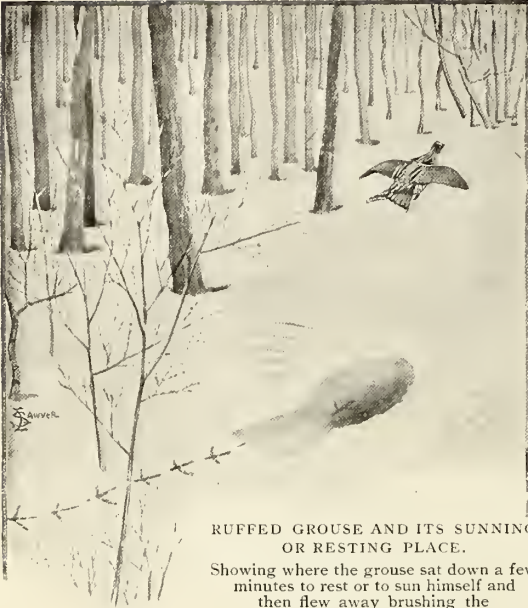
THE TRACKS OF THE RACCOON.

Trail to home tree. In the upper part of the tree is the entrance to the hollow interior. In the circle is a near view of this entrance.

the same time feed from the weed by tiptoeing or flying up to reach the higher seeds! In these tangled trails among the weeds and stubble, can

Woods and thickets of any sort may show tracks of the ruffed grouse. But at this season I go for these to an alder swamp or low lying alder thicket. Here the shy grouse love to go to feed on the buds and catkins of alders and other trees usually found in such places. I have found the trails very numerous for weeks together about fresh brush piles where woodmen have been at work. To me the trail of this bird is always the most interesting of all. Here and there are places where the grouse has rested a while in the snow and left the imprint of breast and tail. This is the time to find the snow caves where these birds spend the cold nights when the snow is deep.

Coming to the big woods we find the tracks of red squirrels and rabbits most abundant. Now look for the more rare trails of gray squirrels, skunks, and raccoons. A wood-cutter once told me of felling a hollow tree in which he found to his great surprise half a dozen or more 'coons.



RUFFED GROUSE AND ITS SUNNING  
OR RESTING PLACE.

Showing where the grouse sat down a few  
minutes to rest or to sun himself and  
then flew away brushing the  
snow with the tips of his  
wings as he rose.

This lazy animal seldom, if ever, stirs abroad in bright daylight, but at night unrolls himself and crawls clumsily down from the old tree in which

winter woods. The skunk is a born ambler. His trail will be found going this way and that as he looked for food; now and then he has stopped to root down to the ground. The other day I met a little skunk going about rooting with much energy in the muck of the wood. Undisturbed, he allowed me to follow him about until I came closer than a few yards, when he would face around and try to scare me by making little runs in my direction, then scraping backward with his front feet, a very peculiar way that skunks have.

Though the birds seem merry and lively, and the red squirrel frisks across the snow, the wild creatures really have little love for frost and bleakness. The squirrels are out for food and, when not "hunched up" gnawing a butternut or a frozen apple or looking for something to gnaw, they will be found curled up on a branch close against the side of a tree, the tail close over the back, their feet tucked well in under them. Bob-whites, redpolls, and goldfinches on sunny days leave their tracks in weedy fields. A storm drives them to the shelter of the woods or to some protected place. The bob-whites, or quail, snuggle close together under tall grasses or in some thick vegetation to spend the nights and to weather out rough winds. When there is snow in such places you will find it fairly trampled



A RED SQUIRREL IN COLD  
WEATHER POSE.



"BOB-WHITE" (QUAIL) IN SHELTER OF A BANK.  
Quail often seek the sunny side of a steep bank.

is spent a great part of his life. His tracks are indeed interesting and if possible should be followed. Can you tell a 'coon's trail from a skunk's? Here is something to learn in the

down by the numerous little feet. The bob-white's track is exactly like that of a ruffed grouse, only smaller.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.



**HOW THE PUFFER DISCOMFITS HIS ENEMY**

ALL the little sea-folk have their own clever way of protecting themselves from their enemies, but



A PUFFER.

"Just imagine the little puffer swimming around in the water, like a small round box with a head on."

the spiny box-fish has about the cleverest way of all.

He belongs to the great family called Puffer, and you will see in a moment how well the name fits him.

Just imagine the little puffer swimming around in the water, looking like a small round box with a head on. A big fish comes along, sees the little puffer and thinks, "There 's just a good mouthful for me!" But just as he darts toward him, the little puffer blows himself up like a ball, turns over on his back, and floats around with all his sharp pricklers sticking out toward his enemy.

The big fish is dazed, he stares at the puffer and thinks, "Can that great prickly thing be the same little fish I tried to swallow!" He can't understand it, but he sees there is no use trying, so he goes sadly on his way—and when the little



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PUFFER.

"Can that prickly thing be the same little fish?"

The two photographs in this column are reproduced through the courtesy of L. B. Spencer.

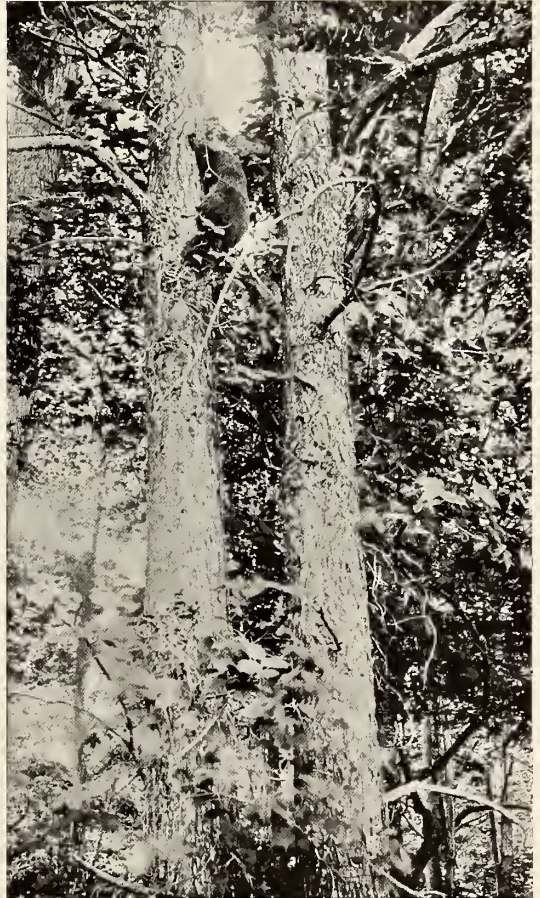
puffer is sure he is gone, he just empties the water out of his skin and goes back to his usual size.

Now is n't that a pretty clever trick for a little fish to play? But you see Mother Nature gave the little puffer just that kind of a body that he might escape from his enemies.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

**A WOODCHUCK IN A TREE**

THE accompanying cut shows a fully-grown woodchuck about fifteen feet up in an elm-tree. The tree stood beside a wood which shows in the background. The animal was in this position when I came across him, and apparently had climbed the tree simply to get leaves which he



A WOODCHUCK CLIMBING A TREE.

was eating when first seen. Before I could take a second picture of him, he either fell or jumped to the ground with a thud, and scurried off to his hole in the field some fifty feet away. I have seen one other woodchuck in a tree, but never saw one at such a height. They are ground-dwellers and are very rarely seen, even a few feet up in a tree.

E. J. S.

### THE OLD-MAN CACTUS

THE great desert in the southeastern part of the United States contains many forms of cacti. Fantastic shapes and strange forms are plentiful. An exceedingly interesting species has lately been introduced from Mexico. In its native home it often attains the height of twenty or twenty-five feet. The plants are covered with very long white "hairs," which resemble the gray hairs on



AN OLD-MAN CACTUS.  
Photograph by C. C. Pierce & Company.

an old man's head. This strange appearance has given this cactus its common name. The scientific name is *Pilocereus senilis*.—CHARLOTTE M. HOAK.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER ENGRAVED ON THE HEAD OF A PIN

PROBABLY we all have heard of one-dollar gold pieces with the Lord's Prayer engraved on one side. Several years ago these were worn by many as watch-charms. Occasionally even now one may be seen thus worn. Such minute engraving may well be considered skilful work.

But recently this has been made to seem, at least, by comparison, quite a simple matter, because Mr. William L. Stuart, a young man engaged in business in New York City, has performed the seemingly impossible feat of engraving the entire Lord's Prayer on the head of an

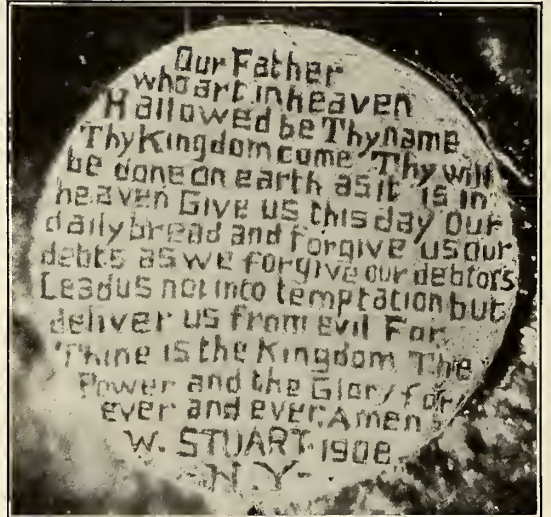
ordinary pin, to which he has added his name and the year, making altogether two hundred and seventy-six letters and figures.



ENGRAVING THE PIN HEAD.  
Mr. Stuart's hands resting on a thick, leather cushion as he cuts the pin head with an ordinary engraver's tool.

As will be seen in the accompanying photograph of the head of the pin greatly magnified, he could have crowded in a few more (if it had been simply a matter of letters and not of words) at the top, at the right-hand side and at the bottom. The pin, looked at without a magnifying glass, seems to have a merely roughened surface.

Mr. Stuart did the work at odd times during his regular employment and with very ordinary tools, which seemingly are not adapted to such fine engraving. The pin was set in a block of wood and a common engraver's tool was used.



A PHOTOGRAPH (GREATLY MAGNIFIED) OF THE LORD'S PRAYER ENGRAVED ON THE HEAD OF AN ORDINARY PIN.

A simple microscope, costing only about twenty-five cents and known as a "linen tester," furnished the necessary magnifying.



"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW" St. Nicholas Union Square New York

????????????????

**GOLDENROD GALLS**

CHERRY VALLEY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you some goldenrod having queer, swollen places on the stalks. I have heard it called a "disease" and wish you would please tell me what it is. All the goldenrod is not so affected, but about half of what I have seen around this neighborhood has this peculiar, bulb-like formation. I have seen some with three swellings on one stalk. What seems rather strange is that the flowers seem as developed and pretty on many of the "diseased" plants as on the others.

Your devoted friend,  
PAULINE M. DAKIN.

Swellings on leaf, twig, stem, and roots of various plants are quite common and appeal to almost any person as not a part of the normal growth of the plant. Such growths caused by insects are called galls. The galls you send are



"GOLDENROD HAVING QUEER SWOLLEN PLACES ON THE STALKS."

the common goldenrod ball gall. (There are other kinds of galls on the goldenrod that consist of bunches of leaves.)

The growth is caused by one or more eggs of insects inserted in a bud, a flower, a leaf, a root, or some other part of a plant.

**IVY ON OAKS**

NAPA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send a photograph, taken by my aunt, of one of the two old and ivy-covered oaks on the lawn of our old home. The ivy was planted about twenty



TWO LARGE, IVY-COVERED OAKS.

years ago by the Honorable Eli T. Sheppard. There is a great quantity of ivy on each of these oaks, and my brother and I used to hang in its trailing festoons. A rose vine climbs to the top of each oak and every year hangs out its beautiful yellow roses fifty feet above the ground. The photograph I send was taken in the winter when the oak is bare.

With best wishes to the St. NICHOLAS,  
MARGARET A. FARMAN.

**WHAT ARE MADSTONES?**

DENVER, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me where the madstones are found, and what is the correct name for them?

Yours very truly,  
FRANK FLEMING.

Madstone, a vegetable substance or stone which, when applied to a wound caused by the bite of a mad dog, is said to prevent hydrophobia. The most famous one in the United States is owned by the descendants of a family named Fred, in Virginia. This stone was brought over from Scotland in 1776. It is said to be the one spoken of by Sir Walter Scott in "The Talisman," and has been religiously preserved as one of the most valuable relics of the age. It is about two inches long by one inch broad, and about half an inch thick, and is of a chocolate color. When applied to the wound it adheres till all the poison is absorbed, when it drops off. It is then soaked in warm milk or water for a time, and when removed the liquid is found to be full of a greenish-

yellow scum. It is said that of the 130 cases in which it has been applied for a bite of a mad dog, none ever suffered from hydrophobia. There are said to be three authenticated madstones in the United States.

The belief in a madstone was common hundreds of years ago in the East, and travelers in India in 1677 and 1685 make mention of it. Tradition said it grew on the head of certain snakes. George F. Kunz, a New York expert in gems, identifies the madstone, or snakestone, of the East, with the stone known as tabersheer, which is a variety of opal found in the joints of the bamboo in Hindustan and Burma. This stone is formed of juice which by evaporation becomes mucilaginous, then a solid substance, and when placed in the mouth will adhere to the palate; it is said even to cause water to boil. Sir David Brewster says it is found in the joints of diseased corn-stalks, and is formed by sap depositing silica.—THE ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA.

I have had in my possession for a number of years a substance which answers all the qualities of an absorbent. This view has been accepted and credited to me by the late Valentine Ball, formerly of the Geological Survey of Indiana, in his "Tavernier Travels"; namely, it is the Taversheer—the opal which forms in the joints of the bamboo.—GEORGE F. KUNZ.

Madstone is a term applied to a variety of natural objects, superstitiously believed to have the power of drawing out the poison from a wound made by a venomous animal. There are probably hundreds of so-called madstones in the United States.

One of the oldest forms of madstone is the "Bezoar-stone." Ibu Baither (died 1242 A.D.) ascribes to it the power of "attracting the poison of venomous animals." The Museum has a specimen of the "bezoar-stone" which came from China.

Halloysite is a mineral of which some of the famous madstones are composed. It absorbs moisture with avidity, and adheres to a moist surface until nearly saturated.

A few years ago what was claimed to be a madstone of known efficacy, was offered for sale to the Smithsonian Institution for the sum of one thousand dollars. It proved to be a polished seed of the Kentucky coffee-tree (*Gymnocladus canadensis*).

A pebble of carbonate of lime, said to have been found in the stomach of a deer, was recently presented to the Museum as a veritable madstone.

Two "hair-balls" from the stomach of a buffalo

were sent to the Museum as madstones, one of which had been "successfully used in two cases of dog bite."

(The Museum desires further contributions to its collection of this class of objects.)

Signed, JAMES M. FLINT,

Curator U. S. Museum, Washington.

Will our readers please send any information they may have as to madstones.—E. F. B.

#### A CURIOUS "TRANSPARENT" PHOTOGRAPH

GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When we printed this picture I discovered a very strange thing. When you look closely you can see the boards of the house and fence right through



A CURIOUS "TRANSPARENT" PHOTOGRAPH.

the figure of the woman and the clothes on the line and also the grass through the basket. Will you please tell me why that is?

LAUREN MCADAM (age 10).



It seemed to me self-evident that this was the result of a double exposure—one before the clothes, woman, and basket were there, and one afterward. The Eastman Kodak Company agrees with this and writes as follows:

“The print submitted was certainly from a negative on which two exposures had been made. The only way we can account for the effect shown is that the shutter was operated twice while the camera was in the same position, the first time unknown to the operator, before the figure, etc., were within range of the lens.”

The writer of the query, however, insists that it is not double. Upon writing him my explanation and sending the letter from the Eastman Kodak Company, he writes:

“I don't think it could have been a double exposure, because the woman, clothes, and basket were there when we took the picture. It was set at the instantaneous exposure.”

On the supposition that it is a double exposure (and I see no other explanation), it must be admitted that it is a remarkable fact that the clapboards in the upper part and the grass in the foreground are sharp and show even under the lens not the slightest slurring. One would think it not a puzzle but an exceedingly good trick photograph, with not the slightest movement in the two exposures.

What amateur photographer can explain this?

#### SPARKS IN THE SAND

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what makes sparks in the sand? One evening last summer we were walking in the wet sand on the beach when the tide was out, and by drawing our feet quickly over the surface the sand shone with hundreds of sparks. Will you please tell me what causes this? I should like very much to know.

Your interested reader,

DOROTHEA HARNECKER.

This was probably caused by the minute animals known as *Noctiluca*, which occur in immense numbers on the surface of the sea and are frequently left in great abundance entangled among the sand grains when the tide has ebbed. They are so small that a single one is not more than from one one-hundredth to four one-hundredths of an inch in diameter, yet each one has a distinct mouth and digestive tract. The surface of the body, which is soft and easily crushed, becomes phosphorescent when injured or even when the animal is disturbed. A bucket of sea water will often become brightly luminous when suddenly jarred, because these little creatures exist there so abundantly and give out their phosphorescent light when jostled, and it often happens that the surface of the sea will at night become brightly lighted in great patches by the presence of the *Noctiluca*.

#### A RASPBERRY VINE TREED

ROWE, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a photograph that may be of interest to your readers. It shows the trunk of a large sugar-maple that stands on a farm in this town, and a rasp-



THE RASPBERRY VINE GROWING IN A SUGAR-MAPLE TREE.

berry vine that is growing in the crotch of the tree at a height of ten feet from the ground. The tree is old and there is quite an accumulation of dirt in the crotch, so that the vine is quite prosperous, with shoots several feet in length, bearing fruit just as if the vine were growing in the ground.

Yours truly,

N. A. C. SMITH.

It seems probable that the seed for the vine was carried to the tree by birds.

#### MUSIC MAKES A DOG HOWL

CRAGSMOOR, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My grandfather has an Irish setter about eight years old. When he hears music of any sort he raises his head and howls. Does he like it or not? Some of the family say he does because sometimes he wags his tail when he “sings,” but others say he does not because he howls so.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY E. DUNCAN.

All dogs and wolves will join in and howl more or less to music. If they disliked it they would go away; on the contrary, in most cases they come and wag their tails. It seems to give them pleasure.—ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

# THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

## JANUARY



"A HEADING." BY EUGENE L. WALTER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

FAREWELL to Nineteen-eight,—Hail Nineteen-nine!

The New Year's trumpet-call,  
Sounding the slogan that is ours, "Advance!"

Rings out, for one and all,  
To plant the banners of the League, each year,  
Upon some loftier wall.

And that the ardent young members of the League will do this, there can be no doubt. Indeed, the merit of their contributions seems steadily to increase, showing that, for each and all, the standard of achievement grows higher, year by year.

In the future we shall endeavor to print on the first page of the League (as we do in this number) the names of the prize-winners of the current competition.

The subject "A Coasting Adventure" announced for this month's Prose Competition was a popular one, judging from the many excellent contributions sent in. It may have been rather a difficult one for young folk living in lands where there is no snow. While we had in mind the idea of "snow" when we announced the subject, we were not a little surprised, and very much pleased, to re-

ceive several contributions from tropical and sub-tropical countries. Of course, now we come to think of it, it is n't necessary to have snow for a good coast downhill! The zeal of the contributors from those snowless climes in writing about the only kind of coasting adventure their countries afforded shows what loyal League members they are, and how unwilling they were to let the competition pass without sending in a contribution.

We announced in the September number that, owing to the change in the date of issue for the magazine (the middle instead of at the end of the month), the date for closing the competitions would be the tenth of the month (for foreign members, the fifteenth). It was unavoidable that we could not give a longer notice, and a number of excellent contributions were received after the date for closing. But to be fair to the others, who may have had to hurry their work a little, we were obliged to exclude these late comers. Now that the tenth (for foreign members, the fifteenth) is the well-understood closing day, we shall hope to receive no tardy contributions at all.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 107

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Gold badges, **Mary de Lorme Van Rossem** (age 16), Amsterdam, Holland, and **James B. Hunter** (age 15), Tusla, Cal.

Silver badges, **Jeannette Munro** (age 14), and **Elizabeth Page James** (age 14), Lawrenceburg, Ind.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Caroline Walker Munro** (age 12), Madison, Wis., and **Theodore Cockcroft** (age 16), Oakland, Cal.

Silver badges, **Helen M. Hamilton** (age 12), Sterlington, N. Y.; **Agnes Davidson** (age 12), Glasgow, Scotland, and **Josephine P. Keene** (age 14), Watertown, Mass.

**Drawing.** Gold badges, **Eugene L. Walter** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Clarence E. Matthews** (age 17), Newark, N. J.

Silver badges, **William E. Fay** (age 13), Marietta, Ohio; **Elmer E. Hagler, Jr.** (age 13), Springfield, Ill., and **Margaret Reed** (age 16), Concord, N. H.

**Photography.** Gold badges, **Oakes I. Ames** (age 15), Readville, Mass., and **Mary Catharine Rhodes** (age 16), Richmond, Va.

Silver badges, **Howard F. Barkley** (age 10), New York City, and **Herbert L. Bisbee** (age 15), East Sunner, Mass.

**Wild Creature Photography.** First prize, **Gordon Reed** (age 12), Montreal, Canada. Second prize, **Rachel Young** (age 14), Washington, D. C. Third prize, **George Curtiss Job** (age 16), West Haven, Conn. Fourth prize, **Mary Comstock** (age 12), New Haven, Conn.

**Puzzle Answers.** Gold badges, **Violet W. Hoff** (age 11), Sherwood, Md., and **John Flavel Hubbard, Jr.** (age 13), Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.

Silver badge, **W. Lloyd**, Albany, N. Y.

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badges, **Isabelle B. Miller** (age 16), New York City, and **Hester Gunning** (age 13), Fall River, Mass.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Margaret Warden** (age 14), West Kirby, Cheshire, England, and **Alan Dudley Bush** (age 8), Little Heath, Potter's Bar, Herts, England.



PROMISES

BY JAMES B. HUNTER (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

INVENTORS promise us the heatless light,  
The ocean-crossing submarine,  
The airships flying day and night,  
And then we smile.

The thinkers tell us that the world will grow  
Still better than 't was e'er before;  
But gazing ever in the mud below,  
We groan awhile.

Why do we doubt? The Stone Age men  
So doubted their strange brother in the cave,  
Who shaped the black ore for a spear,—but then,  
He killed a crocodile.

Why do we doubt? A hundred years  
Have worked great changes on this earth of ours.  
The slaver steals no more 'mid sighs and tears,  
Beyond the Nile.

And so it is. The promises and dreams  
Of one age, do come true the next.  
All honored he who sees beyond what seems  
To stay the style!



"THE ORCHARD." BY HERBERT L. BISBEE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY MARGARET REED, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY CAROLINE WALKER MUNRO (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge)

A FEW years ago my father was staying in a little village in the Vosges about a quarter of a mile from the French frontier.

One lovely winter's day he, with a party of eight Americans and one Scotchman, decided to slide down the side of one of the near-by mountains.

They procured a large lumber sled, and, after hauling it part way up the mountain, started off.

They were having such a fine time sliding amid the glorious scenery, that they did not notice that they had slid over the French border until they went to a near-by town for refresh-

ments and were not allowed to return to Alsace without a passport.

As it would have taken quite a while to get a passport, the party went to Switzerland and from there to Germany.

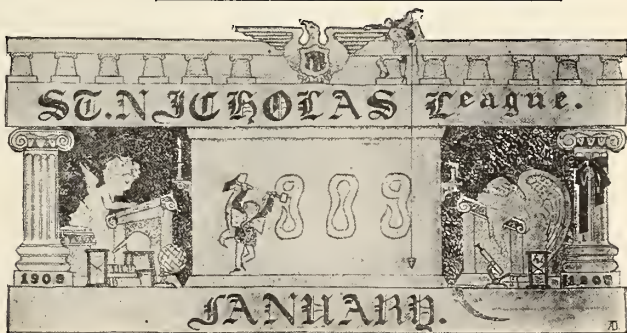
In their descent they had broken a board in the bottom of the sled, and when they returned it to the farmer there was great consternation in the family.

The whole family, husband, wife, and children, wept because of the scarcity of lumber with which to repair the hole. Of course my father and his friends said they would pay for it, and asked how much it would cost.

After carefully considering the question the farmer asked if one mark would be too much.

They gave him two marks and left the whole family smiling radiantly, and the farmer remarked that he wished they would take his sled every day.

LEAGUE members will please not forget that contributions must be received by the tenth of the month—for foreign members, the fifteenth.



"A HEADING." BY A. DE OURG TEES, AGE 13.

THE KING'S PROMISE

BY FRANCIS M. BARRANCO (AGE 14)

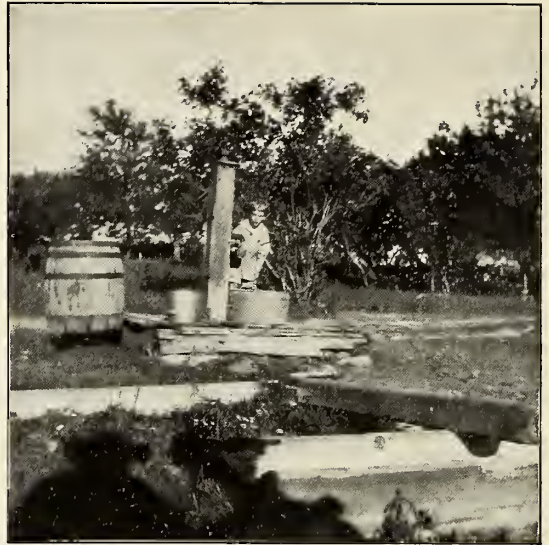
BEFORE the city's towering walls  
 Encamped the king's great army lay;  
 Upon the lofty citadel  
 A knight's fair standard rose and fell.  
 The seventh day had passed away  
 Since the attack of the monarch's host;  
 Yet still it flew, the rebel's boast.



"YOUNG BROAD WINGED HAWKS." BY GEORGE CURTISS JOB, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A truce was called; the stately king  
 Met the brave knight at the trysting tree.  
 There swore he on his royal lance,  
 Upon the lilies white of France,  
 That the defenders should go free.  
 The drawbridge fell ere the trumpet's note;  
 "Go, fling the traitors in the moat!"

With sword in hand the knight appears;  
 A streak, a flash, their swords do clash.  
 "Thou art the traitor, false-hearted king;  
 Of thy dishonored word shall minstrels sing,  
 Not of thy glory!" His snowy sash  
 Crimsoned in blood, as he grasped his mace,  
 And, dying, flung it in the monarch's face.



"AN ORCHARD." BY KATHARINE TIGHE, AGE 12.

A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY AGNES DAVIDSON (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

I WILL never forget the terrible adventure my brother Jack and I had last winter. It had been a very bad winter for tobogganing, and we were very disappointed as we were very fond of it.

Well, one day about the middle of February when we looked out of the window we saw that it had been freezing and we hoped in a day or two to be able to toboggan.

The weather did not deceive us. In about four days' time from the aforesaid morning we started off. I will never forget the day; it was a clear, cold, frosty morning and the snow was lying thick on the ground.

Just a little way from our house there was a long and comparatively steep hill, terminating in a railway line, which was just then under repair, and no trains were supposed to be running on it. So we determined to take our toboggan there. We started, and the toboggan went flying down the hill and before we could stop, it went bump against the railway line and sent us flying all over the



"CATTLE." BY WILLIAM E. FAY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



place. However, we did not hurt ourselves a bit, and up we went again for another turn. We had just got started when all of a sudden we heard the whistle of a train. We were in an awful state, and Jack tried to stop the toboggan, but it would not stop and we went rushing on down, down, with the train just nearly on us. I shut my eyes and tried not to think, when all of a sudden my brother gave a shout, "Saved!!" and I opened my eyes to find that owing to a little sort of bump on the hill the toboggan had turned to one side and was stuck in a bush at the bottom of the hill, and the train safely passed. How thankful we were that we were saved, and I need not say that we never went tobogganing on that hill again.

### LIFE'S PROMISES

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALL (AGE 16)

WHAT matters it that stormy tempests blow?  
Why should we shrink or fear?  
We need not fret and grumble, for we know  
That spring is near.

What if the night be long and full of pain,  
Unlit by stars or moon;  
What though it seems no sun will shine again?  
Light cometh soon.

What if the task be hard for us to learn—  
Shall we not persevere?  
Yea, labor on, with purpose true and stern,  
Till all is clear.

What though the world seems heartless and unkind?  
What if we have no friend?  
Let us be patient: we are sure to find  
Love in the end.

### A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY HELEN M. HAMILTON (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

A COASTING adventure, or more correctly, accident, which happened to me at the age of six or seven, comes clearly to my mind.

My small brothers, our nurse, and myself were out coasting one cold morning. The spot was excellent for our use, being a steep bank. Its only fault was that there were



"A HEADING." BY HELEN B. KEEN, AGE 14.

rather too many trees, though it was not difficult for an experienced person to steer clear of them.

After having gone down several times with my nurse I begged her to let me go alone. She at first refused, but then thinking better of it, consented.



"ELK." BY MARY COMSTOCK, AGE 12. (FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

I must admit that I was extremely nervous as I sat upon the sled, preparatory to making my descent, which, at that moment, seemed so perilous.

Near the end of the course was a large tree, around which I had to steer. My nurse's last words as she shoved me off were: "Keep away from the tree." As I swept rapidly nearer to it, that awful tree loomed larger and larger, until, paralyzed with fear, I was powerless to steer clear of it. The last thing I remembered was colliding with it with a fearful crash and at the same moment uttering a piercing shriek.

I had struck that tree with such impetus that my sled was broken and my head came near being in a like condition. My nurse said



"A HEADING." BY ELMER E. HAGLER, JR., AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"AN ORCHARD." BY HOWARD F. BARKLEY, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

that all she heard and saw, was a yell, a crash, a flurry of snow, and a shower of splintered wood. Rushing to the spot, she found me with a very much battered head.

It is needless to add that it was a long time before I was allowed, or had any wish to coast alone.

#### THE PROMISES OF THE NEW-YEAR

BY BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (AGE 14)

A ROSY babe, adown the path he trips,  
The dimpled hands are filled with blossoms sweet;  
Bright minutes play about the tiny feet  
And harken to the sage words from his lips.

"Oh, People of the Earth, to you I bring  
The promise of a new and better year!  
With joyous hearts come, meet me without fear,  
For are not hope and gladness everything?"

"You who have conquered that with which you fought,  
Meet me with vows to do yet greater deeds,  
Right deeper wrongs, give what the whole world needs:  
Another life with strength and gladness fraught.

"And you who've failed in all your hopes of life,  
Come, and with me forget the past;  
Attain thy aspirations now at last,  
With a new heart once more rejoin the strife.

"To all humanity I say—  
'Adopt this creed:  
Give your best life; find  
and fill your place;  
Meet this great world with  
a bright, smiling face,  
Strive for one goal— To  
live, and then  
succeed.'"

BE careful of your punctuation. It is next in importance to the thought and words of your contribution.

#### A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY CATHERINE DUNLOP MACKENZIE (AGE 14)

IT was a glorious winter night, and the rising moon and firmly packed snow gave promise of many a splendid coast as Tommy Macleod rubbed the shining runners of his double-runner with his woollen mitten, and with a glance of pride at the gleaming red and white of the sled, ran through the gate and bounded down the road, drawing the "Flying Dutchman" by the steering-rope.

Reaching the hill where the coasting was best, Tommy stopped and looked up. The hill was a long one and very steep, in fact, an ideal one for coasting; the only danger lying in the passing of horses and sleighs at the cross-roads where Tommy stood. But generally the sleigh-bells themselves were warning enough to the coasters, and so far no accidents had occurred.

The snow was in perfect condition, the moonlight beautiful, and eagerly Tom commenced the climb.

His "Dutchman" had held first place among the double-runners in the town for three winters, and it was an excited group of boys that greeted him with the information that Will Allen had just declared he would race Tom's "Flying Dutchman" with his new "Comet," for the record that night.

Tom was Scotch, and he determined to hold the record



"A HEADING." BY CLARENCE E. MATTHEWS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

if possible; and after turning his double-runner said quietly: "All right, get your sleigh in line."

At the signal "go!" the two sleds sped down the hill. Faster and faster they went, "neck and neck," until Tom gained slightly, and as they neared the cross-roads he was nearly three feet ahead.

Just then a harsh jangle of bells broke on their ears, and with a yell, "Look out!" Will turned his sled into a snow-bank at the side of the road. But it was too late for Tom



"A HEADING." BY HELEN MAY, AGE 13.





"SQUIRREL." BY RACHEL YOUNG, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

to stop, and as he shot past, to his horror he saw a runaway team dash along the street in front of him.

For a second he froze with terror. There was no chance of stopping either the horse or his sleigh; but as they met, his nerve returned and as the terrified Will extricated himself from the bank he saw Tom steer directly between the horse's flying hoofs, and a moment later a deafening cheer from the bridge told that Tom still held the record.

### THE BIRDS' PROMISE OF SPRING

BY THALIA HOWARD SMITH (AGE 12)

O FLEET-WINGED messengers of Spring,  
Your flowing tunes with joy I hear!  
Your full throats seem to burst with song,  
Your notes, as running brooks, are clear.

I love you, for to me you sing  
Of buds and flowers, a paradise

Of earthly joys, of trees in bloom,  
And babbling streams set free from ice.

So warble on, O gentle birds,  
And swell your mellow throats, and sing.  
For you have filled my heart with hope,  
Within me, as without, is Spring!

### A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY CHARLES T. GUMMER  
(AGE 13)

THE incident which I am about to relate occurred in the winter of 1904. The country where I live is very hilly, and consequently we boys have lots of fun coasting.

I received a new sled for Christmas, and my first opportunity to use it was several weeks later, when we had the great blizzard. There are four hills close together. The

first is a small hill, the next very long and steep, the third long but not very steep, the last short and very steep. At the bottom of the last hill is a river, which, at this point, is quite narrow; the river was not entirely frozen over, making it rather unsafe. We boys had to work very hard all morning to get the hills packed; the work gave us a good appetite and we thoroughly enjoyed the generous supply of ham sandwiches which we had carried with us. After completing our luncheon we thought we would test our work; one of the boys and myself started out. The first attempt was unsuccessful, for, when we were part of the way down we were thrown headlong into a snow-drift; however, not at all discouraged, we tried again. We gained a most terrific speed and found we could not stop when we reached the bottom of the last hill. My friend, seeing the danger, slid off of the sled, but before I realized my position I was on the ice of the river heading straight for one of the numerous holes. I tried to steer away from the hole, but could not. At any rate, in some remarkable way the sled went into the hole under the ice and I was thrown headlong on the other side of the hole.

I was a thoroughly scared boy and when quite myself again started to hunt for my sled. The rest of the afternoon was spent fishing for my sled and I am happy to say that our efforts were at last rewarded, both the sled and its owner were safe. It was quite an experience, but the next day we were again coasting; however, we were careful that the experience should not be repeated.



"RACCOON." BY ROGER BROOKS, AGE 11.



"A HERD OF BUFFALO." BY GORDON REED, AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

## A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY NORINE MEANS (AGE 16)

MANY, many years ago, when Grandfather Keys was a lad, he had a coasting adventure, of which I shall never tire of hearing.

One day grandfather and several of his chums went coasting on Barney's hill, which leads to Catskill Creek.

After coasting for some time the boys decided to try the Creek for skating. All went well when they were coast-



ST. NICHOLAS  
LEAGUE  
JANUARY  
1909.

"A HEADING." BY  
KATHARINE NEWELL, AGE 16.

ing, but when they had skated some time, one of the boys started up the Creek to a place where they had not been. He was going at a rapid pace and saw that there was thin

ice ahead, but it was too late; he could not stop, and before he could call to any one he went crashing through the ice.

His cries for help brought the others down the Creek, with grandfather in the lead. It was puzzling how to rescue the boy—the ice crumbled as he caught at its edges, to support himself. Nor would the ice bear any of the skaters up.

Finally, grandfather went to the opposite bank, grasped a fence pole and hurried back. He skated around the boy



"THE ORCHARD." BY MARY KATHARINE RHODES, AGE 16.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

to mark his line of venture and then threw himself flat and extended the pole to the drowning boy, who grasped it eagerly. Immediately the others grasped grandfather's heels and pulled both boys to safety.

Then they built a big bonfire on the bank and thus ended their day of coasting, by the praising of one companion and thankfulness for the rescue of another.

## PROMISES OF THE NIGHT

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES  
(AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE light falls still on vale and  
hill,  
On river and field and  
bog;  
The soft pale light of approach-  
ing night  
Through the fast deepening  
fog.

A faint pink glow behind the  
row  
Of stately black hemlocks  
high,  
Is giving way before the  
gray  
That overcasts the  
sky.

The wind's complaint is low  
and faint,  
The hemlock-trees moan  
and sigh;  
The fog is deep, the hills  
asleep,  
And the long night draws  
nigh.



"THE ORCHARD." BY OAKES I. AMES, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



## A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY INEZ HALE (AGE 9)

I NEVER had a coasting adventure myself, but a friend of mine told me about one she had.

One day in November her mother took her to see her aunt and uncle, who lived in Maine. She was to stay two months, so her cousins who lived there also, determined to give her a good time.

The third day she was there they went coasting together. She sat on the back of Jack's sled while he steered it.

They had just returned from a coast down when Jack's cap blew off and he went after it. He said to Margaret: "Hold the sled till I get back." She settled herself comfortably and watched another sled go down. She had no sooner done this than a sudden gust of wind made her turn loose the rope to hold her hat on, and before she knew it the sled was shooting down the steep hill.

She had presence of mind enough to cry out to Fred Eckles in front of her: "Look out!"

He avoided the collision by catching at a near-by tree. The sled sped on. Margaret's hat fell off and her hair streamed wildly behind her.

The sled had nearly reached the bottom when it swerved aside, caught on a rock, and stopped, leaving Margaret unhurt.

## "THE PROMISE OF HOPE"

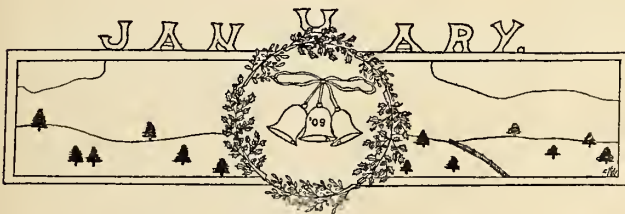
BY ELSA B. CARLTON CLARK (AGE 13)

'T WAS the end of the year, and a mourner was wailing,  
A rainfall of tears o'er the sin of the past,  
And a wild wind of sighs, like a tempest, was heaving  
Through clouds of despair, that were gathering fast.

With a past unforgiven, a present so dreary,  
No hope for the future, the mourner wept on;  
A tempest of sorrow, a wailing so weary!  
All gladness, all promise for this life was gone.

Yes, gone with the year whose death-bell was tolling;  
The year that was numbered with all that was gone,  
When brightly the chimes for the New-year came rolling,  
To bid the dead "Sleep!" and the living "Speed on!"

Oh! blessed awakening! spirit of promise!  
To brighten the path which of late was despair,  
Thou hast, like the rainbow, bespanned a dark heaven  
With many-hued Hope, to rest lovingly there.



"A HEADING." BY CARRIE F. MCDOWELL, AGE 13.

## A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY JOSEPHINE P. KEENE (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

ABOUT a mile from my home are the golf links where we often go coasting. Six of us girls started off at eight one morning for a good time. The sun was dazzling on the white snow, but we plodded on unmindful of it.

Nearly all of us had "Flexible Flyers" which we had received at Christmas and those who had not were promised rides from the lucky ones.

When we reached our destination very few were there. The snow had drifted considerably and our usual coast was all bare brown grass, so we had to go sideways, endangering our clothes by passing near a barb wire fence. For some time we coasted with only our usual tumbles in the snow.

Suddenly, three ladies came on skees. They had walked from Cambridge and were tired of standing, so offered to



"A HEADING." BY JEANNE DEMÉTRE, AGE 15.

exchange their skees for sleds. The exchange was quickly made and they started off. One of them was on my new Flexible Flyer.

The one to whom I had loaned my sled did n't think about steering with her hands, so grasped the rope tightly with both hands and tried to steer with her feet.

But she lost her balance and rolled head over the sled down the hill, arriving unhurt at the bottom.

Meanwhile we three girls on the skees were trying to get up courage to start down the hill. Suddenly one of us started unexpectedly, nearly running into a sled, also on its way down with its owner.

Ruth, who was on the sled, turned quickly to the left, running into a barb-wire fence where she stuck while her sled went on. Very little damage was done considering the kind of a fence it was.

There were, of course, one or two "barn-door rips" and several scratches, but nothing serious. Shortly after, we went home, tired and cold, but happy.

## THE PROMISE OF DAY

BY MARJORIE MEEKER (AGE 14)

In the far east a streak of yellow shows,  
Grows dim, then slowly changes into rose.  
Save for this strip of light amid the gray,  
No sign is shown of coming break of day.  
Silence enfolds the world, no sound is heard  
But the faint chirp of some awak'ning bird.  
Like sentinels, the trees loom straight and  
high,  
Branches, like arms, showing black against  
the sky.

The light grows stronger, a faint, sighing  
breeze

Stirs the still leaves upon the plants and trees.

A soft expectancy is felt o'er all;  
Nature seems waiting for some promised call  
To start the work and play of a long day.  
Hark! stillness is broken: a chorus gay  
Of birds and insects, each and ev'ry one  
Striving its best to greet the rising sun,—  
An emblem, smiling down on lands well-tilled,  
Of the bright promise of the day fulfilled.

## THE DREAM PROMISE

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 12)

WHEN my dreamer goes to bed,  
And long shadows creep,  
Soft winds sigh  
Lullaby,  
Sleep, my dear one, sleep.

Sweet, sweet dreams will come to thee,  
When the bright stars peep;  
I to you  
Promise true,  
Sleep, my dear one, sleep.

Night her soft, dark mantle spreads,  
Dewy flowers weep;  
Breezes blow,  
Murm'ring low,  
Sleep, my dear one, sleep.

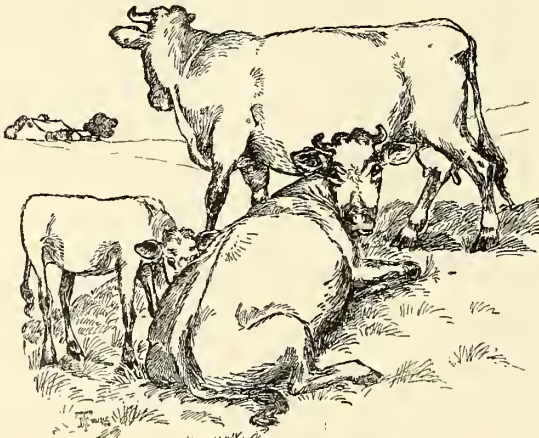
Now, I leave thee to thy rest,  
And my promise keep.  
Stars shall beam,  
Thou shalt dream,  
Sleep, my dear one, sleep.

## A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY ILVA CARMEN VAN SORDER (AGE 14)

MAYBE you think we have no coasting in Cuba because there is no snow and the winters are not even cold; but give us a grassy hill, a sled made of the stem of the palm leaf called a "yagua" which is about five feet long by three feet wide, with a rounding bottom and curving front, and we are ready for fun.

One day, when we lived out in the country on our "Finca," my brother Lloyd, myself, and our little black servant José were out in the field eating pineapples. "I wish we had our boards with us," said Lloyd; "just look



"CATTLE." BY DONALD F. CARLISLE, AGE 14.

at that hill; but who wants to go back and get them?" Then it was that José distinguished himself. "Why not use a 'yagua,'" said he. We all agree it is the best thing ever. The hill is steep and covered with "espartilla," a very wiry grass and just the thing we want. I sit down under a big tree at the top of the hill and watch Lloyd and José; they have to roll down the hill lots of times to get the course smooth. I am pleasantly occupied thinking of

the stunts I am going to perform, when I hear a wild yell. I jump to my feet and come near pitching down the hill head first, again the yell; it is Lloyd, he is still rolling, but pursued by wasps; he has run into a nest of wasps. José has reached the bottom and is squealing with laughter; this lasts until Lloyd brings up with a jerk beside him, then José begins to paw the air and the way he skinned up the opposite hill was wonderful. Of course the coasting for that day was over, and for several days Lloyd and José looked like a new and unheard-of race of Japanese. Of course I laughed after having gained safe distance and as Lloyd and José did n't seem to see the joke, I pretended I was laughing at Tito, our dog, who was also smitten by wasps and was dancing a wonderful highland-fling in the pineapple field.

## THE PROMISE

BY JEANNETTE MUNRO (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

WHEN I awoke one lovely day,  
Crisp Autumn's breath was in the air;  
Her beauty bright lay everywhere,  
All mirrored in the sparkling bay  
In changeful tints and colors rare.

White clouds were sailing in a sky  
Of deepest, clearest azure hue,  
The pines stood dark against the blue  
And raised their twisted branches high,  
All sparkling with the morning's dew.

A wood-bird sent her sweet, wild call  
From somewhere in the dark ravine,  
Where foliage was freshest green  
And, nestling in a cedar tall,  
Her vacant nest was plainly seen.

A soft, sweet, vagrant Autumn breeze  
Came, rustling over where I lay.  
It made the brown-tipped grasses sway  
And whispered through the arching trees  
The promise of a perfect day.

## A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY THODA COCKROFT (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge)*

It was summer-time in California. We were out "roughing it" near the Mt. Whitney region and one morning started before sunrise to climb a peak with an altitude of about 12,000 feet.

It was a good pull up. The last mile was all through snow. I had never been in so much before, but had quite enough for once. It was crisp beneath our feet going up, but when we started down, it had melted considerably and was hard to walk on, so some one suggested coasting.

I was afraid to try it at first, not being sure where I would land and rather dubious as to the temperature of the snow when one sat on it. Encouraged by the example of one of the party I sat down. Some one gave me a push—whiz—I flew, rapidly descending below the summits of the snow-capped Sierras which surrounded me on all sides. I hardly knew whether I enjoyed it at that rate of speed, but declared afterward that it was just "great." It surpassed every slide or helter-skelter I had ever been on. Splash! — what had happened? It took me several seconds to realize that I was up above my knees in freezing cold water, in a sort of a pit with banks of snow on all sides. I remembered then that I was cold, and that my



skirts were dripping wet, so I tried to get out by climbing up the slippery wall that I had slid down; but the snow was so soft that it gave way each time I attempted it.

The situation was becoming desperate before I discovered that I was in a creek and the covering of snow was very thin. I broke it away and walked down in the water where the banks were low. Here it was not hard to extricate myself and once out, I ran the rest of the way down hill. At camp, the packer had built a rousing fire where we all dried ourselves and I told the outcome of my "Coasting Adventure."

A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY LUCY A. DEWEY (AGE 10)

ONE day last winter my sister, brother, and I had been coasting in Central Park. When we were coming home we met a party of boys who offered to draw our sled for us, but I saw what was passing through their minds, and said:

"No, thank you, we are able to draw it ourselves."

Then they pitched into us, and tried to take it by force, but a man came by and the boys ran away.

We were walking along very slowly and the boys came at us again and knocked my sister and me down in the snow. I held on to the sled but my brother told me to let go; so I did, and the boys ran away with the sled.

Then we went out to Columbus Circle and got a mounted policeman. We described the boys, and he got two other policemen and they went after the boys and in about five minutes brought the boys and sled back.

They did not prove to be so brave *then* as when they took the sled, for they all cried. The policemen brought two small boys who were not in the trouble, so they were sent away. There were left three or four big boys who kept making a great fuss.

One policeman asked my brother whether he wanted the boys locked up or not.

He talked it all over, and finally said that he would let them go this time, but never again. After the policemen scolded the boys they sent them away.

Then we went home with the sleds, rather happy and excited.

A PROMISE OF FULFILMENT

BY MARY DE LORME VAN ROSSEM (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

THE old year stood on the edge of the world,  
Feeble and faint and cold;  
He sighed as the winter sun went down  
In a halo of misty gold.

"I am weary and worn and my life is o'er;  
I go to the Halls of the Past;  
Yet I fain would be there when Winter, the King,  
Is vanquished by Spring-tide at last.

"Though how can I know if Spring-tide will come  
And waken the earth with a song?  
Nature will perish in Winter's embrace,  
If, forgetting, she tarries too long.

"Last time she was late, and the New-year who comes  
Must remind her to haste on her way.

Yet how will he know? I would warn her myself,  
If Time would allow me to stay."

The darkness descended, the hours sped by,  
Too quickly the night was spent.  
But a whisper was breathed from the dreaming trees  
As the old year turned and went.

"The coming New-year fulfils your task,  
Your hopes are in him re-born.  
Go! rest in peace in the Halls of the Past,  
For lo! it is New-year's morn!"

A COASTING ADVENTURE

BY JEAN MASTEN (AGE 12)

DOWN in lower Canada, which I always associate with snowshoes, toboggans, and skating, though I have no idea why, there is a long hill ending in a pond, of some length and width, though not of depth. In winter this hill freezes till it is almost a sheet of ice, and the pond below it, too. It is a favorite coasting hill. Toboggans, bobs, and sleds haunt it all day long, and on the Saturday of which I speak, it was crowded with every imaginable kind of sled, from trays to toboggans. One after another they went down, till at last a long, heavy bob gained its turn. There must have been ten people on it, the heavy load making it go splendidly till it reached the bottom, then crack! crack! splash! and with a chorus of shrieks the party landed in the shallow but icy water of the pond. But they had the



"A HEADING." BY MARJORIE E. CHASE, AGE 16.

sense to jump quickly out as another load came down the hill. In that way two or three loads came down and ended abruptly in the pond, for the smooth, glass-like surface of the hill offered no obstructions to the swift sleds. There was much laughter and joking as the poor, damp unfortunates toiled home for dry clothes, and the others on a search for a new slide.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1		
Erma L. Merrill	Nellie Goldsmith	Eleanor Forwood
Eleanor Johnson	Elizabeth Toof	Geraldine Bousch
Ruth Livingston	Dorothy Gardiner	Margaret T. Babcock
Nell Adams	Bonny S. McLean	Jean Darling
VERSE, 2		
Minna Lewinson	Elizabeth A. Lay	Cecelia Shapiro
Bertha E. Walker	Julia Carr Ball	Helen J. McFarland
Ruth A. Burrell	Reginald Marsh	Marjorie S. Harrington
Dorothy Elaine Lucas	Daisy Zaegel	Margaret Schwinn
Eleanor M. Sickels	Mary A. Johnson	Flora Thomas
Theda Kenyon	John C. Farrar	Rosabelle Hollander
Augusta E. Chinnock	Miriam Abrams	
Emmeline Bradshaw	Marjorie Campbell	PROSE, 1
Helen E. Reed	Rosalind L. Herrmann	J. Marguerita Dyer
Lucile D. Woodling	Edith Sprague	Irene Drury
Edna van der Heide	Agnes Gray	Annie Alpert
Geo. F. Peabody		

Constance Winchell  
Allison E. Orbison  
Lavinia Jones  
Adeline Longaker  
Bernice Baker  
Louise M. Anawalt  
Therese Born  
Grace E. Moore  
Mary E. Dwight  
Helen C. Hughes  
Bernard L. Miller  
Rober. B. Carney  
Alma Ruth Mabrey  
Anna Halpert  
Charles A. McL. Vining  
Ruth Moore Morriss  
Erwin Esper  
Lorraine Voorhees  
Katharine Ames  
Eleanor B. Harvey  
Arthur E. Case  
Ida C. Kline  
Wm. B. Pressey  
Catharine D.  
Mackenzie  
Anna Hager Morriss  
Moses Rosenstein  
Beatrice Schwartz  
Henry Webb Johnstone  
Judith S. Finch  
Willia Morton Roberts  
Walter C. Strickland  
Rachel McN. Talbott

Eleanor Stewart  
Cooper  
Rebecca Lazarus  
W. Gory Troeger  
M. Frederica Smith  
Alice Trimble  
Ralph Perry  
Bertha Wardell  
Gladys Grant  
Margery Livingston  
Benita Murphy  
Ethel L. Blood  
Helen Clift  
Rosalie W. Lichtenfels  
Aline Buchman  
Eleanor W. Garrett  
Katharine B. Nesmith  
Lucy B. Clarke  
Roy Stewart  
Alice I. Gilman  
Alice B. Drew  
Elizabeth F. Abrams  
Agnes Davidson  
Dorritt Stumberg  
Jeannette Thompson  
Edwina Chase  
Blanche Deuel  
Vera M. Douglass  
Dorothy Ester  
Rose Shapiro  
Dorothy I. Snyder  
Wm. G. Kirschbaum  
Delia Arnstein

Mary Porcher  
Karl N. Ehrlicke  
Barbara Streathfield  
Floyd Whitmore  
Dorothy Gardner  
Martin H. Smith  
Grace Stanley Byrne  
Robert Lee  
Helen J. Coates  
Dorothy Billings  
Howard Henderson  
Marion Seip  
G. E. Papazian  
Elfrida Nagel  
Alice Bothwell  
Miriam Spitz  
Frances H. Steen  
Marjorie Acker  
Estelle Morris  
Gladys Nolan  
Margaret Foster  
O. Tabor  
Eunice L. Hone  
Lucia E. Halstead  
Helen E. Fernald  
Hugh Albert  
Cameron  
Joan D. Clowes  
Margaret Osborne  
Wm. McK. Robson  
Helen Parfitt  
Margaret Rhodes  
Margaret Roalfe  
Hugh Greenbaum  
Cuthbert W. Haasis

Rudolph Krause  
Constance G. Wilcox  
Alpha Rulison  
Bessie B. Styron  
Natalie M. Obrig  
Margaret Barr  
Nellie Hogan  
Maurice C. Johnson  
Fanny G. Schweinfurth  
Helen Underwood

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

## PUZZLES, 1

Margaretta C. Johnson  
John H. Hill  
Helen G. Browne  
Aimié Hutchinson  
Ellen A. Johnson  
Constance Ayer  
Corinne J. Gladding  
Gertrude L. Amory  
Antoinette N. Burk  
Mary Colletter  
Hester Matthews  
Ruth Cushman  
Helen C. Culin  
Jas. D. Tilghman  
Jack Perrin  
Katharine Williams  
Lee Shakum  
Cornelia N. Walker  
Fred Dohrmann  
Wm. M. Conaut, Jr.  
Thelma L. Kellogg  
Lucile Phillips  
Frederick A. Brooks  
Ellen K. Hone  
Walter Spriggs  
Dorothy Arnold

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

## PUZZLES, 2

Emmaline Sizer  
Anna K. Stimson  
Jennie Lowenhaupt  
Mary Clark  
Louise Briggs  
A. G. Bush  
A. B. David

## ROLL OF THE CARELESS

NO AGE. Arthur Sherborne, Ellen Coleman, Dorothy Dawson.  
NO ADDRESS. Herbert Horsford, Joseph Auslander, O. Barnett.  
NOT INDORSED. Madeleine Hoopes, Florence Fisher, Lynda Billings.  
DRAWING IN PENCIL. Mamie Budah.

## CHAPTER LIST

No. 1075. President, Dorothy Ballard; Secretary, Nanna Lake; six members.  
No. 1076. President, Mary Cowling; Secretary, Marjorie Jardine; seven members.  
No. 1077. "Happy Hour Club." President, Lillian Barnes; Vice-President, Ethel Gibson; Secretary, Dorothy Van Zile; six members.  
No. 1078. "Golden Star League." President, Earl Denison; Vice-President, Emma Williams; Secretary, Mary Chilty; Treasurer, Ruth Barthel; thirty-one members.  
No. 1079. "The Home Chapter." President, Gwendolin F. Webster; Vice-President, Grace M. Borst; Secretary, Anthony Dey, Jr.; Treasurer, Alfred Joseph; seven members.  
No. 1080. "I. S. C. Chapter." President, Florence Storms; Secretary, Robert T. Summers; three members.  
No. 1081. "Young Citizens." President, Morris Price; Secretary, Benjamin Fenster; seven members.  
No. 1082. "Yale Chapter." President, Edith Meyer; Secretary, Harriet Gardner; seven members.  
No. 1083. "Ganowski Bay Chapter." Chief, Marjorie Sewell; Medicine Man, Anna K. Stimson; Big Hunter, Marjorie Meyer; seven members.  
No. 1084. "Ohio Chapter." President, Alexander Chaskin; Secretary, Morris Behrendt; twelve members.

## LEAGUE LETTERS

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I am so sorry that I cannot send in a contribution this month, but I have no india ink and as we are traveling there will be no time to buy any. So I thought I would write you a letter instead. I am over here in Europe with my mother, father, and brother, for the winter. At present I am in Paris, and have been for a little over a week. But we expect to leave on Tuesday of next week, for Ouchy in Switzerland where I am going to boarding-school. I expect to have no end of fun, as there is coasting, skating, and various other outdoor sports of which I am very fond. We came over from New York in the *Rotterdam*, the beautiful new boat of the Holland-American Line. I had a splendid time on board and was sorry to leave. We landed at Boulogne Sur Mer, which is certainly a quaint old town. The houses are built on steep hillsides, so that they rise one above another, and the effect is very amusing. I thought the train we went in from Boulogne to Paris was very odd after our great big ones. But they certainly go pretty fast. Since I have been in Paris I have seen Versailles, which I thought was very interesting, especially the private apartments of the Dauphin and poor Marie Antoinette, Saint-Cloud, which, as you probably know, are the beautiful gardens of Napoleon the First, Napoleon's tomb, and the Louvre. We have also seen "Faust" at "The" Opera House which I liked ever so much. I like Paris very much, but not as much as my own native city, Philadelphia. Next summer we expect to travel through Italy, Germany, England, and, if we have time, Ireland. I will write to you again and



"A HEADING." BY PRISCILLA BOHLEN, AGE 14.

## DRAWINGS, 2

Champion Streathfield  
Muriel Winter  
Josephine Bancroft  
Margery Reneau  
Dawson  
Charlotte P. Edwards  
Albert Joseph Kerr  
Marion Travis  
Alice B. Sawtelle  
Rosalie M. Carey  
Christine Rowley  
Baker

Eleanor G. Boyd  
Anthony Crawford  
Elizabeth Campbell  
Evelyn Kent  
Alice G. Peirce  
Helen Virginia Frey  
Marjorie M. Farnum  
Anita Lynch  
Alice M. Forsaith  
Ruth Merritt Erdman  
Leslie W. Rowland  
Florence Steinbrenner  
Dorothy Donogh  
Mildred White  
Lorraine Ransom  
Elizabeth Madoy  
Lucile L. Chase  
Ruth E. Jones

## DRAWINGS, 1.

Julia Smith Marsh  
Mamie Budah  
Helen C. Otis  
Helen M. Peck  
Lenora Howarth  
Christyne Wagner

Josephine P. Keene  
Inez Hall  
Estelle Ewing  
Roda Cocroft  
Iva C. Van Sarter  
Chas. T. Grimmer  
Jean Mashen  
Caroline W. Munro  
Helen M. Hamilton  
Norine Mean

## PROSE, 2

Gustav Deichmann  
Jennie Olera May  
Helen Kindred  
Elizabeth A.  
McGlathery  
Louise Pettengell  
Alison Hastings  
Helen Katharine Smith  
Virginia Stone Harrison  
Eleanor H. Miller  
Caroline H. Pemberton  
Fanny T. Marburg  
Elizabeth McConnell  
A. Reynolds Eckel

Priscilla H. Fowle  
Hodge Jones  
Sallie P. Wood  
Jeannett Jacoby  
Margaret Truesdell  
Doris Huestis  
Marion Coons  
Elizabeth L. Hess  
Lucy May Hanscomb  
Genevieve McClure  
Belle Scheuer  
Elizabeth M. Mercer  
Madeleine P. Kelly  
A. Carroll Miller  
Louise Converse  
Hazel S. Halsted  
Eileen R. Reed  
Joseph Auslander  
Jean McGilorn  
Isabel S. Allen  
Helen B. Walcott  
Mary Horne  
Emma Thorp  
Elizabeth D. Comfort  
Edward Goldberg  
Florence Mallett  
Lillian Manny  
Elizabeth Eckel



tell you all about my trip. I am taking you this year, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and am having you sent over here, for I could not do without you for a whole year, and the rest of the family like you as much as I do. I remain your devoted reader and subscriber,  
CHRISTINE ROWLEY BAKER (age 14).

SANTIAGO, CHILE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Day before yesterday we had mail, and my badge came.

I danced a jig and have worn it (the badge, not the jig) since. One of my friends is going to write to you for a badge, I think. She does n't take the magazine but we can trade the magazine off and on.

I live too far away to compete, but I can send in puzzles. I am still thinking out the time it would take a "Heading" if made in February to reach there in a certain month.

This afternoon I am going to recite "The Cruise of the *Jigamaree*" for "Dumb Crambo."

My father is the director of the Observatory here. On the hill where the dome is, is another peak. On this is an immense statue of the Virgin.

I remain your reader,  
MARGARET CURTIS.

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: As I have only taken you a year I like you very much and will always take you till I am too old, and I shall be sorry when I get eighteen years old for I like the League. I enjoy your stories and the League the most.

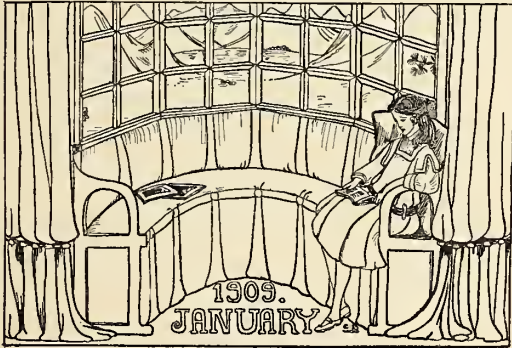
I have just one pet, he is a dog, his name is Cap. He came from Scotland. I think a good deal of him, and I should feel very badly if anything should happen to him. I used to have cats and a pony. I love all kinds of animals, wild or tame.

Affectionately yours, your interested reader,  
EUGENIE WUEST (age 12).

IRVINGTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: After having been a constant reader of you I have decided to become a member of your League. By this same mail I am sending you a contribution. It is only my second attempt so I do not expect very successful results.

Although I live in a small town it contains a beautiful building called the "Town Hall." Several times I have been in plays in this building.



"A HEADING." BY CARRIE BLAKE, AGE 14.

Near my home are very interesting places, among them, Washington Irving's home, "Sunnyside." Another interesting place is Mr. Russell Hopkins's collection of wild animals which is the largest private menagerie in the world. One of Miss Helen Gould's estates, called "Lyndhurst," is also very near. A farm-house where Washington stayed overnight, Sleepy Hollow cemetery, and André's monument are also near. My companions and I do not think this very wonderful, but when we look back we see that we are lucky people to live in such an interesting district.

Now I must ask you to send me a badge and leaflet. So thanking you beforehand for these, I remain

Your devoted reader,  
MARGARET L. CREIGHTON.

ABERDEEN, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I have taken you four months and like you very much.

We, my two sisters, my brother, father, mother, and myself, live in the Snake River Valley, where it was nothing but a sage-brush desert until they built the big canal to irrigate the land.

For pets we have a pony, a dog, four cats, and some poultry, to say nothing of a big team.

We are so far from a school that mother teaches the three oldest herself. I like all your stories very much, especially those by Mr. Barbour. "Harry's Island" is fine. I am so glad Mr. Barbour wrote a sequel to it.

Your interested reader,  
GERTRUDE LATIMER (age 9).

P—, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: My sister and I have taken you for a long time. Every Christmas one of our presents is a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS for one year.

I joined the League this year and the first contribution I sent, my name was on the Roll of Honor, which is very encouraging.

We spent the summer on an island in Casco Bay near Portland, Maine. One of the islands here is owned by Captain Peary. We were near there in the early part of the summer, and saw his vessel start from there for the North Pole. Some of the people in our hotel sailed out to see the boat, but as it was late at night we could not go. Captain Peary's island is called Eagle Island, and he and his family have spent some summers there.

I am a great, great granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, who wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner."

I remain your interested reader,  
JOANNA LEIGH LLOYD (age 13).

### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 111

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Creature Photography" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

Competition No. 111 will close **January 10** (for foreign members **January 15**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the words "The Growing Year."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "My Garden."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Two subjects: 1st, A photograph taken indoors (a room, still-life or portrait). 2d, The most typical winter scene in your city or town.

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Two subjects, "My Favorite Amusement" and a **May** (1909) Heading or Tail-piece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

### RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
Union Square, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

HERE is a page of letters from ST. NICHOLAS readers, all written, as it happens, from Spanish speaking countries.

## GUATEMALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly a year and you are very interesting to me.

I have never written to you, so I thought I would write and tell you something of Guatemala City, where I live.

It is a beautiful place situated in a valley about a mile above the sea level; the city is surrounded by mountains.

On one side are three beautiful volcanos, "Mount Agua," "Mount Fuego," and "Mount Pacalla," when the sun sets behind them it is a beautiful scene.

The streets are always full of Indians dressed in bright colors bringing in fruits and vegetables and live chickens from the pueblos.

They do not walk like other people, they trot, and hold themselves very straight.

They sell their things in the market back of the cathedral. There is a plaza in front of the cathedral where bare-footed soldiers drill every morning at 10 o'clock, and the band plays nicely.

Your loving reader,  
DOROTHY H. HERLIHY (age 12½).

## POCHUTA, GUATEMALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We can't read English yet, only Spanish, but are going to very soon, for though my sisters translate your stories to us, they say they are not half so nice as when you read them yourself.

Your loving friends and future readers,  
CARLOS SÁNCHEZ (age 9).  
RICARDO SÁNCHEZ (age 7).

## ISLAND OF GUAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't believe many of your other readers ever heard of Guam, so I will describe it. It is a little island thirty by ten miles, belonging to the Ladrone group and about the only ships coming through here are the army transports; it is two weeks' journey from Honolulu and six days' journey from Manila. I have lived here for nearly two years as my father is commander of marines.

There are about three hundred white people here counting the marines and the sailors on the *U. S. S. Supply*. Guam is shaped like a stocking with a shallow lagoon or coral reef all around it, so that all the provisions from the transports have to be brought in through the channel by lighters, towed by launches.

The landing-place is called Piti and there is a beautiful road close to the beach which goes from there to Agana (the naval station and capital), with about 9000 inhabitants.

The people are civilized and live by fishing and working for the government. At night it is very interesting to watch them fish inside the reef with torches.

The only animal we have here that you don't have at home is the carabou, which is used for hauling purposes. It is a big, fat animal with large horns and very little hair, more like a cow than anything else, yet very unlike it in some ways. It loves to wallow in the mud and when it comes out looks as if it would make an elegant toboggan slide.

The chief tree here is the coconut palm and you would laugh to see me go up it.

There are schools here for the natives but as I'm the only American child I study at home. For amusement I ride horse-back, drive, sail, and do various other things.

Guam is most important for its cable station.

We had fine celebrations on the 4th of July and there was great excitement when the battle-ships *Maine* and *Alabama* came in, as they were the first battle-ships the natives had ever seen.

I was very much interested in "Harry's Island" and "The Gentle Interference of Bab."

I am your interested reader,  
BEATRICE M. MOSES.

IF any ST. NICHOLAS readers have wanted their parents to move into a newer house, think of the two little girls who write the two following letters, who live in houses which are, one, two hundred and the other four hundred years old. But it is only fair to remember that these are historic houses, connected with the early history of America. It is no wonder, then, that these two young friends delight in having such old houses for their homes.

## HAVANA, CUBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a subscriber from Cuba. I wonder if many boys and girls take the ST. NICHOLAS in Cuba.

I live in an old Spanish palace built more than two hundred years ago. The floors and staircases are of pure white marble and the windows are ten feet high and six feet wide and six feet deep and iron barred. There is also a private chapel and two big "patios." The house is three stories high and has about eighty rooms and belonged to the Count of San Fernando. The coat-of-arms is painted in the hall.

On the opposite side of the street is the old cathedral where once the bones of Columbus lay. I can hear now the big organ and the chanting of the priests; the odor of incense blows in the window.

I belong to the Cuban Band of Mercy and am a charter member; we also have a Refuge for lost animals. I love animals and have six cats, a big dog, and a raccoon.

From an interested reader,  
ILVA CARMEN VAN SORDER.

## SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl and I want to tell you about the quaint old house we live in now. It is very old indeed. It was built by Ponce de Leon four hundred years ago. It has twenty-seven large rooms, with very high ceilings, upheld by heavy beams, as all old Spanish houses are built. It is on San Juan harbor and is higher than any house in San Juan. It has a beautiful old Spanish garden, very different from our gardens in America and in it are many cocoanut palms, besides a gorgeous flamboyant tree, which, when in bloom, looks as if it were on fire. This house is called "Casa Blanca," meaning "White House" and it has a flat roof where we love to go when it is very warm. The views from there are most beautiful. I have taken you for three years, in the Philippines, Japan, America, and Porto Rico. I enjoy reading you very much.

The picture shows the harbor that Ponce de Leon sailed through on his way to Florida in search of the "fountain of youth," of which I expect most of ST. NICHOLAS readers know. I have one little sister named Mary and she was born in Alaska.

Your loving reader,  
GRACE HULBERT WILSON (age 11).











## Beauty's Favorite

The article which excels all others in improving the beauty of the skin is naturally and deservedly beauty's favorite. This has been the acknowledged and honored position held by Pears' Soap for nearly 120 years.

It won, and has maintained, that position by virtue of its complete purity, and by the possession of those emollient properties which soften, refine and impart natural color to the skin. No other soap possesses these qualities in such a pre-eminent degree as

# Pears' Soap

*"All rights secured."*

**OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.**

Time to hand in answers is up January 10. Prizes awarded in March number.

COMPETITION FOR JANUARY NUMBER.

The pattering of the reindeer's hoofs on the roof has scarcely died away before the Judges and the Competitors hear the New Year bells, pealing out a welcome to 1909, the very newest of all New Years!

And Judges and Children, and men and women, all begin asking themselves and each other the old question, "What are you going to do with it?"

The Judges being pretty shrewd old fellows, accustomed to making plans a long way ahead, will answer this question for you—"You are going to have lots to do in the Advertising Competitions this year,—and lots of fun doing it."

Of course you will have to study some, but the work will not be hard, and the prizes are good enough to try for. You may, under all this fun and scramble for prizes, learn something. Don't be alarmed at that. It won't hurt you.

DOUBLE PRIZES FOR THE JANUARY COMPETITION.

Just take the advertising pages of the December or January numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, or any other numbers issued in 1908-9, and write to the advertisers, inquiring the price of the articles, where you can obtain them, what the quality is, and any other question that is sensible, and that you think touches their interest. Of course you know that all these advertisers have their announcements in ST. NICHOLAS because they want you to know about their goods. Therefore they will be glad to tell you about them, the same as they would any other possible buyer.

After you have received the responses, send to the Judges copies of all your letters to the advertisers, their replies, and with them the best account you can write of your experiences in getting the information.

Prizes will be awarded on the following points:

- 1st. Industry in seeking the information.
- 2nd. The businesslike tone of your letters to advertisers.
- 3rd. The amount of information you have been able to get advertisers to give you, and
- 4th. The intelligent treatment of the case in your letter to the Judges in which you inclose all of the correspondence in the case.

And remember, Eager Competitors, that the advertisers are very nice, kind gentlemen, but they don't want to answer foolish questions. They are fond of ST. NICHOLAS, and are delighted to answer all sincere questions put to them by ST. NICHOLAS readers.

So get to work. Study your letters to the advertisers, and let us see what you can do in the business world.

One First Prize of . . . . .	\$10	\$10
Two Second Prizes of . . . . .	6 each	12
Three Third Prizes of . . . . .	4 each	12
Five Fourth Prizes of . . . . .	1 each	5

Eleven prizes in all. \$39

**A Happy New Year to You All!**

COMPETITION JUDGES.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (85). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than 7½ x 10 inches.

3. Submit answers by January 25, 1909. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 85, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 83.

The Advertising Manager invites you all to come and sit down by his desk in The Century office this morning. Now watch over his shoulder while he looks over the great pile of pictures, and catch-phrases, and stories, that came in response to his request, back in November, for help in advertising ST. NICHOLAS.

Then you will see why he is pleased and gratified. Thinking that your father and mother, and uncle, or Grandma would like to be here too, to see, suppose we print some of them right here on this page. Well, which shall we take? Here is a letter which, even if it did not win a prize, is too good to lose—a letter from an appreciative Grandmamma in Denver. After she has told us how her magazine is read by twenty-two people, grown-ups and children too, she says "It is the Veribest Treasure-book for children of all ages." Then Miss Myrtle Conrad, who lives in Florida, says "The baby trots around with it;—and even the doctor finds time to read it, and says it is good for the mind to read such stories."

Oh, here is a drawing that came pretty close to taking a prize.

ST. NICHOLAS WHEN THE COMES



(See also page 12)



# Old Clothes Made New with Diamond Dyes



**"Save me \$100.00 a Year"**

"Once every so often I have what I call my Diamond Dye Days. I usually wait until the children need some bright new clothes and then I take all the clothes that I have been keeping and decide what can be made over for the children and what I want to make over for myself, then I decide on what colors I want to have.

"I dye one color at a time and by noon I am all through and the clothes are on the line and dry by night.

"Lots of things I dye whole without ripping up or taking out the linings unless I am going to make them over anyway. I have found it easy to dye straw and felt hats and trim them with ribbons and feathers that I have dyed some fresh bright color. I think that Diamond Dyes easily save me \$100.00 a year. It's so easy to use them and I actually look forward to my Diamond Dye Days. The Diamond Dye Annual has given me so many hints that I am glad to write for it."—Mrs. W. B. Martin, St. Paul, Minn.

Diamond Dyes will renew the life and beauty of those discarded articles of feminine apparel which you have tucked away in bureau drawers and other corners of your home.

Diamond Dyes will rejuvenate and invest with usefulness all of those soiled and faded ribbons, those feathers of ancient hue, those objects of art needlework, those fabrics from ripped up dresses, and lend the color-sparkle of fashion to any texture which a search of forgotten recesses may reveal. Nothing is lost that is brought in contact with Diamond Dyes.

### Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

**Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes.** Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other *animal* fibres, can be used as successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

**New Diamond Dye Annual Free.** Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the new Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE.  
Address

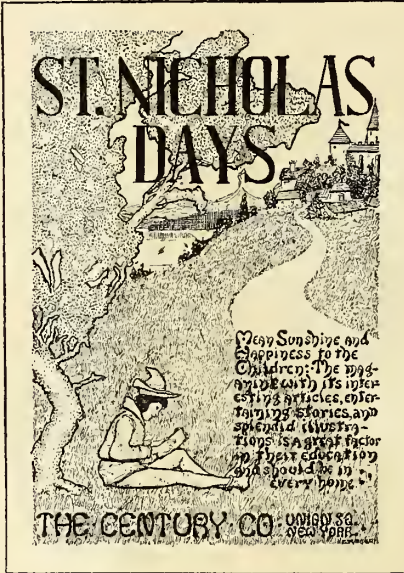
WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

**At all Reliable Dealers--Insist upon the Genuine**

Now does n't that picture show a Tantalizing Situation? What would you do—take the ST. NICHOLAS by force, or just wait and wait until the bribe of the candy got too persuasive?

Here's a good, though rather "goody" catch-phrase—"ST. NICHOLAS is good for young folks and for good young folks."

Oh, see here! Is n't *this* a clever drawing?



The ST. NICHOLAS lad here shown is quite in Maxfield Parrish's style, is he not?

And look at these two. Don't you think that ST. NICHOLAS has clever readers?



Father is no longer bothered  
But can work in peace and quiet  
If you think that this is fiction  
Buy St. Nicholas and try it  
Mother sews, and sister Rachel  
Studies Algebra and Latin.  
Tabby washes, unmolested,  
Till her fur is smooth as satin  
All is tranquil in the household.  
Oh, how quick the evenings pass!  
For the twins are kept from mischief  
Reading good St. Nicholas

The St. Nicholas Magazine.



*Send the little girl in red, to the little girl in blue.  
Lantie thought me a needle, that he brought you  
With the little girl in blue, to the little girl in red.  
Don't suppose that I care, for he brought the book instead  
For better far than dollars, it's ever so much more fun  
St. Nicholas in our house is read by every one!"*

Just these samples must prove to you that the advertising manager thinks rightly that the Competition was a great success. Thank you all for the part you took in it.

There was one letter in particular that pleased him—a letter from a young lady who, because she played so hard and fell down so often and sprained her arms and legs and nose, of course at different times, was called by her boy playmates "Tumbletom." When she wrote in answer to the competition she was in bed with a sprained hip—but she said that ST. NICHOLAS was her constant companion and reading from the magazine made her forget her impatience to get out of doors. After the most careful examination the following entries won the prizes—

Full-page advertisement illustrated—

- First prize Florence Edna de Vere Billings.
- Second " Janet L. Shontz.
- Third " Clarence P. Reed.

Catch-Phrase—

- First prize Eleanor K. Peterson
- Second " Kathleen McKeag
- Third " Cassius M. Clay, Jr.

Short Story—

- First prize Bertha Q. Mann
- Second " Eva McClatchie
- Third " Mildred I. Roe.

SPECIAL HONOR ROLL  
OF ALL THREE CLASSES

- |                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Henry L. Rosenfeld, Jr. | Athena Hall              |
| Myrtle Conrad           | Alice Clasen             |
| Mrs. William Morris     | Avis E. Edgerton         |
| Marjorie Winrod         | William E. Johnson, Jr.  |
| Louise H. Kreckler      | Stella S. Schwarz        |
| Frederick M. Fish       | Berencie S. Vespres      |
| Erwin Esper             | Mrs. G. M. Martin        |
| Charles Chanin          | Marguerite Behman        |
| Robert T. Williams      | Dorothy Barrows          |
| Mary Roberts            | Carl Clasen              |
| Helen Parsons           | Marjorie E. Chase        |
| Beryl Morse             | Bancroft Sitterly        |
| Norine Means            | Gertrude Elizabeth Allen |
| Eleanor M. Nickey       | Hazel Grace Andrews      |
| Mary Northrop           | Dorothy Eddy             |
| Eleanor Johnson         | E. A. Goodale            |
| Ethel Anna Johnson      | Robert K. Leavitt        |
|                         | Marshall B. Cutler       |

(See also page 10)



**This Little Book FREE.**



**A Keen, Snappy Little Book  
To be Found in Packages.**

A copy is placed in every third pkg. of

# Grape-Nuts

One of the best known surgeons in America voluntarily wrote a 2-page letter favorably analyzing the healthful suggestions in "The Road to Wellville."

Some profound facts appear that are new to most persons.

Get a pkg. and study the little book. It wins its own way, and adds to your stock of knowledge.

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

IN March, 1907, the Netherlands issued a series of stamps, three in number, in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of its most famous admiral, Michael Adriaanszoon Van Ruyter. He was engaged in many battles with the English and French



fleets from 1635 to 1676, sometimes winning and when this proved impossible, at least preventing the enemy from so doing. When he was killed at last in an engagement off the coast of Sicily, Louis XIV said of him that he could not help regretting the loss of a great man although an enemy.

### VARIATIONS IN UNITED STATES STAMPS

ALL collectors possess or have access to copies of the standard catalogue which they consult in placing stamps in their collections. There are many points in relation to the variations which occur in stamps which it is impossible to make plain in a catalogue, partly because of the lack of space which can be allotted to such explanations. Then, too, most collectors are familiar with such differences, so that such explanations would be superfluous for any except beginners. The lack of complete descriptions is particularly troublesome under the heading of United States stamps, for these interest a very large number of young collectors and, because of the law against the use of complete cuts, it is difficult to make the distinctions clear. Our readers will be interested in a few notes explaining certain things in relation to United States issues which will enable them to understand the variations more perfectly. We find under the head of the general issue of 1847 notes in relation to reprints and differences described between these and the originals. These differences result from the fact that when in 1875 it was desired to reprint these stamps in order to show them at the Centennial Exposition, it was found that the original dies and plates had been destroyed. Therefore, the government made new dies which were not the same as the originals. These stamps are sometimes known as "government counterfeits." It is important if one is buying uncanceled specimens to see that they are originals as these imitations are not worth much. The catalogue describes the differences clearly. It was a common practice in the early days to cancel stamps with pen and ink and, therefore, it is comparatively easy to clean such stamps. Thus, it is necessary to examine closely all such specimens which are offered as uncanceled. There are probably very few actually uncanceled specimens of the 1847 issue in existence.

VARIOUS types are found under the issues of 1851-56. The origin of these "types" is mainly due to the imperfect method then in use of

transferring the die impression to the plates from which stamps were printed. When, in 1857, it was decided to perforate all stamps, the same plates which had been used for imperforate stamps were employed at first, but there was so little space between the stamps that it was necessary to make new plates. The first type of the three cent stamp of 1857 is exactly like all the three cent stamps of 1851, while the second type is of a stamp prepared for perforating. Many collectors spend time in looking for specimens of the rare first issues of 1861 among quantities of such stamps which they obtain. It is scarcely worth while, for practically none of these stamps have ever been found with the single exception of the ten cent ones. This variety was used in considerable numbers and if one gets hold of correspondence which was sent to foreign countries in 1861 the stamp is almost sure to be found.

THE twenty-four cent stamp is occasionally seen, but as the difference is one of shade only the expert alone can detect it.

The three cent pink of the second issue is exceedingly difficult to find. Collectors at times send many stamps to experts in the hope that a "pink" may be found among them. This is not necessary, for when it is found the shade is perfectly plain and no one would confound it with the ordinary light rose stamp. The issue of 1869 contains a fifteen cent stamp differing from the ordinary variety known as the "picture framed," by the fact that there are no lines drawn around the central picture. This is especially obvious in the lack of a tiny diamond which appears just at the center of the top of the picture in the more common variety. The differences in the issues of 1870 and 1873 are made quite plain by the illustrations of the catalogue. It is necessary, however, to study these carefully and it is only in clearly printed specimens that some of the differences show. Later printings of these same stamps were made from the original plates by the American Bank Note Company. The differences between these and earlier printings, although sometimes being seen in the colors, are mainly occasioned by the fact that a much softer variety of paper was used. The way to find out what this paper is, is to compare such a stamp as the five cent of 1882 which was never printed on any other paper with a seven cent stamp which is found only on the hard paper. Nearly all the department issues are also on the original hard paper, the few that were printed on soft paper being under the issue of 1879.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE stamp of the Confederate States known as the ten cent "with outer line" was occasioned by what is known as a plate line between the stamps. This is perfectly plain although usually seen on one or two sides of the stamp only because in cutting stamps apart very little pains were taken. ¶ The multiple water-mark in late issues of British Colonial stamps consists in a repetition of the water-mark throughout the paper, no care being taken, as in the case of former issues, to have one water-mark upon each stamp.



**"1847 ROGERS BROS." A Famous Brand of Silver Plate "1847 ROGERS BROS."**

noted for patterns of unusual character and artistic merit, finish and wearing quality. Spoons, forks, knives, etc., marked "1847 ROGERS BROS." are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "A-5" showing all the newer as well as standard patterns.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.**  
(International Silver Co., Successor)  
PRISCILLA PATTERN



*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

Now Ready! Needed by every collector!


**TWENTIETH CENTURY EDITION International Stamp Album**

For stamps issued since Jan. 1, 1901. Brought right up to date. Post free prices: \$1.75, \$2.00, \$3.00. Finer editions, \$5.00 to \$25.00. Send for price list.

**SCOTT CATALOGUE FOR 1909!**

Now ready! 800 pages. Describes and prices all stamps. Fully illustrated. 60c post free.

**STAMPS—108** different, including new Panama, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 5c% commission.




SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 18 East 23d St., New York

**100 Stamps from 100 Countries**


correctly placed in a New England Pocket Album 50c. Postpaid.

**116 Stamps** all different, including 8 UNUSED PICTORIAL and used from all quarters of the globe, 10c. 40 Page Album, 5c. 1000 Hinges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent. 50% commission. "My Pet Hobby" and 1909 Price List FREE. Mention this magazine.



New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston.


**STAMPS** 108 all different, Transvaal, Serbia, Barotsi, all, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Iowa, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 66 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. 1 buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brillante Av., St. Louis, Mo.



**BARGAINS** Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 4 Labuan; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G Nassau Street, New York City.

**Stamps Free** 40 different U. S. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 1000 Mixed Foreign, 12c. 4 Congo Coins, 25c. Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio.

**STAMP ALBUM** with 588 genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. Agts. Wtd. 50 per cent. Big bargain list, coupons and a set of rare Stamps worth 80c. ALL FREE! We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN CO., Dept. I, St. Louis, Mo.



**FREE** 40 U. S. from 1851 to 1902 for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 110 all diff. and album 10c. D. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

**BOYS** IF You Do Your Own Printing Send for Free Catalogue TYPE FOUNDRY, 238 N. Fourth St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Both Teachers and Parents should be interested in having the best inspiration to good citizenship offered to the young of our day. Send for a description of

Forman's Advanced Civics and see what everybody says about this remarkable book. Adopted exclusively for Chicago and in hundreds of schools and cities.


THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York

**70 Different Foreign Stamps from 70 Different Foreign Countries**

including Barbadoes, Bolivia, Ceylon, Crete, Guatemala, Gold Coast, Hong Kong, Mauritius, Monaco, Newfoundland, Persia, Réunion, Serbia, Tunis, Trinidad, Uruguay, etc. **FOR ONLY 15 CENTS—A GENUINE BARGAIN** With each order we send our pamphlet which tells all about "How to Make a Collection of Stamps Properly." Send your name and address for our monthly bargain list of sets, packets, albums, etc. **QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 7 Sintona Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

**5 VARIETIES URUGUAY FREE** with trial approval sheets. **F. E. THORP Norwich N. Y.**

**STAMPS! Our Leader: 1000 stamps** many varieties, incl. Malay, Newfoundland, Philippines, Comoro, Congo, etc. only 15c. Stamp Album, coupons, large new list, bargain lists all Free! Agts. wtd. 50%. **We Buy Stamps.** E. J. Schuster Co., Dept. 30, St. Louis, Mo.




**FREE** Stamp Packet for 2c postage and 2 collectors' names. Approvals 75% dis. **KOLONA STAMP CO., Dayton, Ohio.**

**BRITISH COLONIAL STAMPS** Unsurpassed Stock—Lowest Prices. Send for Catalog. We buy Stamps. **COLONIAL STAMP CO., 953 E. 53d St., Chicago.**

**U. S. COINS** Set of 8, 50c. 1/2c., 1c. big, 1c. eagle, 1c. nickel, 2c., 3c. silver, 3c. nickel, 5c. silver. Stamp and coin lists free. **R. M. LANGZETTEL, 154 Elm St., opp. Yale Gymnasium, New Haven, Conn.**

Beginners, a 128 page illustrated Album and 250 var. stamps only 50c. Approval sheets 50% discount. **F. J. STANTON, Norwich, N. Y.**


**STAMPS** We give FREE 15 all different Canadians, 10 India and catalogue Free for names, address of two stamp collectors and 2 cents postage. Special Offers, no two alike, 40 Japan 5c, 40 Spain 12c, 100 U. S. 20c, 200 Foreign 10c, 50 Australia 9c, 10 Paraguay 7c, 10 Uruguay 6c, 17 Mexico 10c, 5 Mauritius 4c, 4 Congo 5c. Agents Wanted, 50% commission, 50 Page List Free. **MARKS STAMP COMPANY, Dept. N, Toronto, Canada.**



**1000** finely mixed Hayti, Venezuela, etc., 20c; 100 diff. 10c; 20 French Colonies, 12c; 6 Labuan, 12c; 20 Brazil, 20c; 50 diff. unused Crete, etc., 16c; 100 Stamps, album and hinges, 15c. Christmas present free. **VICTOR STAMP CO., Norwood, Ohio.**

**HOT DOLLS** comfort children cold nights and drives. A beautiful doll dressed in red or light blue Billikin coat, which can be taken off, combined with best quality rubber water bag. Patty Comfort, cloth, one quart, \$1.50. Patty Joy, unbreakable head, three pints, \$2.25. Send for circular. **Patented. MISTRESS PATTY N. COMFORT, Andover, Mass.**

**Pennants, 20 cts.** Every loyal boy or girl should have their School, College or Club pennant. We make these to order, size 9x18 inches, in best hairfelt, with one to four initials, in any color. Send diagram of pennant, initials and colors with 20 cents in coin or stamps to **PARK PENNANT CO., 2304 No. Park Avenue, Philadelphia.** Write Dept. S. for special Club and Agents' Disc't. Chance to make money.



Beautiful Post Cards. Increase your Collection. 20 all different, cities, scenery, comic, colored, etc. Only 10c. **F. J. Stanton, Norwich, N. Y.**

**NEW SERVICE TO NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA**

**Delightful South Sea Tours for Rest and Pleasure** New Zealand, the world's wonderland, is now at its best. Geysers, Hot Lakes and other thermal wonders, surpassing the Yellowstone. The favorite S. S. MARIPOSA sails from San Francisco for Tahiti February 2, March 10, April 15, connecting with Union Line for Wellington, New Zealand. The only passenger line from United States to New Zealand. Only \$260, first-class to Wellington and back. To Tahiti and return, first-class, \$125.—28-day trip. For itineraries, write **OCEANIC LINE, 673 Market Street, San Francisco.**



# Welch's Grape Juice

Purity in grape juice means plain grape juice; that is, juice as you find it in the grape.

Purity is lost by putting in preservatives or by adding coloring matter, or by diluting the juice or by lack of care in any step in manufacture.

Welch's Grape Juice is pure. The juice from the grapes we use needs nothing to prevent spoiling, nothing to heighten its color and nothing to enhance its food value.

The grapes are inspected before they are washed, washed before they are stemmed and stemmed before they are pressed.

They are the choicest Concord grapes grown in the famous Chautauqua vineyards. We have learned how to transfer the juice from the luscious clusters to the bottle unchanged in any way.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

## Charming Christmas Gifts 25 CENTS EACH POSTPAID

### GERMAN SILVER NOVELTIES

Trade Emblems of Perfect Design and Workmanship  
Spare Your Purse While Pleasing Your Friends



ACTUAL SIZE

Monkey Wrench, ebony or ivory handle.  
Claw Hammer, metal handle.  
Cabinet Clamp, all metal.  
Barber's Razor, metal.

#### LIST OF MINIATURE TOOLS

Ball Pein Machinist Hammer, metal handle.  
Butcher's Steel, ivory and ebony handle.  
Telephone.

Hand Saw, metal handle.  
Butcher's Cleaver, ebony and coral handle.  
Mason's Trowel, ebony handle.

*Do not send coin, it is liable to loss in the mails. Send stamps, postal note or check*

**MINIATURE NOVELTY CO., 130 East 20th Street, New York**

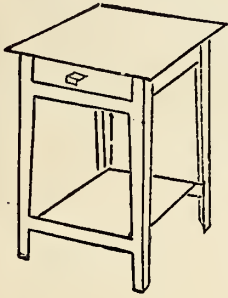


## “Sunshine for Rainy Days”

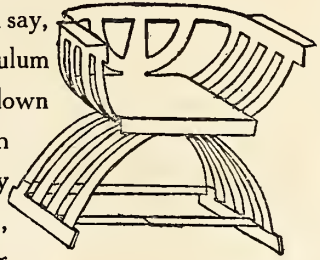
OH, THE JOYS



OF MAKING TOYS  
KOCH PAPER TOYS

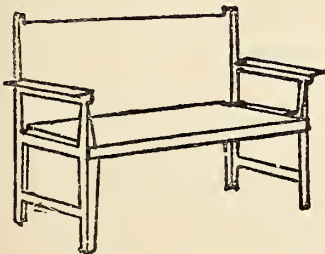


“Upon my word,” says Grandfather, “here’s a real Grandfather’s Clock: who made it?” You’ll say, “I did, Grandfather, and see, it has a pendulum that really, truly swings.” Grandfather is down on the floor himself, now, helping you with a wheelbarrow just the right size for a toy garden. “And see this be-aut-i-ful table, and, oh, Grandfather, it has a really drawer that pulls out, and everything. It took me only ten little minutes to get the parts together.” Then you’ll find the dearest little couch, and a baby’s high chair, and all the rest of the furniture: just too sweet for anything.



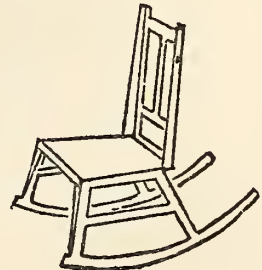
When you get them all made they will last just as *long*—and then there is another set that comes with different pieces, and you will have even more fun with that. The color of the furniture is just right, and can be painted to match any room, and all the pieces match, so you can have your small house furnished all over with very nice Mission Furniture.

And all this fun and all these toys come from the sets of Koch’s Paper Toys which your toy man has for 50c. a set—ten pieces in each set. Do go right off and buy them. If he has n’t got them, let us know and we’ll tell you where you can get them.



STEPHEN O. URIE &amp; CO.

KOCH PAPER TOYS  
PHILADELPHIA, - PA.





That boy of yours—is he getting the right kind of a start? ¶ He may be doing well in his studies—but then, you know, books can't make character. No matter how good he is at his lessons, they won't give him the clear eyes, the steady nerves, or the red blood that makes the really manly man. ¶ The men who built up our country and made it great among nations, spent their boyhood in the open, with gun in hand, preparing themselves for their future deeds by developing strong, steady nerves, keen eyes, and quick decision by the practice of marksmanship. ¶ There's the Daisy Air Rifle—your boy would like one. ¶ There's more solid enjoyment,

## Start Your Boy On the Right Path

# Daisy AIR RIFLE

more happy hours, and more good, solid training for your boy in a Daisy Air Rifle than anything else you could buy for him for anything like the same amount of money. ¶ Why a Daisy Air Rifle? Well, it's a real gun, just like a man's magazine rifle, but it shoots with compressed air instead of powder, and it's harmless. ¶ Just as accurate, just as well balanced and proportioned, and he's just as well pleased. ¶ Cheaper, too—1000 shots cost ten cents. ¶ Your boy wants a gun—just ask him and see. And while he is learning to shoot with the harmless Daisy he is preparing himself to handle a real hunting rifle with safety when he grows older. A Daisy quickly makes expert marksmen. ¶ Go to your dealer and ask him to let you see these Daisy Models:

¶ We have published one of the funniest, breeziest stories of boy life ever written, entitled "The Diary of a Daisy Boy." Send for a free copy, also containing full particulars of how to join the Daisy Cadets, the new National Boys' Drill Corps. We also send complete rules of drill, and hints on marksmanship.	1,000 shot Daisy Automatic Magazine Rifle, \$2.00
	Other Daisy Models, . . . . . \$1.00 to \$1.75
	Little Daisy Pop Gun, . . . . . 25c

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.,  
285 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.

"HIGH AS THE ALPS  
IN QUALITY"



# PETER'S

## The Original Milk Chocolate

Composed solely of the  
Finest Chocolate and Pure,  
Fresh, Cream-Laden Milk.

"Irresistibly Delicious" in Flavor

**GALA PETER**

is conceded by all who know

"The World's Favorite Chocolate"

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents  
78 Hudson Street, New York



# “Why I Like Currant Bread”

In the November ST. NICHOLAS we offered to send \$5 for the best two letters from school children telling why they like Currant Bread. A little girl named Elizabeth White, who lives in New York, and Master Eugene Lightner, of La Plata, Maryland, got the prizes. These are some of the things ST. NICHOLAS readers wrote us:

When I saw your advertisement in ST. NICHOLAS I asked the cook to make me some Currant Bread. And she made some and I thought it the best thing I ever tasted.—F. L., Cambridge, Mass.

Mamma says it is the best lunch for school she has ever seen.—J. B., Concord, Mass.

I like Currant Bread because it is as good as cake, and yet we can eat as much as we like.—H. M. H., Los Angeles, Calif.

I have a little sister that cries if mamma does not make any Currant Bread.—E. L., La Plata, Md.

I like Currant Bread when I come home from school hungry. It answers the purpose of both bread and cake.—A. S., Monmouth, Ill.

I got strong and fat eating Currant Bread and drinking milk.—M. L., Worcester, Mass.

I like Currant Bread because I can eat all I want without anybody telling me to stop or that I will be sick.—H. P., Washington, D. C.

I like Currant Bread because it is so good. For my school lunches it is such a pleasant change from plain bread. . . Sometimes our whole lunch table of about ten girls will be eating Currant Bread at once.—E. W., New York City.

## *You* Would Like Currant Bread

Send us a post-card asking for “Currant Recipes” and “Currant Bread Making.” When you get them give them to Mother or Cook and ask if you cannot have some Currant Bread that is so healthful and that the other children like so much.

HELLENIC BUREAU, 154 Nassau Street, New York



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You can skate, slide or walk, without fear of chapped hands or roughened skin if you use Ivory Soap, rinse your hands and face in cold water and dry them thoroughly before you venture out-of-doors.

Nine tenths of the trouble that so many people have in the way of chapped hands and rough skin is due: first, to lack of care in drying the skin after washing; and second, to the use of soaps that contain "free" alkali.

There is no "free" alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin. That is why it should be used in preference to soaps that sell for three, four or five times its price.

**Ivory Soap - 99 $\frac{44}{100}$  Per Cent. Pure.**



# Libby's

## FOOD PRODUCTS



## Good Old-Fashioned Apple Butter

A fragrant, smooth and toothsome spread for pancakes, muffins, toast, etc., made in the old time way from Fresh, Juicy Apples in Libby's Spotless White Enamel Kitchens.

The apples are carefully assorted, washed and cooked, then strained free from every shred of skin, stem, seed or core.

Then comes the skillful proportioning of the ingredients—apples, cane sugar, boiled cider, together with the finest spices, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and other aromatic spices.

The tins are enamel lined and are as hygienic as glass. An absolutely wholesome and delicious Apple Butter, guaranteed to keep until used.

### Equally Pure and Inviting

**Libby's Canned Meats**

**Libby's Pickles and Olives**

**Libby's Preserves**

**Libby's California Fruits**

**Libby's Asparagus**

**Libby's Condensed Milk**

*Be sure you get Libby's—others are not as good*

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago**

HIGHEST IN HONORS

# BAKER'S COCOA



Registered  
U. S. Pat. Off.

50  
HIGHEST  
AWARDS  
IN  
EUROPE  
AND  
AMERICA

**A perfect food, preserves  
health, prolongs life**

## WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd.

Established 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



**"Baby's Best Friend"**

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—*Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample free.*

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } No Samples  
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } Sold only at Stores.  
Specially prepared for the nursery.



## NO NEED OF JUGGLING with your house-work

# SAPOLIO

## CLEANS EVERYTHING QUICKLY AVOID SUBSTITUTES



"The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln"

FEBRUARY, 1909

# ST. NICHOLAS

## ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

### FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



❁ FREDERICK WARNE & CO • BEDFORD ST • STRAND • LONDON ❁  
THE CENTURY CO • UNION SQUARE • NEW YORK

FRANK H. SCOTT, PRESIDENT

WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, SECRETARY

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

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# Swift's Premium Pure Lard

Kettle Rendered

possesses the high  
quality and reputation  
of Swift's Premium  
Hams and Bacon.

Famous for purity, uniformity, and  
goodness.

Housewives find Premium Lard most  
satisfactory and economical for delicate  
pastry as well as all plain cooking.

When you buy Swift's Premium you  
are sure of quality.

Your dealer will recommend it.

Sold in 3, 5 and 10 lb. pails.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



MARCH, 1909

# ST. NICHOLAS

## ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

### FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



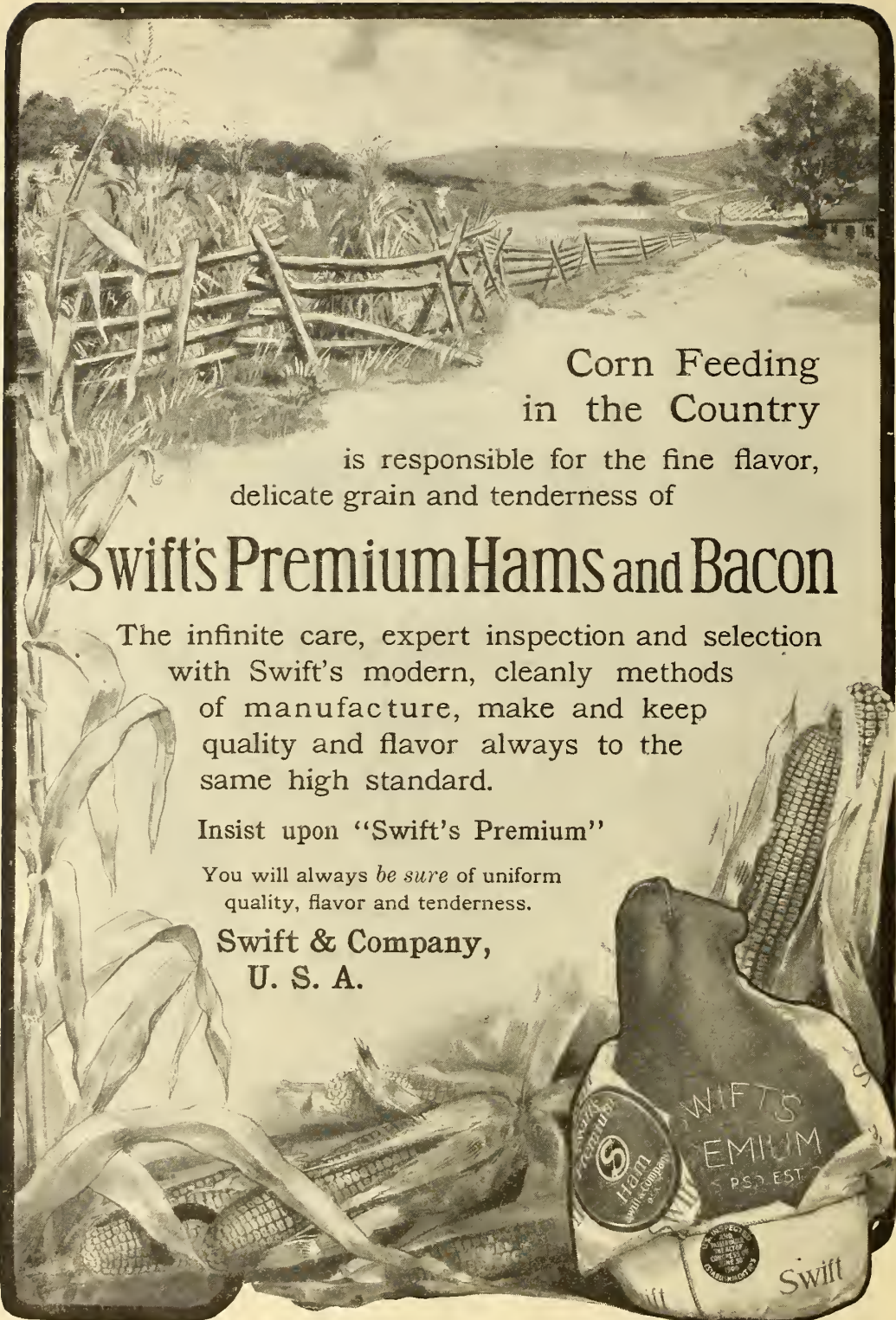
❁ FREDERICK WARNE & CO • BEDFORD ST • STRAND • LONDON ❁  
THE CENTURY CO • UNION SQUARE • NEW YORK

FRANK H. SCOTT, PRESIDENT

WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, SECRETARY

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

Copyright, 1909, by The Century Co.] (Trade-Mark Registered Feb. 6, 1907.) [Entered at N. Y. Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter



## Corn Feeding in the Country

is responsible for the fine flavor,  
delicate grain and tenderness of

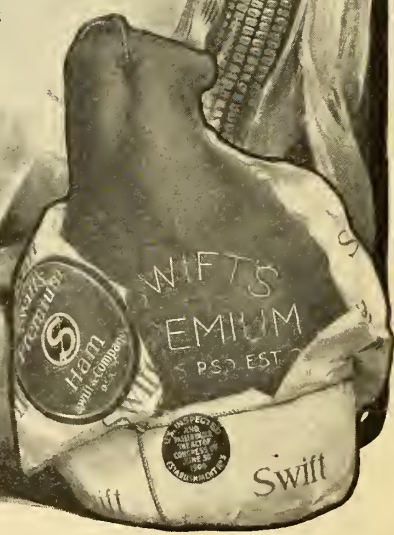
# Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

The infinite care, expert inspection and selection  
with Swift's modern, cleanly methods  
of manufacture, make and keep  
quality and flavor always to the  
same high standard.

Insist upon "Swift's Premium"

You will always *be sure* of uniform  
quality, flavor and tenderness.

**Swift & Company,**  
**U. S. A.**





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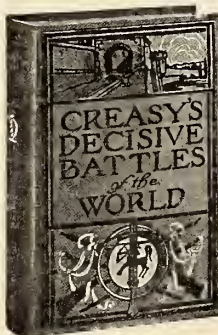
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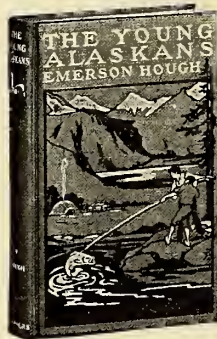
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“KATHLEEN.”

From a painting by Harrington Mann.



# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVI

FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 4

## WHEN KENT PLAYED ENGINEER

BY CHARLES P. CLEAVES

"Now, Kent, oil her up and have on a fair head of steam and by the time No. 10 shows smoke over the hills we 'll get back from dinner and follow on. She 's late, as usual."

The engineer swung down from the cab, joined the conductor, and together they took the path across the field toward the town.

George Kent, a stalwart, nineteen-year-old fireman employed on a shifting engine at the terminal, was substituting on the locomotive of No. 13, northbound day freight which usually makes Alappa, the home of the engineer and conductor, about noon. Here it had the usual orders to wait for No. 10, a passenger train, also northbound; after which they had a clear track on which to make a distant station.

The freight, too long to take the siding, lay on the main line north of the station. This would allow the passenger to run in and take the switch.

It was a cold winter day. The country was majestic under the heavy robes of snow. The brakemen were gathered over their dinner-pails in the caboose. Kent ate his lunch while oiling and polishing, then poked inquisitively about the train. He was inventive and ingenious by nature, and recent improvements in the rolling stock of this line interested him greatly. The latest of these was the automatic coupler, which, as everybody said, was bound to do away with much bodily injury and loss of life.

Carelessly disregarding the fact that the train lay on a steep grade, Kent fumbled at the coup-

ler till it suddenly unlocked and twenty cars, released, stirred and slouched away. An inch of space awoke Kent to the folly of his act—too late! He sprang to the ladder of the nearest car and set the hand-brake. But, unluckily, there was a coupling three cars below that had not yet been joined, and so thirteen cars broke away and quickened their pace. The door of the caboose opened and the startled brakemen tumbled out.

Kent woke to action. In a flash the consequences of his act stood before him. Southward lay eight miles of down grade to the edge of "Sawyer's Mountain," then a gradual rise of two miles around the foot of the hill, with a sharp curve midway, called the Angle; beyond this rise was down-grade again, then a straight level for miles away. Somewhere on that level stretch, No. 10 was racing to make up lost time—racing toward danger and not suspecting it at all.

The wild freight might reach the mountain curve, leap the track, and plant its wreckage in the path of the approaching train, or, barely possible, it might mount the grade and swoop down upon the passenger; but most probable and most to be dreaded was the chance that the two might meet on the track around the mountain. Locomotives approaching each other might be warned by whistle or smoke. But this was a stealthy foe, silent except for the rumble of its wheels, that was now sweeping away to plant itself, derailed, in the path of No. 10 or to spring upon it without warning.

Kent ran toward the locomotive. Leighton, an

old New Hampshire brakeman, caught scent of the situation, followed, and sprang into the cab at Kent's heels. The others held back and stared dubiously.

"Give her draught, Charlie! Stir up the coal," muttered Kent through quivering lips. He reversed the engine, opened the throttle and forced the remaining cars twenty feet down the grade, below the switch. Leighton uncoupled and the engine sprang ahead. The switch clanged, Leighton climbed back into the cab, and the locomotive backed over the siding to the main line, south of the cars; but by the time the main track

the fire and Kent sitting with hand at the throttle, staring eagerly ahead for sight of the runaway, now lurching drunkenly over a forest-hidden track. Around a second curve the engine wheeled before they caught sight of the freight.

"There they are!" cried Kent.

"They've got a sightly start of us," observed Leighton dryly. "Cal'latin' to plant themselves on the Angle, I guess, and tip us off into the snow. We'll have to creep around pretty sly."

"We have three miles yet for winning," replied Kent. "I did n't think it possible for them to get such a start. Think of a heavy freight rattling away from a clean-limbed engine!"

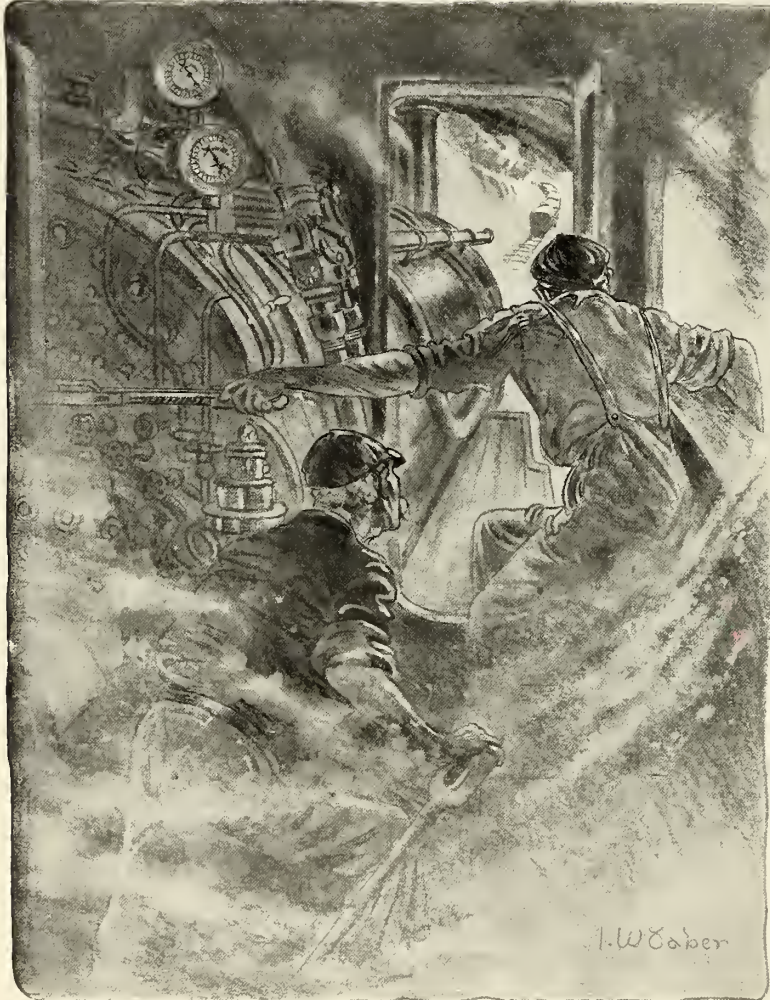
"Their heft is what does it. Faster 'n' faster, every minute. 'Course, we'd ketch up in time, but we hain't got all creation to move in. Better give her a little more rein, George, on this straight track. Pull out the throttle, boy! Let's ketch 'em before they make the next curve. Do you know what 's in them cars?" said Leighton.

"No. There was a car of sheep forward on the train. Were n't there two horses—somewhere—with a keeper? Noyes of Sankton, I think."

Leighton stood colorless for a moment, trying to grasp in mind the location of the live-stock cars as they were coupled in the train. Then he pointed toward the runaway.

"There they be."

A low cry burst from Kent's lips and the hand on the throttle trembled. Leighton turned away. So much he loved horses that to him there were three human beings pent up in that flying prison. But the thought that raged in Kent's mind and turned him sick with horror was that



"LET 'S KETCH 'EM BEFORE THEY MAKE THE NEXT CURVE," SAID LEIGHTON."

was reached and the engine leaped away in pursuit, the wild freight was several minutes away and out of sight behind the first curve.

For a mile there was silence, Leighton busy at

by a careless turn of the hand he had sent a man flying toward fearful death. Even the danger to the passengers on No. 10 was more remote, less inevitable. Tired with the long jaunt, Noyes must



have laid down in his bunk at the end of the car and failed to notice that the car had started on the wrong course. Kent grasped the whistle-cord.

cab. Nothing in sight, before, behind. But from the rear, close by, they heard another shout, muffled by the rush of air and scarcely heard above the noise of the engine.

"S'pose he jumped?"

A look of relief flashed to Kent's face in reply.

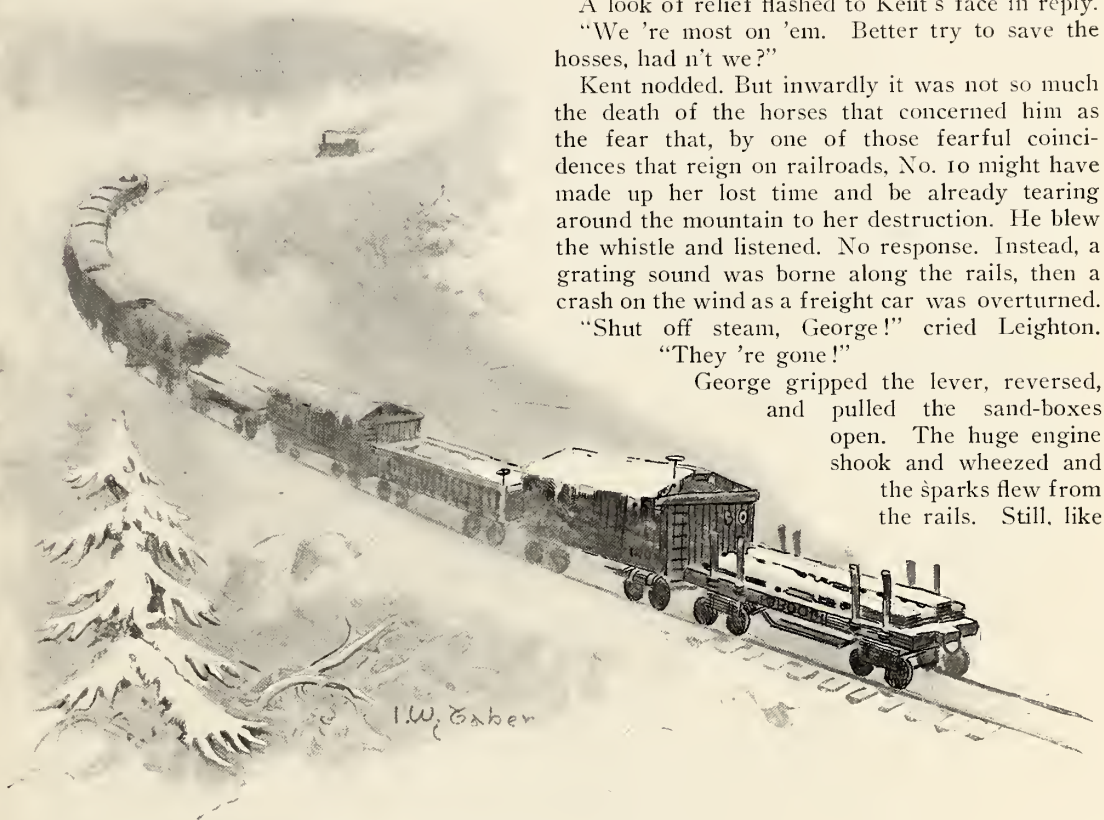
"We 're most on 'em. Better try to save the hosses, had n't we?"

Kent nodded. But inwardly it was not so much the death of the horses that concerned him as the fear that, by one of those fearful coincidences that reign on railroads, No. 10 might have made up her lost time and be already tearing around the mountain to her destruction. He blew the whistle and listened. No response. Instead, a grating sound was borne along the rails, then a crash on the wind as a freight car was overturned.

"Shut off steam, George!" cried Leighton.

"They 're gone!"

George gripped the lever, reversed, and pulled the sand-boxes open. The huge engine shook and wheezed and the sparks flew from the rails. Still, like



THE RUNAWAY FREIGHT TRAIN.

"T-o-o-o-t! Toot! Toot! Toot! Toot!  
T-o-o-o-o-t!"

He strained his eyes toward the freight. From the doorway of the third car a head craned out and looked backward. George caught his cap and waved it from the cab.

"We 're coming!" he cried involuntarily. Leighton laughed—a dry, sick laugh—at the helpless cry that was borne backward by the wind.

"He knows it!"

The engine leaped forward. Already the cars were lurching around the mountain. Now they disappeared in the fringing thicket and whirled away between the snowy drifts. Kent glanced at Leighton. He nodded.

"They 'll topple off on the Angle. Lucky for us if they roll clean off into the snow. Hi, what 's that?"

A shout swept past them. Kent craned from the window. Leighton leaned cautiously from the

a great bird in air, they sailed on, around the curve, between flashing snow-drifts piled above and below.

"Jump, Charlie, jump!"

"No, no, George! Maybe we 're wrong. S'posin' it 's only the rear car trailed off. Then there 'll be the horses goin' on to smash—and No. 10—"

He caught the young engine-driver by the shoulder and whirled him from his seat. Kent gripped him savagely. It was bad enough to have loaded himself with disaster but this man should not stand the risk of death.

"This is my job, and—"

The engine's speed slackened fast. With a mighty swing Kent raised the old man in his arms and launched him, feet foremost, toward the flying drifts.

"I take the consequences!"

Then, with his hands on throttle and lever he

riveted his gaze forward. If Leighton's guess was correct—

So, indeed! The rear car only, lumber-laden, had broken away, leaped the curve and shattered

is over there! Hark, her whistle! Blow yours—but it meets the west wind. Slower the cars slide,—now they creep. Easy with your engine, boy, you must meet them gently. Ah, stopped,



"KENT RAISED THE OLD MAN IN HIS ARMS AND LAUNCHED HIM, FEET FOREMOST, TOWARD THE FLYING DRIFTS."

against a boulder, and the locomotive, crawling in fear around the mountain, had let its prey escape. The heat of Kent's vexed brain was tempered by the chill at his heart as he realized that now only the rising grade could check the runaway's flight and but a mile of that grade remained—and somewhere, somewhere, No. 10 was coming on, on, on, loaded with living men and women. On, on, on! the words throbbed in his brain. Nineteen years may lack the poise, coolness, doggedness of an old engineer; but Kent's determination never wavered. The engine leaped forward and flew after its prey—now in sight, slacking pace, nearly to the height of the grade.

On to the finish! Don't let them go! No. 10

rods ahead! For a moment only, then slowly, faster, they slide back on the grade. Now the runaway has turned pursuer and the pursuer must "reverse" and run away. And ahead is the Angle again. What next? Collision? Engine dumped on the curve? or escaped and instead the freight collapsed in the track of No. 10? Little time for calculation—act! with every muscle set and steady mind. Fifty feet away and coming faster—a bit more steam! Half a car—keep clear! Now it's an even race, the engine running at the same speed as the cars, and—bump-p!

"I've got 'em!" cried Kent. He laughed a choked, nervous laugh. He crept cautiously over the cab and linked locomotive and train. Crept back. Around the curve cautiously, now



faster, and racing backward for the open stretch on the north of the mountain, whistle shrieking like mad—the freight stretched up the north grade as No. 10 rolled into sight and plied her brakes.

Noyes, the horse-keeper who had escaped from the drifts and taken to the track, boarded the freight as it passed him at slack pace and No. 10 loaned one of her trainmen and went back to pick up Leighton.

"Nice little game you played this noon, George!" said the conductor of the freight at night

when the end of the run gave time to talk. "I used to play choo-choo cars myself when I was a baby. 'T was n't quite so excitin', though."

Kent's weathered face flushed darker.

"I did a fool's trick," he retorted, "and I took the consequences."

"H'mp! Hear that!" remarked Leighton. "He sat in the cab, dry and warm, and had a nice ride. Noyes jumped to save his neck and sprained his elbow. Then George fired me out into the air and buried me more 'n four feet in the snow. I guess *we* took the consequences!"

## Hard to Explain

By Clara Odell Lyon

I  
Typewriter to the pencils said,  
"Now will you tell me please,  
Why, when I have no doors nor locks,  
I have so many keys?"



II

"We do not know," the pencils said;  
"It's queer as quadrupeds!  
But can you tell us why we wear  
Our rubbers on our heads?"



# THE LASS OF THE SILVER SWORD

BY MARY CONSTANCE DUBOIS

## CHAPTER V

### THE QUEEN OF THE SILVER SWORD

JEAN awoke on Sunday morning conscious that she was making a fresh start in her life at Hazelhurst with the real Carol Armstrong for her friend. She found Carol waiting for her as the girls were going to breakfast, and they entered the dining-room with their arms around each other. Breakfast over, the Mice made for their hole with speed. They had seen Miss Carlton's eye turn ominously in their direction.

The Orioles drew Jean into their nest. "Joan of Arc," said Cecily. "What do you think we girls did last night? We held a meeting and elected officers for the Silver Sword! And Betty's to be Princess of the Treasure, and I'm Princess of the Scroll, and *you're* the Queen!"

"Me!" exclaimed Jean, astonished quite out of good English.

"Yes, you! You've been unanimously elected."

"But I'm not good enough! I behaved so dreadfully!" stammered Jean. "I should n't think you'd want me to belong to the order at all! *You* ought to be the Queen, Cecily; you're so sweet and good all the time! You'd make a splendid one."

"I would n't at all, and I'm not sweet and good a bit!" declared St. Cecilia. "You're the Queen and you can't help yourself!"

"You'll make the best queen of all, Jean. You know how to plan things so beautifully. If we don't have you, we won't have anybody! We'll give up the order! There now!" This was Betty's ultimatum.

Jean looked at her friends as if she could not believe that it was true,—this honor after her wrathful outburst. Then she dropped her eyes to hide a gathering mist, and while she stood silent, with bent head, she took a strong resolve to prove herself worthy of her crown.

In the afternoon, as Jean was sitting at her desk writing her "home letter," Frances and Adela came to her, fresh from a penitential half hour in Miss Carlton's study. Adela drummed on the desk, her cheeks crimson. Frances took up Jean's pencils and examined them one after another as if she found them very interesting. It was Jean who spoke first.

"Girls, I said hateful things to you, yesterday—I was so angry! I'm very, very sorry. Won't you please forgive me?"

"Good gracious! You're the one to do the forgiving!" burst out Frances. "It was perfectly horrid of us to go and take your book! I'm terribly sorry! Won't you please forgive *me*?"

"Of course I will!" Jean raised her face as Frances bent over her, and they marked the victory of Caritas with a kiss of peace.

"I'm sorry, too, Jean! I did n't think you'd mind so. And I would n't have locked you in, only you scared me to death. Will you forgive me too?" asked Adela.

"Of course!" answered Jean. She took Adela's hand, gave it a hearty squeeze, and held it fast.

As they were going away Frances dropped a kiss on the back of Jean's neck, and Adela said thoughtfully, "You'll make a fine queen!"

THE initiation ceremony of the order took place on the following Saturday evening when, after a royal banquet of ice-cream and cake, princesses and maids of honor knelt before their queen to receive "the accolade" in true chivalric fashion. Jean was armed with a real sword, a revolutionary heirloom lent by Miss Carlton, and with it she touched each kneeling girl lightly on the shoulder, commanding her to be a loyal battle maid, always faithful to the sword of love and the shield of truth.

Some good fighting was done between the initiation night and Commencement Day. If a pupil or a teacher was ill, "Caritas" was sure to be drawn in her behalf, and she received a cheery present of flowers "with best wishes from the Silver Sword." And from the founding of the order Miss Carlton dated a marked improvement in the standing of Jean's class. To be sure Adela's Latin exercises were faultier than they had sometimes been, but they were at least the work of her own brains.

The battle maids toiled hard for love of their Alma Mater, but still they had time to give a play for the benefit of their society. Early in May they acted a dramatization of "The Rose and the Ring" with great success, and at the end of the evening found themselves rich enough to order their gold and silver badges.

And now Commencement was less than a month away. One afternoon, as Carol and Eunice were studying for the senior examinations, Jean came into their room, bringing a bunch of wild violets for her "big sister," as she loved to call her friend. Carol stole a minute





THE INITIATION CEREMONY OF "THE SILVER SWORD."

from the classics to enjoy the bit of spring freshness, and Jean dropped down beside her on the divan.

"Carolie," she said, "is n't it just too bad! Cecily's had the biggest disappointment!"

"What's happened?" asked Carol. "I *thought* she looked like a funeral to-day."

"Why, she can't go to Halcyon Lake this summer. They have to rent their camp. She's just had a letter from her mother."

"Where's Halcyon Lake? I never heard of it," said Carol.

"It's in the Adirondacks," answered Jean. "It's way back in the woods. They have the loveliest camp there, right on the edge of the lake! They sleep in tents! It used to be a boys' camp. Her father was a minister, you know, and he used to take up youngsters from the city. And since he died Cece and her mother have gone up just by themselves; but now some people want the camp for the summer, and her mother says she's got to let them have it, because she needs the money so much."

"Why, I did n't know the Brooks were poor!" exclaimed Carol.

"Yes, they are. And Cecily says Miss Carlton's educating her for nothing, because she was her mother's best friend. Oh dear! I think it's a real shame they have to rent their camp! An uncle of hers has a little camp there too, and she has such fun with her cousins! They canoe all day, and have picnics and camp-fires and everything!"

"I'd like to go there, myself, for the canoeing," interrupted Carol. "I have the dearest little canoe! Poor little St. Cecilia! I don't wonder she looked ultramarine! It's too bad she can't go! Camping out's the only proper way to spend a summer, I think."

Her eyes wandered to the stretch of sunny landscape that could be seen from her open window. Suddenly she whistled; then she sprang up and clapped her hands. "Queenie, I've hit it!" she cried. "My mighty brain has evolved a scheme. The fortunes of the Brooks are made forever! We'll have a *girls'* camp!"

"Carolie, what do you mean?" Jean was on her feet too, all excitement.

"A *girls'* camp it is!" said Carol. "Una, wake up! You'll get blind if you fuss over that Greek any longer! The cream of Hazelhurst Hall is going to camp out all summer at Halcyon Lake,—sleep in tents,—fish,—hunt,—canoe!"

"What *are* you rattling on about?" asked Eunice, looking vaguely up from her Greek.

"Una, put down that book this instant!" Carol commanded. "Do you hear me? Obey your

president! I'm not going to let you study any more; you'll be valedictorian anyway, so what's the use of working yourself into nervous prostration! Now listen,—don't put on that patient expression!"

"Go ahead! Chatter away! You won't keep still till you've said your say out, I suppose," Eunice answered resignedly.

Carol repeated the story of Cecily's disappointment. "Now," said she, "Mrs. Brook has to rent her camp because she needs the money. Well, if she gets the money, and stays there too, so much the better. Now it's all settled! The whole senior class and all the other *nice* girls are going to board at her camp all summer. Let's telegraph to her: 'Don't rent. Your fortune's made!'"

"Oh, Carolie, how perfectly glorious!" screamed Jean, with a jump of delight.

"Well, you certainly are an inventive genius!" said Eunice. "I suppose there's not the slightest chance our families will want us to be with them this summer!"

"Our families will be only too glad to be rid of us," replied Carol. "Now, don't talk about visiting your married sister, Una. If she knows you as well as I do, she won't want you. You're not to be trusted with your baby niece. You'd carry the poor darling around as if she were a dictionary, and absent-mindedly stuff her into a bookshelf."

Eunice laughed. "I think it's a perfectly ideal plan," she said. "But I'm afraid we could n't collect enough girls."

"We can, we must, we shall, we *will* collect them!" declared Carol. "We'll boom 'Camp St. Cecilia-by-the-Lake' so hard we'll fill it in less than no time. There won't even be standing room left! You're coming, you know, Jeanie."

"Oh, oh! I'd love to go!" cried Jean. "Then I'd be with you, all summer! If only I can get off from visiting Aunt Lucretia!"

"She'll *have* to let you off," said Carol. "I'm going to steal you for the summer, wherever I am. But we'll get to camp. We'll have shoals of girls,—don't you worry! Let's call a class meeting this evening, Una, and start the Halcyon Lake boom."

The camping project was advertised with signal success. Miss Carlton, herself, favored the plan, and she as well as radiant Cecily wrote to Mrs. Brook, whose answer was an offer to take as many girls as the tents would hold, and the assurance that she would give up all thought of renting her camp. If parental consent could have been gained by all the damsels who had caught the camping fever, Mrs. Brook would have found



nearly the whole school begging for accommodation, but many were doomed to disappointment. At last, however, seventeen girls were enrolled, with Miss Hamersley, the teacher of athletics, and Fräulein Bunsen, as the chaperones of the party. The "order" was represented by several girls, but Jean still waited to know her destiny.

Commencement Day came, bringing diplomas and prizes. The battle maids reaped a rich harvest after their months of hard fighting, and wore for the first time their new badges, tiny gold and silver clasp-pins, in the form of shields crossed by swords and bearing the motto "Caritas et Veritas." On that day of triumph Jean won both the English and the Latin prizes, and in the evening, as if to close the festivities, a cable-gram arrived. It was from her father, and said: "Jean may go to camp."

## CHAPTER VI

### CAMP HUAIRARWEE

EARLY one bright, fresh morning, a fortnight after Commencement, the Albany station was invaded by a troop of girls, laden with a variety of outing gear. Nancy Newcomb and Helen Westover, who headed the band, carried bundles of fishing rods. Marion Gaylord was armed with a canoe-paddle, and Eunice had a field-glass slung over her shoulder; several of the party were equipped with kodaks, and others with caddy-bags, while Jean, Betty and two or three more swung tennis rackets. As for Carol, she had evidently taken up the professions of troubadour and musketeer, for in one hand she bore a mandolin case and in the other a rifle. She seemed to be acting as body-guard to little Fräulein Bunsen, who, with Miss Hamersley, had brought the merry maidens by the night boat from New York.

Five minutes later another traveler entered the station, a little gipsy in a jaunty suit, followed by a dignified looking gentleman, no doubt her father.

"Frisky!" "Frances!" Betty and Jean rushed to meet the new-comer.

"Ach, but we shall have a summer of pranks, if the little Mouse is to go to camp!" exclaimed Fräulein Bunsen in some dismay.

"Shall I fire?" Carol demanded. "We 'd better nip her pranks in the bud."

Frances dashed straight for the girls and proclaimed triumphantly, "I 'm going to camp! It 's because of the whooping-cough!"

"Good gracious, child! Go away from *me*, then!" cried Nancy, and there was a general backing away from the Mouse.

"Oh, I 'm not catching!" said Frances. "I was

away visiting when my small brother came down with it, and I can't go home for fear I 'll get it. So Daddy telegraphed to Mrs. Brook, and I 'm going with you! Is n't it too jolly! My, but I had to scramble to get off! Dick only began to whoop day before yesterday. Was n't he a lamb to catch it? Oh, is n't it splendid I can go!"

"Perfectly fine, Mousie!" said Jean. "It 'll be stacks of fun to have you! Now there 'll be four of us battle maids together all summer."

A few minutes more and they were all in the parlor-car, rolling out of the station on their way to the Adirondacks. They left the train in the cool of the afternoon, and the mountain-wagons sent to meet them carried them miles away from the railroad to the shores of Halcyon. It was in the rosy light of sunset that they had their first glimpse of the beautiful lake, with its fringe of woods and its encircling hills. But it was only a glimpse, for the next moment they turned into the darkness of the forest road again.

Suddenly a light shone out in the gloom; a sharp bark was heard, and a large dog bounded into the road and rushed almost under the wheels of the first wagon.

"Rod! Rod! come here!" called a familiar voice, and the leading carriage-load saw standing at the side of the way a girl in white holding a lantern.

"Cecily! Cecily!" chorused six glad voices. There was a medley of happy greetings, and before the horses could stop Jean had made a daring spring from one side and Frances from the other. The next minute Betty, Carol, Eunice, and Nancy were with them; Cecily was flying from one to another, and the whole seven were laughing and talking at once.

"Roderick Dhu and I have been waiting perfect ages! I thought you 'd never come! Oh, it 's so lovely to have you here!" cried Cecily.

"It 's so lovely to *be* here!" returned Jean. "You darling, beautiful old doggy! Stay still and let me pet you!" And she went down on her knees to fondle the shaggy collie.

"Now I 'm going to take you up through the labyrinth," said Cecily, when the other divisions of the party had joined them, and she had welcomed every one. The carriages have to go way around and you 'd be joggled all to pieces. Roderick, old boy! lead the way!"

"What 's the labyrinth?" asked Jean.

"It 's the foot-path to camp. We call it that because the trail winds and winds all sorts of ways and tangles you all up," Cecily explained. She parted the overhanging boughs by the way-side, and disclosed a path leading, so it seemed, into the very heart of the forest.

"Oh, how good the woods smell! Is n't it delicious!" The girls sniffed and drew deep breaths as they set out on the trail.

"It 's just like going through a tunnel! I love the labyrinth!" said Jean, delighted with the winding, perplexing path.

"But where *is* the lake?" asked Betty.

"And where 's the camp?" asked Frances.

"Just a little way ahead," said Cecily, flitting

"And spell it in some crazy way," proposed Jean.

The new name met with general approbation, and by the time that it had been decided to spell it "Huairarwee," the trail ended. The girls stepped out of the thick woods and found themselves in a grove of birches on a little bluff above the lake. A camp-fire was blazing on a great rock and in its light they saw a line of white



"THE STATION WAS INVADED BY A TROOP OF GIRLS, LADEN WITH A VARIETY OF OUTING GEAR."

on like a will-o'-the-wisp with her lantern, "but if I ran away from you, you would n't find your way if you tried all night."

"Where *are* we? Where *are* we?" cried girl after girl.

"Where *are* we?" mimicked Cecily. "That 's what everybody always says. We 'll come out on Camp Hide-and-Sseek in just a minute."

"Is that its name?" asked Betty.

"I call it that," said Cecily. "But I wish somebody would think up a new name."

"Call it 'Camp Where-are-we,' if that 's what everybody says," Carol suggested.

"That 's just the thing!" cried Cecily.

tents, a bungalow built of logs, and, below, a rustic boat-house and a dock.

"Mother! Mo-ther! Here we are!" sang Cecily.

"Welcome to camp!" answered a clear, sweet voice, and Mrs. Brook came out of the bungalow and gave the girls a motherly greeting.

"Come and have a peep at the tents," said she, "and then we 'll have supper. It 's just ready."

"Is n't it fun!" said Cecily. "We 're to sleep three or four in a tent!"

There were eight tents, built on platforms well raised above the ground, and connected by a narrow veranda. The furniture consisted of cots



and camp-stools, and chintz-covered boxes for wash-stands and dressing-tables.

"Cecily has planned out just how you girls are to sleep," said Mrs. Brook. "She says Miss Armstrong and Miss Stanley and Miss Newcomb are inseparable friends, so we'll put them together in this first tent."

"Jolly!" said Carol. "But please, Mrs. Brook, don't 'Miss' us,—except when we're away."

"No, please call us by our first names. We want to be your summer daughters," said Eunice.

"And so you shall be,—all of you," answered Mrs. Brook heartily, and she was adopted as "mother" by the whole camp.

"Now for the four maids of the 'Silver Sword,'" said she, when Carol, Eunice, and Nancy had taken possession of their tent. "I'm going to put you next door." She led the way to the second tent in which were four cozy cots.

Hardly had the travelers been installed in their tents when a horn sounded, calling them to supper in the bungalow. Japanese lanterns, hanging from the stag's head over the door, shed a soft light over the bungalow veranda, and a brighter glow welcomed the girls as they entered the "living-room" where a magnificent fire of spruce-logs leaped up the rough brick chimney. They found themselves in what might have been the interior of a hunter's lodge. Antlers and deers' heads adorned the walls here and there, fox skins and a bearskin lay on the floor, and in one corner a stuffed raccoon glared at the company with his yellow glass eyes. Weather-stained fence-boards, beautiful with silvery lichen, formed the mantel-shelves, which were decorated with bright-colored fungi and balloon-like hornets' nests, a stuffed blue heron, with wings outspread, presiding over the whole. The living-room was parlor and dining-room combined, and there stood the table decked with ferns, and beside it a pretty, dark-eyed French-Canadian waitress smiling hospitably on the guests.

Nothing had ever tasted so good as that delicious supper of broiled chicken, waffles, crisp lettuce, and strawberries and cream; and it was followed by an enchanting twilight hour down by the water's edge. The girls gathered around "Camp-fire Rock" and fed their cheery blaze with logs, a cloud of golden sparks shooting up whenever they threw on more fuel. The lake grew black; the stars came out to laugh with the laughing group below; the weird cry of a hoot-owl kept piercing the evening hush. A sense of possession thrilled the girls. This camp was theirs, the lake was theirs, those dark, mysterious woods were theirs; they were far away from the

outer world, hidden in their own forest fairy-land.

Drowsiness came at length, and drove the campers back to their tents, and the last murmurs of conversation and the last sparks of the fire on the rock died out at about the same time.

"Is n't it too perfect for anything to sleep in a tent, just like soldiers!" said Jean from her cot.

"It's just the thing for battle maids!" said Cecily. "Oh, dear! Mammikins said we must n't stay awake talking!"

"All right, good-night!" called sleepy Frances. "Larks to-morrow, girls!"

"Good-night," said Betty, yawning. "Oh, Cece, just tell me,—*Halcyon's* Indian, is n't it?"

"No ma'am! It's poetical for kingfisher. There are lots of kingfishers here," answered Cecily.

"And 'halcyon days' means happy days, does n't it?" said Jean, "and this is just the happiest, loveliest place in the world!" And murmuring drowsily, "Oh, I'm *so* happy!" she lay with the cool, sweet air touching her forehead with a good-night kiss.

## CHAPTER VII

### HOW THE QUEEN SAVED A HALCYON'S LIFE

A GLORIOUS mountain day, clear as crystal, breezy and cool, greeted the girls as they stepped out of their tents next morning. After the merry breakfast in the bungalow, Frances and Betty seized their rackets and joined Pamela Kirkland and Grace Gardner in a game of tennis on the court which Cecily said that her cousins, the Hamiltons, had laid out for the campers. Most of the older girls turned to their unpacking as a tiresome business to be rushed through as early as possible; but the spell of the woods and water was on Carol and she sallied forth leaving her trunk to be emptied at a more convenient season. She found Jean sitting on the veranda with only Roderick Dhu for company.

"What's the matter, Jeanie?" she asked. "Have your friends forsaken you?"

"I'm waiting for Cece to get through helping her mother, but she's so busy I don't believe she'll be ready till dinner-time!" said Jean. "What are you going to do, Carolie?"

"I'm going to steal a canoe and explore the lake. I can't stay on shore a minute longer," answered Carol. "I'll take you aboard if you'll promise to obey the captain's orders."

Jean was up in a flash. "Oh, Carolie, teach me to paddle!" she begged. "I'm dying to learn!"

"All right, but I'll have to teach you to stay still in a canoe first, Miss Perpetual Motion, and

when you 've learned *that*, I 'll teach you the stroke."

They helped themselves to paddles from the boat-house. Carol chose a gaily painted canoe and settled Jean in it luxuriously on the scarlet cushions; then she took her place in the stern, and by her vigorous strokes sent the little craft shooting away up the lake, over wavelets that flashed with myriad suns and rocked them delightfully. Jean had never been in a canoe before, and this swift gliding and gentle rocking seemed the very poetry of motion.

"Let me paddle now!" she coaxed, when lying at ease in the canoe had lost the charm of novelty. "I 've learned to sit still, I 'm sure."

"Yes, I think I could trust you to sit still even if a sea-serpent bobbed up," said Carol. "Wait, and I 'll paddle in toward shore; it 's too rough out here." They were abreast of a point of land and, as they left it behind them, she swung the canoe around to enter the bay beyond.

"Oh, look!" cried Jean. "There 's a boy standing up in a canoe! Won't he go over?" Just ahead of them they saw a boy standing in his canoe, balancing himself easily in spite of the wind-whipped water.

The lad looked about fifteen or sixteen. He was tall and slight, fair-haired, but with arms as brown as an Indian's. They passed his canoe within a few paddles' lengths, and the girls saw a well-bronzed face, bright and frank and keen.

Carol and Jean glided into the little bay. The boy sat down in his canoe and let it drift. As they neared the beach, they saw a kingfisher rise and fly chattering away. The lad saw it too. He picked up a rifle from the bottom of his canoe and took aim. His action was quick, the "halcyon's" flight was quick, and Jean's righteous indignation was quick.

"Don't shoot that bird!" she screamed, and started as she screamed. Just what else she did she could never afterward explain, but the next instant she and Carol took an unpremeditated dive! Over went the canoe, and into the cold water they plunged and made sudden acquaintance with the bottom of the lake. Happily they were within their depth, and though the water closed over their heads it was only for a moment. Carol clutched Jean and tried to drag her up. Jean clutched Carol and in the shock and fright pulled her under again. But they managed to struggle to their feet, gasping, choking, coughing, spluttering. Their heads were out of water, but Jean had to stand on tiptoe to keep her chin above the surface. She could hardly have held herself up but for Carol's arm supporting her, and she clung to her friend's neck, mak-

ing it impossible for her to move. But the boy who had started the mischief came to their relief with lightning speed.

"Catch hold!" he cried, bringing the bow of his canoe up to them. They caught it and raised themselves.

"Hold on tight!" he commanded, and Jean clung fast.

Carol, now free, struck out for herself, and swam and waded ashore, and the young rescuer paddled with all his strength, and brought Jean safely to the strip of beach. He jumped out and stood watching the girls anxiously as they wrung out their skirts and regained their breath.

"Get our canoe—quick!" panted Carol.

"That 's right! I 'm an old duffer!" said the boy, recalled to his duty. Satisfied that the shipwrecked mariners did not require artificial respiration, he reëmbarked and brought back their canoe, with the paddles and cushions which had gone floating up the lake.

"I d-d-d-did n't know the w-w-w-water was s-s-so cold!" said Jean through chattering teeth. "H-h-how did it happen, anyway?"

"You took a flying leap, you crazy! Whatever possessed you?" returned Carol wrathfully. "A little farther out and we 'd both have been drowned, with you pulling me down!"

"It was all *my* fault," said the boy penitently. "I 'm awfully sorry!"

"We 'll have to go right straight back or we 'll catch our deaths," said Carol, shivering.

"You get into my canoe and let me paddle you back. We 'll tow yours," the lad proposed.

"Oh, thank you ever so much!" replied Carol. "But it would be too bad to trouble you. We can go back alone perfectly well. We 're at Mrs. Brook's camp. That is n't far. You 're not Dr. Hamilton's son, Mrs. Brook's nephew, are you?"

"No, but I know the Hamiltons," he answered, with a bright, winning smile. "Look here! Let me take you there,—it 's just round that first point, and Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Rose will give you some dry things. Won't you please? You 'd better. That 's where I was just going, myself. We 'll have the wind with us, and so you won't get so chilled."

"Oh, thank you,—I believe that 's the best thing to do," said Carol. "They 'll think we 're mermaids gone insane, but I can't help it! We 'll freeze if we try to get all the way back home!"

"Oh, you must n't think of it! You 'd be icicles by the time you got back," said the boy, and he tied the girls' canoe to his.

"Well, I don't care! I 'm glad I stopped you from shooting that poor bird, even if I did upset the canoe!" cried Jean.



"Why, I was n't really going to shoot," he answered, with laughter in his gray eyes. "My rifle was n't even loaded."

"Was n't it?" gasped Jean, and felt desperately foolish.

"There,—Queen of the Silver Sword!" laughed Carol. "You *have* begun the summer with a valorous deed!"

"I was only fooling. I 'm awfully sorry I scared you!" the owner of the rifle apologized. Anxious to make amends, he helped the girls into his canoe and paddled hastily farther up the lake toward the Hamiltons' camp.

"We forgot all about thanking you for saving us," said Carol. "But we *do* thank you ever and ever so much. I don't know what we should have done without you!"

"You would n't have capsized without me!" he replied with a chuckle.

"Oh, yes, we would; she 'd have jumped overboard for something else! Would n't you, Queenie?" said Carol. And poor Jean did not

know whether to enjoy the thrill of adventure or be wretched with cold and mortification.

"Oh, dear! My beautiful new hair-ribbons!" she wailed, as she pulled off two dripping wet strings,—a few minutes before, broad satin bows.

"Oh, my poor wig! it feels just like seaweed!" moaned Carol, wringing out her sopping curly mop.

"Oo-ooh! I 'm so cold!" Jean complained. "Why are you so much colder when you go in all dressed than when you 're in your bathing-suit?" "Maybe because it 's so unexpected," replied Carol.

"What do you suppose they 'll say when we get back?" asked Jean, with countenance forlorn.

"Oh, Jean, let 's not borrow trouble!" sighed Carol. But their thoughts were soon diverted from the melancholy future.

Passing the next point, they saw on a breezy elevation—a tent with a flag flying above it, and a bungalow. "There 's the Hamiltons' camp," said the boy. "They call it Camp Hurricane."

(To be continued.)



THE Elfland sprites took fleecy clouds of purple,  
blue, and pink,

And 'broidered them with sunbeams, oh! so  
bright they 'd make you wink;

And next some silver dew they took, with dainty magic spoons,

And where 't was sprinkled, there it twinkled like a million moons;  
Then over all of this, some hearts and darts and flowers were laid,—  
And that 's the Elfland secret of how Valentines are made.

# HOW IT FEELS TO FLY!

BY C. H. CLAUDY

How would you feel if you, unsuspectingly opening your morning's mail, found this:

DEAR FRIEND:

I shall be glad to have you take a balloon trip with me next week—on Thursday if the weather is right. Time of start, 12 o'clock; place of start, Eastern gas works; destination, according to wind; time of arrival, unknown.

Cordially yours,

THE PILOT.

Staggering, is n't it?

Oh! how will it feel to fly? Birds fly, and some squirrels, and fishes, and bats, and bugs, and butterflies, and things—but you are none of these. Still, why not? Other men go up in balloons, and come down, too. Yet—

"I wonder how it does feel, anyhow," you think.

You have an idea. Deep down in your mind you know you are going to go, but you dally with the determination. You think you will see what it is like first—as if you could cheat a new experience of its first sensation—and straightway you climb the tallest steeple or building within your reach and look up and around and down; there is a peculiar tickling sensation going up and down your spine and you put out a furtive hand to touch the building, and wonder how you will feel when that same hand touches but a rope, and when in place of the solid floor there is but a yielding basket!

Yet the more you think of it the less intention you have of not going; in fact you are crazy to go.

The day arrives, and so do you, at the gas



ALL READY!

works, about four hours too early. You want to watch the process of putting up a balloon, even if

you have seen it before. If you have watched it in times past, it was n't *your* trip that was coming off! You are unusually anxious to see the



WE'RE OFF!

valve put in, and your voice is very unconcerned when you ask:

"Is it good and tight?"

You watch the balloon grow from a mushroom heap of yellow to a big round disk, a half a melon, an oval, and finally a ball, with much-mixed feelings. You recall having seen it all pictured, in a series of photographs in ST. NICHOLAS only a few months ago, but yet it seems different "close to." You are curious about the basket and you stow away a camera and some lunch and a coat and field-glasses in the pockets, with the comments of the crowd—there is always a crowd—in your ears; you wonder if, as some one says, you are a "mighty nerry somebody," or, as the answer makes you, "all kinds of a fool!" to take your feet off the solid earth!

You watch with interest the numerous bags of sand which are put into the basket, and you look somewhat fearfully at that same basket and its all too small dimensions, and you wonder how you and the pilot and another passenger are going to find accommodation for yourselves in so small a space. For besides some sixteen sacks of



sand, holding each fifty pounds, you three, and lunch, there are several cameras, overcoats, a water bottle, several instruments, a big coil of rope, field-glasses, some canned food which heats itself when the can is opened, and a raft of small articles which fill the pockets of the car-lining to the bulging point.

The car is moved under the balloon. You had not thought the time was so near for you to start. You take a long breath, then let it out again, very, very slowly, as the unconcerned pilot passes you with a smile and says:

"Half an hour and we 're off!"

Half an hour!

The retaining bags of sand hanging on the netting are shifted to the leader cords, which end at the collecting ring of wood, to which the master cords of the netting are attached. As this is done the bag goes up and up, and hangs, motionless, or swaying slightly, high above you.

Half an hour! No, twenty minutes. The pilot, for the moment not busy arranging ropes, men, baggage, sand, valves, and other things, stops by your side.

"You see," he explains, "the neck of the balloon stays open to allow gas to escape and air to enter on account of the expansion and contraction of the gas within, due to the sun's heat, cooling when clouds pass over the face of the sun, and by reason of the increase and decrease in pressure from without, due to our height. That cord hanging through the neck of the balloon is the valve cord—pull it and gas escapes from the top, and down we go. That other cord hanging through the little rubber opening in the balloon is the rip cord—we pull it in landing in a wind, and the balloon falls in two parts."

"Suppose you pulled it in mid air?" you ask.

"It has been done," your friend replies. "But we don't do it except from dire necessity. The balloon will then form a parachute and probably land you safely, although with some force; but if, for any reason, it *did n't* 'parachute,' then pulling the rip cord in mid air would be probably the last thing you would ever do."

You mentally resolve to pull no cords, valve, rip, or otherwise. "Guess we can get aboard now," says your guide.

"Now? Why, we had half an—"

Then you remember what you are going to do and that this is supposed to be a pleasure trip, and you pull yourself together and smile, and with what you hope is a good grace you climb over the side of the basket, through the ropes, and with your feet slipping among the sand-bags you hang on tight and hold your breath and wait for the sensation of flying.

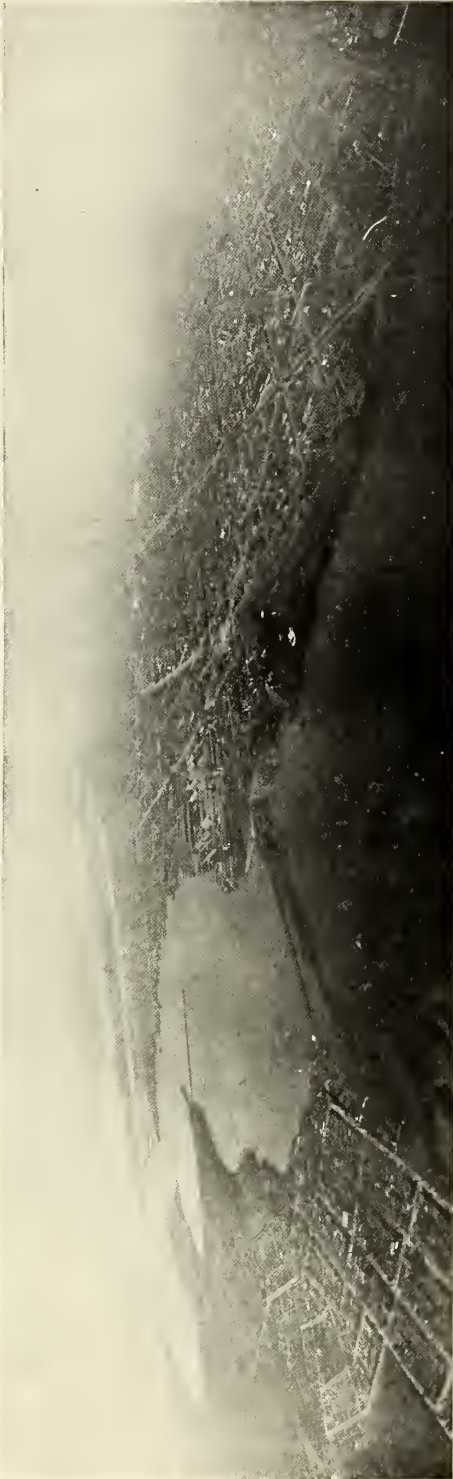
New to this bird business, you do not know that there is still a good ten minutes of your "half an hour" waiting to be spent, and that the balloon must be "balanced." The bags of sand on the outside are all unhooked, and numberless men, crowding close about you, are holding on



FROM A HEIGHT OF 1800 FEET.

to the basket. A whistle from the pilot, shrill and sharp in the silent crowd, and the hands let go. The balloon sways above you, the basket twitches restlessly as if anxious to be away, but does not move. Another whistle, and the hands lay hold.

"Out with a bag," you hear the pilot say, and your companion obediently throws one of the



VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D. C., FROM A HEIGHT OF 2000 FEET.

bags at your feet overboard. Again the whistle, again the letting go of hands—friendly hands that hold you to earth—again the stirring of the basket and the swaying of the monstrous ball above. Still you do not move. Five times is this repeated, with each outgoing bag the swaying growing less and the restless stirring of the basket growing greater.

With the fifth bag comes the curt order, "That will do." Then you know the time has really come, and you, outwardly cool and smiling, if inwardly quaking—for you have your pride—wave one hand to the crowd.

"Up with her, boys," comes the order; willing hands—treacherous hands now, that were your friends—lift the bag and basket—or do they simply let it lift itself?—and hold it shoulder high. "All ready?" from the pilot, and "All ready," your answer; and your voice, you notice proudly, is quite steady.

"Toss her up!"

You learn afterward that the sturdy arms beneath have pushed and that the slight impetus thus given helps out the slender pulling power that the nice balancing has left the bag. For you do not want, goodness knows *you* do not want, to go skyward too fast!

In a daze you look at the ground—falling away from you, all too rapidly. You look aloft. Steady as if carved from stone rises the great yellow ball. Beneath you the basket feels as firm and as hard and as motionless as the earth now spreading out before you in a magnificent panorama, such as you have never seen before. You cautiously shift your weight a little, expecting an instant career of the car. It does n't occur. The pilot steps from one side to the other, and you grasp the ropes in fear of the unsteadiness sure to result—but nothing happens. Gradually it dawns upon you that the balloon is steady—actually firm and earthlike, and that it sways not at all.

"Tie that rope well to the ring, and pay it out—gently," commands your captain, and, almost with relief—relief from what?—at something to do, you fasten the end while your friend pays it out.

"What is that for?" he asks. "Guide or drag rope," says the pilot; "keeps us steady and, when it touches the ground, acts as a spring buffer to a too sudden drop, by lightening the balloon of the weight of the rope on the ground. Helps us to keep a constant low level, in seeking a landing," and he turns to his instruments.

Down, down, down it goes, three hundred feet of it. "Why not let it drop?" you wonder fearfully, and ask. "It would jerk the balloon down





A PICTURE TAKEN HALF A MILE ABOVE THE EARTH.

so—it might break something. Drop seventy pounds three hundred feet and then halt it suddenly and something would happen!" You are mortified. Ballooning has taken your wits. You might have thought of that for yourself.

You look, timorously, straight down. Beneath you is a river—a slender silver thread, and those

dots—can they be houses? Miles and miles away is the horizon and a hundred things fleck the plain between you and it that you are going to examine in a minute—as soon as you get your breath. Suddenly—a miracle of Nature—like the breaking of the butterfly from the clogging shreds of the cocoon, your soul bursts from your

★



FROM A HEIGHT OF ONE MILE. NOTE THE DRAG ROPE (MARKED BY ★ ABOVE THE PICTURE) APPARENTLY TOUCHING THE EARTH.

fear—yes, though you would not admit it—*your fear*, and you want to shout and exult and even dance in the feeling of freedom that is yours, and at the truly wonderful spectacle laid out map-like, for you to see.

"Look!" says your companion, pointing. "Look! See that round, moving shadow? That's *our* shadow! We must be going about ten miles an hour. Look! Look! See it pass that horse on the road?"

You look, and it is so; and you guess, what you have confirmed later, that the shadow of the

It is the statoscope, an arrangement like an ear drum, as he explains it, and the rubber tube is the tube communicating with the outer air. When it is squeezed and the air confined, the sensitive walls of the "ear drum" bend in or out as the outside pressure decreases or increases, which is as you go up or down. Connected with a hand, this sensitive rubber membrane marks a sure indication of your vertical motion which, if it be slow, is quite impossible to ascertain, except in a long period of time, by any other means.

And it is very necessary to know if you are



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D. C., FROM A BALLOON AT A HEIGHT OF 1,000 FEET.

balloon is a good means to judge your speed. It impresses you as one of the most curious things of your trip, this shadow which touches no earthly object, floating over the earth like a cloud.

Then you think of your cameras, and from this on, at various intervals, you make pictures, many of which amount to nothing, because you had not the knowledge of balloon photography, which prescribes a special plate, a special screen, and a specially quick shutter to take care of the glare of light. But some of them are good—one is fine! And perhaps you do not prize them in after years!

Your pilot has his gaze riveted upon a little instrument and he is fingering a little rubber tube.

rising or falling. Your balloon is *never* still vertically. It is practically always going up or coming down. The least variation in temperature, a passing breeze, or a cloud covering the sun, and the gas cools, contracts, and you fall. The least increase in temperature, a warmer air current, the sun shining forth again, and up you go.

Little harm will reach you, going up—save for the aftermath of "what goes up must come down"—but a fall, if not checked, may land you on earth where and when and how you would rather not! So when the little hand points to the "down" side, and continues to point there, the pilot, with a little scoop, ladles out sand, a few ounces at a time in the case of a small downward movement, until the motion is checked.



You are watching him intently and also the little recording barometer and thermometer, tracing its crooked zigzag lines which mean so much to the aerial student. You examine it closely.

"What does that mean, that 6500 under the pen?" you ask.

"Sixty-five hundred feet," answers the pilot, laconically.

"What!"

Sixty-five hundred feet! A mile and a quarter! You look over the side of the balloon. Strange to say, you have now no sensation of height whatever—no fear of falling, no sense of wanting to jump, no feeling of being in danger. A mile and a quarter below you is the earth—dots for houses, pin points for trees, and men invisible. The country is as flat as a pancake, hill-less, valley-less. But wait, it is n't flat, either; it is a great bowl! The horizon seems on a level with your eyes—as horizons must always be—yet the earth immediately below, so far away, makes it seem concave. The horizon? where is the horizon anyhow? Gone, blotted out by a haze and—Look! Is that a thunder cloud? What, a dust ring? What is a dust ring?

And then you listen in wonder as your friend explains that you are on a level with the top of that part of the sea of air which holds the most of the dust of earth, a dust which is only visible as a haze when you see through it for a mile or more, and which, even now, throws a blue veil over all the earth beneath. And the top of this dust level is sharply defined and clearly visible,

see, and swallowing up, in its soft blanket folds, the city you have left and the future of your journey through the air.

You look again toward the earth. You follow the guide rope down, with your eye, and note the curious fact that the end, three hundred feet below, seems to touch the earth.

"It is always so," says the pilot; "you look at it at so small an angle that you cannot tell where the end may be, and it seems to rest on the ground. Put your eye to a flagstaff and look up, and it will seem infinite in height and to pierce the sky—the same optical illusion, spelled backward!"

While you are looking downward, idly wondering what, after all, your sensations would be if this seemingly solid vibrationless thing beneath you should drop, you become conscious of a breeze. You wonder why you have n't felt it before, and turn to your pilot for information. But you find him busy with his statoscope and his ladle. "Throw out some paper," he calls to you over his shoulder, and, you not understanding, your companion tears up an envelop and drops the pieces over.

They promptly fly *up* into the balloon!

"See that?" says the pilot. "We are falling rather rapidly. The sun is overcast."

To be sure. A heavy cloud has covered the sun, your gas bag has contracted, and down you go. Faster and faster the sand goes out, and nearer and nearer the earth comes to you. One bag, two bags, are emptied and nearly all of a



THE BALLOON TRIP IS OVER—AND HOME THIRTY MILES AWAY!

but only when you are sufficiently near its top to note the difference between the deep blue of the sky and the blue gray of this dust ring. Straight around the horizon it stretches, a dark cloud hiding the edge of the world you would so love to

third, and the pocket barometer shows that you have come from 6500 to 1200 feet. Then the statoscope hand wavers and very slowly turns to the "up" side. At the same moment the sun comes out.

"Now, watch us go up!" says the pilot, and up you do go, with a bound—up, up, up, up, up, up! The barometer registers 7500 feet, a mile and a half, when you stop. "You see," says the pilot, "we threw out a hundred and fifty pounds of sand, to counteract the contracted gas. We had the same amount of gas, but it was smaller in bulk. Now the sun has given us back our original bulk, but, as we are 150 pounds lighter, we go higher. Swallow, if your ears ring."

And ring they do, badly. They, too, are little statoscopes in principle although without a registering hand, and only by swallowing can you quickly adjust the pressure so that inside the head and outside the air is equally dense.

You notice that the sun is hot, oh, very hot, yet you can see your breath. You look at your comrades and find them red of skin and your own face burns. Deprived of its dust, the air transmits all the heat of the sun, absorbing but little. The upper air temperatures are cool, your thermometer registering only 40 F., although it is summer.

"What would happen," you ask, "if I should dance and juggle the balloon?"

"Try it," says the pilot.

You execute a cautious wiggle, holding on tight, but apparently without affecting the balloon at all.

"Now look at the statoscope."

"Why, it makes us go up!" you exclaim in astonishment.

"Yes," says the pilot. "It jars the warmest layer of gas in the envelop, which lies next the skin, and it is replaced by cooler gas, which in turn gets heated and so we go up a little."

Your companion again points out the balloon shadow on earth, a mere blot now, hardly to be seen at this height—we are 6000 feet up—and it seems to stand still.

"Now we will seek a current, get across those railway tracks and go down." The pilot is looking at a map. "Here is Marlesborough, and there is Hilton. We have been up three hours and have come thirty-five miles. We can get a train at eight. Pack up."

Obedient, you pack your cameras and field-glasses and impedimenta although you do not understand just why. But you learn. Then comes a nervous moment—for the guide takes the cord which runs through the neck of the balloon and gives it a strong pull. You hear something, a steady "whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r," which you know is the roar of escaping gas, and you wonder, as you feel the breeze of falling, what would happen if that confounded valve did n't shut again, and you are inclined, like a nervous woman in a carriage,

to snatch the reins—valve rope—from his hands and manage it yourself! But after a long, long three seconds, he lets it go, suddenly and with a reassuring snap the doors of the valve seat themselves, and your moment of "nerves" is over.

Down, down, you go, and the shadow becomes clearer and clearer and moves, gently—you are passing through a breeze. Nearer and nearer comes the earth, bigger and bigger grow the dots of houses, and here and there a moving speck indicates a man. You watch a train—an express—crawl slowly over the landscape, and you say an inward prayer that no sparks fly from it to you, an impossibility at your height. Down, down, down, down, down, until you see the end of the drag rope touch the ground and lie fifty feet along it, when the balloon balances, and your fall ends. You are moving along the road, as you can see by the drag rope. Men run from neighboring fields and lay hands on it, and the pilot in sudden alarm shouts to them with a megaphone to "Let go." In this ten-mile breeze now blowing, if they held the rope, you would be brought to earth like a huge upside-down pendulum. Two men insist on holding on, apparently misunderstanding. The pilot throws out a little sand and the rope is twitched from their hands. It drags over a house, chases a chicken, gets caught in a tree, breaks a branch, careening the balloon as it does so. "Something has to go," says the pilot. "The rope won't break and the balloon won't, and we either stop or the obstruction gives. Sometimes we tear down wires, but this breeze is n't strong enough to wrap the rope about them." As he speaks, we vault a wire line with our rope and knock down a fence.

"Get ready to land," says the pilot. "You get a bag of sand ready to dump, and you drop the anchor when I say—and hang on tight with your hands on the ropes. I will land in that field."

The trees are still small, but they are trees, and not specks. "How high we seem!" you say—the first time you have thought of height—the first time you have been but two hundred feet up. It is only at low altitudes that earthly objects are big enough for the sense of comparison necessary to estimate distance.

Again the valve cord is pulled, again we go down, on a slant, and with a rush. Two hundred, one hundred, fifty, forty feet—"over with the bags"; over they go, thirty—"over with the anchor"; over it goes, twenty, ten, BUMP! We are down and together in a jumble of sand-bags, cameras, cans, and coats. No wonder we packed up if landing is always as strenuous as this.

"Hang on tight!" shouts the pilot, and lo! the balloon, rebounding, goes a hundred feet in the



air, jerking our arms and piling us in the other end of the basket. *Down* we go again, down, down, down,—bump! Then up, up, up,—stop, down, down,—bump! Up, up, stop, down, down,—bump! Up, stop, down, bump!—bump!—bump!—bump! Bump!

At last we lie almost still and you start to get out. "Don't move!" shouts the pilot; "if you get out she will get away!" He is hanging on to

the valve cord. Slowly, so slowly, the balloon gets smaller and smaller, flabbier and flabbier, smellier and smellier! We are surrounded by a crowd of wondering natives. Down and down the great bag sinks, until it lies spread out upon the grass. We step out, take a long breath—

"Oh, jiminy!" you say. "I want to go back! I want to fly again!"

But the balloon trip is over!

## A MODERN RED RIDING HOOD

BY C. J. BUDD



WERE Little Red Riding Hood living to-day  
 And a wolf should approach, as of yore—  
 "Excuse me," she 'd say, "I must hurry away,  
 Eggs are four-pence a piece at the store, so they say,  
 I 'll sell them, for Grandma, and she, with the pay,  
 Will keep the wolf from the door!"

# HISTORIC BOYHOODS.

BY RUPERT-SARGENT-HOLLAND

## VII. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE BOY OF THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS

SQUIRE JOSIAH CRAWFORD was seated on the porch of his house in Gentryville, Indiana, one spring afternoon when a small boy called to see him. The Squire was a testy old man, not very fond of boys, and he glanced up over his book, impatient and annoyed at the interruption.

"What do you want here?" he demanded.

The boy had pulled off his raccoon-skin cap, and stood holding it in his hand while he eyed the old man.

"They say down at the store, sir," said the boy, "that you have a 'Life of George Washington.' I'd like very much to read it."

The Squire peered closer at his visitor, surprised out of his annoyance at the words. He looked over the boy, carefully examining his long, lank figure, the tangled mass of black hair, his deep-set eyes, and large mouth. He was evidently from some poor country family. His clothes were made of skins, and the trousers were shrunk until they barely reached below his knees.

"What's your name, boy?" asked the Squire.

"Abraham Lincoln, son of Thomas Lincoln, down on Pidgeon Creek."

The Squire said to himself: "It must be that Tom Lincoln, who, folks say, is a ne'er-do-well and moves from place to place every year because he can't make his farm support him." Then he said, aloud, to the boy: "What do you want with my 'Life of Washington'?"

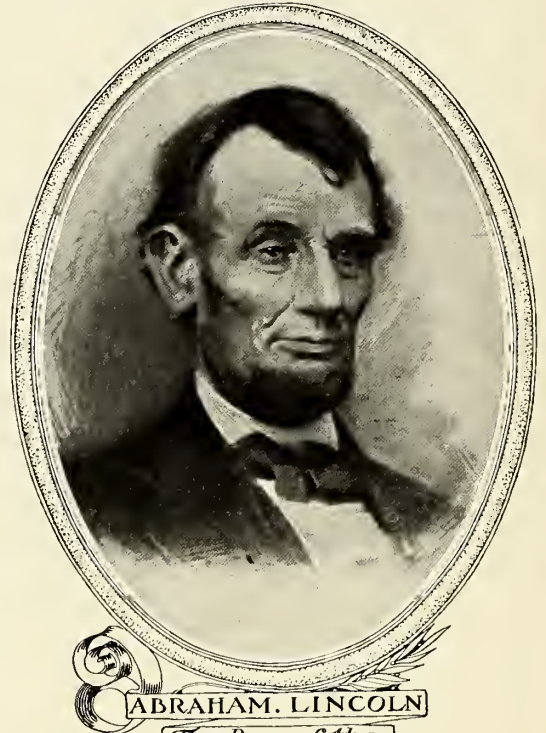
"I've been learning about him at school, and I'd like to know more."

The old man studied the boy in silence for some moments; something about the lad seemed to attract him. Finally he said: "Can I trust you to take good care of the book if I lend it to you?"

"As good care," said the boy, "as if it was made of gold, if you'd only please let me have it for a week."

His eyes were so eager that the old man could not withstand them. "Wait here a minute," he

said, and went into the house. When he returned he brought the coveted volume with him and handed it to the boy. "There it is," said he,



ABRAHAM. LINCOLN

*The Boy of the*  
**AMERICAN**  
**WILDERNESS.**

"I'm going to let you have it, but be sure it does n't come to harm down on Pidgeon Creek."

The boy, with the precious volume tucked tightly under his arm, went down the single street of Gentryville with the joy of anticipation in his face. He could hardly wait to open the



book and plunge into it. He stopped for a moment at the village store to buy some calico his stepmother had ordered, and then struck into the road through the woods that led to his home.

The house which he found at the end of his trail was a very primitive affair. The first home Tom Lincoln had built on the Creek when he moved there from Kentucky had been merely a "pole-shack," four poles driven into the ground with forked ends at the top, other poles laid crosswise in the forks, and a roof of poles built on this square. There had been no chimney, only an open place for a window, and another for a door, and strips of bark and patches of clay to keep the rain out. The new house was a little better, it had an attic, and the first floor was divided into several rooms. It was very primitive, however, in reality only a big log-cabin.

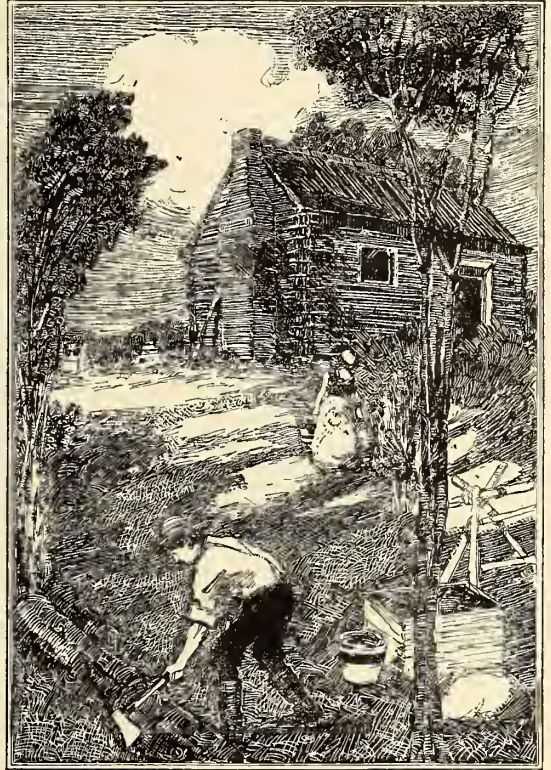
The boy came out of the woods, crossed the clearing about the house, and went in at the door. His stepmother was sitting at the window sewing. He held up the volume for her to see. "I've got it!" he cried. "It's the 'Life of Washington,' and now I'm going to learn all about him." He had barely time to put the book in the woman's hands before his father's voice was heard calling him out of doors. There was work to be done on the farm, and the rest of that afternoon Abe was kept busily employed, and as soon as supper was finished his father set him to work mending harness.

At dawn the next day the boy was up and out in the fields, the "Life of Washington" in one pocket, the other pocket filled with corn dodgers. He could not read and run a straight furrow. When it was noon-time he sat under a tree, munching the cakes, and plunged into the first chapter of the book. For half an hour he read and ate, then he had to go on with his work until sundown. When he got home he had his supper standing up so that he could read the book by the candle that stood on the shelf. After supper he lay in front of the fire, still reading, and oblivious to everything about him.

Gradually the fire burned out, the family went to bed, and young Abe was obliged to go up to his room in the attic. He put the book on a ledge on the wall close to the head of his bed in order that nothing might happen to it. During the night a violent storm arose, and the rain came through a chink in the log-walls. When the boy woke he found that the book was a mass of wet paper, the type blurred, and the cover beyond repair. He was heartbroken at the discovery. He could imagine how angry the old Squire would be when he saw the state of the book. Nevertheless he determined to go to Gen-

tryville at the earliest opportunity and see what he could do to make reparation.

The next Sunday morning found a small boy standing on the Squire's porch with the remains of the book in his hand. When the Squire learned what had happened he spoke his mind freely. He told Abe that he was as worthless as his father, that he did n't know how to take care of



THE LINCOLN LOG-CABIN

valuable property, and that he would never loan him another book as long as he lived. The boy faced the music, and when the angry tirade was over, said that he would like to shuck corn for the Squire, and in that way pay him the value of the ruined volume. Mr. Crawford accepted the offer and named a price far greater than any possible value of the book, and Abe set to work, spending all his spare time in the next two weeks shucking the corn and working as chore-boy. So he finally succeeded in paying back the full value of the ruined "Life of Washington."

This was only one of many adventures that befell Abraham Lincoln while he was trying to get an education. His mother had taught him to read and write, and ever since he had learned he had longed for books to read. He said to his

cousin, Dennis Hanks, one day, "Denny, the things I want to know are in books. My best friend is the man who will get me one." Dennis was very fond of his younger cousin, and as soon as he could save up the money he went to town and bought a copy of the "Arabian Nights." He gave this to Abe, and the latter at once started to read it aloud by the wood-fire in the evenings. His mother, his sister Sally, and Dennis were his audience. His father thought the reading only waste of time and said, "Abe, your mother can't work with you pestering her like that," but Mrs. Lincoln said the stories helped her and so the reading went on. When he came to the story of how Sindbad the Sailor went too close to the magic rock and lost all the nails out of the bottom of his boat, Abe laughed until he cried. Dennis, however, could not see the humor. "Why, Abe," said he, "that yarn 's just a lie."

"P'raps so," answered the small boy, "but if it is, it's a mighty good lie."

But as ST. NICHOLAS has already told you: "The boy, Abraham Lincoln, had very few books. His earliest possessions consisted of less than half a dozen volumes—a pioneer's library.

"First, of course, was the Bible, a whole library in itself, if properly understood, and containing every sort of literature—stories, poems, dramas, addresses, orations, histories, some simple enough for the youngest child, others taxing the wisdom of the learned. Second was 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with its quaint characters and vivid scenes related in simple, vigorous English. 'Æsop's Fables' was a third, and introduced the log-cabin boy to a wonderful range of characters—the gods of mythology, the different ranks and classes of mankind, and every animal under the sun. Fourth was a History of the United States, in which there was the charm of truth and a more modern tone, and from which were learned the lessons of patriotism that Lincoln's manhood put into action. Last came Weems's 'Life of Washington,' a queer, stilted book, but one full of detail that made Washington seem a living example.

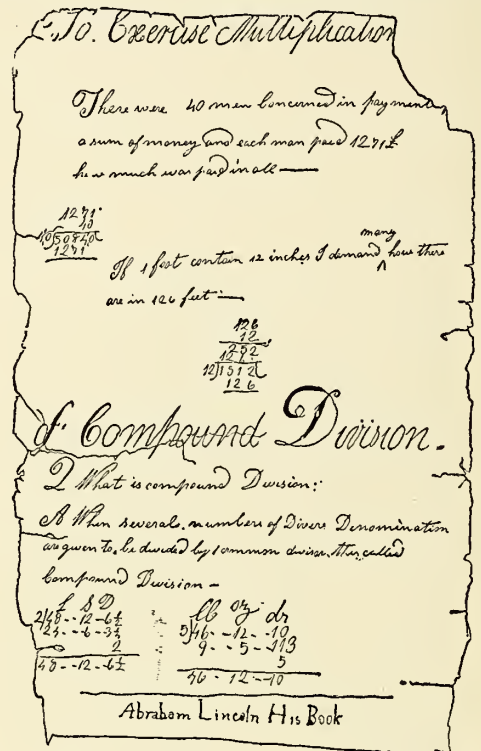
"These five books were the beginning of Lincoln's education; and what wise man has outgrown them all?

"From the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Æsop the boy Lincoln learned the power and beauty of plain English words, and saw that the grandest thoughts and most poetic imaginings needed only the strong little words of every day. When, therefore, in later life he wished to be sure he understood any matter, it became his custom to translate it into words such as a child can understand.

"Read again the Gettysburg Address and the

Second Inaugural Address, and learn how Lincoln, the President, could make the homespun words of common use move the hearts of his fellow-men."

In Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln" it is recorded that "he read these five books over and over till he knew them almost by heart. . . . He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary as long as he could see. . . . He even devoured the 'Revised Statutes of Indiana' as boys in our day



A LEAF FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EXERCISE BOOK  
 When the book was written Lincoln was about seventeen.

do 'The Three Guardsmen.' . . . He could not afford to waste paper upon his original compositions. He would sit by the fire at night and cover the wooden shovel with essays and arithmetical exercises, which he would shave off and then begin again. It is touching to think of this great-spirited child, battling year after year against his evil star, wasting his ingenuity upon devices and makeshifts, his high intelligence starving for want of the simple appliances of education that are now offered gratis to the poorest and most indifferent."

The few books he was able to get made the keen-witted country boy anxious to find people who could answer his questions for him. In



those days many men, clergymen, judges, and lawyers, rode on circuit, stopping overnight at any farm-house they might happen upon. When such a man would ride up to the Lincoln clearing he was usually met by a small boy who would fire questions at him before he could dismount from his horse. The visitor would be amused, but Tom Lincoln thought that a poor sort of hospitality. He would come running out of the house and say, "Stop that, Abe. What 's happened to your manners?" Then he would turn to the traveler, "You must excuse him. 'Light, stranger, and come in to supper." Then Abe would go away whistling to show that he did n't care. When he found Dennis he said, "Pa says it 's not polite to ask questions, but I guess I was n't meant to be polite. There 's such a lot of things to know, and how am I going to know them if I don't ask questions?" He simply stored them away until a later time, and when supper was over he usually found his chance to make use of the visitor.

In that day Indiana was still part of the wilderness. Primeval woods stood close to Pigeon Creek, and not far away were roving bands of Sacs and Sioux, and also wild animals—bears, wildcats and lynx. The settlers fought the Indians and made use of the wild creatures for clothing and food, and to sell at the country stores. The children spent practically all their time out of doors, and young Abe Lincoln learned the habits of the wild creatures, and explored the far recesses of the woods. He was fond of animals. One day some of the boys at school put a lighted coal on a turtle's back in sport. Abe rescued the turtle, and when he got a chance wrote a composition in school about cruel jokes on animals. It was a good paper, and the teacher had the boy read it before the class. All the boys liked Abe, and they took to heart what he had to say in the matter.

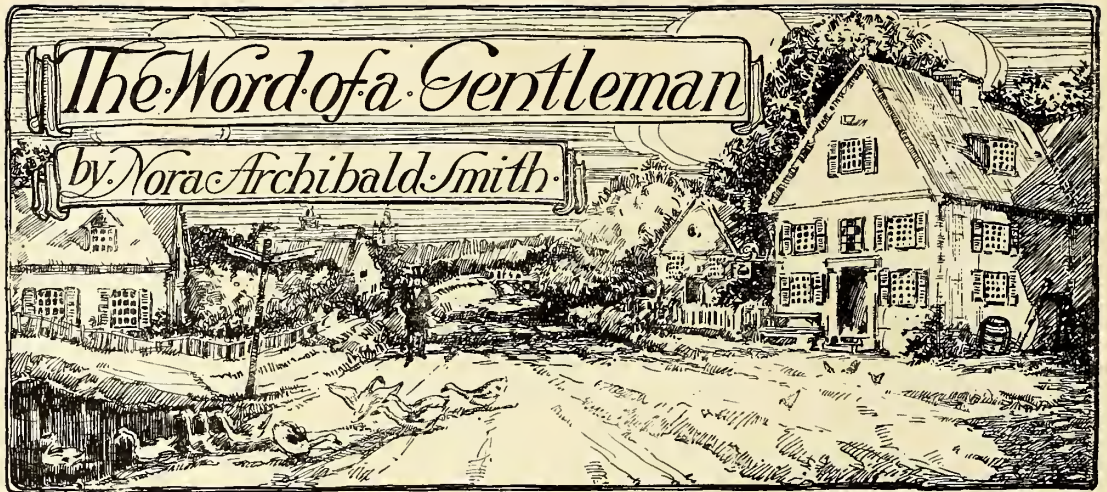
It was a rough sort of life that the children of the early settlers led, and the chances were all in favor of the Lincoln boy growing up to be like his father, a kind-hearted, ignorant, and ne'er-do-well type of man. His mother, however, who came of a good Virginia family, had done her best to give him some ambition. Once she had said to him, "Abe, learn all you can, and grow up to be of some account. You 've got just as good Virginia blood in you as George Washington had." Abe did not forget that. Soon after the family moved to Pigeon Creek his mother died, and a little later a stepmother took her place. This woman soon learned that the boy was not the ordinary type, and kept encouraging him to make something of himself. She was al-

ways ready to listen when he read, to help him with his lessons, to encourage him. When he got too old to wear his bearskin suit she told him that if he would earn enough money to get some muslin, she would make him some white shirts, so that he would not be ashamed to go to people's houses. Abe earned the money, and Mrs. Lincoln purchased the cloth and made the shirts. After that Abe cut quite a figure in Gentryville, because he liked people, and knew so many good stories that he was always popular with a crowd.

Small things showed the ability that was latent in the raw country lad. When he was only fourteen a copy of Henry Clay's speeches fell into his hands, and he learned most of them by heart, and what he learned from them interested him in history. Then a little later his stepmother was ill for some time, and Abe went to church every Sunday, and on his return repeated the sermon almost word for word to her. Again he loved to argue, and would take up some question he had asked of a stranger and go on with it when the latter returned to the Creek, perhaps months after the first visit. Mrs. Lincoln noted these things, and made up her mind that her stepson would be a great man some day. Most frequently she thought he would be a great lawyer, because, as she said, "When Abe got started arguing, the other fellow 'd pretty soon say he had enough."

The time came when the boy could no longer stay in the small surroundings of Pigeon Creek. He tried life on one of the river steamboats, then served as a clerk in a store, at New Salem, when he began, in odd moments, to study law. A little later he knew enough law to become an attorney, and went to Springfield, and after that it was only a short time before he had won his clients. His cousin Denny came to hear him try one of his first cases. He watched the tall, lank young fellow, still as ungainly as in his early boyhood, and heard him tell the jury some of those same stories he had read aloud before the fire. When Abe had finished his cousin said to him, "Why did you tell those people so many stories?" "Why, Denny," said Abe, "a story teaches a lesson. God tells truths in parables, they are easier for common folks to remember, and recollect."

Such was the simple boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, but its very simplicity, and the hardships he had to overcome to get an education, made him a strong man. He knew people, and when he came later to be President and to guide the country through the greatest trial in its history it was those same qualities of perseverance and courage and trust in the people that made the simple-minded man the great helmsman of the Republic.



*(An Anecdote of Sir William Francis Patrick Napier: 1785-1860)*

TWILIGHT was falling in the English village,  
 The green deserted and the loiterers sped,  
 When down the quiet road there rang a footstep,  
 Martial, heroic, as in battle bred.

Musing on glories past, the gallant soldier  
 Savored the freshness of the evening air,  
 When to his ears there came a childish grieving,  
 A burst of sobs, a tempest of despair.

Close to the stream that rippled by the goose-green,  
 Down in the grass there lay a flaxen head,—  
 And just beside the curls a broken pitcher  
 Proclaimed the reason of the tear-drops shed.

The general bowed his splendid height, and, softly,  
 "What is it, child?" he asked the little maid.  
 Two wet blue eyes looked up at him, in answer:  
 "My pitcher! Will you mend it, sir?" she said.

The soldier smiled. "I fear 't is past the mending;  
 But grieve no more, 't was not of porcelain rare.  
 Take heart. Here 's sixpence bright to buy another."  
 He searched his pockets. Not a coin was there!

With parted lips the child stood, all expectant,  
 The general, laughing, owned his shabby plight.  
 "But have no fear, my sweet," he cried. "I 'll meet thee,  
 At this same place and hour, to-morrow night."

The little maid looked in his face and trusted;  
 Smiling her thanks she slipped away alone.  
 The soldier's homeward march was sweetly lighted  
 By the pure, simple faith that she had shown.

His lodging reached, an invitation waited,  
 Flattering, courtly, for the morrow's night;  
 The very selfsame hour at which he 'd trysted  
 The village child beside the streamlet bright.





"You 'll go, Sir William?" asked the anxious servant.

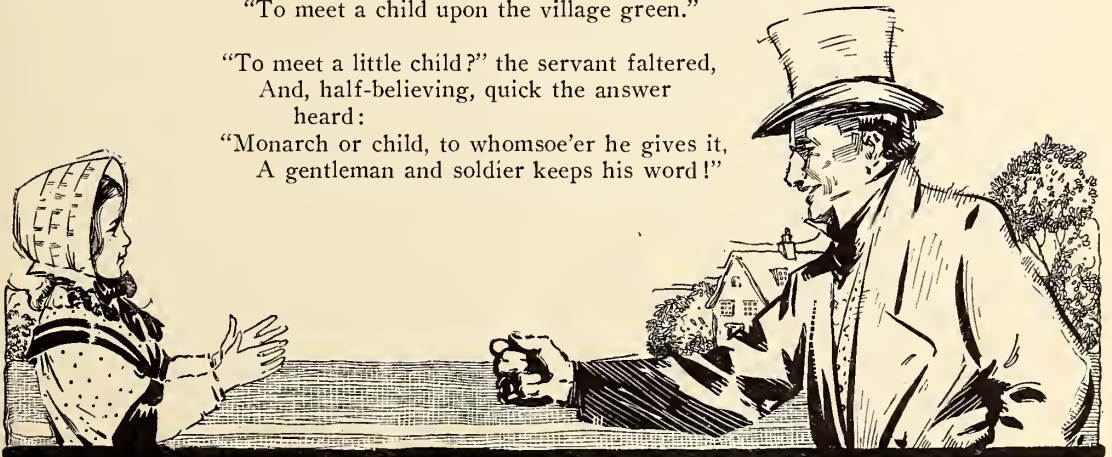
"Nobles alone are bid, and soldiers of the Queen!"

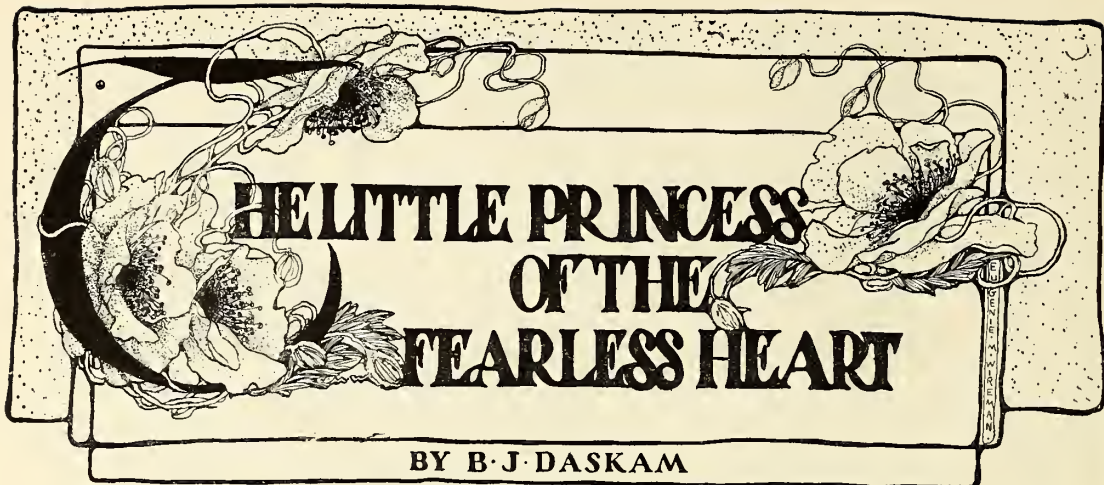
"To-morrow night I 'm pledged," the general answered,

"To meet a child upon the village green."

"To meet a little child?" the servant faltered,  
And, half-believing, quick the answer  
heard:

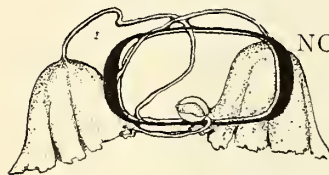
"Monarch or child, to whomsoe'er he gives it,  
A gentleman and soldier keeps his word!"





# THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF THE FEARLESS HEART

BY B. J. DASKAM



ONCE upon a time the great, yellow stork carried a baby Princess to the Queen of that country which lies next to fairyland.

All throughout the kingdom the bells rang, the people shouted, and the King declared a holiday for a whole year. But the Queen was very anxious, for she knew that the fairies are a queer lot, and their borders were very close, indeed.

"We must be very careful to slight none of them at the christening," she said, "for goodness knows what they might do, if we did!"

So the wise-men drew up the lists, and when the day for the christening arrived, the fairies were all there, and everything went as smoothly as a frosted cake.

But the Queen said to the Lady-in-waiting:

"The first fairy godmother gave her nothing but a kiss! I don't call that much of a gift!"

"'Sh!'" whispered the Lady-in-waiting. "The fairies hear everything!"

And indeed, the fairy heard her well enough, and very angry she was about it, too. For she was so old that she knew all about it, from beginning to end, and she was sure that the Wizard with Three Dragons was sitting in the Black Forest, watching the whole matter in his crystal globe. So she had whispered her gift—which was nothing more nor less than a Fearless Heart—into the ear of the Little Princess. But the Queen thought she had only kissed her.

So, when the clock was on the hour of four (which, as every one knows, is the end of christenings and fairy gifts) the first godmother went up to the golden cradle.

"Since my first gift was not satisfactory to every one," she said, angrily, "I will give the Little Princess another. And that is, that when the time comes she shall marry the Prince of the Black Heart!"

Then the clock struck four, while the Queen wept on the bosom of the Lady-in-waiting.

And that was the end of the christening.

Then the King called the wise-men together, and for forty days and nights they read the books and studied the stars.

In the end, they laid out a Garden, with a wall so high that the sun could not shine over it until noon, and so broad that it was a day's journey for a swift horse to cross it. One tiny door there was: but the first gate was of iron, and five-and-twenty men-at-arms stood before it, day and night, with drawn swords; the second gate was of beaten copper, and before that were fifty archers, with arrows on the string; the third gate was of triple brass, and before it a hundred knights, in full armor, rode without ceasing.

Into the Garden went the Little Princess, and the Queen, and all her ladies; but no man might pass the gates, save the King himself. And there the Princess dwelt until her seventeenth birthday, without seeing any more of the world than the inside of the wall.

Now it happened that, some time before, a young Prince had ridden out of the west and set about his travels. For the wise-man on the hill had come to him and said:

"In the kingdom which lies next to fairyland dwells a Little Princess who has a Fearless Heart. There is a wall which will not be easy to climb, but the Princess is more beautiful than anything else in the world!"

And that was enough for the Prince, so he



girded on his sword, and set out, singing as he went for pure lightness of heart.

But it is not so easy to find fairyland as it is to eat a ripe apple, and the Prince could have told you that, before he was through. For in some places it is so broad that it takes in the whole world, and in others so narrow that a flea could cross it in two jumps. So that some people never leave it all their lives long, but others cross at a single step, and never see it at all.

Finally, the Prince came to the place where all roads meet, and they were as much alike as the hairs on a dog's back. But it was all one to him, so he rode straight ahead and lost himself in fairyland.

When the first fairy godmother saw him, she laughed to herself and flew away, straight over his head, to the wall around the Garden. But you may be sure that she did not trouble the guards at the triple gates: for, if one has wings, what is the use of stairs? So over the wall she flew to the room where the Little Princess lay sleeping.

You may readily believe that the Princess was astonished when she awoke to find the fairy beside her bed, but she was not in the least alarmed, for, you see, she did not know that there was anything in the world to be afraid of.

"My dear," said the old lady, "I am your first fairy godmother."

"How do you do, Godmother?" said the Princess, and she sat up in bed and courtesied. Which is a very difficult trick, indeed, and it is not every Princess who can do it.

Her godmother was so delighted that she leaned over and kissed her.

"That is the second time I have kissed you," she said. "When I go, I will kiss you again, and you had better save the three of them, for they will be useful when you go out into the world. And, my dear, it is high time that you were going out."

Then the Little Princess was overjoyed, but she only nodded her head wisely and said:

"I know, the world is as big as the whole Garden, and wider than the wall. But I can never go out, for the gates are always locked."

"If you do not go now," said the fairy, "you will have to go later, and that might not be so well. And you should not argue with me, for I am older than you will ever be, and your godmother, besides. Now kiss me, for I must be going."

So she flew away, about her other affairs, for she was a very busy old lady indeed.

In the morning the Princess went to breakfast with the King and the Queen.

"Mother," she said, "it is high time that I went out into the world!"

The Queen was so startled that she dropped her egg on the floor and the King was red as a beet with anger.

"Tut! Tut!" he shouted. "What nonsense is this?"

"My fairy godmother was here last night," said the Princess, "and she told me all about it. I will go this morning, please, if I may."

"Nonsense!" roared the King.

"You will do no such thing!" wailed the Queen.

"There could have been no one here," said the King, "for the gates were all locked."

"Who told you that you had a fairy godmother?" asked the Queen.

And there was an end of that.

But that night, after the Princess had said her prayers and crept into bed, she heard her godmother calling to her from the Garden, so she slipped on her cloak and stole out into the moonlight. There was no one to be seen, so she pattered along in her little bare feet, until she came to the gate in the wall.

While she was hesitating whether or not to run back to her little white bed, the gates of triple brass opened as easily as if her godmother had oiled them, and the Little Princess passed through the copper gates, and the iron gate, and out into fairyland.

But if you ask me why she saw the guards at the gates no more than they saw her, I can only tell you that I do not know, and you will have to be satisfied with that.

As for the Princess, she was as happy as a duck in a puddle. As she danced along through the forests, the flowers broke from their stems to join her, the trees dropped golden fruit into her very hands, and the little brook which runs through fairyland left its course, and followed her, singing.

And all the while, her godmother was coming down behind her, close at hand, to see that she came to no harm; but the Princess did not know that.

At last she came to the place where the Prince from the west lay sleeping. He was dreaming that he had climbed the wall and had found the Princess, so that he smiled in his sleep and she knelt above him, wondering, for she had never seen a man before, save her father, the King, and the Prince was very fair. So she bent closer and closer, until her breath was on his cheek, and as he opened his eyes, she kissed him.

As for the Prince, he thought that he was still asleep, till he saw that she was many times

more beautiful than in his dreams, and he knew that he had found her at last.

"You are more beautiful than anything else in the world," he said, "and I love you better than my life!"

"And I love you with all my heart!" said the Little Princess.

"Will you marry me," asked the Prince, "and live with me forever and ever?"

"That I will," said the Princess, "and gladly, if my father, the King, and my mother, the Queen, will let me leave the Garden."

And she told the Prince all about the wall with the triple gates.

The Prince saw that it would be no easy task to win the consent of the King and the Queen, so nothing would do but that he must travel back to the west and return with a proper retinue behind him.

So he bade the Princess good-by and rode bravely off toward the west.

The Princess went slowly back through fairyland, till she came to the wall, just as the sun was breaking in the east. As every one knows, White Magic is not of very much use in the daytime, outside of fairyland, and if you ask why this is not so at christenings, I will send you to Peter Knowall, who keeps the Big Red Book.

So the guards at the triple gates saw the Princess, and they raised such a hub-bub, that the King and the Queen rushed out to see what all the noise was about. You can easily believe that they were in a great way when they saw the Little Princess, who they thought was safe asleep in her bed.

They lost no time in bundling her through the gates, and then they fell to kissing her, and scolding her, and shaking her, and hugging her, all in the same breath.

But the Princess said, "I have been out into the world, and I am going to marry the Prince!"

Then perhaps there was not a great to-do about the Garden!

They bullied and coaxed and scolded and wept, but the Princess only said,

"I love him with all my heart and when the time comes I will go to him, if I have to beg my way from door to door!"

At that the King flew into a towering rage.

"Very well, Miss!" he shouted. "But when you go, you may stay forever! I will cut your name off the records, and any one who speaks it will be beheaded, if it is the High Lord Chancellor himself!"

Then it was the turn of the Princess to weep, for she loved her parents dearly, but she could not promise to forget the Prince.

So matters went from pence to ha'pennies, as the saying goes, till finally the Princess could bear it no longer, so she found her cloak and stole down to the triple gates.

Everything went very much as it had before, save that there was no Prince asleep under the tree where she had first found him. Then the Princess would have turned back, but the little brook which followed at her heel had swollen out into a broad, deep river, and there was nothing to do but go ahead, till she came to a cottage among the trees, and before the door sat an old, old woman, spinning gold thread out of moonlight. And by that any one could have told that she was a fairy, but the Princess thought it was always done that way in the world.

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "how shall I find my way out of the forest?"

But the old woman went on spinning, and the Princess thought that she had never seen anything fly so fast as the shuttle.

"Where were you wanting to go?" she asked.

"I am searching for the Prince from the west," said the Princess sadly. "Can you tell me where to find him?"

The fairy shook her head and went on with her spinning, so fast that you could not see the shuttle at all.

But the Princess begged so prettily that finally she said,

"If I were looking for a Prince, I would follow my nose until I came to the Black Forest, and then I would ask the Wizard with Three Dragons, who knows all about it, and more, too! That is, unless I thought that I would be afraid in the Black Forest."

"What is afraid?" asked the Little Princess. "I do not know that."

And no more she did, so the fairy laughed, for she saw trouble coming for the Wizard. She stopped her wheel with a click, but for all her fast spinning, there was only enough gold thread to go around the second finger of the Princess's left hand.

As for the Princess, she thanked the old lady very kindly, and set bravely off toward the Black Forest.

But the Wizard with Three Dragons only laughed as he gazed into his crystal globe, for in it he could see everything that was happening in any place in the world, and I do not need Jacob Wise-man to tell me that a globe like that is worth having!

Now, when the Prince had left the Princess in fairyland, he lost no time in riding back to the west. The old King, his father, was overjoyed when he heard of the Little Princess, and he





THE PRINCESS AND THE FAIRY.

gave the Prince a retinue that stretched for a mile behind him.

But when they came to the place where all roads meet, the Prince was greatly perplexed, for this time, you see, he knew where he wanted to go. In the end, he trusted to chance and rode ahead, but they had not gone far before they came to the castle of the Wizard with Three Dragons, in the middle of the Black Forest.

In the great hall sat the Wizard, himself, waiting for them, and he was as soft as butter.

Yes, yes, he knew the Princess well enough, but it was too late to go further that night. So the Prince and all his train had best come into the castle and wait till morning.

That was what the Wizard said, and the Prince was glad enough to listen to him, for he was beginning to fear that he would never find the Princess again. But hardly had the last bowman come within the doors than the Wizard blew upon his crystal globe, and muttered a spell.

At that, the Prince and his entire train were changed to solid stone, in the twinkling of an eye, and there they remained till, at the proper time, the Little Princess of the Fearless Heart came up the great stone steps of the castle.

The Wizard was sitting on his throne with his Dragons behind his shoulder, staring into his crystal globe as it spun in the air, hanging on nothing at all.

He never took his eyes away when the Princess came up to the throne, and she was far too polite to interrupt him when he was so busy. So for a long, long time she stood there waiting, and the Wizard chuckled to himself, for he thought that she was too frightened to speak. So he breathed upon his crystal globe and muttered a spell.

But of course, nothing happened, for the Little Princess had a Fearless Heart!

Then the Wizard grew black as night, for he saw that the matter was not so easy as plucking wild flowers, so he turned away from the crystal globe and stared at the Princess. His eyes burned like two hot coals, so that she drew her cloak closer about her, but you cannot hide your heart from a Wizard with Three Dragons, unless your cloak is woven of sunlight, and the Little Black Dwarf has the only one of those in the whole world, stowed away in an old chest in the garret.

So the Wizard saw at once that the Little Princess had a Fearless Heart, and his voice was soft as rain-water.

"Oh, Little Princess," he said. "What is it that you want of me in the Black Forest?"

"I am looking for the Prince from the west,"

said the Princess, eagerly. "Can you tell me where to find him?"

"Yes," said the Wizard. "I can tell you that, and perhaps some other things, besides. But what will you give me for my trouble?"

Then the Little Princess hung her head, for she had nothing about her that was worth so much as a bone button, and the Wizard knew that as well as you and I. So he said, very softly, "Will you give me your Fearless Heart?"

And there was the whole matter in a nutshell!

But the Princess stamped her foot on the stone floor. "Of course I will not give you my heart," she said. "And if you will not tell me for kindness, I will be going on, for I have nothing with which to pay you!"

"Not so fast!" cried the Wizard—for he was as wise as a rat in a library—"If you will not give me your heart, just let me have a kiss and I will call it a bargain!"

Then the Princess remembered her god-mother's three kisses, and she thought that this was the place for them, if they were ever to be used at all, although she liked the thought of kissing the Wizard about as much as she liked sour wine. She crept up to the throne, and, with her eyes tight closed, gave the Wizard the first of the three kisses.

At that the whole Black Forest shook with the force of the Magic, hissing through the trees, and the Wizard, with his Three Dragons turned into solid stone!

The crystal globe spun around in the air, humming like a hive full of bees and sank slowly to the foot of the throne.

Hardly had it touched the ground than the whole castle rent and split into a thousand pieces, and I would not like to have been there, unless I had a bit of gold thread spun out of moonlight around my finger, for the huge rocks were falling as thick as peas in a pan!

But the Princess hardly noticed the rocks at all, for, as the sun rose over the Black Forest, she recognized the marble figure of the Prince, standing among the ruins. You may be sure that she was heartbroken as she went up to him, weeping very bitterly and calling and calling on his name. Then in her sorrow she reached up and kissed the cold stone face with the second magic kiss.

Then suddenly she felt the marble grow soft and warm beneath her touch, and the Prince came back to life and took her in his arms.

When he recognized the silent figures of his gay train, he was sad as death, and the Princess wept with him. But suddenly they saw an old, old woman picking her way among the fallen stones.





THE WIZARD WITH THE THREE DRAGONS, AND HIS CRYSTAL GLOBE.

"Oh," said the Little Princess, "that is the old woman whom I met in the forest, spinning!"

At that the fairy laughed so hard that her hair tumbled down about her feet, and it turned from gray to silver, and silver to gold. The years fell from her like a cloak, until she was more beautiful than the thought of man could conceive!

"Ah! I know you now!" cried the Little Princess. "You are my first fairy godmother!"

And that was the way of it, so she kissed them both for pure joy. But when they asked her as to which of the stone figures should have the third magic kiss, she shook her head.

"None of them at all!" she said. "But give me back that bit of gold thread, for you will have no further use for it."

Then she stretched the thread between her two hands until it was so fine that you could not see it at all, and laid it on the ground around the Wizard and his Dragons, and tied a magic knot, just behind the crystal globe.

"Now give the third kiss to the crystal globe," she said, "and see what will happen!"

So the Little Princess kissed the globe, and from the place where her lips touched it, a stream of water trickled down. As it touched the feet of each statue, the marble softened to flesh and blood, and the breath came back to it until all of the Prince's train were alive again; but as for the Wizard, the water could not pass the gold thread, so there he sits until this day—

unless some busybody has untied the magic knot. Then the fairy flew away, singing a low, happy song.

When the Prince and the Princess came to the Garden, there was a wedding which lasted a month, and then they rode off toward the west.

After they had gone, the Queen whispered to the Lady-in-waiting,

"You see what careful parents can do! The first fairy godmother was quite wrong about the Prince of the Black Heart!"

But at that very moment, the Prince had bared his arm to pluck a water-flower, as they rested beside the way.

"What is that black mark on your arm?" asked the Princess.

"Oh," said the Prince, laughing, "that is just a scar I have borne from birth. It is in the shape of a heart, and so, for a jest, my people call me the Prince of the Black Heart."

"Black Heart, indeed!" cried the Little Princess, angrily.

And that is the end of the story, for if you have no fear in your heart, black magic is no such great thing after all.

But if any old foggy should wag his gray beard and say there is not a word of truth in it, you may be very sure that he came to fairyland at the narrow place, and never saw it at all. So you may just smile at him, for there is one thing, at least, that you know more about than he does!







RACCOON (RECOGNIZING THE FUR OF HIS "LONG-LOST BROTHER"):  
"I SAY, YOUNGSTER, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"

## A SON OF THE DESERT

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

### CHAPTER XI

#### A NEST OF VIPERS

WHEN Ted Leslie opened his eyes and saw the solitary, motionless figure on the rocky crest, across the wady, he had a foreboding of ill to come. Human beings were not commonly met in that barren region; and this one was not prepossessing in appearance. Ted could see that his garb was of the roughest character; he wore a red kerchief wound about his head, and Ted noted the gun which he carried.

At first, hoping that he was not looking at him, the lad remained motionless for several minutes; but the man did not go; he leisurely descended the uneven slope of the hill, and approached. As his face became more distinct Ted saw that it was an evil one, badly pitted with smallpox, and marked with other signs of a rough, vicious life.

Ted rose and tremblingly awaited his closer approach. He had seen many faces as evil as

this, at old Tourah, but there they had always been turned toward him with respect, or, at least, submission. He had been accustomed to mildness, and deference, and the silent flattery of submissive manners; but this man stared boldly at the solitary youth; his cruel eyes met Ted's with curiosity and insolence. Our young friend, for a moment, had planned to assume good intentions on the unknown's part, and calmly and courteously ask him to lead him out of the place; but the fellow's cool, contemptuous manner quickly convinced him that such a request would be futile. The man went up to the donkey, who had strayed a few rods away, untied the scarf which had been used as a hobble, smoothed and scanned it, then thrust it inside his shirt; after which, speaking never a word, he motioned Ted to follow him, and led the way up a gully.

There was no alternative for the lad; this man's manner did not warrant any opposition; and Ted followed, as rapidly as he could, picking

his way over the large pebbles and flinty, furrowed slopes. After nearly an hour of climbing and stumbling, through wild ravines and desolate gorges, the man turned sharply to the left and ascended a hill. When he reached the top Ted heard him call loudly:

"*Ahna gahee! Ahna gahee!*" ("I am coming! I am coming!") and as Ted reached his side, climbing now wearily, he looked down upon a valley two hundred yards in diameter, bowl-shaped, like an extinct crater; the sides were steep and rocky; and the man was now standing at the top of a path which led down from the rim of the crater. His call was evidently a signal to a group of a dozen men who were lounging in the shade of a ledge, below him, at the right of the inclosure. It was the usual signal given by any member of "the gang" on approaching the camp, and was a timely precaution among escaped criminals who lived in daily peril of surprise and capture; the more advisable, also, from the fact that several of these fugitives from justice had lost the sight of one eye; and might hastily welcome, with a bullet, any person who came, unannounced, over the edge of the hill.

Ted had noted a similar loss of an eye among the convicts at Tourah; it is very common among the lower classes in Egypt.

The men were waiting for their breakfast, which was being cooked for them in a copper pot by a large, sinewy Arab, over a clumsy oven of rocks at the extreme left of the crater. Their clothing was extremely varied and picturesque, tarbooshes predominating as head coverings, although there were two or three turbans of red and brown, after the fashion of Cairo donkey-boys. As for their clothing, it was a mixture of all possible garments, for most of it had been stolen; and dirty, duck trousers vied with torn, Scotch tweeds, while sack-coats and frock-coats touched elbows with outing-shirts and American "sweaters."

The outlaws, looking like a collection of animated evil scarecrows, advanced to meet the new-comers, and with ribald jokes and noisy oaths listened to the brief story of the youth's capture. They surveyed him boldly, but nobody laid hand upon him. They knew who he was, one or two of the men having seen him at the prison. A big, red-haired, freckled-faced, savage-looking fellow seemed to be a leader.

This half-breed, called "Beel" by his fellows—that being the most available Arabic for "Bill"—ordered Ted to sit down on a rock a few yards away, and the gang fell to discussing their breakfast and their prize, with much interest. They spoke a jargon of native dialects. Ted could

understand a part of what they were saying, and the information thus gained was alarming. "Beel" was for keeping him as a sort of hostage, and making him assist a little shrunken, but lithe, old man who was now serving their breakfast. This plan was opposed by a tallowy-looking Syrian, who was for making away with the boy. Thus the discussion went coolly on, during the half hour while they were eating.

Ted looked at the faces of the men, and each seemed to hint at some special kind of wickedness; they were coarse, stupid, brute-like faces; narrow, hard, pitiless; in not one did he see any sign of compassion; these creatures were as nearly like wild beasts as it is possible for human beings to become. All of them carried knives, and a few had pistols and muskets, though of ancient and clumsy construction.

After a while the little old man brought Ted some food: a kind of porridge of lentils with scraps of bread soaked therein; and the desperate lad tried to eat, yet hardly knowing whether it were not better to attempt to die by starvation. He had a lessening hope of rescue; he felt almost too weak to stand; the path to this remote rendezvous had been so circuitous, and the distance from Tourah so great, that there was little likelihood of help from that quarter. Probably General Hewatt would conclude that he had fallen into some deep gorge and had been killed.

The day dragged along, a number of the men went away on some errand, and one or two new faces came in, with tales of plunder and of adventures. Two men, who appeared late in the afternoon, had waylaid a poor showman near the mouth of one of the quarry caverns, and had robbed him of his few piasters. The poor wretch had possessed a monkey; and the little creature, after being teased, had escaped into the cavern; so these highwaymen related, with much laughter.

Another member of the gang brought in some trinkets and these articles were taken in charge by "Beel," and were understood to belong to the common fund.

The evening meal of the gang was made in large part from a stew of goat's flesh; Ted saw a number of these shaggy brown-and-black animals grazing as best they could on the tufts of herbage around the slopes of the valley. The outlaws kept themselves in flesh food by forays among the flocks and herds of the Fellahin on the plain below. Sometimes they took the goats by stealth; sometimes they openly seized them, and their owners dared not offer much protest.

The members of the gang appeared not to watch the captured lad very closely, yet they





IBRAHIM PASHA AND HIS BAND OF OUTLAWS. (SEE PAGE 329.)

really did. However, they did not bind him in any way, or set limits to his actions, as he rose and walked feebly about from time to time, seeking some outlet for his excited feelings. When night came, the little old man pointed out to him two or three ill-smelling goatskins, at one side of the camp, and there poor exhausted Ted lay, apart from the others, and vainly tried to sleep.

An hour passed, and two hours; all was still; and the desperate lad now took the sudden resolve, with all the camp apparently asleep, of making an attempt at escape. During the day, by the course of the sun, he had made out what were the points of the compass and which was the direction that would lead out of the Mokkattam Hills into the Nile valley; if he could summon enough strength to reach those lower levels, he might find his way to Tourah.

Noiselessly he arose, peering cautiously about him in the dim moonlight, and moved slowly away, stooping low as he moved. Fear and hope gave him strength. The donkey had been led off that afternoon by one of the men, else Ted might have tried to make use of him. He must, however, rely upon his own exertions; and perhaps, in this way, there was less danger of his being discovered and pursued by the outlaws.

He set his feet carefully upon the loose pebbles, and crept softly away toward the gently sloping path by which he had entered the valley. Step after step he took, eagerly, anxiously glancing about and behind, fearful, yet hopeful. Once or twice he dislodged a pebble or a bit of shale; and as it rattled down with what seemed to Ted a terrific noise, he threw himself flat on the ground, and waited.

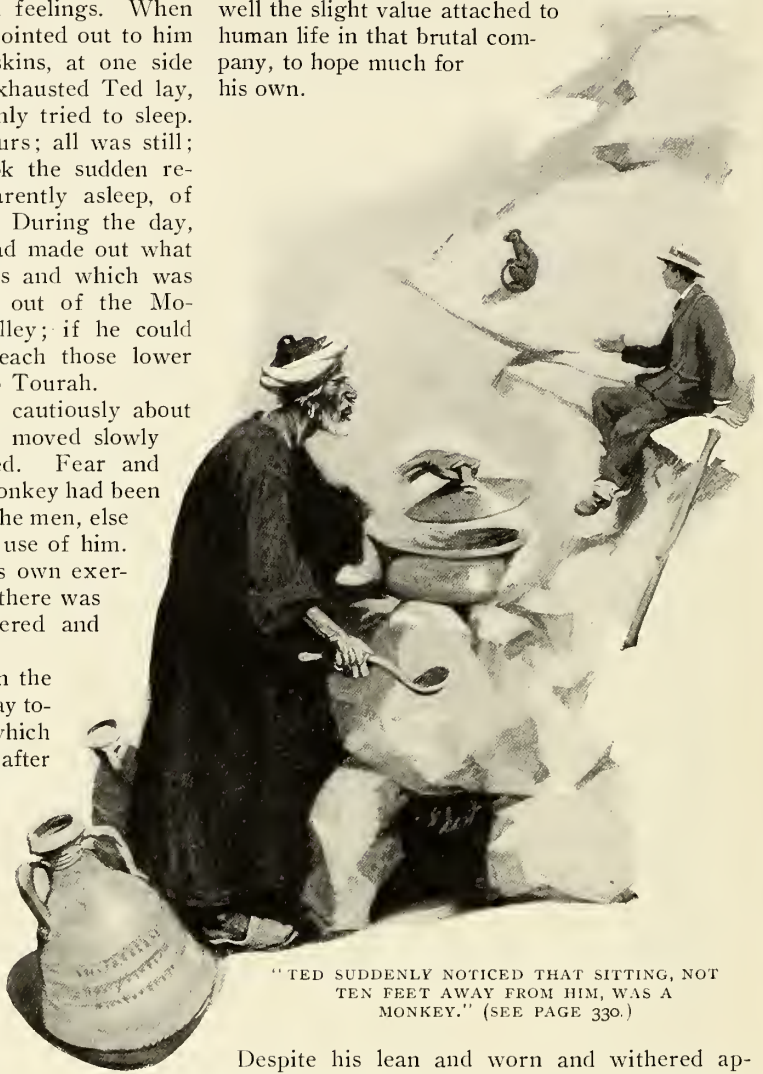
Rod by rod he made his way. He was now far enough from the others to have lost distinct sight of them; and he reasoned that if he could not see them, they could not see him. But he was mistaken.

## CHAPTER XII

IBRAHIM PASHA

A FEW moments after Ted had made his cautious start, the ugly, restless old man stirred in his half-sleep, arose, and crept over to make sure of the captive's position. Not seeing him, the man stared a moment, then started up and was instantly awake and alert. He was aware that the

captured lad had been put in his charge, and that if he escaped, all the savage wrath of the men would be visited upon himself; and he knew too well the slight value attached to human life in that brutal company, to hope much for his own.



"TED SUDDENLY NOTICED THAT SITTING, NOT TEN FEET AWAY FROM HIM, WAS A MONKEY." (SEE PAGE 330.)

Despite his lean and worn and withered appearance he was as active as a cat; had his hearing been as well-preserved as was his bodily vigor, he might have detected the line of the boy's escape by the occasional sounds of rattling pebbles. But failing in this, he made shrewd use of his wits and eyes. He crept swiftly down the slight remaining descent of the bowl-shaped valley, and stationed himself, crouching low upon the ground, at what was the center of a great natural amphitheater. From that point he cast watchful glances upon all sides of the valley, but in the gloom could distinguish no moving object. Then came a fateful moment, when he could see, and did see, what he was straining his



bleared, old eyes to behold; it was the moment when Ted Leslie, the weak, trembling fugitive, gaining new hope with each minute, reached the ridge of the crater-like valley. There, rising above the dark background of the valley's sides, and clearly stamped against the bright background of the moonlit sky, the lad's figure appeared, plainly revealed. He had strayed slightly from the obscure path, but now stood, clearly in sight, a few rods away at the left.

With a bound like that of a panther, the active, old fellow sped after. Knowing every foot of the ground, and being extremely muscular and vigorous, he clambered up the rocky slope with surprising rapidity. Had Ted been at this instant warned of the pursuit, he might have eluded him, but he had paused to get his breath, and hesitated, uncertain of the exact path down over that rough outer slope. Too late, he caught the sound of footsteps behind him; he turned, saw the evil, old creature close upon him, and with a wild impulse toward liberty and home, sprang down the rugged hillside, and rushed headlong—he knew not whither.

A half dozen wild leaps and he suddenly felt himself falling; he could not repress a cry of fear; he fell, partly saving himself by his arms, into a narrow gully, washed out by the periodic rains; then he lost consciousness.

When Ted opened his eyes he saw the tattered garments and bent form of the little old man above him. The powerful fellow had dragged him up out of the gully, and was waiting for him to return to consciousness.

The cold stars above were not more pitiless, more inexorable, than was his captor, seeming more like a demon than a human being.

In a few moments, being ordered to rise, the confused lad tried to do so; but a sharp pain in his ankle made him sink back upon the ground. Then the sound of the man's voice and the glint of a knife which he let the boy see, roused him to another effort, and, with help, moving slowly, he climbed again to the rim of the valley, and painfully hobbled back into the camp.

The next morning the ankle, which had pained him greatly through the night, he found to be sprained and badly swollen. But he had always been very clever at manual work, and, with the old man's aid, he bound it up firmly, then, half-dead with pain and despair, he lay back upon the ill-smelling couch of goatskins, and saw the sun peer above the edge of the valley.

The outlaws looked over at him, from time to time, but did not molest him. They seemed to be awaiting the arrival of some important person; and, close upon noon, that person appeared.

"Ibrahim Pasha," as the little old man called him, "the real leader" of the camp, was a Sudanese, possessed of tenfold the intelligence usually belonging to members of that race. He was extremely crafty and masterful, and formerly had been attached to the household of old Ismail Pasha. He was tall, straight, with a flat, black face which was like a bas-relief cut in black marble. In one of his angry moods Ibrahim's face bore strong resemblance to a gorilla; in other, subtler moods, it looked like a face on one of the ancient tombs, calm, rigid, inscrutable. His dress was that nondescript mixture of oriental and occidental garments usually worn by men of his class and mode of life; a tarboosh, adorned with gold lace, a long, gray, silk gown, over broadcloth trousers, a long overcoat outside of all, patent-leather shoes, and several rings on his hands. This was an elaborate kind of dress to be seen in the wilds of the Mokattam Hills, and it showed some evidence of the wearer's present unconventional life; but its explanation was to be found in the vanity of the wearer's morbid nature, and he persisted in retaining it. In addition to this costume, which he might have worn in any thoroughfare of Cairo, he bore an article which was less peaceful in appearance; that was a silver-mounted revolver; its handle protruded from a wide sash wound around his waist; it was of a recent pattern, and while it brought discord into the "color-scheme" of his raiment, it harmonized with his savage surroundings.

The black fellow maintained his rule, with but little opposition. His coming and going was never inquired into by his companions; he would have resented such inquiry; he was believed to have considerable wealth; but where he had it concealed, nobody knew.

Soon after coming into camp Ibrahim crossed over and held an interview with the American lad; he spoke to him in soft reassuring tones, and although Ted distrusted him, he could not help being quieted by his gentle manner.

"I am the friend, the ward, of the commandant of Tourah," Ted said, boldly, "and I have been seized and brought here by these men. You have influence with them. Will you not see that I am sent home as soon as possible?"

The reply of Ibrahim (the "Pasha," by courtesy) was ready and comforting.

"I regret that you have been seized," he said, bowing and adjusting his rings. "I have some little influence with them, but I cannot do everything that I wish. Try to be patient. I will see what can be done."

While he was speaking, he was reflecting that

the commandant of Tourah would probably pay a round sum for the safe return of his young friend. Vanity and avarice were the Pasha's ruling passions; and an opportunity like this was not to be allowed to slip through his hands. He knew that his own best interest lay in preserving the captive from violence; and, with this purpose in mind, the wily fellow, having observed Ted's well-bandaged ankle, and offered his regret and sympathy, courteously asked him to look at one of the outlaws, whose neck was much swollen and gave him great pain.

Nothing loath, Ted assented; and the fellow was found to be suffering from an abscess under the jaw. With gentle hands the skilful lad applied a hot poultice of softened bread; and the demand which this work made upon his intelligence and sympathy took his attention most agreeably from his own troubles; for a half-hour he almost forgot his unhappy condition.

The sick man went back to his fellows, loud in his praise of his benefactor. This tended to direct, somewhat, the current of popular feeling in Ted's favor; and it made possible that delay in the decision of his fate which Ibrahim had foreseen.

As darkness came on, Ted found his distress increase. He could not hope for release at once, and he loathed another night under the guardianship of the malicious little old man. He was, therefore, somewhat relieved when the Pasha came and said, in a gentle and reassuring tone:

"I have arranged for you a better resting-place. Come with me and trust me, and you shall be made comfortable."

Ted followed him, assisted by the old man, and he led the way to a little cave, opening into the side of the valley, above and at the right of the ledge, beneath which the outlaws usually lounged; after a moment's hesitation, the sick lad obeyed his gesture, climbed the circuitous path, and crept in. He found himself in a short gallery, partly natural, in that limestone region, and partly artificial; it extended into the side of the hill a distance of ten or fifteen feet, then turned, and ended in a rock-walled chamber, eight or ten feet in diameter, dimly lighted, in the daytime, by a small aperture overhead. A lighted candle fastened into a stick, held in the crevice of the wall, showed some clean goat-skins and a rug laid on the smooth floor; the place had evidently been prepared for him.

It was currently believed that the Pasha had at least a part of his wealth concealed in this cave; but no outlaw in the band had the temerity to investigate. They were all deeply superstitious, and believed that their black leader had

put the place under a spell, under the malignant guardianship of some powerful "Afreet," or evil spirit.

Despite Ted's despondency and anxiety, he was pleased with the comfortable place; and his satisfaction was increased when Ibrahim said, bending his tall body to look in at the mouth of the gallery: "Here you remain to-night. I sleep just outside, across the entrance. No harm shall come to you." And the troubled lad sighed and thanked him, and sank into a peaceful, restful sleep.

### CHAPTER XIII

#### THE ADVENT OF A FRIEND

ON the following morning Ted awoke somewhat refreshed. As he had reasonably expected, he had remained undisturbed throughout the night. He had gained in confidence since the black leader had appeared, and while he was still a prey to depression and anxiety, he could not believe that danger of physical violence was as imminent as before the Pasha's arrival.

With this slightly reassured feeling, Ted moved about the camp, leaning on a stout staff which had been offered to him by the convict whose pain he had allayed. He again dressed the abscess, and it appeared, in the conventional medical phrase, "to be doing as well as could be expected."

About the middle of the forenoon Ted was seated on a flat rock, near the old man and his crude stone oven, mournfully musing. He held a few fragments of stone in his hands, for his habit of geologizing was strong. He had also been interested in certain little clayey formations which were new to him; tiny pools of mud had become so baked in the hot sun that they had curled up at the edges, and had cracked into petal-like sections, and much resembled flat, open, brown lilies, yet made wholly of earth.

As the worn despondent lad lifted his eyes from gazing at one of these singular formations, he suddenly opened them widely, in surprise; for, sitting, quietly on a rock, ten feet away, was a monkey. He was of the species frequently seen in the possession of snake-charmers and street-showmen in and near Cairo; a gray, dog-faced monkey, as large as a fox terrier.

The little creature sat with his side toward Ted, but rolled his eyes at short intervals to look at him. He was watching Ted, yet, with the strange amusing shyness of such animals, affected to be looking elsewhere. There was, in the half-human face, that mixture of humor and pathos, of indifference and yet of wistfulness,



which is always so fascinating in these strange creatures.

How had the monkey reached that spot? Why had Ted not seen him approach?

The American lad was quick to feel and to interpret the dumb language of all four-footed creatures, and as soon as he had recovered from his surprise he moved slowly over toward the little visitor. But he had advanced hardly more than a foot or two, when the monkey, not turning directly toward him his gray, grave face, but keenly conscious of his every motion, suddenly dived beneath a shelving rock just in front of him, and was instantly lost to view.

Ted was as much puzzled as ever. Had the animal a hiding-place under the rock? Had he made a home for himself in this barren country of shale and sand?

Without making any motions which might attract the attention of the outlaws, Ted moved back to his original position and waited. Would the monkey come out again? Or had he frightened—no, there he was, once more, sitting on the rock, again with his side toward the boy, but rolling his sharp, little eyes to look at him, and winking in that mournful way which monkeys have, even when engaged in their greatest mischief.

Ted changed his tactics and began to talk to him, in low gentle tones; he spoke, partly in English, partly in Arabic, crooning to him, in that chanting tone which the snake-charmers use. And whether the little fellow was encouraged by his actual words of endearment, or by his general tone of sympathy, he now moved nearer, yet still keeping his side toward him.

It was a delicate interchange of confidences, between the two; by subtle approaches of timid appeal and increasing trustfulness, the grave little monkey signified his wish for closer acquaintance; nearer and nearer he came, yet, as Ted knew, was ready to dart swiftly to cover, if startled by any sudden movement.

The lad crooned on, "Come along, come along, little one." And in Arabic, "*Talah hennah! talah hennah, qualeel wahled!*" And the timid animal winked and winked, and looked off over the valley, but edged his body across the broad stone slab, nearer and nearer to Ted.

Ted had noticed that he carried his long tail carefully tucked under his forearm; and now that he was nearer it could be seen that the end of the tail was raw; the poor creature had in some way suffered injury; and at once it flashed upon Ted that this was the monkey whom he had overheard the two brutal outlaws talking about; they had robbed and killed his owner, and he had

escaped, mutilated, from their wanton hands, into one of the caverns of the hills.

"Come along, little man!" Ted continued, in a soft voice. "Don't be afraid of me!" ("*Mah kafsh meence!*") And he repeated it again and again as the injured monkey, like a sick child, drew closer.

Now he was within reach; and Ted slowly put out his bare hand, yet put it plainly in front of the monkey and, without attempting to seize him, held his fingers extended.

For the first time during the delicately progressing friendship the monkey turned his intelligent face directly toward his new friend and looked gravely into his eyes. It was a touching appeal; Ted felt it to be such; the timid little creature was about to entrust himself to him; his grave, earnest scrutiny said, as plainly as words could have said it, "I think I can trust you. I believe you are one of the kind human beings; all are not; I believe you are; yes, I trust you." And, winking long, reflective winks, he put out one black little paw, and laid it, like a tiny, wrinkled leaf, on Ted's palm.

"*Gwais ketir! Gwais ketir, qualeel wahled!*" ("Very good! Very good, little man!") Ted responded, encouragingly, but did not close the hand, as if trying to retain the offered paw. He could see that the animal was trembling, and he understood, with subtle sympathy, the conflicting emotions of longing and fear under which his little heart was laboring.

With a sigh, like that of a tired infant, the monkey readjusted himself on the rock, taking now a more comfortable and more permanent position; until that moment he had been alert, ready to spring away at any sign of danger; now he relaxed, and sighed again, and stroked Ted's palm slowly, looking up with his gray, aged face, and sad eyes, as if he had found the one friend he desired.

Ted now ventured to press his paw, and shake it, but briefly, being careful to allow him the feeling of freedom. And these tactful actions met the expected response; the monkey climbed slowly into his lap; and, sitting there, he took his injured tail between his little black paws and regarded it with much concern.

Ted examined it, and saw that the end had been cut off with some instrument, doubtless the knife of one of the outlaws.

The kind-hearted lad was now so absorbed in his attentions to the injured little beast that he forgot to guard himself from the observations of the watchful members of the gang. He, therefore, started up, with an exclamation of surprise, as a rough voice, only a rod away, called out:

"Give me that monkey! Give him to me!" and the speaker strode forward. He was one of the two miscreants who had boasted of killing the showman. Behind him were several of his companions; they had observed their young captive's actions, and had waited; they were interested to see this man take possession of his property.

Ted Leslie quite forgot that he was a captive in a camp of ruffianly outlaws, himself in great need of help; he now thought only of the helplessness of the timid creature who had crept trustfully into his lap. As boldly as if he had the Sudanese guard of Tourah behind him, he replied: "He is not yours. You cannot have him."

The fellow stopped in amazement, then laughed, and said: "He is mine; give him up, now!" and he advanced.

Ted forgot his general bodily weakness and his injured ankle; he was wholly unconscious of any pain, as he sprang up, and stood erect, defiant.

The monkey made no effort to escape; he had intrusted himself to his human friend; and Ted met the threatening face of the outlaw with defiance. "You shall not touch him!" he exclaimed. "He does not belong to you. He has come to me. He is hurt, and I shall protect him."

An idle boast it seemed from a delicate, convalescent boy, facing a strong, brutal man. Had he laid hands upon Ted, all of Ted's struggles would have been vain; his strength was trifling in contrast with this man's. But the sight of this intrepid defiance, the picture of a pale, slender, young American lad, roused to such a pitch of indignation that he lost all fear for himself—this touched the faintly flickering sparks of manhood in the breasts of the other outlaws. It was, perhaps, the only noble emotion which they were capable of feeling; any direct appeal to their pity or their sense of justice would have

been useless; but this exhibition of dauntless courage aroused their admiration, and several of them muttered words of approval.

The outlaw in front, however, was not to be diverted from his malignant purpose. He came a step nearer and repeated his demand. "Quick, now, give him up! Or I shall take him," and his cruel face reinforced his threat.

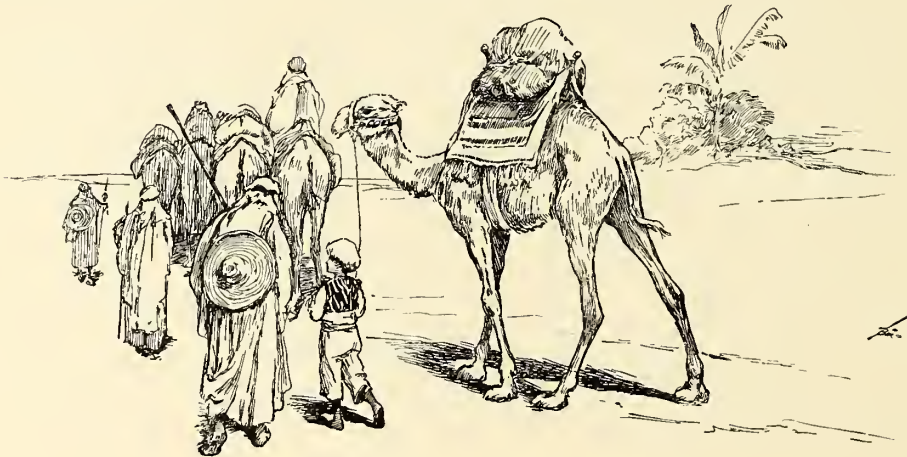
Ted felt the tiny arms tighten appealingly about his neck, and that touch gave him new strength. He drew himself up like a young prince, and replied: "I say you shall not have him," and with imperial dignity he confronted the man.

If the contest had remained narrowed down to the two persons most concerned, there could have been but one ending, a sad one, perhaps a brutal one. But at that moment the lad caught sight of Ibrahim Pasha's tall form, as he strode across the glen. His black face was terrible in its wrath. The other outlaws shrank to the right and left as he pushed through them. His voice hissed like an angry serpent, as he burst out: "You dog, leave that boy alone! If you go a step nearer to him I'll strike you dead!"

It was not a threat of physical violence. It was a threat of that mysterious paralyzing vengeance which every member of the gang dreaded and bowed before; the Pasha, as they fully believed, could command the powers of unseen Afreets (evil spirits) and against such, what could human power avail!

The other outlaws slunk silently back to their corner, under the ledge; they were fearful of being thought to even sympathize with their companion's action. And that ruffian himself, with his face whitening under the Pasha's rebuke, bent his head, and soon shambled awkwardly away.

*(To be continued.)*







# WHEN I GROW UP

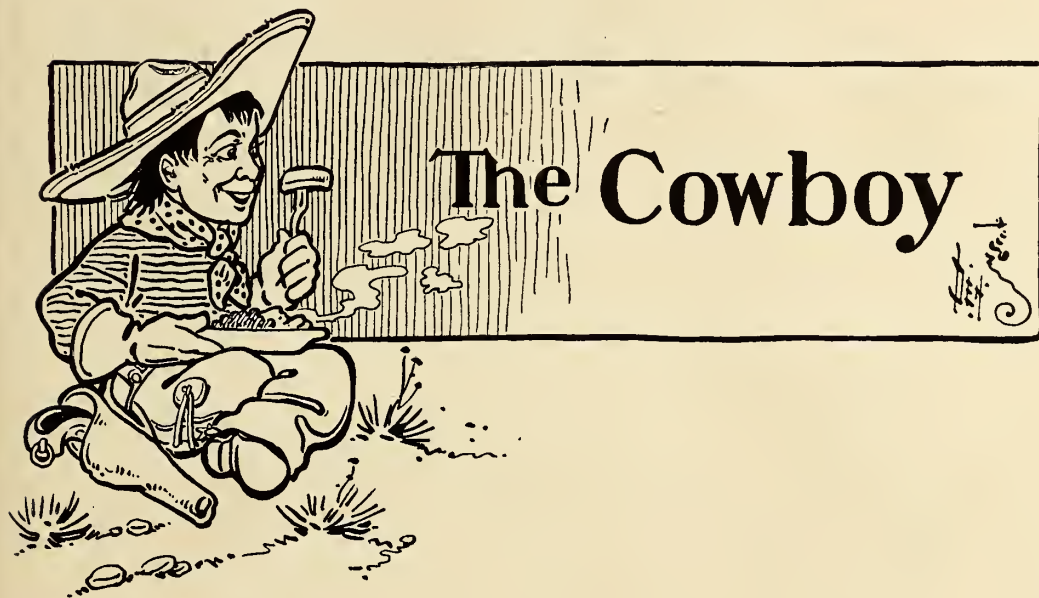


By



W. W. Denslow

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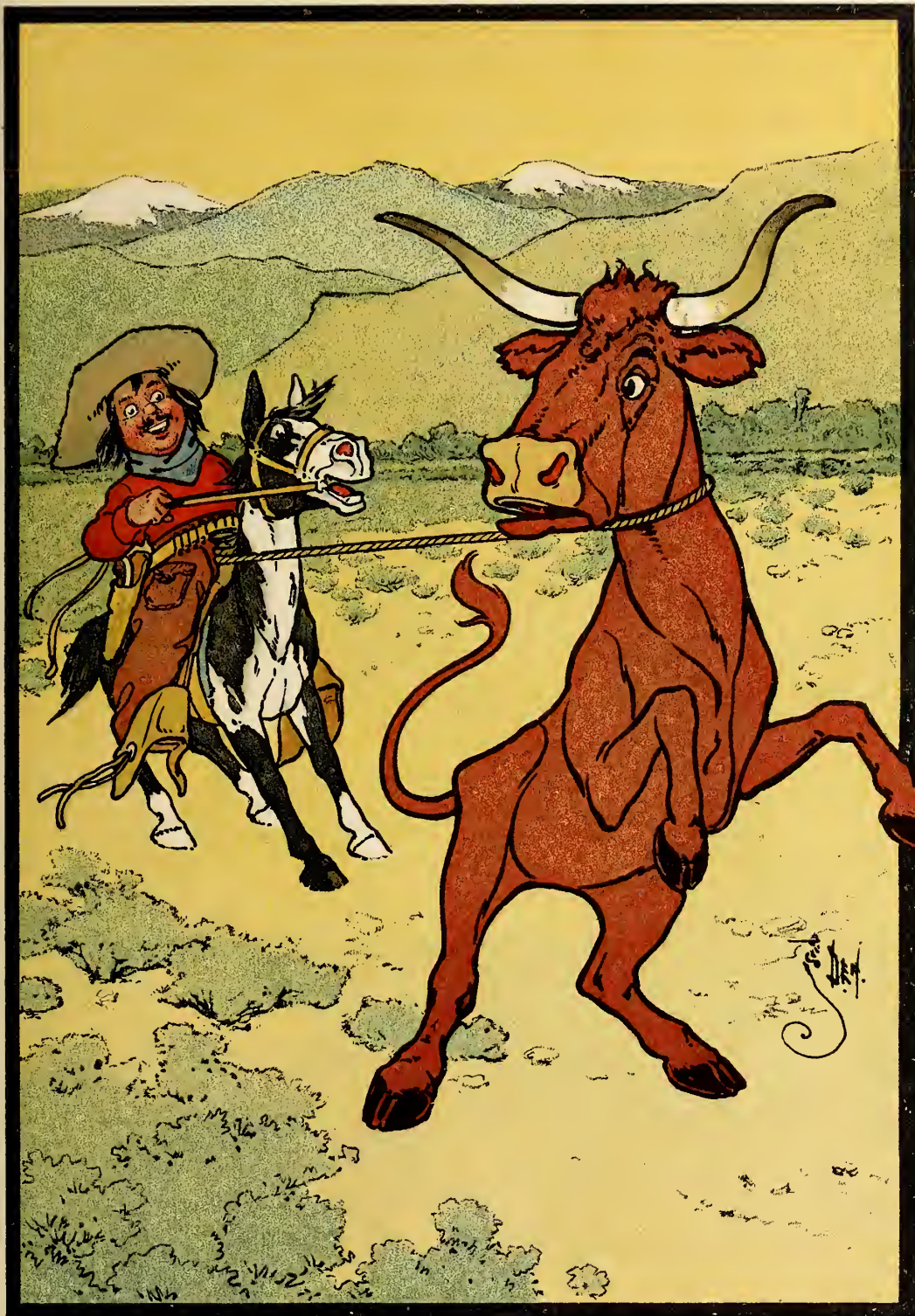
The Cowboy cows the Indian,—  
That is, if he can;  
He also ropes the Texas steer,—  
I will when I'm a Man.

I'd like to live on pork and beans,  
And so get stout and strong,  
And be the cow-boss of the ranch;  
It wouldn't take me long.



The Cowboy cows the Indian,—  
That is, if he can;  
He also ropes the Texas steer—  
I will, when I'm a Man.





Just think what fun we'd have all day  
Rough-riding on the plain,  
A-rounding up the stubborn steers  
With all our might and main!

And then at night when all was still,  
We'd sleep right out of doors;  
Our roof would be the starry sky—  
The ground instead of floors.

A hundred thousand head of steers  
May sometime wear my brand;  
And I'll be called the "Cattle King"  
Of all that western land!







## THE GLOVES

*(Founded on Fact)*

BY GEORGIANA HOMER

THE wind piped a frost-tipped tune through the meshes of Minna's hood, and tweaked her bit of an uptilted nose, as she trudged the long, unsheltered street.

But she had already lived through twelve of these fierce Norwegian winters, bound together by the merest of summer seasons, and their rigor was unfelt to-day of all days.

Her heart beat warmly with a passion of happiness, for, ahead, in the slanting sleet, she could see the house of the master whose worshipful pupil she was, and as she shook away the frozen flakes from her lashes, she hugged with both arms the huge bundle of music, every note of which sang through her little finger-tips in a way that made the great man say she was one of the chosen.

It was in the early springtide that she had been first taken to him, and his grim face had lightened as he listened to the child. "Yes, yes," he had said, "she shall come to me; but only if she works hard." And, ah, how Minna had worked!

That no duty might be neglected for her needed hours of practice, she had been daily astir in the early dark of the dawn; for hers was a home of

stern poverty in which all toiled: the mother and elder sisters sat by their looms the day through, and wove wools of vivid dye into quaint patterned hangings, while all house labor fell to the younger children, whose small fingers were too unskilled for any wage-earning handcraft; and Minna's shelves and pans must shine with much scrubbing before she could be free to run away to the old, sweet-toned piano which waited her in the house of a kind neighbor.

But in the wide heaven of joy and sound that had been thrown open to her, drudgery, privation, and pain were forgotten. House task and school task were shortened by melodious memories, and hunger itself was dulled as she sat on the high stool, striving to draw from the yellowed keys such of the message in the music before her as she understood, and hearing, through and beyond her own imperfect rendering, a further mystery that held while it escaped her. Yes, she had worked, and the great man had praised—so these first wild winds of winter might beat upon her as they would, she was undisturbed in her deep content at the task well done.

The little girl pushed on toward her master's

dwelling and, at her coming, the house door was opened by a wrinkled, neatly capped woman, who patted the child and drew her into the kitchen to lay aside her hood and cloak. "Now run, for the master waits thee, and, thou knowest, he is not patient."

Minna courtesied low as she entered the room where the wide open piano was almost the only furnishing, and went at once to her seat before the instrument. But she looked up in fright, for her fingers lay stiff and unobedient upon the keys. "Go on, my child, go on—this study here."

Minna looked at her hands—red and lifeless they lay, and all her ardent will could not stir them. The tears gathered heavy in her eyes.

"What is the matter, little one?"

"My hands, sir, are numb."

"Your hands! Let me see them. How are they in such a state? You, a pianist, to have such hands, purple and twisted with the cold. You must wear thicker gloves," gruffly.

"I have no gloves at all, sir."

"No gloves!" stormed her master. "No gloves! Out in the winter with hands uncovered, and yet she asks to be a great artist! Do you not know, child, that the cold will so shrivel and harden your hands that you cannot hope to use them? What absurdity! Your soul is great with art, and your ten misshapen fingers condemn you to be dumb for evermore."

In his impatience, the gray-haired man paced up and down before the terrified child. He felt that his art had been insulted by these uncared-for hands; as if Music had called a soul into the very sanctuary of her temple and her call had been taken lightly by this unheedful girl.

Minna was too much in awe of the great man to find words to tell him of the merciless poverty that was so carefully hidden by these prideful Northern folk, who shut within their cottage door the secret of their struggle to clothe and feed their young, and yet lay by scant savings to pay for that precious schooling which was to lift their children from ignorance and want into a freer, more hopeful, life.

She sat silent, and, by and by, the musician came and took her hands not unkindly into his. "My child, this hour is wasted. Let this never happen again. You must carefully clothe these fingers which are your fragile instruments in your art. They will be mighty or powerless, as you choose. Only never, never come to me again unless your hands are gloved."

Minna courtesied again, and went out to the good waiting-woman, who made the child sit awhile by the fire and drink a warm bowlful of chocolate.

But the little girl swallowed more sobs than drink, and her throat tightened and her slight frame trembled under this calamity. Not to come again unglowed! She, who had never seen a glove on any hand in her household.

Thrifty and laborious as was its life, none knew better than she the hardship in the meager outlay of their little home.

AFTER the evening meal, Minna went to her father as he sat by the blackened firestones of the kitchen hearth, and, with the courage of despair, asked him if she might have a pair of gloves to protect her hands.

Full upon her flushing cheek fell the amazed look of her brothers and sisters. To ask for gloves when the measure of food fell short! Gloves! A thing as strange to their lives of stringent want as jewels. The children of the poor went with bared hands, hardened to cold and toil. But hardest of all to Minna was the bitter tone of her good father's voice. "Gloves, my child, gloves!"

Hurriedly she told him what her master had said, and: "No more, father, no more must I go to him."

There was a long silence in the room. Her father looked gloomily into the yawning chimney-place, where the up-starting spurts of flame only deepened the somber shadows. Her mother stitched busily on, but there were tears on the patient face. And all this weight of want and sorrow fell an unbearable burden on the child's sensitive spirit; but she still clasped her hands in appeal. She could not draw back.

At last, her father said slowly: "Listen, Minna. Not one of your family has ever owned a pair of gloves, your mother—your grandmother—no one. Look at your elder sisters, do they ask for gloves? Tell your master, if you wish, that I say you cannot have them."

After this, no other word was spoken, and the children soon went to their cots.

The habit of generations of obedience to the finality of a house-father's bidding was strong in the little Norwegian girl, but for this once Minna was filled with a new stir of protest as she lay wakeful upon her low bedstead, looking out through the window into the white night. The soft snow packed itself around the loose window-frame, and the child lay still for fear of troubling her bed-fellow; but within her surged a sorrow and energy too big for the compass of her child's body.

Her father would not, could not, buy gloves—her master could not, would not, labor with her longer. Then how could she, Minna, a little girl, gain this absolutely needed thing—gloves? How? For she must!



Not for a moment did she say: "I can not become a musician." That would have been a despair beyond her endurance. No—she looked into the night for an open way, and her soul was shaken with prayer that it should be shown to her. However toilsome, however painful—only to see it somewhere. And as the storm lessened without, so it was quieted within, and Minna fell asleep; for there had come to her a thought which was almost a hope.

But when she wakened to the still cold of an ice-sheathed world, and she slipped into her humble place in the large and busy household, she was dismayed by the daring of her ambition. To waylay destiny and wrest from it so slight and so great a thing as a pair of gloves!

But this was Minna the child. Minna the artist had an urgent will which threw aside whatever barred its way; and long before the midday she was impetuous with a fresh eagerness that sent her small feet hurrying through the long street, impatient to reach its further outskirts, where lived two of her desk-mates. Their father was a maker of gloves, and all her hope hung upon this.

Her playfellows saw her from the window and threw open the door with noisy welcome. Beyond, in the large, well-ordered kitchen, sat the buxom mother behind a barricade of mending, and she smiled across at Minna.

The sanded floor and glistening pans that overhung the wall were as cheery as the flood of noon light that brightened the children's faces as they romped unchecked.

But though she laughed with the others, Minna was burdened with her unspoken purpose, and her heart hammered painfully, and, at last breaking away, she went over to the house-mother's side and said timidly: "Your lovely piano, is it never opened now?"

"No, child; we no longer have any one to play upon it."

"Would you not like to hear me? The master

says I have made brave headway—I should love to play for you."

Minna was taken into the large adjoining room, and there, with her heart in her hands, she sat before the piano, her eyes sunk in sudden hollows, her face white with emotion, sending through the open door into the now quiet kitchen all her stored-up appeal for help. Shy of speech, she knew no other way than to make her music speak for her, and her hidden prayer crept into the keys and grew more and more passionate as her fear of failure grew, as, before her, lifted itself all her coming life, empty of its greatest good. And these listeners, in the other room, they, they could give her her wish, and oh, would they feel—could she waken them to her will!

And as she played on and on, her soul passed beyond the frail body of a twelve-year-old child, and when its voice was hushed and the overwrought girl burst into tears, there was awe and reverence on the faces of her hearers.

The mother came into the room quietly, and stood over the sobbing child with soothing words of wonder and praise, and as Minna felt that she had indeed reached the very heart of the kindly woman, words came at last:

"Ah, madame, if you love music so, why do you not let your children learn as I do?"

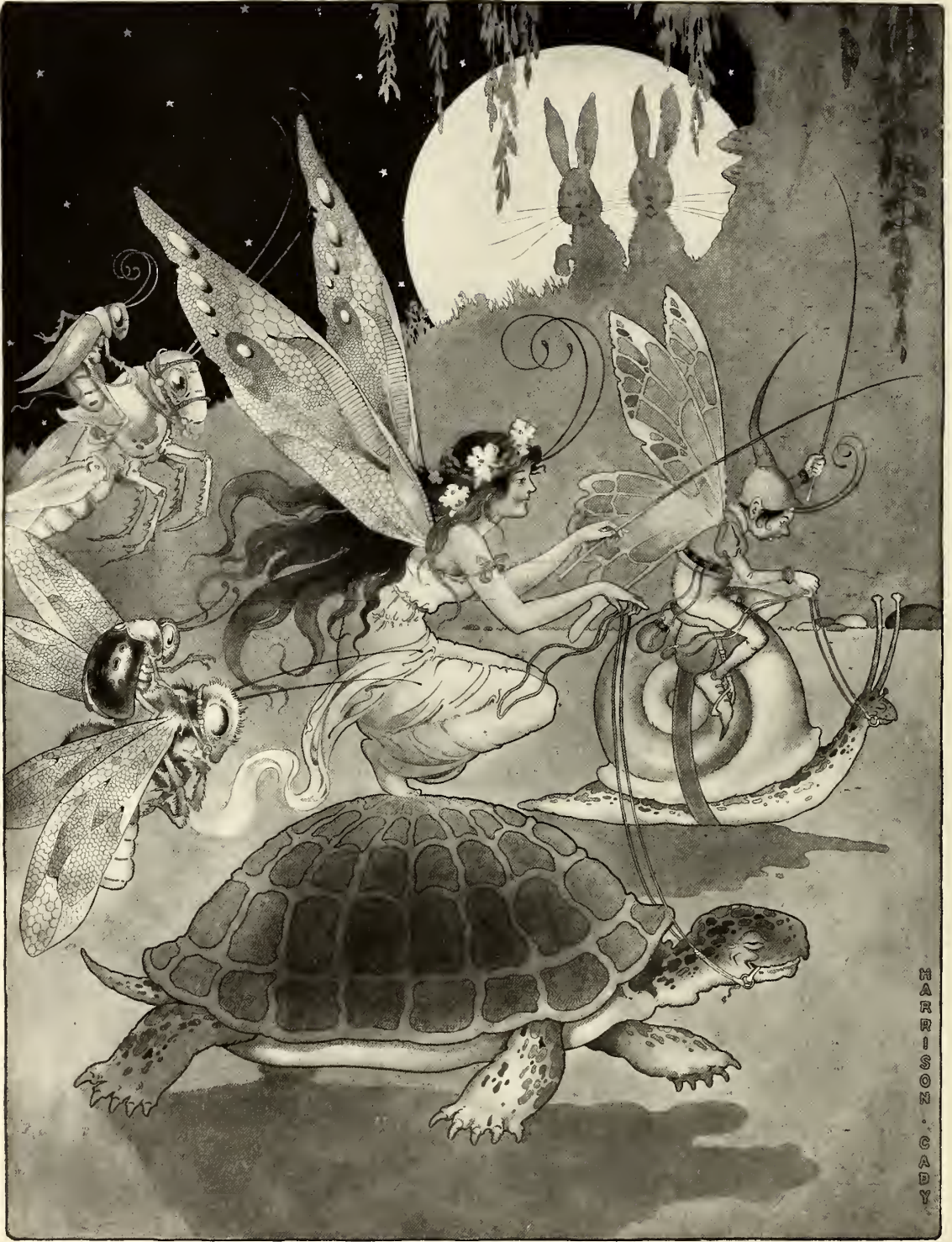
"But, Minna, you, with your gift, have the greatest of teachers. We have no money."

"Oh, madame, let me teach them. The master will tell you I am able, and you shall pay me in gloves. I need them. I must have them. My hands are stricken with the icy cold—the master says so, and forbids me to go to him again without gloves."

AND so it was that Minna earned her right to be an artist.

Only a pair of gloves! But as her little, red fingers nestled into their warmth, it was the home-coming of her heart into happiness.





MARRISON · CADDY

A RACE IN FAIRY-LAND.



# CAPTAIN CHUB

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## CHAPTER VII

### THE CRUISE BEGINS

WHEN they reached Roy's house they found a letter from Harry. Roy read it aloud.

Miss Emery accepts with pleasure the kind invitation of Messrs. Chub, Roy, and Dick, and will be ready to embark on the *Jolly Roger* at Ferry Hill at the time appointed.

P.S. Is n't it lovely? Mama says I can come home the 20th and papa will go with me, although he says we can't stay with you more than a week or so. But perhaps you didn't want us for more than that. Did you? Do you think I might take Snip along? He will behave beautifully. Aunt Harriet says I'm certain to be drowned and wants me to carry a life-preserver around in my hand all the time. Is n't that funny? She's taught me to make pie-crust and so I'll make you all the pies you want. Won't that be fine? I can make three kinds: apple, cherry, rhubarb. I can make mince, too, if I have the mincemeat. Don't forget to write at once and let me know when you will get to Ferry Hill. Remembrances to Chub and Dick.

Yours truly,  
HARRY.

"That 's great!" said Chub. "Let 's set sail, quick, and pick them up at Ferry Hill before any of them change their minds—or Harry forgets how to make those pies!"

Both Roy and Dick were quite as eager to get off as Chub was; and it was agreed that if the groceries arrived in time they would begin the cruise at one o'clock on the morrow.

BEHOLD, then, the *Jolly Roger* proceeding, as Chub phrased it, "under her own sail" up the Hudson River in the middle of a glorious July afternoon. There was a fresh little breeze quartering down the river and the surface of the broad stream was merry with whitecaps. The long, blue pennant which Dick had found in the wheel-house snapped and waved from the pole.

With both tide and wind against her the house-boat made slow progress, and Chub was inclined to be impatient.

"We 'll never get to Ferry Hill this side of Christmas!" he declared. "I vote we name her over, and call her the *Slow Poke*."

Dick and Roy applauded instantly. Chub was at the wheel and the others were standing behind him at the open door of the wheel-house, ready with suggestions and assistance, Dick having been dragged away from the engine almost by main force.

"Good!" said Dick. "Only she already has *Jolly Roger* painted on her bow."

"That 's all right," said Chub. "Mr. Cole said we could do anything we liked with her. When we get to a town we 'll buy some paint and re-name her."

"It 's a good name," laughed Roy. "Now what 's that little sail-boat trying to do? If she does n't look out she 'll get run over." Chub blew the whistle warningly.

"We 've got to get out of her way," said Dick.

"What for?" asked Chub, haughtily. "Let her get out of our way."

"Law requires sailing craft to give way to dories and such and steamboats to give way to sail-boats," responded Dick, knowingly.

"Listen to the Ancient Mariner," jeered Chub. But he pulled a lever that slowed down the engine, and so allowed the sail-boat to bob out of harm's way. Chub had a chart spread out in front of him, and now and then he pointed out the places along the way with the manner of a discoverer, though Roy said it seemed more like a ride in a sight-seeing automobile.

"Manhattanville on our right, gentlemen. On the left the historic Fort Lee."

"What happened there?" asked Dick.

"I don't know."

"Then how do you know it 's historic?"

"All forts are historic," answered Chub, loftily. "Across the river are historic Fort Washington and historic Fort George."

"I suppose the next fort is historic Fort Cherry-tree," muttered Dick, skeptically. "I don't see any forts, anyhow. I 'm going down again."

"Dick thinks that if he is n't sitting beside that engine holding its hand it 'll get mad and quit work," laughed Chub. "Let him go, Roy, for goodness' sake!" So Dick climbed over the side and disappeared into the tiny engine-room to sit on a camp-stool with a bunch of dirty waste in his hand and watch the engine fascinatedly.

The departure of the house-boat had been quite devoid of brilliant features. The groceries and supplies had been delivered early, suit cases and other luggage had been brought across town in a cab, and by noon all was in readiness. The boys had returned to the house for an early luncheon, and afterward, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Porter and Mr. Somes, had come down to the wharf in two bright red taxicabs. The older folks had been shown over the boat and had then stood on the end of the wharf and waved good-by while the *Jolly*—pardon me, the *Slow Poke* had been

warped out of the slip and had started up the river. But Roy's parents and Dick's father had not been the only spectators, and many and sarcastic had been the comments from the assembled wharf hands and loiterers. But the boys had n't cared. They had been far too excited and busy. The *Slow Poke* did n't answer very readily to her helm, and as a result Chub, gallantly assisted by Roy, had run into the end of a pier and narrowly escaped colliding with a lighter.

At four o'clock Chub announced that the *Slow Poke* had accomplished about four miles. They were then off what Chub called "picturesque Tubby Hook." Roy had to see the name on the chart before he would believe in the existence of any such place.

"What I want to know," said Dick, who had again momentarily separated himself from the engine, "is where we're going to tie up for the night."

"Well, there's no hurry," said Roy. "By six we ought to be—where, Chub?" Chub did some lightning calculating.

"At Yonkers."

"The mischief! That's no place to spend the night," said Dick, disgustedly.

"Why not?" Roy asked. "Some folks have to live there all the year round!"

"We don't have to stop there," said Chub. "We'll cross the river and find a nice, quiet spot along the Palisades."

"And as we'll have to have some dinner—"

"Supper," corrected Chub.

"Seems to me," said Dick, "I'm in for a lot of work. When I signed for this trip I did n't know I was to be engineer and cook, too."

"Oh, yes, you did, Dickums. You knew it, but you did n't realize it."

"Well, then, you fellows need n't complain if you don't get all your meals on time," answered Dick morosely.

Toward six o'clock the *Slow Poke* chugged across to the Jersey shore and after some discussion a place was selected for anchorage. There was a break here in the rocky wall of the Palisades and a little stream meandered down through a tiny valley. The woods came close to the river's edge, and after getting the *Slow Poke* as near shore as her draft would permit they carried lines from stern and bow and made them fast to trees. Then all hands set to to prepare supper. Chub established himself on the railing of the after deck and pared potatoes, pausing in his task whenever a boat went up or down the river.

An hour later, sitting about the table in the tiny after cabin, they had their first meal on board. Through the open windows wandered a little even-

ing breeze which, as Chub poetically remarked, "caressed their cheeks, flushed with the toil of the long day." On one side the shadowed woods showed, on the other the broad expanse of the river, deeply golden in the late sunlight.

"My, but the mosquitos are on the rampage to-night! It's a funny thing about mosquitos," continued Chub, helping himself to a slice of bread which Roy had left unguarded. "Just let them bite you a day or two and they get tired of you. I suppose they like a change of diet the same as the rest of us. Is there any more of the excellent tea, Dickums?"

Presently Chub pushed back his chair with a sigh of contentment.

"Come on, Roy," he said. "Let us go up and sit on deck and watch the pageant of Nature while the hireling cleans up the dishes."

"No, you don't!" retorted the hireling. "You and Roy will stay right here and help. You need n't think I'm going to do everything on this blooming boat!"

"That smacks of mutiny, methinks," said Chub. "What do you say, Roy? Still, I'll stay and add my feeble assistance. I choose to wipe the dishes."

Half an hour later they were sitting on the upper deck, their feet on the railing, feeling very much at peace with the world. To be sure, the mosquitos were somewhat troublesome, but they strove to take Chub's advice and bear the annoyance philosophically. A white light hung from the flag-pole above the wheel-house and from the after cabin a feeble glow spread itself over the water.

For a while the conversation turned to Ferry Hill and the fellows there, but as each of the three evinced an inclination to fall asleep in the middle of a sentence, the talk was n't very brilliant or interesting. Finally, Roy dropped his feet with a thud from the railing and stood up.

"There," he said, calmly.

"Eh? What?" asked Chub, with a start.

"They've completed the circuit."

"Circuit? What circuit? Who's completed—"

"The mosquitos have completed the circuit of my ankles. They have been around both and I am now going to bed. I've done my duty by them."

They stumbled down the steps to the lower deck, Chub begging them to go softly so as not to attract the attention of the mosquitos in the after cabin, and sought their beds. Chub had the bedroom and the others shared the living-room, Roy using a cot and Dick the window-seat.

"Is everything all right for the night?" asked Roy, yawning and taking off his coat.



"I think so," replied Chub from across the little passage. "I don't know just what you do on a house-boat when you go to bed."

"You lock the front door, fix the furnace, and turn down the gas in the front hall," murmured Dick.

Sleepy as they were, slumber did n't come to them at once. It was all rather new yet; and they had many projects to discuss, and many plans for their guests who would embark at Ferry Hill.

"How 's your divan, Dickums?" asked Chub.

"Fine as eider-down on a steel rail. I like a hard bed. How 's yours?"

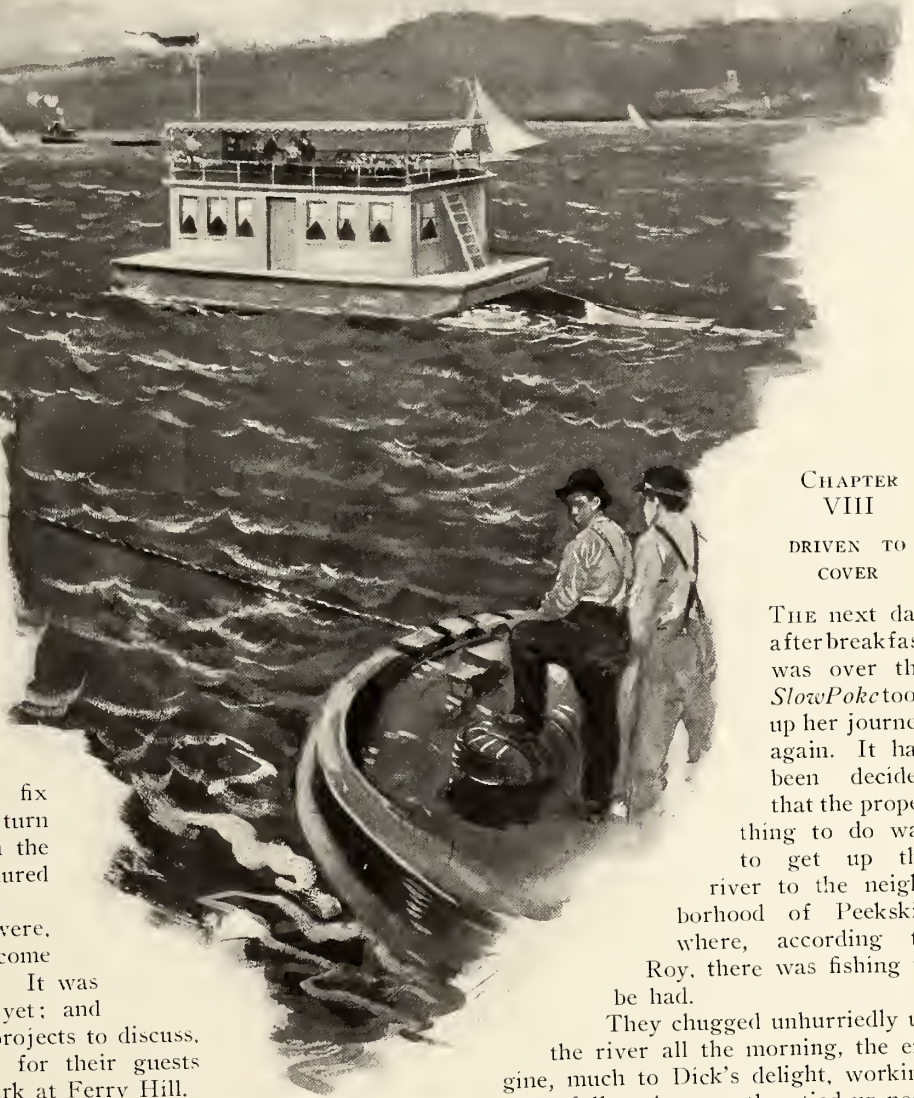
"Great! Good-night everybody."

"Good-night. Oh, I say, fellow-yachtsmen!"

"Well?"

"Did you let the cat in? I forgot about it."

Then there was peace and silence save for the contented humming of the mosquitos.



THE JOLLY ROGER BEGINS HER CRUISE UP THE HUDSON RIVER.

## CHAPTER VIII

### DRIVEN TO COVER

THE next day after breakfast was over the *Slow Poke* took up her journey again. It had been decided that the proper thing to do was to get up the river to the neighborhood of Peekskill where, according to

Roy, there was fishing to be had.

They chugged unhurriedly up the river all the morning, the engine, much to Dick's delight, working beautifully. At noon they tied up near Ossining and had dinner.

"I 'd hate to travel on that," said Chub, pointing with his fork to a steamer which was gliding by out

in the river. "It goes so fast those people can't begin to see the beauties of the country. Now with us it 's different. We catch sight of an object of interest at ten in the morning. At eleven we approach it. At twelve we reach it.

At one we are by but still have it in plain sight. It fades from view at four in the afternoon. That's something like. We have time to study and—er—assimilate, you see. Why, every feature of the landscape we have passed is indelibly engraved on my memory."

"Oh, come now," laughed Roy, "the *Slow Poke* has n't done so badly. We've come a good thirteen miles since breakfast."

"What I'm afraid of," said Dick, "is that if we keep on going like this we'll be at the end of the river before we know it. How much more is there?"

"Only about two hundred and twenty-five miles," replied Roy, dryly. "If we keep on at the present rate of progress we'll reach the end of it in about ten days—if we don't stop on the way." Dick looked relieved.

"Oh, that's all right, then. Because we are going to stop, of course."

"We're going to do more stopping than anything else," said Chub. "House-boats are intended primarily to stop in. As—as vehicles of travel they are not to be taken seriously."

"My!" murmured Dick, "what a college education does do for a fellow!"

"English A is a great course," agreed Roy, smilingly. "You'll be so happy next year with your little daily themes, Dick!"

Dick groaned.

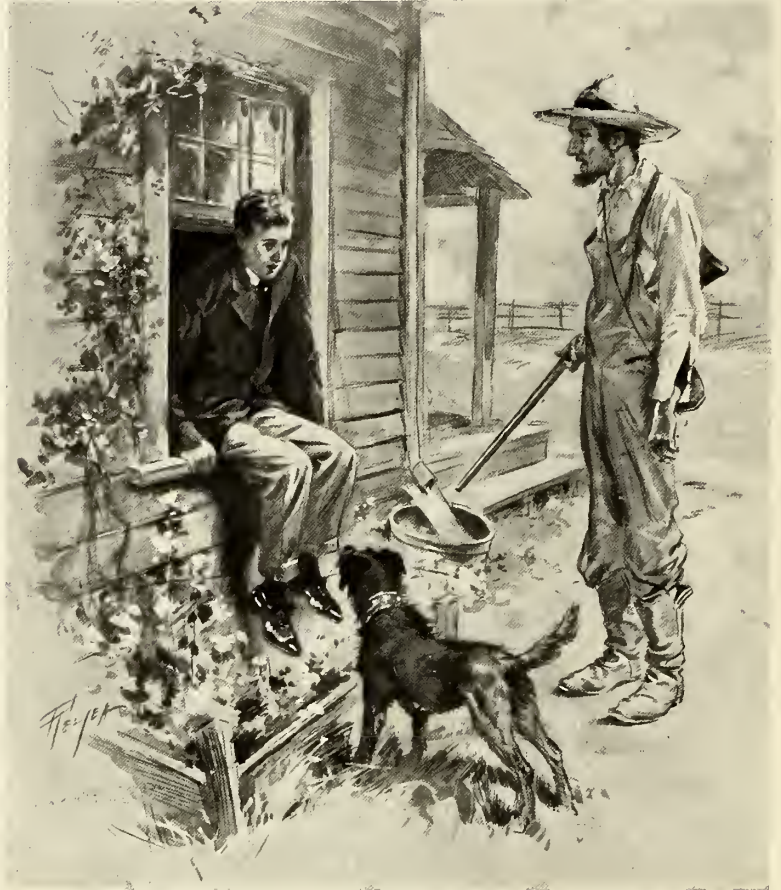
They wandered on again in the afternoon. Roy taking another lesson on the gas-engine, and stopped for the night in a little cove on the east side near Cortlandt. As it still lacked almost an hour of supper-time, they left the boat to stretch their legs on shore. They found a road and tramped along it for a quarter of an hour without finding anything more interesting than a farm-house. But the farm-house put an idea in Chub's head. He stopped at the gate and pointed.

"Milk," he ejaculated.

"Yes, but we did n't bring anything to put it in," Roy objected.

"It does n't matter. They'll lend us a can, maybe. Come on."

So they trudged up the long lane and knocked on the front door. Receiving no answer after a decent interval of waiting, they proceeded around



"ROY STARED SILENTLY, WITH OPEN MOUTH." (SEE PAGE 346.)

to the back-yard. At a little distance stood a big barn. Near by was a well with a number of big milk cans beside it.

"There you are," said Chub. "Maybe they'll lend us one of those. Come on."

The back door was open and from the little covered porch they had a glimpse of a very clean and tidy kitchen. Chub knocked. There was no answer.

"All out, it seems," he muttered. He knocked again and then raised his voice. "Any one at home?" he asked.

There was. A fierce and shaggy yellow dog bounded across the yard, the hair along his back bristling unpleasantly. His onslaught was so sudden and fierce that Dick, who saw him first, was



the first one inside the door. But Chub and Roy were tied for second place, and the dog—well, the dog would have made a good third if Roy had n't had the presence of mind to slam the door a few inches in front of his nose.

"I say!" gasped Chub. "Did you see him? Is n't he an ugly brute?"

"He certainly is," agreed Dick, with an uneasy laugh. "Hear him, will you?"

The dog was growling savagely and sniffing along the bottom of the door.

"Nice doggie," called Chub, soothingly. "Nice doggie! Go away, Rover!"

"Try Prince," Roy suggested.

"Try it yourself! I wonder if there 's any one in here. You fellows look after the door and I 'll go and see."

Chub walked through the kitchen into a little narrow entry and called loudly. But there was no answer. He returned to the others.

"Still there?" he asked, in a whisper.

"I don't know," muttered Roy. "I don't hear anything. Maybe he 's gone. Can you see from the window?"

Chub walked over to the nearest window.

"He 's lying on the porch with his nose about half an inch from the door," he reported, disgustfully. "He 's a Saint Bernard, I guess."

"I don't care what he is," said Roy. "He 's a nuisance. What shall we do?"

"Put your head out of the window and yell," suggested Dick. "They 're probably in the barn."

"All right, but not that window," Chub answered. He went to the farther side of the kitchen, raised the window there and called.

"Hello! You in the barn! Call off your dog!"

But the dog started such a barking that Chub's efforts were quite wasted.

"I suppose we 'll just have to make ourselves comfortable and wait for Mr. Farmer to come back," he said, closing the window again.

"I tell you what," said Dick, in a hoarse whisper. "We 'll get out the front door. If we close it quietly he won't hear us."

They looked at each other doubtfully. The plan did n't seem to awaken much enthusiasm.

"That 's all right," said Roy, "but if he did hear us—"

"I don't believe he 'd actually attack us," said Dick.

"It did n't look like it, did it?" asked Chub, sarcastically. "Oh, no, he 's a nice little playful pet, he is."

"Well, we can't stay here all night," said Dick. "And for all we know there may not be anybody in the barn."

"Of course there is! Do you think they 'd go

away and leave the back of the house all open like this?"

"Well, with that animal out there I guess they 'd be safe to put the family silver on the front piazza," retorted Roy. "But I guess there 's some one around somewhere. There 's a fire in the stove and that looks as though they meant to get supper." The mention of supper brought back Chub's valor.

"Well, come on, and let 's try the front-door trick. Go easy, fellows."

They tiptoed across the kitchen, through the entry, and reached the front door only to find that it was locked and that there was no key in sight.

"Sometimes they hang it on a nail alongside the door," muttered Chub, running his hand around the frame.

"Or put it under the mat," said Roy.

"There is n't any mat. Let 's try a window. Come on in here."

He led the way into a dim and deserted parlor, a stuffy apartment in which the curtains were closely drawn at the three windows.

"See if you can see Fido," counseled Chub. Roy raised the shade at one of the windows on the front of the house and looked out. Beneath was a bed of purple phlox and beyond was a walk and a little space of grass. At the right was the lane—and safety.

"He is n't in sight," Roy answered in whispers. "But he may come."

"That does n't matter," answered Chub, recklessly. "I want to go home to supper. Push up the window."

Roy obeyed. The sash creaked and screamed as he forced it up and they paused and held their breath, expecting to see the dog come bounding into sight. But nothing happened.

"You go first, Roy," said Chub. "Dick and I can run faster than you."

"Want me to have the first bite, eh?" laughed Roy, as he put a knee over the sill.

"Be quiet! Don't make so much noise," said Chub. "Get on out."

Roy was sitting on the sill, his feet dangling above the flower bed.

"That 's all right," he muttered, "but—say, Dick, go back and take a peek out of the window and see if he 's still there."

"All right." Dick tiptoed back to the kitchen.

"I don't know," murmured Chub, "that I should want the family to walk in now and discover us. We might have some difficulty in—*Hello!*"

He darted away from the window, leaving Roy blankly confronting a very tall man with a tangled black beard, who had suddenly and noise-

lessly come around the corner of the house. He wore dirty brown jumpers, carried a single-barreled shot-gun, and was n't at all prepossessing. And beside him, still growling and bristling, was the yellow dog. Roy stared silently with open mouth.

CHAPTER IX  
PRISONERS!

THE farmer smiled, but it was n't a pleasant smile; and it exposed half a dozen yellow fang-like teeth that made Roy wonder whether there could be any relationship between the dog and his master.

"Tell the other feller to come back," said the farmer. "I seen him."

"You mean you saw me," murmured Chub, stepping into sight behind Roy.

"What 's that?" asked the farmer, suspiciously.

"How do you do?" asked Chub, affably.

"You 'll see how I do and *what* I do," was the grim reply. "What you doing in my house?"

"We—we were just getting out," answered Roy, with a sickly smile which was intended to be propitiating.

"With your pockets full, I guess. You stay where you are, understand?" He brought the shot-gun up and laid it over his arm in a suggestive way that made Roy wish his legs were inside the window rather than out.

"If you mean that we 've been stealing anything," said Chub tartly, "you 're making a mistake. We came up here to buy some milk and your fool dog ran at us and drove us into the house. And here we are. If you 'll take him out of the way we 'll get out."

"Guess you will," chuckled the farmer. "Guess you 'd be pretty glad to. But you won't, understand? You get on back into that room." This to Roy in a threatening growl that fairly lifted the boy's legs over the sill and deposited them on the parlor carpet. "And you stay there till I come, understand? Watch 'em, Carlo!"

Carlo growled and looked longingly at the boys. The farmer tucked the shot-gun under his arm and disappeared around the corner of the house. Roy and Chub looked at each other in comical dismay.

"Does n't this beat the Dutch?" asked Chub.

"But, where 's Dick? I 'll wager he heard the old codger coming and has hidden. What are we going to do, Roy?"

"Tell the truth. He has n't any business to keep us in here. If it had n't been for his old dog—"

The farmer's footsteps sounded in the entry and he entered the room, his shot-gun still under

his arm. He looked around suspiciously, as though expecting to find the marble-topped center table and the cottage organ missing, and cast shrewd glances at the boys' pockets.

"Well, you see we have n't stolen anything," said Chub.

"Well, I ain't taking your word for it," said the farmer, dryly. "Mebbe, if I had n't come when I did—"

"Now don't be unreasonable," begged Chub. "I 've told you how we came to be here. We were passing along the road and wanted some milk—"

"Thought you 'd find it in the parlor, did ye?"

"No, but your dog chased us inside the back door and we could n't make any one hear by shouting—"

"You shouted pretty loud, did n't ye?"

"Yes, I did," answered Chub, defiantly, "but that idiotic dog made such a row with his barking that you could n't hear me. So then we came in here to get out the window, because the front door was locked. Now you know. And as we 're already late for supper, perhaps you 'll call off that fool dog and let us go home."

"Want to go, do ye?" asked their captor.

"Yes, we do," replied Chub, shortly.

"Live right around here, I suppose? How 'd you know I was alone here? How 'd you know my wife was away?"

"We don't know anything of the sort!"

"Some one told you, eh?"

"I tell you we never heard of you before—"

"But you did n't know about Carlo, did ye? I bought Carlo after you was here last month. He 's a good dog and—"

"After—we—were—here—last—month?" repeated Chub. "Great Scott, we 've never seen your old farm before in our lives. We got here an hour ago in our boat—"

"Travel in your private yacht, do ye? Left it down at the gate, I suppose?" The farmer chuckled enjoyably.

"She 's tied up in the cove about a half mile below here," said Chub, angrily. "You can come along and see her for yourself."

"Oh, yes, I see. What have you got in your pockets?"

"Nothing that belongs to you!"

"You have n't, eh?" snarled the man. "Took it all last time, eh? Looking for more silverware, I guess. Wan't satisfied with what you had. Should have been, eh? Made a mistake, did n't ye? Made a mistake coming back to the same place, eh? Thought Jim Ewing was fool enough to be caught twice at the same game, eh? Huh!" He paused and looked at them triumphantly.



"More fools you, then. And you look sharp enough, too. Would n't have thought you 'd have been such fools."

"Oh, what 's the matter with you!" growled Chub, exasperatedly.

"Well, you march along up-stairs now, and you 'll see. Go along, and don't make any trouble or"—he patted the shot-gun—"this thing might go off. That 'd be a clear case of justifiable homicide, eh?"

"If you 'll just put that down a minute," said Chub, yearningly, "I 'll—I 'll—"

"No, you don't; I 'm a peaceable citizen, I am. Don't say it would n't be some satisfaction to wallop you, but I 'll leave it to the law. Go on up, now."

"Look here," said Roy, choking his anger, "what do you intend to do with us?"

"Want to know, do you? You walk up-stairs, or—" he brought the ancient shot-gun to the position of "charge." Chub and Roy cast anxious glances at each other. Then, with a shrug, Chub turned, crossed the room, and mounted the staircase, followed by Roy and Mr. Ewing.

"Turn to the left at the top," called the latter. "You 'll be real comfortable while I 'm gone, and you won't find anything to tempt you to steal. That 's it. Sit down, boys, and make yourselves to home. I won't be gone more 'n an hour if I can help it. Don't be lonesome." He closed the door and turned the key in the lock, and they heard him go off down-stairs chuckling.

Chub turned to Roy with a smile on his face. "Is n't this the greatest pickle, Roy? He thinks we 're a couple of hardened criminals; thinks we have been here before." He laughed softly.

"I don't see where the fun comes in," answered Roy. "We may have a dickens of a time convincing folks that we did n't come here to steal his things. Where do you suppose Dick got to?"

"Blest if I know. Maybe he saw the old chap coming across from the barn and hid himself. Maybe he managed to get out the back door while the old fellow was round front. If he did—"

"He 's coming back," muttered Roy, who was looking out of the window. "And he 's bringing that beast of a dog."

"You stay here and watch, Carlo," said the farmer outside the door. "Don't let 'em out, sir!"

"Mr. Ewing!" called Roy.

"Well? I hear ye."

"Won't you believe what we tell you? That we had no intention of robbing your house."

"Don't you waste your breath on me, young man. Keep your yarns for the constable, I won't keep you waiting longer 'n I can help. You 'd better not try to get out; it would n't be good for

you; Carlo 's got a sort of a mean disposition, he has."

"So have you," cried Chub. "You 've got the upper hand now, but you are all wrong, whether you know it or not. We 'll make you wish you had a grain or two of common sense; hear?"

"I hear ye," muttered the farmer. "I hear ye. I guess what you fellers need is a few years in jail, and, by gum, you 're going to get it! Watch 'em, Carlo!"

They heard him go stumping down-stairs and out of the house at the back. Roy went to the window and after much grunting managed to open the lower sash. Chub joined him.

"We can't get out here, that 's certain," he said. "It 's thirty feet to the ground if it 's an inch. Look at the old fool!"

Mr. Ewing was in plain sight in front of the barn. He had run a rickety side-bar buggy out of the carriage shed, and now he entered the barn again.

"He 's going to town for a constable," mused Roy. "I wonder how far it is."

"He said he would n't be more than an hour."

"Then we 've got an hour to find a way out of here." Roy turned and looked frowningly about the room. It was some twelve by fifteen feet in size, with one door into the hall, and one window. The walls were calcimined a streaky white. The furnishings consisted of a bed and a mattress, a yellow-bureau, a chair, and a wash-stand with bowl and pitcher and a square of rag carpet.

"If we only had some bedclothes," muttered Roy.

"Or a ladder," added Chub, with a grin. "I guess we 're here to stay unless—"

"What?"

"Unless Dick turns up. I don't believe he 's gone off very far, do you?" Roy's reply was interrupted by the clatter of wheels and they went back to the window in time to see Mr. Ewing rattle by in the buggy. He looked up and grinned malevolently at the faces in the window.

Roy waved down to him airily. "Good-by, Pop!" he called.

The farmer cut the horse savagely with the whip and was out of sight around the corner of the house.

"I don't suppose it does any good to sass him," said Chub, "but it gives me a lot of satisfaction." He went over and kicked the door and was rewarded with a deep growl from Carlo. "Dear little doggie is still at his post," he said. He bent and put his mouth to the keyhole. "Carlo," he called softly, "dear little dogums! I 'd like to wring your blooming neck, do you hear? You do hear? Well, think about it, will you?" He

walked back to the window, whistling cheerfully. Roy, seated on the edge of the bed, scowled.

"Don't be an ass," he said, grumpily.

"Why not? What 's the use of making a tragedy out of it? Let us dance, sing, and be merry! 'We 're here because we 're here, because we 're here, because we 're here!'" Chub sang the words to the tune of "Auld Lang Syn."

Roy smiled faintly.

"What was it Monte Cristo did when he was shut up in the Castle of Thingamabob? Dug his way through the wall, did n't he? Well, let 's do the same!" Chub drew out his pocket-knife.

"If you do that," observed Roy, "they 'll give us ten days in jail for destroying property, or vandalism, or disturbing the peace, or something."

"That 's so! I don't see but they 've got us," said Chub. "But what 's that?" He stopped and listened. Then he ran to the window and looked cautiously out. Below, at the edge of the lane, stood Dick, his hands in his pockets, grinning up at the window.

"Hello, Chub!" he called. "Come on out!"

"Mother won't let me," answered Chub, with a grin. "Where were you, Dickums, when the storm broke?"

"In the preserve closet under the stairs. I heard everything nicely. I thought I 'd die!"

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Me? Go back to the boat and have supper, of course," replied Dick, with a wicked grin. "It 's a fine night, is n't it? See the new moon?"

"Don't be a ninny," said Roy, impatiently. "Do something! He may be back any moment."

"Oh, no, he 's good for an hour; he said so. What 'll I do—shoot the dog or burn the house down?"

"There ought to be a ladder in the barn."

"There is. I looked."

"Well, why did n't you bring it?"

"It 's too short."

"How much too short?" asked Roy.

"About ten feet, I guess."

"Well, go and get it and let 's find out!"

"Instantly, your Majesty!" Dick went off toward the barn unhurriedly, whistling softly.

In two or three minutes Dick was back, dragging the ladder after him. He placed it against the house under the window and they viewed the result. It lacked ten feet of reaching the sill.

"That 's no good," said Chub. "Is n't there a longer one anywhere? Have you looked?"

"Yes, Exalted One."

"I say, don't be so funny! Do you think we want to be arrested for burglary and have to spend the night in jail? And don't you crack

any more funny jokes or we 'll make you sorry when we get down."

Dick looked up speculatively.

"Maybe you have some such idea in your head already?" he asked. "I believe you have. Now before I go on with this heroic rescue you 've got to agree, both of you, to let me laugh as much as I like. Do you agree?"

"Honest Injun, Dickums. Go ahead, like a good fellow, and get us out of here."

"All right. I 've got a piece of rope here; see?" He took it from under his coat and held it up. "I 'll tie this to the top of the ladder and throw it up to you. Then you haul the ladder up and make the rope fast to something in the room. That 'll leave the ladder only about ten feet from the ground. You can drop that distance easily."

"Good old Dickums! You 're the right sort!"

So Dick tied one end of the rope to the upper end of the ladder, leaned the ladder against the house, climbed it, and tossed the other end of the rope at the window. Chub got it at the second throw. Then he and Roy moved the bureau over to the window, tied the rope around it so that it brought the top of the ladder to within a foot or so of the sill, and all was ready for departure.

"You go first, Roy," said Chub. "If it 'll bear you it 's sure to bear me." Roy climbed through the window and started down the ladder, but paused to watch Chub. That youth had crossed the room to the door.

"Carlo," he called sweetly. There was a growl from the other side of the door. "Carlo, dear Carlo, I have one parting word for your ear. Are you listening? The word is: 'Fooled again! Good-by!'"

Then Chub followed Roy, dropping lightly from the last rung of the ladder into a clump of dahlias.

"Now come on and let 's get out of here," said Roy, a trifle nervously. But Chub was patting his pockets thoughtfully.

"One moment, prithee," he murmured. "Who has a piece of paper?"

"What for?" asked Roy, suspiciously.

"Never you mind. Ah, thank you, Dickums." Chub took the piece which Dick tore from the bottom of a letter which he had in his pocket and laid it against the house while he wrote on it. When it was finished he pinned the message to the bottom rung of the ladder. Roy and Dick leaned over his shoulder and chuckled.

When this you see  
Remember me.

They hurried down the lane in the twilight.

(To be continued.)



# THE CRAFTY CROCO- DILE.



BY G. F. HILL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE BROOKE

## PART I

THIS is the Crafty Crocodile,  
The noblest of his kind;  
No other reptile is so big,  
And if you look, you 'll find  
He has five toes on each foreleg  
And four on each, behind.

He 's covered all from head to tail  
With scales in many a row;  
Upon his back they 're thick and hard,  
But fairly soft below;  
And that 's a rather useful thing  
For every one to know.

For if he 's got you by the leg  
And wants to swallow you,  
You ought to try and tickle him—  
It 's the only thing to do.  
I have n't tried the plan myself,  
But have no doubt it 's true.

How cunningly he seems to wink!  
He looks uncommon sly,  
As if he knew a thing or two.  
I think the reason why  
Is that, instead of two, he 's got  
Three eyelids to each eye.

Now, would you like to hear a tale  
About a Fisherman,  
A Leopard, and a Crocodile  
That lived in Hindostan?  
It won't be long; I 'll tell it you  
As briefly as I can.

The Fisherman went out one day  
With rod and line to see  
What he could catch, and climbing up  
Into a plantain-tree,



L.L.B.

"HE HAD N'T HAD A MAN TO EAT FOR EVER  
SUCH A WHILE!"

He dropped his hook into the stream,  
And waited patiently.

Now presently came swimming past  
A hungry Crocodile;  
He had n't had a man to  
eat  
For ever such a while!  
His stomach, it was  
empty; but  
His heart was full of  
guile.

He said, "My friend,  
you 'll catch no fish  
Though you fish there  
all night;

A pike came round an hour ago  
And gave the fish a fright.  
But if you come and wade down here,  
You 're sure to get a bite."



L.B.

"A LEOPARD, LIKE A HUGE CAT, WITH CURIOUS SPOTTED HIDE."

In vain the Monster wagged his tail,  
And rolled his crafty eyes;  
In vain he sang his sweetest songs,  
And sighed his saddest sighs.  
It was n't of the slightest use,  
The Fisher was too wise.

While they were talking thus, there came  
Along the river-side  
A Leopard, like a hugeous cat,  
With curious spotted hide.  
And when he saw the Fisherman  
His green eyes opened wide.

"Aha!" said he, "I think I spy  
A morsel good to eat;  
It 's very long since I have seen  
So prime a bit of meat;  
And 't will be long before I have  
Another chance as neat."

From side to side his tail began  
To wave and slowly sweep,  
And stealthily you might have seen  
The cunning creature creep  
Till he was near enough, and then  
He made a mighty leap.

He thought he could not miss his man,  
He 'd never missed before;  
But, like a stupid, as he leapt  
He uttered such a roar  
The Fisher heard, and ducked his head,  
And he went flying o'er.

Far out beyond the bank he went,  
Into the water; plump  
Upon the Reptile's nose he fell,  
Just where you see that bump!  
The Reptile only said, "I wish  
You 'd look before you jump.



L.B.

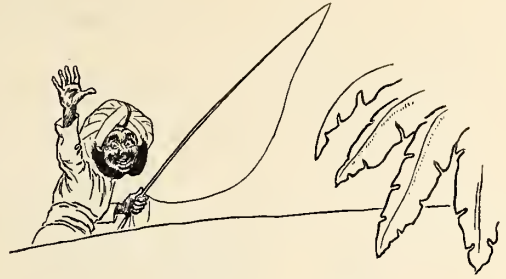
"THE FISHER HEARD, AND DUCKED HIS HEAD,  
AND HE WENT FLYING O'ER."

The man replied, "I thank you, sir,  
For your advice; but you 'll  
Excuse me if I don't accept.



"For creatures like yourself, you know,  
It 's safer on the bank;  
And if I eat you now, you 've got  
Only yourself to thank."  
With that he took him in his jaws,  
And to the bottom sank.

"Farewell!" the Fisher said, and so  
They parted for a while;  
And now I 'll briefly tell you how  
He caught the Crocodile.



## PART II

WHEN he got home, the Fisherman  
Vowed that, whate'er might hap,  
He and his wife would find a plan  
That Monster to entrap.

They talked about it all the day,  
And dreamed of it all night;  
But nothing that the one might say  
Seemed to the other right.

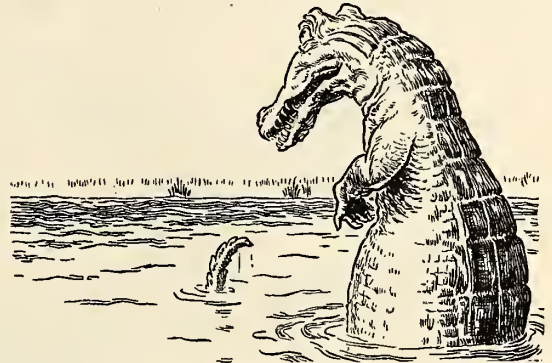
Then Mrs. Fisher said, "It 's clear  
We never shall agree;  
You 'd better ask your friends, my dear;  
We 'll have them in to tea."

They came, they ate an awful lot,  
They satisfied their thirst;  
But at the end they had n't got  
Much further than at first.



"THEY CAME, THEY ATE AN AWFUL LOT, THEY SATISFIED THEIR THIRST."

Then said the wife: "Before you go,  
One thing I 'd like to say,  
And I believe that I can show  
It 's quite the simplest way.



" 'FAREWELL!' THE FISHER SAID, AND SO THEY  
PARTED FOR A WHILE."

"Last evening off a Pig we dined—  
Better I never ate—  
In my opinion, you will find  
He 'll make a splendid bait.

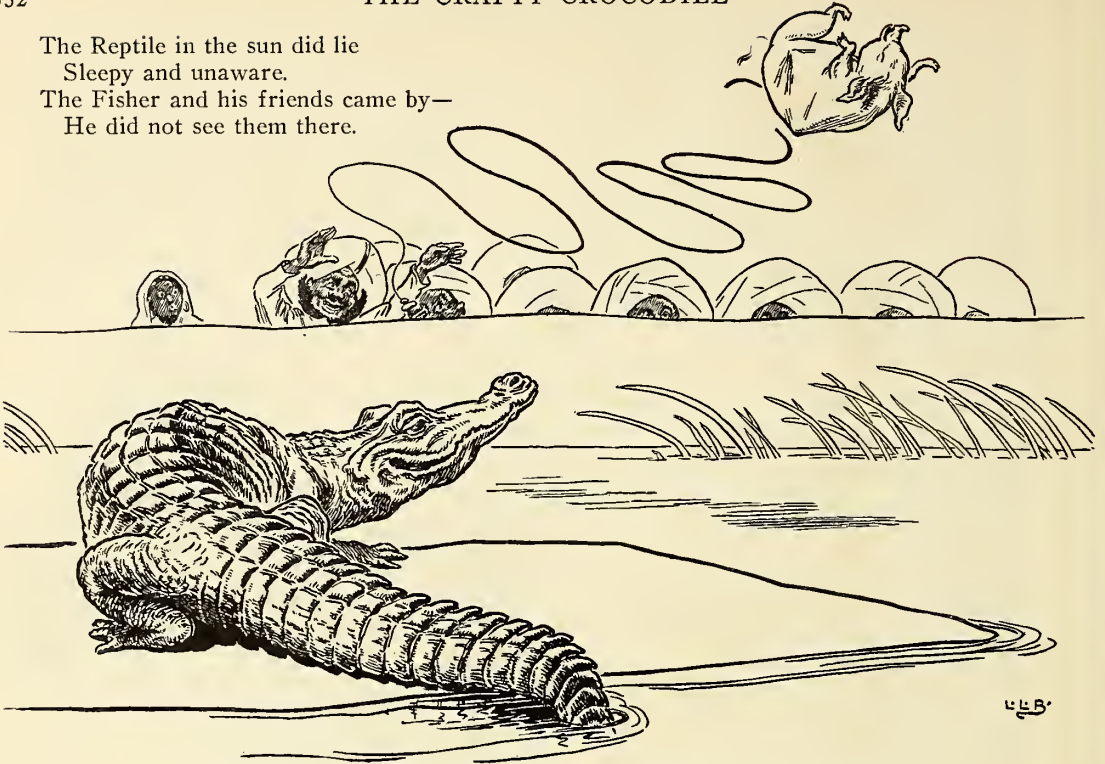
"There 's little left, I 'm bound to say,  
But we will take the skin  
And stuff it carefully with  
hay,  
To take the Reptile in."

"Your plan," they said, "O  
lady fair,  
Is most ingenious;  
It would not have occurred,  
we swear,  
To any one of us."

Two sticks they took, both  
stout and strong,  
So that they would not  
bend;  
They were about ten inches  
long,  
And sharpened at each end.

A cross they made, to which they tied  
A line both long and tough,  
And hid it carefully inside  
Among the hay and stuff.

The Reptile in the sun did lie  
 Sleepy and unaware.  
 The Fisher and his friends came by—  
 He did not see them there.



"INTO THE STREAM THE PIG THEY CAST, STILL HOLDING FAST THE LINE."



"NINE MEN WERE HAULING ON THE LINE, THEY  
 PULLED WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT."

Into the stream the Pig they cast,  
 Still holding fast the line;  
 But when he saw it floating past—  
 "Sweet Pig," he cried, "be mine!"

He thought, you see, that he had got  
 A morsel nice to eat,  
 But very soon he found 't was not  
 A tasty bit of meat.

That little cross of pointed sticks,  
 It made him very sore;  
 Useless were all his pulls and kicks,  
 It only hurt him more.

Nine men were hauling on the line,  
 They pulled with all their might;  
 The Reptile had the strength of nine—  
 It was a gallant fight!

Then to his wife the Fisher called  
 To lend a helping hand;  
 And when the ten together hauled,  
 Why, then he came to land.

Then all together on him fell—  
 The struggle soon was o'er.  
 In less time than it takes to tell,  
 The Monster was no more.





(“Doctor Daddiman” Stories)

BY DR. JOHN C. SCHAPPS

THE Junior Partner—four and a half, going on five—is the finest sort of a fellow when he is himself. But he was not himself for a long time before the Senior Partner discovered what was the trouble. And, of course, he felt very very sorry when he knew that the Junior Partner had the real, old-fashioned, deep-seated teasles. It is such a horrid disease and lasts so long! It is as much worse than measles as you can think.

When you have measles you are put to bed and taken care of; that means ice-cream and kindness. People are kept out for fear of spreading the disease. It is generally over in a few days and that ends it.

Whoever heard of treating a case of teasles with kindness? But it would be a good plan, when it first shows itself, to put the patient to bed and hang out a large dark-blue flag:

TEASLES!  
KEEP OUT!

for the disease is sure to affect every one that comes near.

The worst of teasles is that it always *is* a long time before they find out what is the matter. It is mistaken for badness just as it was with the

Junior Partner. A good many folks think that all sickness is badness. The fact is just the opposite. Badness is mostly sickness. When people understand these things better, they won't be so smart about blaming and punishing. Then some one will say to you:

“Good morning! How is your temper this morning?”

And you will say:

“Very sweet at present, thank you. But I am afraid that I am in for an attack of selfishness. You know that I am subject to them and they use me up for days. But how is your brother? Did he get entirely over his rudeness?”

And the other will reply:

“Thank you, he is much better, but he does not feel entirely well. Did you hear about Dicky Brown's accident?”

“Why, no! What was it?”

“Poor Dick has been getting so fool blooded, and yesterday he made a misstep and broke his word.”

“Oh, how sad! Was it a bad fracture?”

“I do not think so, though it is giving him much pain. But the doctor says that pain is a good sign.”

And so the talk will go on. For people will always love to talk about ailments.

The teasles not being recognized early, generally gets into the system. Then you are a long time getting rid of it. And it comes back so often that it is hard to tell when you are really cured. In fact, the disease is liable to leave a weakness that way for some time. It is something like a habit.

So, of course, the Senior Partner felt very very sorry when the Junior Partner told his symptoms and he examined him and understood

the case. The trouble showed itself mostly in the hands, tongue and feet.

The hands had taken away Martha's sled and left it on the sidewalk, while the feet carried the Junior Partner swiftly away. The feet had

The Senior Partner examined the hands, tongue and feet. The hands had a "striking" appearance, but bore no signs of meddling nor wall marking.

The tongue looked like a kind tongue and most



"IT LOOKED LIKE A KIND TONGUE, BUT THERE WERE SOME 'TATTLES' ON IT."

rushed him off when the hands pulled the chair from under James and let him fall to the floor. Not long before that, the hands had thrown all the coats from the porch-rail upon the heads of the children who were digging in the dirt. And they had several times taken away the swing.

of the time it was. But there were some "tattles" on it. And the Senior Partner has *heard* it calling names, and saying unkind things and even interrupting. He was sure about it.

The feet were simply run down. They had a few dawdles, but not more than most young feet.



Although the Junior Partner had suffered in this way for quite a while, the case did not seem to be hopeless—not half as bad as some. And he had a jolly good constitution. But teasles is teasles and no one wants to have it nor to be exposed to it. If you don't get it out of your system when you are young, you will have a hard time with it. Just think of everybody running around the corner when you come near, and whispering at recess—(for children have feelings):

"I say! here comes that John Henry! He has a bad attack of teasles! You can't have any fun when he 's around. Let 's run and hide!"

And poor little John Henry would have no one to play with. And when he grew up, no one would want to associate with him because of the teasles.

So the Senior Partner thought over the case, and thought and thought, just as the doctor does when you are ill, but he does not show it. Teasles is treated in so many different ways. And some of the treatments, such as the use of hard words, while they give the operator relief, drive the teasles in and make the patient worse. Latinized water is good for many things, as every doctor knows. If fresh and cool, it is excellent in the treatment of the whines. But you could not carry a lot of Latinized water around and have it fresh for use when you felt the teasles coming on. The Junior Partner must have a remedy which he could take with him and use himself, so as to be always prepared for an attack.

"Partner!" said the Senior Partner, "do you really and truly wish to be cured?"

"Yes, Daddy." The Junior Partner is a great joker. He calls the Senior Partner Daddy, and the General Manager, Mother.

"The cure which I will give you is a very old one and comes from the East—from the greatest doctor that the world has ever known. If you use it carefully, it will cure any attack, however severe. Hold your hands in front of you—palm to palm and a little apart. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Bring the tips of the little fingers together. Say—Little."

"Little."

"Next finger-tips together. Say—Children."

"Children."

"Middle fingers. Say—Love."

"Love."

"Next fingers. Say—One."

"One."

"Thumbs. Say—Another."

"Another."

"I will call this cure, 'Naming the Fingers.' When you feel an attack coming on, use it



THE "NAMING THE FINGERS" CURE.

quickly and keep on using it until you feel better. You may name the fingers to yourself if you wish. Now let us practise it."

The Junior Partner repeated it until he had it ready for instant use. And now he says that he is surely getting better. And everybody is glad, for when he is himself, the Junior Partner—four and a half, going on five—is the finest sort of a fellow.



# ST. NICHOLAS · COOKING · CLUB

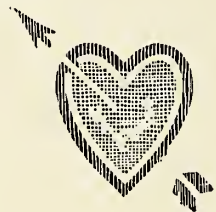


## FOR · FEBRUARY · FESTIVITIES

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

- |   |                                  |
|---|----------------------------------|
| 1. SWEETHEARTS,—CHERRY SANDWICHES.                    | 3. HEARTY SALAD.                 |
| 2. HEARTS OF TONGUE, GARNISHED WITH<br>CELERY HEARTS. | 4. CHERRY SAUCE À LA WASHINGTON. |
|   | 5. CHERRY SHERBET.               |

*St. Valentine and Washington  
The honors now divide.  
We 've hearty welcome for them both  
And sentiment beside.*

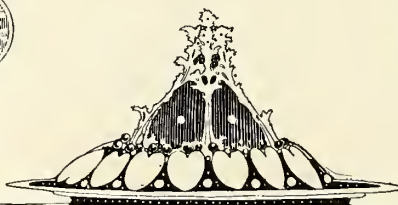


### SWEETHEARTS

WITH candied cherries, or cherries dried,  
In orange juice soaked well,  
Mix nuts, salted and finely ground,  
When taken from the shell,  
For sandwich filling extra fine.  
When spread on bread and butter thin,  
Together pressed, and heart shape cut,  
These "Sweethearts" always win.

### HEARTS OF TONGUE, GARNISHED WITH CELERY HEARTS

SMOKED tongue, well boiled the day before,  
Thick sliced, and cut in hearts supreme,  
With celery hearts garnished galore  
Blend appetite and color scheme.





HEARTY SALAD

MASH, with the back of silver spoon,  
 Cream cheeses into which are stirred  
 Pimolas chopped, or nut meats ground,  
 Or olives, if preferred.  
 If necessary, add some cream  
 To make it moist and nice,  
 Then press into a heart-shaped mold;  
 When firm, turn out and slice.

Or, if in straight mold tightly pressed,  
 Slice, and with cutter keen  
 In heart shapes cut, and deftly lay  
 In hearts of lettuce green.  
 When served with good French dressing,  
 Or golden mayonnaise,  
 This "hearty," pretty salad  
 Invariably wins praise.

CHERRY SAUCE À LA WASHINGTON

FIRST take a piece of cardboard thin  
 And make a big, cocked hat  
 Thrice tied with bows red, white, and blue,  
 And cherries red at that.

Within the crown place a flat bowl  
 Heaped with vanilla cream,  
 And over all pour cherry sauce,  
 A Washingtonian dream.

To make this sauce the crowning touch  
 A can of cherries take

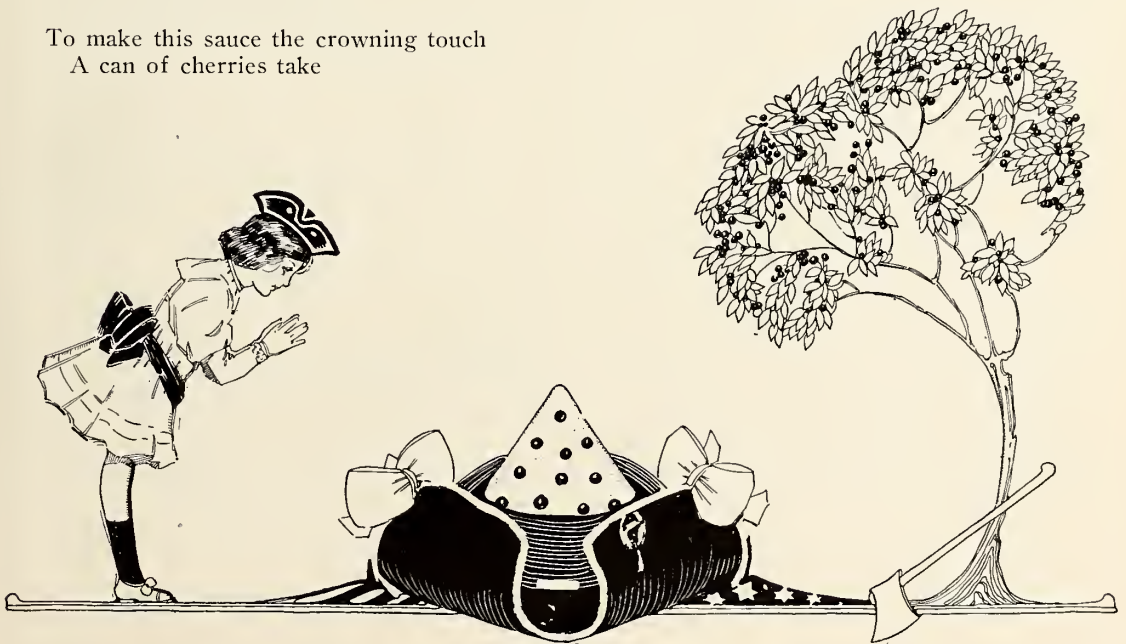
(The sour Morellos are the best  
 And spiciest flavor make),

Strain off the juice and boil it down,  
 With cup of sugar is the rule,  
 And when the syrup grows real thick,  
 Put cherries back in it to cool.

A flavoring of lemon juice,  
 Or grape juice clear and sweet,  
 Adds delicacy and makes the dish  
 With interest replete.

CHERRY SHERBET

TAKE a pint can of cherries sour,  
 Then drain the fruit cut fine  
 And add a cup of water clear,  
 And with this juice combine  
 A tablespoon of gelatine,  
 Well softened in a cup  
 Of water cold, well sweetened, too,  
 And boil them all well up.  
 Then strain and cool, and add the fruit;  
 Combined this way 't is sure to suit.  
 The whites of four well-beaten eggs  
 Stir briskly into all;  
 Freeze well in salt and ice, or snow,  
 And serve in glasses tall.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



A TEDDY BEAR VALENTINE.

## MY SLED

BY GERTRUDE CROWNFIELD

WHEN father brought my sled to me  
I watched and watched and watched to  
see

If all the sky would turn to gray  
And we should have a snowy day.

It seemed as if the sun so bright  
Had all the snowflakes locked up tight;  
But then when I was sound asleep  
One night the snow fell fast and deep.

Then after breakfast Tom and I  
Put on our wraps and leggings high,

No one could stay indoors, you know,  
With such a sled and such a snow!

And Frisky barked so furiously  
To go along with Tom and me,  
That we put on his cloak of blue,  
All woolly warm, and took him, too.

Is n't it fun when you 've a sled,  
Just new, you know, and painted red,  
And when the street is white with  
snow

In every place a sled can go?





“AND FRISKY BARKED SO FURIOUSLY  
TO GO ALONG WITH TOM AND ME,  
THAT WE PUT ON HIS COAT OF BLUE,  
ALL WOOLLY WARM, AND TOOK HIM, TOO.”



WINTER'S WILD GARDEN AFTER A SNOWFALL.

### WINTER BOTANY

THE bare stalks of some of our common wild plants in their winter garb and changed condi-



BEGGAR'S TICKS AND BITTERSWEET.

tions are curiously unfamiliar. Some tall and gaunt stems hold aloft a few queerly shaped,

dried, and empty pods, while some, like the evening primrose, have their long stems covered with pods.

Far more tantalizing is an unknown dried pod than an unknown flower, for our botanical key will speedily unlock the secret of the flower's name, but before the sphinxlike pod one is helpless—for the time at any rate. Even the flowers one knows well produce pods or other forms of seed holders of such unexpected shape as to appear more a roguish disguise than a regular fruiting. Who would think, for example, that such a profusion of tiny waxen blossoms as those that so charmingly top the common milkweed would leave to represent them merely a single, great, rough pod—sometimes two, rarely three—instead of a whole cluster of tiny pods or even berries?

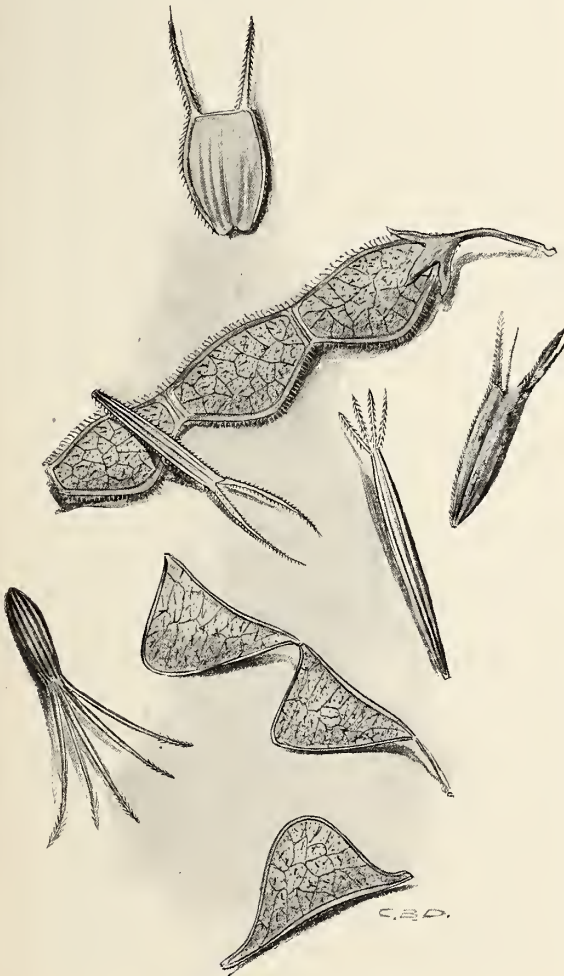
Of course, you all know the common climbing bittersweet, that pretty vine which reserves its bravest show for the winter season. Those bright, three-parted orange capsules with each part bent strongly back and perhaps, with the birds' permission, still retaining the soft scarlet berry. These "winter blossoms" disclose the identity of the plant even more readily than do the true blossoms—insignificant little greenish white ones that had their brief day last June.

Less decorative by far, but more than balanc-



ing this failing by their alertness, are the seeds of the desmodium. You cannot help but find them, for they simply refuse to be overlooked. You all know them well, for many are the times they have forced themselves on your unwilling attention as you tediously picked or vainly attempted to brush them from your clothes. If you were familiar with their wiles, of course you simplified the matter by scraping them off with a case knife. Then, if you were careless, they were swept up and thrown out—which was just exactly their intention when they plastered your person with their unwelcome decorations. Their family resemblance is so strong that in your vexation you easily took them to be all of the

ent shapes you may, with care, identify the various species. See these fellows here, like two



A VARIETY OF STICK-TIGHTS.  
 "They simply refuse to be overlooked."

same kind. But look a little more closely next time and you will probably find there are several different kinds among them. From these differ-



DRIED STEMS AND SEEDS OF GREAT RAGWEED.  
 Notice the curious angles of the seeds.

links of a chain, narrow at one end and broad at the other, which joins the narrow end of the one following. You will at once recognize them as from the desmodium known as the *pauciflorum*, from the fewness of its flowers. And this single fellow here, shaped so like an admiral's chapeau; though he resemble the double ones closely enough to be a brother, the most he can claim is to be only a cousin, for he is from a plant of a different species (*D. nudiflorum*). Then again, this chain of three links with the square ends where they join is still a different kind, the long-leaved desmodium (*D. longifolium*). And so the list might be extended to a score or more. Among the mass of desmodium seed you will most likely also find a few that are quite different with their long, barbed prongs. These are not related to the desmodiums who claim close kinship with our

"limas" of the kitchen garden. This little fellow with the two prongs and the barbs all around (*Bidens frondosa*) bases his claim to respectability on his relationship with such aristocratic flowers as Japan's national flower, the

branches from which you can shake out the queer shaped seed. Who that has once seen this odd-looking seed with the many spines at its tip can ever forget it? Aside from its peculiar shaped seed this commonplace looking old stalk holds quite a pretty secret if you care to look for it. It is the pith and is about as immaterial a substance as you will ever see, being composed almost entirely of air contained in cells with the thinnest imaginable walls transparent as glass. A broken section of this pith is iridescent even to the ordinary sight, but a thin shaving of it under the microscope is indeed a thing of beauty. A veritable cathedral window it becomes; for the angles of intersection and edges of the cell walls form fairly regular geometrical figures, each of which frames a beautiful, dazzling bit of prismatic color.

Frozen in the mud down in the swamp you will have no difficulty in identifying the arrow arum from its clump of green seed packed tightly together within an inclosing sheath. As the seed increased in weight they gradually bent over their stem which let them slowly down into the mud into which they sank more or less according to how soft it was. From the drawing you will have no difficulty in recognizing these seed. They are easily identified even if floating alone, for if you will remove the crumpled husk you will find the seed inside surrounded by a coating of soft slippery jelly, perfectly clear and which you will find extremely difficult to remove.

These are only a very few of the many plants that you may easily recognize from their seed or pods.

You will add greatly to your pleasure in summer if you do not pick so many of the wild flowers but watch them develop, notice what the fruit looks like after the flower is gone, and then watch to see how each one distributes its seed, for all of these seed receptacles have their own method of fulfilling this all-important mission. Some, like the evening primrose, have their pods open at the ends and so let the wind shake out their seed; others, like the witchhazel, shoot their seed quite a distance from the hard cases, which is done as you would shoot a slippery orange seed by pressing between your finger and thumb. And then there is the cranesbill which throws its seed from a little cup at the end of a spring which you may see even now coiled up with the little cup at its tip.

A walk in the winter woods spent in identifying your friends of the summer by their dried pods or their seed will prove a most enjoyable and profitable pastime.

CLEM B. DAVIS.



PODS AND SEEDS OF THE ARROW ARUM.  
(*Peltandra virginica*.)

queently chrysanthemum, Scotland's thistle, and our own goldenrod. In spite of his international relationships, his evil deeds at once stamp him the rogue that he is, for in ungrateful return for his free transportation he reaches through your garment with his long, pointed prongs and nips you like ant-bites. Our drawing shows a head of these fellows with his sharp prongs extended ready to demand free transportation of the first comer. Another of these fellows, a long slender one, is not content with two prongs but must needs have four so as to be sure not to lose his hold. He takes his name from the shape of his leaves, *Bidens bipinnata*. Should you find other kinds of these two families you will find full illustrations of them in "Illustrated Flora" by Britton and Brown, which you can find in any good library, and from which you can easily identify your specimens.

And then there is the great ragweed stalks with the shriveled clumps of foliage along its



### KODAKING PRAIRIE DOGS

IN several attempts to get some good pictures among a small colony of prairie dogs in a city park, I have had more fun, and more real entertainment, than in any performance in which men and women had a part. The dogs were lively, frisky, usually busy, ever on the alert, it requiring but one short, sharp, warning bark from any of their number to send all hustling for their burrows.

They seemed at their best in the morning, before the visitors of the day had commenced to arrive. Then they could be enticed to take a peanut from my fingers, but, without a thank you, without allowing time for the aiming of my kodak, they would scamper for their burrows, sit up at the entrance and eat.

Failing to get such pictures as were desired by the feeding method, the next move was to get permission from those in charge that I might enter the inclosure. Before I had fairly gotten in, every dog had disappeared. Selecting my position, about six feet from one of the burrows and getting down on my knees, I waited, but not long. Soon a little brown bunch of fur and a pair of dark eyes appeared above the burrow, and almost instantly ducked out of sight again. Another appeared, and then another. Eventually, one ventured out of his burrow. Then others, just as a bunch of boys in hiding will do, followed; and soon they appeared to have lost consciousness of the presence of a kneeling statue, armed with a loaded kodak which needed just a squeeze of the bulb to be set in operation.



"A PRAIRIE DOG CARRYING A MOUTHFUL OF GRASS, PAUSED AN INSTANT."

Occasionally a dog came in range, and posing unconsciously, would make himself a target for a kodak shot, which did him no harm. The shutter

would scarcely click, however, before the dog was gone; and occasionally every one in sight



"HE PROCEEDED TO PACK THE EARTH BY POUNDING WITH HIS NOSE."

would go scampering for the burrows. Usually they would pause at the entrance, and with no other occurrence to alarm them, they would soon get busy.

One, carrying a mouthful of grass, paused an instant in front of the kodak and then disappeared in one of the burrows. From another of the burrows there came flying quantities of earth and small gravel—a display that lasted several seconds. Then a dog appeared and proceeded to pack the earth which had been thrown out of the burrow by pounding with his nose. This being done to his apparent satisfaction, he would dive again into the burrow, send more earth flying out, repeat the pounding process; and again and again go through the same operations. He was building up a cone around his burrow entrance. Why? That when a heavy rainfall comes, or the snows of next winter shall melt, the surface water, instead of pouring into the burrow and drowning the occupants, shall be turned away from the burrow.

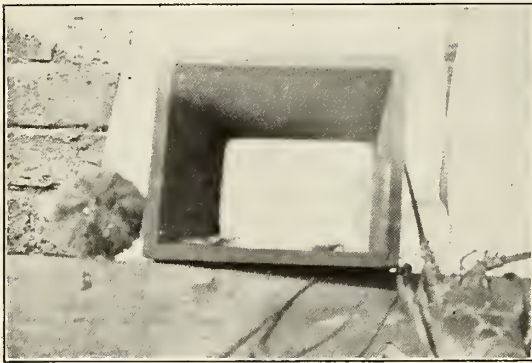
At last I blocked my game. While changing my position, carefully and cautiously as I supposed, one of the dogs sat up, and with one short, sharp bark sent every one of his fellows rushing for the burrows. Then a rapid fire of barks, and all but the barker had disappeared; but he, too, had dropped into a burrow, and with his head just above it he continued his barking. He gradually settled down. His barking grew fainter and fainter until it could no longer be heard. I waited, but no dogs returned. My fun with prairie dogs for that day had ended.

GEORGE W. KELLOGG.

### THE WATER-GLASS

THE boy who lives near any kind of water will enjoy owning a water-glass.

Boys, not unlike girls and grown-up people, like to make discoveries and are curious about



A WATER-GLASS.

A box with slanting sides and glass bottom. Make one and try it in a brook.

that which is not visible. The stones, shells, and growths under the water are of great interest, and with this glass one may see the bottom in twice as deep water as without one.

The water-glass may be made very easily by a boy and the enjoyment of using one made by one's own self will be greatly increased. The one used by our party was made by taking an ordinary pane of window-glass 8 x 10 and with four pieces of board sawed, slanting so that the top was somewhat larger than the bottom—possibly measuring 10 x 12. The glass was puttied in the bottom and the wood painted green to keep it from warping and to help absorb the rays of light.

The water-glass box is used by placing the glass next to the water and in looking through this many secrets of the deep will be revealed. Our party was making a trip in St. George's Bay in the Bermuda Islands, and with this glass the corals, beautiful shells, sea-fans, sea-eggs, mosses, and seaweeds just as nature arranged them were very interesting. Our oarsman had a fish-pot or trap in this bay and from the deep, deep water with a boat hook he pulled this from the bottom and found three immense lobsters in it. They were of such interest to us that we took their pictures with the water-glass. At the left of the glass is a sea-egg which the guide cleaned for us. He removed the animal from the inside and scraped the hundreds of spinelike threads from the surface, leaving the shell which is a beautiful specimen of the sea-egg or sea-urchin.

Some of the party supposed that they were in

the picture but found to their dismay that they were not.

Glass-bottom boats are sometimes used, but while it is easier to see the bottom through these, yet there is the possibility of their springing a leak, and those only should be used which are made by experienced workmen. But a home-made water-glass is always ready for use.

CAROLINE T. BRYANT.

### THE "LOBSTER" ON THE HOUSE-FLY

"THE other day I saw the queerest thing that I have ever seen in all my life," said a lady to the editor of "Nature and Science." "I was swinging leisurely in my hammock on the veranda when a fly with something dangling from its leg alighted on the railing. I stopped swinging and examined it. The fly was the ordinary house kind, but on its leg was a little, red, lobsterlike creature."

It was a chelifer and this special one was taking a ride at the expense of the fly. Although the little crablike creature can walk backward as rapidly as forward, it not rarely wants to move faster or to transfer itself to another locality, when, by seizing the leg of an unsuspecting fly, it accomplishes its purpose.



A CHELIFER.

The tiny, red, "lobsterlike" creature (greatly magnified).

Chelifers are said to be cousins to the spiders, scorpions, and daddy-long-legs on account of



their structure, which is of interest to the naturalist. They are found under fallen leaves, under loose bark on dead trees, and one species occurs in houses almost everywhere throughout the world. They feed on tiny insects or mites which they capture by the large claws shown in the figure. The mother chelifer lays a number of small, round eggs which she carries in a cluster attached to her lower surface until they hatch, when the young ones take care of themselves. Those living under bark make a tiny nest of bits of the wood, there shedding their skin, and passing the winter. They are perfectly harmless. They have no poison glands and can neither bite nor sting.

#### THE NEST OF A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER

SOME of the spiders of the group of Tarantulas dig holes in the ground, line them with silk and



THE NEST OF A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

make a silken door to close the aperture. The door is hinged at one place to the edge of the hole and the spider closes it after entering. Usually pebbles or soil are placed on the outside of the door so that it will resemble the surrounding surface, and some varieties even plant moss on this door. Nearly all of our trap-door spiders occur in California, and the most common one is *Bothriocyrtum californicum*. The mother spider makes her egg cocoon at the bottom of the hole, and when the little spiders hatch, they start out and make tiny nests with trap-doors to match. The spider usually leaves the nest only at night, when it goes for food, consisting of grasshoppers, beetles, etc.—NATHAN BANKS.

#### COMPOUND FRUITS

NATURE sometimes, in producing fruits, makes what to us seem to be mistakes. For example,



A CURIOUS "MIXED UP" APPLE.  
Apparently several in one. Photograph by Professor D. L. Earnest.

instead of putting one apple on a stem, she will compress several into one monstrosity. Or, instead of one well-shaped strawberry, she puts about a dozen in one queerly shaped mass. As has frequently been remarked in "Nature and Science," it is often impossible to answer the question, "Why?" in regard to Nature's unusual actions, as well as to explain her ordinary processes. When Nature becomes "freaky," about all that we can do is to look on and wish we



A COMPOUND STRAWBERRY.

knew more. But because we are so ignorant is the greater reason for renewed observation and more frequent study.

“BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW”  
 ?????????????????

St. Nicholas  
 Union Square,  
 New York

WHAT MAKES THE HOLES IN THE CHERRY-PITS

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day we found some cherry-stones with round, regular holes in them underneath the root of a big tree. Many little ants were running in and out of the holes. We wondered whether the ants made the holes, but we do not think that so small an animal could bore through the hard wood. Will you please tell us how you think the holes got there?

Your little reader,  
 EMILY TYLER HOLMES (age 9).

The holes in the cherry-stones were made by ground squirrels. The ants went into these holes



THE CHERRY-PITS EATEN BY GROUND SQUIRRELS.

for tiny particles of the “meats” of the pits that the squirrels did not get out.

Under magnification the markings of the teeth showed plainly on some of the nuts. I am puzzled to know how the squirrel gets the meat out of so comparatively small a hole.

CAN FROGS SMELL?

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me whether frogs have any sense of smell or not? I have tried to find out by putting a rag with strong perfume in front of them. I cannot make out whether they move away on account of the perfume or on account of the rag. Some of them will not move away at all. Will you please answer and oblige

Sincerely yours,  
 VIOLET ROBERTSON CLAXTON.

The sense of smell of frogs is not supposed to be highly developed. The pores of the skin, however, are extremely sensitive to foreign fluids as their skin is very absorbent. While frogs do not show much reaction from strong odors, they are much irritated if a foreign substance touches the skin, and the perfume mentioned, if coming in contact with the animal, would undoubtedly cause it to “step lively.”—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

AN ARROW-HEAD

OWOSSO, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed in this letter is an Indian arrow-head I found in northern Ohio. It seems so very hard, I am curious to know how the Indians shaped them since they used no hard metals in those days. Also please tell me what kind of stone it is.

Your interested reader,  
 ARLENE LAWRENCE (age 12).

The arrow-head (an exceedingly good photograph) is of white or milky quartz, chipped into



THE ARROW-HEAD.  
 Magnified to show the “chipping” in detail.

shape from some fragment by skilfully directed blows—sometimes made by pressure of a horn antler whose point, pressed against the stone, “bites” it and removes the little flakes of stone. The fragment before this finishing process is begun is rudely shaped by whacks and blows into a leaf-outlined shard; the neck and spreading points below are the “tang,” which serves to fasten securely the arrow to its shaft.—L. P. GRATACAP, American Museum of Natural History.



## FISH IN DRIED-UP BROOKS AND PONDS

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what happens to fishes when a brook dries up? This seems a very funny question to ask, as one would think they would die; but I have never seen any dead ones lying around, and that is why I ask.

Your very interested reader,  
ELLEN W. WARREN.

When brooks, streams, and ponds become dry, most fishes die. Some kinds, however, like eels and catfishes, are able to survive for considerable time by burrowing into the wet or moist bottom, which may be quite dry at the surface. This is particularly true of some tropical fishes found in regions subject to drought, where it is a matter of common observation that a pond depression that has been baked by the sun's rays for days or weeks will, immediately after a heavy rainfall, afford good fishing. The ability of certain tropical fishes to endure drought and to remain out of the water for a long time in the markets depends on the possession of an accessory gill on the under side of each gill cover, by means of which oxygen may be taken directly from the atmosphere. Failure to notice dead fish after the drying of brooks or ponds simply means that birds and four-footed beasts—often night prowlers—have been there first. One of the most important lines of work carried on by the fisheries branch of the Government is the rescue of food and game-fishes from the overflowed lands in the Mississippi Valley. After the floods subside, shallow pools are left that are wholly disconnected with the streams, and in these the fishes gradually perish as the drying of the pools progresses. By sending men to seine these pools, the Government each year saves and returns to



A PIG CARVED IN SNOW.

public waters hundreds of thousands of valuable fishes.—HUGH M. SMITH, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.

## A FIG CARVED IN SNOW

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the May number I saw the picture of the snow squirrel. Two or three years ago my father made a snow pig and I am sending you a picture of it. Do you think it is as good as the snow squirrel?

Your loving reader,  
DOROTHY PECK (age 12½).

This is one of the best specimens of snow-carving that we have received. Who can do as well?

## THE TEDDY BEAR OF SNOW

ELIZABETHTOWN, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You asked for a photograph of snow-carving as good as that of the squirrel in your May number. I inclose a photograph of a teddy bear carved in snow. I believe it is as good as the one you published. I hope you may think so, too.

Yours truly,  
D. ADAMS.

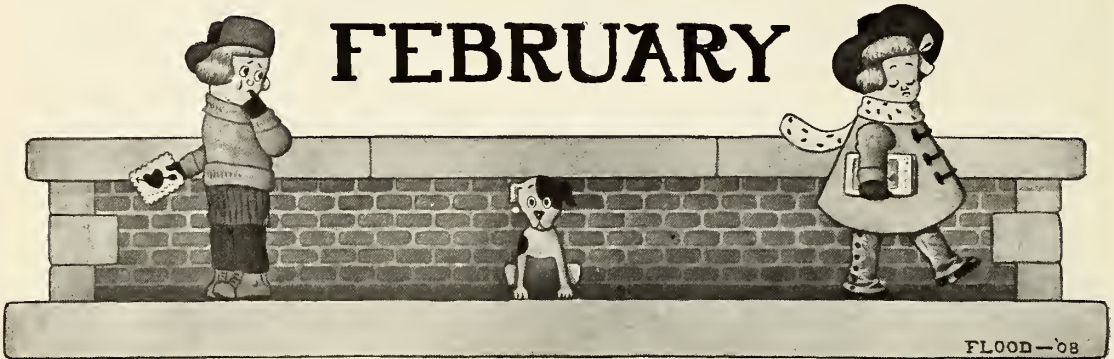
The bear is so lifelike that I can easily imagine hearing it growl, "I-'m—c-o-l-d!"



THE TEDDY BEAR MODELED OF SNOW.

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

## FEBRUARY



"A LEAGUE HEADING." BY THOMAS A. FLOOD, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Boys! Boys! Look to your laurels! Out of the many contributions sent in for the Verse Competition, this month, a very small proportion were by boys. One would think that the subject "Valentine" would have appealed to the boys as a good opportunity for a jolly bit of sentiment.

But the girls came to the front in such great numbers and with such charming little poems that if we chose to plague the boys we might say that they were scarcely missed.

Now, boys, we do not mean to really find fault, for you must write on the announced subjects that most appeal to you. But don't make the mistake of quite neglecting to cultivate the imagination and of giving rein to an occasional bit of fancy or sentiment,—even if it is only a little verse about the roguish little St. Valentine. There need be nothing "girlish" or "unmanly" in sentiment; indeed, as you grow into manhood you will find that the manly man cannot very well get along without it.

There seems to be a doubt in the minds of some of our League members, as to what constitutes an honor member.

An honor member is one who has won *both* a silver and a gold prize. It sometimes happens that the gold prize has been won before the silver prize. This arises from the fact that the first prize won by that particular competitor was an exceptionally meritorious one. Usually, however, the silver prize is won first. Perhaps it might be well to repeat the rule under which prizes are awarded, for the information of some of the more recent members. For Verse, Prose, Photograph, Drawing, and Puzzle Competitions, any one competitor may receive one silver badge, one gold badge, and one prize of Five Dollars. In the Wild Animal and Bird Competition there may be awarded four prizes in any one month, namely, First Prize, a Gold Badge and Five Dollars; Second Prize, a Gold Badge and Three Dollars; Third Prize, a Gold Badge; Fourth Prize, a Silver Badge. But no matter in what competition a badge has been won it may not again be won by the same competitor. If, for instance, a competitor has already won a gold badge, and obtains first place in the Wild Animal and Bird Photograph Competition, he will not receive both gold badge and Five Dollars, but *only* the Five Dollars.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 108

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.** (age 13), Glen Ridge, N. J., and **Frances G. Ward** (age 16), Paris, France.

Silver badges, **Edna van der Heide** (age 16), New York City, and **Sherwood Rollins** (age 13), Dover, N. H.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, **Margaret E. Beakes** (age 13), Middletown, N. Y., and **Katharine M'Gonnell** (age 17), Pittsburg, Pa.

Silver badges, **Constance M. Winchell** (age 11), Northampton, Mass., and **Helen Ross** (age 13), Northampton, Mass.

**DRAWING.** Gold badge, **Thomas A. Flood** (age 17), New York City.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Acker** (age 13), Newburg, N. Y., and **Delphina L. Hammer** (age 16), Branford, Conn.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badge, **Fred Dohrman** (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badge, **Louis M. Washburn** (age 13), Philadelphia, Pa.

**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** First prize, **Herbert Marshutz** (age 14), Los Angeles, Cal. Second prize, **Elliot Woolley** (age 11), Brooklyn, N. Y. Third prize, **Marguerite von Passavant**, 24 W. 69th St., New York City.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badges, **Rebecca E. Meaker** (age 15), Carbondale, Pa., and **Marian P. Toulmin** (age 15), Haverford, Pa.

Silver badges, **Harriet Evans** (age 14), Amherst, Va., and **Elizabeth C. Zeller** (age 16), Box 61, Route 1, White Plains, N. Y.



## AN OLD VALENTINE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER, JR. (AGE 13)

*(Gold Badge)*

In a little district school-house  
 Overrun with grapevines wild,  
 Sat two children close together  
 Who behind their lessons smiled  
 At each other, and the elder,  
 He a little boy of ten,  
 With a happy inspiration  
 Seized his paper and his pen.

And the little girl divining,  
 He did not want her to see;  
 Turned attention undivided  
 To the puzzling three times three.  
 Soon a touch upon her shoulder  
 Made her turn her pretty head,  
 In her hand was thrust a paper;  
 "It 's for you," he whispering  
 said.

And inside this folded missive  
 Were two shaky hearts in blue,  
 And beneath in childish writing,  
 "Sugar 's sweet and so are you."  
 Fifty years have passed so swiftly  
 Since that February day,

That the little maid remembers  
 Though her hair is turning gray.

## A HISTORIC VALENTINE

BY MARGARET E. BEAKES (AGE 13)

*(Gold Badge)*

ONE dull, rainy day I discovered an interesting-looking  
 time-worn valentine, bearing the date "February 14,  
 1777," in Grandmother's old cabinet.

Grandmother sat knitting before the fireplace—the fire-  
 light dancing merrily on her shining needles, and every



"MY SCHOOL." BY ARTHUR MINOT REED, AGE 14.

now and then softly lighting up her kindly face and snow-  
 white hair.

Dropping down on the hearth rug before her, I begged  
 a story about the valentine I had found.

"That valentine was sent to your great-great-great-aunt

Faith by Donald Wentworth," she began. "My grand-  
 mother was Faith's sister and I 'll tell you the story as she  
 told it to me.

"Girls married very young in those days. Faith was  
 sixteen when she was engaged to Donald. Grandmother  
 often said that few couples were better suited or happier.



"MY SCHOOL." BY LOUIS M. WASHBURN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

"One day in July when Faith and Donald were making  
 plans for the future, word came that independence had  
 been declared. Great Britain no longer ruled the colonies.  
 But men and arms were needed to maintain their freedom.

"For a moment all was confusion and hurry. Good-bys  
 were hastily bidden. And then Donald, accompanied by  
 Faith's father and brothers, rode away to join Washing-  
 ton's army. While Faith, with mother and sister, watched  
 —eyes dim—forced smiles—until they were gone from  
 sight.

"But with the men away twice as much work must be  
 done by the women. So while my grandmother did twice  
 her share of work in the house, Faith and her mother  
 picked up the hoes dropped by the men and hoed the corn.

"It was in February that Faith received this valentine  
 from Donald—the first she had ever had. Postage was  
 expensive in those days and letters were seldom sent.

"The next September Donald fell in the battle at Brandy-  
 wine Creek.

"No, dearie, the grief did not kill Faith. Women were  
 built of stronger stuff in those days.

"Faith was a good and brave woman, sweetheart. Al-  
 though she lived to be forty-seven she never slighted a  
 duty, and she won the love of all whom she knew.

"When the army so needed gold, she gave her necklace  
 —Donald's gift—saying her country needed it more than  
 she. But what a sacrifice it was no human being ever  
 knew.

"Perhaps without such women as your great-great-great-  
 aunt Faith, the United States might not have maintained  
 its freedom."

## TO MY VALENTINE

BY EDNA VAN DER HEIDE (AGE 16)

*(Silver Badge)*

THE daylight fades into the evening hours,  
 The darkness gathers and the night cloud lowers,  
 The air is still and through the hush of eve,  
 I hear a voice — thy voice — my Genevieve.

And ere sweet slumber's binding chains have bound me,  
 Ere yet the approaching dream-elves' lamps surround me,

And ere the haunts of Night's Realm I perceive,  
I hear a voice — thy voice—my Genevieve.

It bids me 'bide the hours that tarry long,  
It bids me change the measure of my song;  
It gives me hope for love—and I believe,  
For 't is *thy* voice—my love—my Genevieve.



"MY SCHOOL." BY CARLETON F. BOGART, AGE 12.

#### A HISTORIC VALENTINE

BY KATHERINE M'GONNELL (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge*)

MILLIONS of tiny, golden atoms frisked and frolicked in the long shaft of sunshine which fell from the high attic window.

On the floor, in a square patch of light, sat a girl, her lap filled with the faded, dainty little trifles, so dear to the hearts of our great grandmothers.

From the fragrant old chest beside her, she had drawn a collection of filmy laces, stiff gorgeous brocades, ribbons, and other delightful articles, that caused her eyes to sparkle with excited pleasure. Dainty little slippers with twinkling silver buckles or saucy rosettes, a huge, plummy fan and one of fairy size and texture, and a delicately wrought, filigree bouquet-holder, came to view. The girl looked long at this last discovery, and thought of the hand

that gave it, and of the smaller one that held it. She glanced down at the mass of violets and frail, pink orchids at her belt, and smiled in rather a superior way.

Suddenly, her eye caught sight of an odd, oblong package, wrapped in soft silk. Hurriedly unwrapping it, a bundle of yellowing letters was seen. Underneath the first of these lay an old-fashioned lace-paper valentine.

Pink cupids, impossibly plump, red hearts, errant hands bearing nosegays and sweet messages, disported over the snowy surface. An amused smile touched the lips and eyes of the girl, then, her face changed as she discovered at the bottom, lines of faint, delicate handwriting, "To Mary Alice Lane, with my love."

Then in a hand unmistakably a woman's—

"Robert Walton. Gave his life at Fredericksburg, 1862."

A mist rose to the blue eyes, and, as the girl tenderly folded the silk about the packet, a little sob rose to her throat.

After she had replaced the articles in their resting-place, she sat, rather pensive, for a moment. Dear Aunt Mary, who had been known to her only as a dear, kind old aunt with a sad, sweet little smile,—this was *her* valentine, this *her* story. The little lace-paper trifle was not so amusing, now. She looked sadly at the gaudy, pretentious blossoms at her belt, and unfastened them slowly. "You are very pretty, little flowers," she said, "but you are not my Valentine."

#### A VALENTINE

BY FRANCES G. WARD (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge*)

As I looked through the League when St. NICHOLAS came,  
I saw, and my heart swelled with pride,  
My name on the First Roll of Honor for prose.  
(It was usually verse that I tried.)

And 't was only because the lines would not rhyme  
And I 'd worried and worried my head  
For ages, in vain, that I gave up the verse  
And attempted to write prose instead.)

There I sat with St. NICHOLAS, dreaming of how  
I would now write a poem, so fine,  
But I looked at the title, my heart sank right down,  
It had to contain—"Valentine."

So I sit with sad heart, and my dreams have all fled  
As I realize in bitter dismay



"DEER." BY HERBERT MARSHUTZ, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



That we English, we know not what valentines are  
So there 's nothing at all I can say.

But please do believe me, if I had just known  
What a valentine was, I am sure  
I 'd have written a poem that would have deserved  
The First Roll of Honor—p'r'aps more.

A HISTORIC VALENTINE

BY CONSTANCE M. WINCHELL (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

ON the fourteenth of February, years ago in the old Revolutionary times, Elizabeth Fulton, who was a little girl of seven years, rose bright and early. Her mother had told her that this was Valentine's Day.

Now Elizabeth, or "Betty" as she was called, was a kind, generous little girl, and full of happy thoughts for others.

"I have come to make you a visit and give you this valentine," answered Betty.



"MY SCHOOL." BY MARY COMSTOCK, AGE 12.



"MY SCHOOL IN HONOLULU." BY DOROTHY M. HOOGS, AGE 11.

"You dear little girl! come right in," the old lady exclaimed again.

"Thank you, I can stay one half an hour, I think, if you would like to have me," said Betty.

"Certainly, certainly, we would," exclaimed an old man who was sitting by the fire; "my, what a pretty valentine."

Betty stayed one hour then running home found many valentines awaiting her, but she had had the happiest part of her day.

TO NEW READERS

THE ST. NICHOLAS League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Its aims are: recreation, intellectual improvement, and the protection of dumb animals. Gold, silver, and cash prizes are awarded. Membership is free. A badge and instructions sent on application.

A little farther down the road there lived an old couple. Their children had grown up, married and made homes for themselves. They were now very lonely. Betty had heard her mother tell her sister Dorothy that she must visit them.

But Betty had an idea and meant to carry it out. She now went into the nursery and sat down in front of her little desk. Then she took her little pad and drew a "heart" on it. She then cut it out. (It was a little crooked though.) She brought out a box of colored crayons. And then she colored flowers on the "heart." Then with her chubby fingers tight around her red pencil she wrote "I love you" in big letters. This she put in a small envelope from her box of note paper, and again took up her pencil, this time she had a hard time thinking how to spell the name, at last she wrote, "Mister and Mises Bunker" on the outside of the envelope.

After breakfast her mother dressed her for an hour's play. As soon as her mother released her she ran out, and down the street to Mrs. Bunker's house. There she stopped a minute and took out the precious valentine. Then she lifted the knocker and down it came with a feeble knock. In a minute the door was opened by a kindly looking old lady, who when she saw who it was exclaimed,

"Why, Betty, I am so glad to see you."



"THE OLD VALENTINE." BY EDITH MAHIER, AGE 15.



"THE OLD VALENTINE." BY MARY AURILLA JONES, AGE 16.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARROW AND THE HEART

BY SHERWOOD ROLLINS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THIS tale, I have no doubt you know,  
 How once, ere Cupid shot at hearts,  
 He took his arrows and his bows,  
 To find a target for his darts.

He shot them at a placid lake,  
 And every time so straight and true,

Right to the mark without mistake,  
 Each tiny arrow swiftly flew.

At last he tired and fell asleep  
 But in his dreams still shot his darts;  
 When lo! the circles that he shot,  
 Had all turned into tiny hearts.

He wakened; but the charm remained,  
 And as he lingered on his way  
 He pondered on this strange, strange thing  
 That had upset his childish play.

One day in sport he took a dart  
 And shot it from the clouds above,  
 Straight to a woman's heart it sped,  
 And right away she fell in love.



"MY GRANDFATHER'S SCHOOL." BY MAY DWIGHT, AGE 12.

Once while he played this little game  
 Some people saw him shoot his dart  
 And now men put on Valentines  
 An arrow piercing through a heart.

A VALENTINE

BY ELEANOR M. SICKELS (AGE 14)

A BABY came to our house  
 This morn—a little boy,  
 And mother says she 'll keep him  
 To be her pride and joy.

A weensy, teensy brother  
 As cute as cute can be,—  
 He 's the nicest valentine  
 That ever came to me.

He has th' pinkest, crinkliest  
 hands  
 And eyes so big and blue,  
 He has the sweetest little mouth  
 And pinky earlets, two.

I asked him where he came from  
 And how he happened here.  
 Mercy me! he would n't tell,  
 Just winked—the little dear!



"MY SCHOOL." BY S. M. JANNEY, JR., AGE 16.



BABY'S VALENTINE

BY VIRGINIA DIXON (AGE 11)

WE all gave mother valentines  
 Excepting Baby Lou;  
 But that is not surprising  
 For Baby's only two.

But when she saw my cupids,  
 My arrows and a dart;  
 Ambition flamed within  
 Her darling little heart.

To be sure hers was the plainest,  
 The plainest mother got,  
 'T was just a piece of paper  
 With a circle and a dot.

"The circle is a great big hug;  
 The dot's a kiss," she said.  
 And mother liked it better  
 Than my big heart of red.

VALENTINE DAY

BY ELEANOR AMIDON (AGE 6)

WHEN you send a valentine  
 That's the time for fun.  
 Push it underneath the door,  
 Ring the bell and run.

When you get a valentine  
 That is pleasant, too,  
 Fun it is to try to guess  
 Who has sent it, who, oh, who?

A HISTORIC VALENTINE

BY HELEN ROSS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

DOROTHY WILLIAMS was the receiver of an unexpected valentine from grandma. It certainly was a queer looking affair and as it lay on the table beside the fancy ones, Dorothy was not sure whether to be pleased with, or ashamed of, it. It was very plain and contained only the words "I love you" written in blue pencil in childish handwriting.

After dinner she went over to grandma's to ask if there was not some story about it. When asked grandma smiled, looked sad, and then began:

"Your mother made that valentine for an old man called Colonel Richardson who lived next door to us. She was a little tot and no one thought of her making valentines although sometimes the older girls did.

"The colonel's wife had died only a few months before and he was feeling very lonely as he sat by the fireside. Around him was everything that money could buy but he realized that there were other valuable things. Twice he had gone to the window and gazed longingly at our house, never dreaming that he was remembered by any of the cheerful little home circle gathered in the sitting room.

"Baby Ellen, as she was called, was put to bed at the usual time although she cried sorrowfully about it all the time she was being undressed.

"About seven o'clock I went up-stairs to see if she was asleep but to my great surprise I found that she was not there. I hunted high and low and then discovering the



"AN OLD VALENTINE." BY RUSSELL TANDY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

open front door went over to Colonel Richardson's. Ellen's golden curls and the colonel's silver ones were close together as they bent over some object which the colonel held. The elderly man's eyes were suspiciously moist, while the little girl was assuring the colonel, 'Me make it all 'lone.' That week the old man sent a doll with a note in her hand to 'Baby Ellen.' All the note said was 'To my valentine' but the colonel showed his love in many other ways. That was what they were looking at," said grandma, pointing to the scrap of paper Dorothy held. Dorothy looked lovingly at it with tears in her own eyes and when, many years after, she presented it to her own little girl it was truly "A Historic Valentine."

A VALENTINE

BY BARBARA WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

AN envelop came in the morning,  
Addressed to "Miss Dorothy White,"  
And great was the wondering and guessing,  
As the package was not at all light.

AN INDIAN VALENTINE

BY DOROTHY CORY STOTT (AGE 16)

LIE not within thy wigwam,  
Singing-Water, Singing-Water;  
The owl is calling, calling;  
The stars are riding high,  
Oh, come to greet thy lover,  
Great-chief's daughter, good-chief's daughter,  
The mother pines are waiting  
To sing thy lullaby!



"MY SCHOOL." BY HARRIET GARDNER, AGE 13.

But when at last it was opened,  
With a trembling of tiny hands,  
The big sister cried out "Oh, pooh!  
Only some paper and colored bands."

But Dorothy, knowing its meaning,  
Said, "It's a valentine! Don't you see?  
For now is the time to send them,  
And some one has sent this to  
me.

"I know it is only paper,  
And tinsel and fancy band,  
And I can't explain exactly,  
But don't you understand?"

MOTHER'S VALENTINE

BY JOSEPHINE RYAN (AGE 8)

WHEN Valentine's day is near,  
All the children that are here  
Make with haste,  
Make with taste,  
A valentine for mothers dear,  
Make a heart,  
With a dart,  
And paper frill so queer.



"A TAIL-PIECE." BY ANNA K. STIMSON, AGE 15.

Thou 'rt fleet as is the coyote,  
Little Star-eyes, little Star-eyes,  
As fleet as is the coyote,  
As light as is the fawn;  
Thou 'rt lovely as the sun queen  
In the fair skies, in the far skies,  
Who rides her shining mustang  
O'er Heaven's purple lawn.

My hands with blood are crimson,  
Little Sky-lark, soaring Sky-lark,  
With blood that was the white man's,  
His scalp is at my side;  
I fight until the shadows  
Slowly fall dark, gently lie dark,  
And I shall be a chieftain  
If thou wilt be my bride!



"MY SCHOOL." BY FRED DOHRMAN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Lost or damaged League buttons will be replaced free, on application.



## A HISTORIC VALENTINE

BY ELIZABETH C. WALTON (AGE 11)

ONE St. Valentine's day I was sitting at the window watching for the postman, and wondering how many valentines I would receive. Presently, I heard his call near by. I ran out to the gate, and he handed me fourteen beautiful envelopes. I opened one after another, till at last I came to a plain, but pretty one; it was from my grandmother. I opened it, and found several verses about little Susan Boudinot, who was the only daughter of Elias Boudinot (my great, great great-uncle), president of the Continental Congress, and director of the first United States mint, and a close friend of General Washington. These verses, by

I sent mine to fair Dolly Burke,  
And what do you suppose?  
She looked right over and smiled at me,  
I 'm pretty sure she knows,  
I sent her mine; she sent me hers;  
'T was fair exchange, you see  
For we are such sincere friends, Sh!  
It 's just 'twixt you and me.



A HEADING. HELEN S. LÖWE, AGE 13.

## VALENTINES

BY PATTY RICHARDS (AGE 10)

I 'VE got so many Valentines I don't know what to do,  
Just see this great big, pretty one all crimson, gold and blue!  
And here 's another funny one, two cunning little girls,—  
Just see their funny dresses and their tiny little curls!  
And here 's a pretty little heart with kittens running round,—  
Oh, dear! I 've got so many that I 've dropped two on the ground!



"CROW ON NEST." BY ALFRED REDFIELD, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.) (WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

Ethel Parton, with a picture of little Susan, were from St. NICHOLAS of May, 1899. They told the story of how she was invited to the governor's to dine, and how distressed she was when she learned they were to serve tea. She wished to be courteous, but still could not drink the tea with the hated tax upon it; and stepping to a window threw the detested beverage out. This daring act brought consternation to the assembly, and yet admiration for the little Whig. This was my prettiest and only historic valentine.

## VALENTINE DAY IN SCHOOL

BY FAITH WILLCOX (AGE 14)

In February (fourteenth day)  
We have the greatest "lark"  
In school, we send girls valentines  
And on them make no mark  
To show them where they come from,  
And the girls, they send them, too.  
I guess I know where mine came from,  
If it 's just 'twixt me and you.



"DEER IN A GERMAN FOREST." BY MARGUERITE VON PASSAVANT, AGE 11. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

Who gave me all these Valentines? Who in this room  
can guess?  
Perhaps 't was little Margaret, perhaps 't was pretty  
Bess.  
But never mind, I do not care, and all I want to say,  
Is wishing everybody else a glad St. Valentine's day.

## A HISTORIC VALENTINE

BY CONSTANCE BLAKE (AGE 13)

MOTHER and I were looking over a few of Grandpa's things, and we came across an old portfolio; the cover was of lacquer with a beautiful hand-painted picture and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and inside were seven old valentines. They all had lace paper envelopes, and as it was the time



"HERON." BY ELLIOT WOOLLEY, AGE 11. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

before stamps and postmasters, they were sent by "Blood's One Cent Despatch."

One envelope was sealed by sealing-wax, and the valentine itself had little flowers here and there, roses, asters, forget-me-nots, and cornflowers, and in the middle was written in small handwriting a verse

"To Emma,"

Another has a wreath of flowers, and inside is a shell made of paper which can be lifted up and you see a Cupid fast asleep in a bird's nest, he has his bow tightly clasped in one hand.

Still another had lace paper with white satin, and in the middle with embossed flowers in their natural colors are tiger-lilies, forget-me-nots, roses, rosebuds, pansies, and

The last and most beautiful of them all was the one Grandpa sent her, which has most delicate lace paper with peach-colored tissue paper underneath and in the middle is the quaint and ungrammatical sentiment—

"Angels attend thee, let their wings  
Fan every shadow far from thee  
For only bright and lovely things  
Should wait on one as good as thee."

Above and below were entwined flowers in their natural colors.

## THE VALENTINE BOWER

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 12)

## INTRODUCTORY

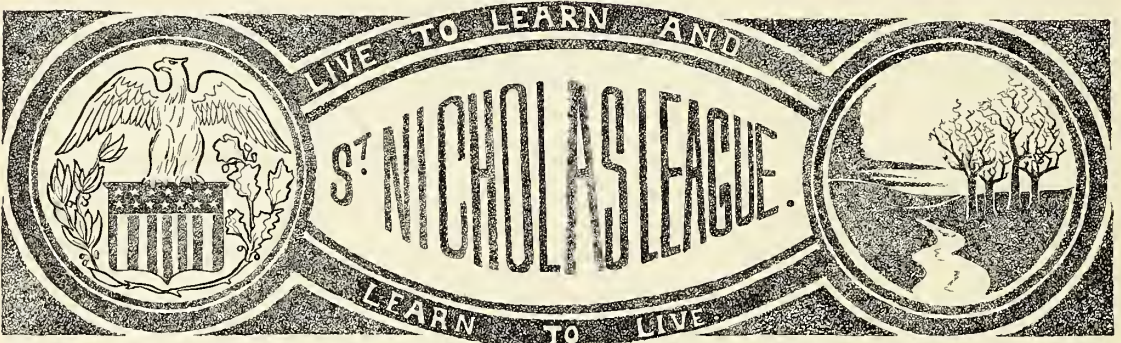
AFAR in sylvan forest glade  
So hidden that no wild beast strayed  
Within its depths of verdant green,  
Here only fairy sports were seen.

## THE MAKING OF THE BOWER

One February, Columbine,  
The Queen, said, "Now, St. Valentine  
Will hold his revels here to-night,  
Prepare for him a welcome sight!"  
Then far and near the fairies flew,  
And gathered up the sparkling dew;  
And, singing as they worked, they laid  
A heart-shaped carpet on the glade.  
The spiders spun their webs like hearts  
And, willing e'er to do their parts,  
The fairies used this fragile lace  
To silver o'er the lovely place;  
They hung it on the limbs of trees,  
And left it swinging in the breeze,  
And further used their silver hearts  
As targets for St. Cupid's darts.

## THE COMING OF ST. VALENTINE

His chariot drawn by white-winged dove,  
Thus came the little King of Love;  
And, loath to leave the lovely sight,  
The revel lasted late at night!



"A HEADING." BY WILLIAM MC KECHNIE ROBSON, AGE 16.

sunflowers. Then below is a little book with a picture of a minister and a bride and groom, underneath these words—

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above,  
For love is heaven and heaven is love."

And the envelope was sealed with a motto.

## GREETINGS TO MY VALENTINE

BY ELIZABETH TOOF (AGE 17)

I PRAISE a wood where West Wind bears  
Bird songs from far and near,  
And harps o'er wind-flow'rs fitful airs  
Too fine for mortal ear.





"A HEADING." BY MARJORIE ACKER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Oak branches cast across the knoll  
Their shifting gloom and gleam,  
While hours, on paths of sunshine, stole  
Across the quiet stream.

The plans and secrets that we told  
Belong to days gone by,  
The joys are pale as sunset gold  
When twilight dims the sky.

But violets deck, through winter sleep,  
The brook by which they blew,  
True hearts in sweet remembrance keep  
The place where friendship grew.

In dreams the woodlands which we passed  
With netted sunshine gleam,  
And throngs of early flowers cast  
Reflections in the stream.

As branches swept by breezes thrill'  
Clear brooks with shade and shine,  
May true love give my verses skill  
To greet thee, Valentine!

### MY VALENTINE

BY MARGUERITE WEED (AGE 17)

WHOSE eyes are blue as skies above,  
Whose eyes do shine  
With such a wealth of kindly love,  
They'd call me back from Heaven above?—  
Those of My Valentine.

Whose winsomeness and dainty grace  
Do thrill this heart of mine,  
Whose golden curls do frame a face  
Which seems like Beauty's dwelling-place?—  
Those of My Valentine.

Whose red lips smile to hear me say  
"My Lady Sweet Sunshine,"  
Whose thoughts are glad as a bright day,  
And as an angel's pure and gay?—  
Those of My Valentine.

A thing of joy and love is she;  
A thing of goodness half divine.  
The dearest thing on earth to me  
She is, and was, and e'er will be,—  
God bless My Valentine.

### A LEAGUE LETTER

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: No one can realize my surprise and delight at receiving the gold badge. It is beautiful, and the encouragement it gives me I value even more highly than the badge itself. I think it means more to me than you would think or perhaps understand. The surprise was complete when I saw the badge, for although I had already read the magazine and searched carefully through the Roll of Honor, yet it had not occurred to me to look through the list of prize-winners.

Your interested reader,  
ANNE PARSONS.

### THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

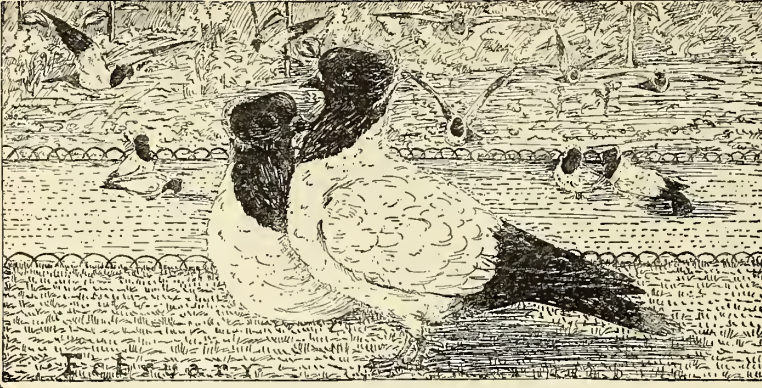
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1	Dorothy Loomis	Agnes Mackenzie
	Gwendolyn V. Steel	Miall
Mary Green Mack	Florence M. Beecher	Alison L. Strathy
Lucy E. Fancher	Marion Miller	Marjorie S. Harrington



"A HEADING." BY DELPHINA L. HAMMER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Rachel Estelle A. King	Margaret Bartlett Angela Richmond	Gertrude Amory Edith G. Hull
Ethel Warren Kidder	Lillie Garmany Menary Emmeline Bradshaw	Susan R. Rebound Joan Packard



"A FEBRUARY HEADING," BY ALINE MARY CROOK, AGE 14.

Helen F. J. Searight  
Earl Reed Silvers  
Dorothy Pell  
Delice Ellen Champlin  
Lois Donovan  
Annie Louise Hellyer

VERSE, 2

Nancy M. French  
Marjorie Dodge

Minnie Kartusinsky  
Elizabeth S. Allen  
Frances Klein  
Gertrude Kinkle  
Florence H. Sutton  
Katherine van Cook  
Grace F. Woods  
Maud J. Pearce  
Mariou Nicholson  
Helen D. Baller  
Constance Wilcox

Clem Dickey  
Flora Thomas  
Ethel Anna Johnson  
May Behman  
Frances L. Nickerson  
Constance H. Smith  
Charlotte Agnes  
Bennett  
Laura M. Mochen  
Kathleen E.  
Drummond

Alice D. Loughlin  
Celia E. Baldwin  
Isabell D. Weaver  
Jeannette Munro  
Helen Marie Mooney

PROSE, 2

Elizabeth R. Hirsh  
Harvey Abbott  
Elizabeth H. Parker  
Josephine Anthony  
Eloise Koch  
Katharine Southgate  
Kathleen Holtz  
Nora E. Smith  
Frank Reid Curtis  
Alison Winslow  
Clara Virginia Morris

DRAWINGS, 1

Rebecca O. Wyse  
Marjorie E. Chase  
Elizabeth Stockton  
Alice Bothwell  
Carrie F. McDowell  
Rita Ward  
Marshall Williamson  
Christine R. Faker  
Dorothy Lyster  
Marion R. Gardner  
Joseph Auslander  
Eleanor May Kellogg  
Margaret Farnsworth  
Margaret P. Merrill  
Cleo Damianokes  
Louis M. Faulkner  
Doris Kuestis  
Almie Briol  
Louis Seldon Bradford  
Judith Koppelman  
Doris L. Glover  
Linzee W. King  
Doris Lisle  
Lucile A. Watson  
Vera Steele  
Bettina Brabrook  
Frances K. Thieme  
Isabel M. Rettew  
Beatrice H. Cook  
Viola Reitz  
Willie E. Money  
Etta Chant  
Grace Wardwell  
Emma Theresa Preston  
Ralph F. Koch  
Margarette Myers  
Sallie P. Wood  
Marion E. Thomson  
Marie D. Kahn  
Herbert Watson  
Ruth Streatfield  
John E. Roberts, Jr.  
Mildred Louise Prindle  
Helen B. Walcott  
Isabelle Nicol  
Joyce Armstrong  
Elizabeth Eyre

PROSE, 1

Bessie B. Styron  
Isabel Randolph  
Jennie Murphy  
Brown  
Helen M. Gassaway  
Ruth Livingston  
Louise Carson  
Annabel Remnitz  
Irene Woodruff

Helen B. Keen  
Alice Key P. Bryce  
Emma Thorp  
Mary Hays  
Muriel Anita Wheeler  
Agnes Tait  
Annie Laura Noble  
Dorothy Keyser  
John C. Haddock  
Adelaide Mahan  
Mildred Burns  
Dorothy L. DaCi  
Jean Dallett  
Mildred E. Beckwith  
Katharine Wood  
Anna M. Indzouka  
Livio Quanchi  
Mary Sherwood  
Wright  
Lucia E. Halstead

DRAWINGS, 2

Beula Lloyd Hayden  
Vernon Hybart  
Lucy Hanscom  
Aimee Atlee Truam  
Robert Williams  
Katharyn E.  
Rothschild  
Isabella B. Howland  
Mary MacFadden  
Helen May Baker  
Frances Noble  
Lois E. Sandison  
Katharine Mannassau  
Edith Elliott  
Dorothy Jefferson  
Dorothy Malevinsky  
Evelyn Bressler  
Ralph Graham  
Dorothy Gardner  
Belle Scheuer  
Calvert Cabell  
Ada Bever Field  
Evelyn Walker  
Mona Nundell  
Vivian Wallach  
Dana Bevins  
Louise Ruth Hoff  
Robert B. Keaton  
Paul F. Bayard  
Helen Sewell  
Waldron Faulkner  
Elizabeth Gault  
Cyril Sloane  
Helen E. Emerson  
Helen Mannassau  
Mary Long  
Vianna Knowlton  
Katharine Decker  
Margaret Crook  
Margaret F. Foster  
Augusta Burke  
Valerie D. French  
Lavinia Janes  
Willis Callaway  
Lindsey  
Grace Eliza Haylett  
Frances Whalley  
Ruth Kinkead  
Verna Burnette  
Louise B. Roberts  
Charlotte Leeds  
Amy Ullman  
John A. Austin, Jr.  
Henry D. Scott  
Marjorie B. Arnold  
Helen Schweikhardt  
Helen E. Fernald  
Nellie Hagan  
Archibald Campbell  
Cornelia T. Metcalf  
Alice B. Smith  
Dorothy Rieber  
Katharine Gericke  
Doris Louise Glover  
Leonora Howarth  
Otto Tabor  
Olive Hall  
Helen L. Laurence  
Glenn Hunter  
M. Louise Jackson  
Blanche Schlesinger  
Jean Hopkins  
Gladys DUBY  
Margaret Emily Wood

Helen Reese  
Alice Key P. Bryce  
Emma Thorp  
Mary Hays  
Muriel Anita Wheeler  
Agnes Tait  
Annie Laura Noble  
Dorothy Keyser  
John C. Haddock  
Adelaide Mahan  
Mildred Burns  
Dorothy L. DaCi  
Jean Dallett  
Mildred E. Beckwith  
Katharine Wood  
Anna M. Indzouka  
Livio Quanchi  
Mary Sherwood  
Wright  
Dorothy M. Falk

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Elizabeth Moore  
Madison P. Dyer  
Gordon Sarstedt  
Charles Porterfield  
Margaret Connock  
Pauline Seeberger  
Helen Walker  
Mildred S. Wertheimer  
Lloyd W. Miller  
J. Foster F. Price  
Helen C. Robertson  
Marjorie Bethell  
Elmer W. Rietz  
Jeanne Demetre  
Ruth McLaren  
John J. McCutcheon  
Mildred Taylor  
Frederic S. Dunn  
Dorothy Heard  
Richard S. Ely  
Elizabeth Edsall  
Lydia M. Scott  
Katherine Ames  
Henrietta S. Gerwig  
Agnes Alexander

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Dorothy Smith  
Rowland R.  
Shepardson  
Zone Cocks  
Arthur Freeman  
Alice Glazier  
Agnes Gray  
Kenneth B. Norton  
Florence Fisher  
Frances Marvel  
Chafee  
E. Huntington  
Williams  
Dorothy Gardiner  
W. Gerald Barnes  
Josephine Tickell  
Mary Geraldine  
Cabot  
Margaret McIntosh  
Laura M. Thomas  
Carl Gutzzeit  
Kate Babcock  
Maud Sawyer  
Russell Patterson  
Ellison  
Roger Brooks

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY, 1

Lucile Phillips  
Angus Nolan  
Marjorie Campbell  
Eileen O'Brien  
Constance Ayeri  
Marguerite C.  
Hearsey  
Margaret K.  
Gatzweiler

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY, 2

Charles E. Ames  
Charles Fuller



"A HEADING." BY MIRIAM SPITZ, AGE 13.

Katharine Crosby  
Mary McKittrick  
Augusta L. Blue, Jr.  
Pauline Nichthausen  
Eleanor Johnson  
Eleanor Davis  
Hildegard Duchman  
Florence F. Swan  
Dorothy G. Hyde  
Ruth S. Coleman  
Etta Carrington Brown  
Genette Pixley

Mary Wesley  
Helen Howe  
Mary S. Gardiner  
Clifford Standing  
Elizabeth M. Mercer  
Vivienne M. Delands  
Florence E. Dawson  
Marion Ingersoll  
Ruth A. Burrell  
Frances B. Rabitte  
Beatrice H. Fairbanks  
Pauline Sperry



Frank Phillips  
Mary Eaton  
Lambert

Ruth Lewinson  
Carl Giese  
Caroline C. Johnson

Elizabeth M. Ruggles  
Harriet Henry  
Arthur E. Case

NO AGE. Margaret Caldwell, Lincoln Wadsworth, Carol Thompson, Mildred Drew, Jane Traver, Bronson W. King, Marion D. Freeman, Herbert L. Bisbee, Mary E. MacCracken, Helen McCausland, Bertha Wardell, John O. Herrick, Edith Strickland, Emilie Cohen, Anna Alexandre.

NO ADDRESS. Emily Rowbotham.  
OVER EIGHTEEN. Effie B. Nichols.  
NAME NOT ON DRAWING. May Fisher.  
DRAWING NOT ON WHITE PAPER. Bartol Estrada.  
TOO LATE. Virginia Coyne.



"AN OLD VALENTINE." BY DOROTHY HOLMES GLOVER, AGE 10.

**PRIZE COMPETITION No. 112**

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Creature Photography" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold badge.

**Competition No. 112** will close **February 10** (for foreign members **February 15**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the words "The Year's Longest Day."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "The Last Days of School."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A View from a Window."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A June Outing" and a **June (1909) Heading** or Tail-piece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

**PUZZLES 1**

Alan D. Bush  
Dean C. Jenkins  
Anita Henriquez  
Archer D. Douglas  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
Agnes Wirt Hall  
Hamilton B.  
Bush  
Eleanor Parker

D. Scarborough  
Gladys E. von der Goltz  
Everet  
Maclachlan  
Katharine M.  
McColloh  
Philip E. Everett  
W. G. Troeger  
Elizabeth Wight

**PUZZLES 2**

Abby W. Barnes  
Marjorie K. Gibbons  
Helen M. Gassaway  
Marjorie Brooke  
Lee C. Bradley, Jr.  
Virginia B. L. Harris  
Anna H. Kahan  
Gladys Waibel  
M. J. Averbek, Jr.

**ROLL OF THE CARELESS**

NO INDORSEMENT. Harriet Bibighars, Euid Foster, Carolyn Hulbert, Anna M. Grant, Edward S. Braislin, Sidney Dexter, M. Pendleton, Alsa Spencer, Rodney Mason.

**RULES**

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING." BY ANDRENA CLARK, AGE 9.

# THE LETTER-BOX

LANDLOCK, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you about six years and enjoyed you all of the time.

We live in what is called the "Frozen North," but that is not a fair name for this part of Alaska at least.

It is rarely as cold as zero, but there are five or six feet of snow, which does not go off until the last of May.

The main trouble with the weather is too much snow and rain. The Government report gives for October, last year, 21.82 inches rain and two days clear weather.

In the summer time the nights are light all night for about six weeks.

One day last winter we blew out the lamp at about half past ten and lit it again at twelve. I think that was about the darkest day.

For about two months we don't see the sun, as the mountains are so high and so close around us that it never rises above them.

The scenery here is very beautiful. The steep, narrow bays are said to closely resemble the Norwegian fiords.

About fifteen miles from here is the Columbia Glacier.

It is four miles across the front and five hundred feet high, above the water. It is not known how far it extends below the surface of the bay. It is a very beautiful sight, especially when the bergs are breaking into the water.

Your interested reader,

DOROTHY I. DICKEY.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your magazine very much. I just began to take it this year.

My baby sister, Grace, is also very interested in you, because when she gets hold of the magazine, she opens it and she looks very much as if she was reading it.

Your devoted reader,

ELEANOR BARTLETT (age 11).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about three years and have enjoyed you very much. When I get through reading you, the little boy next door takes the magazine and after he is through with it, I take it over to my cousin's house in Ravenswood and his mother reads it to him. Then after I get a number of them, my papa puts them into a box and ships them to my little cousins out in North Dakota. You see, you do good service when you come to our house.

An exciting thing happened next door to me the other day. A little boy named Edwin came home from school, threw down his books and, his mother thought, went out to play, but instead he got in a groceryman's delivery wagon and went off with the driver and when he did not come home at supper-time, his mama became very much alarmed and hunted all over the neighborhood and looked for him unknown to any one else. Finally, when it became dark and she could not find him, she then told the neighbors that he was missing and they were all out looking for him for hours. The police were notified to help. His uncle finally thought that he might have gone out on some delivery wagon and so he went to the barn of the groceryman nearest to us to see if all of his wagons were in. Just then he looked into the street and saw Edwin, the driver and the horse coming along. The horse had become sick, fell down and broke the shafts of the wagon. Neither Edwin nor the driver had a cent of money. They were miles from home in this great, big city and they had to walk all the distance back and lead the sick horse. It was about nine o'clock when Edwin came home and as he had been

absent since 3.30, he was gone almost six hours and, of course, his mother was fairly distracted.

I think that this proves that boys and girls should always ask their father's or mother's permission when they want to go away from home.

Yours very truly,

MARION MOATS (age 12).

THE experience of Marion's little next door neighbor turned out to be a not very serious one, but that was his and his parents' good fortune. For daughters and sons, even when they are big young ladies and young men, a very safe rule is to prize the commands or advice of their fathers and mothers, who almost always are the very best friends a boy or girl can have.

M—, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the best magazine for girls and boys in the world. We have taken you for a long time and we all like you very much.

Last summer we went camping to Mille Lacs Lake, which is the second largest lake in Minnesota. It is not very well settled but is very pretty. Papa owns some land at the base of Mozomonne Point. It extends along the Point and includes the best bathing beach on the lake. The Chippewa Indians have quite a large village on it. I was introduced to and shook hands with their medicine chief, Wadena, and their hereditary chief, Sageshichs. Mazomonne was Sageshichs' father and performed a great service to the white people during the Civil War. For this the Government gave him the Point but he sold it later on. His grave and his father's are on the Point.

The lake is about twenty-two miles long and from fifteen to eighteen miles wide. There are some hard storms on it and the waves get pretty high. It was fun to go in swimming in the high waves.

When we came home, my sister and brother, two others and I, walked, about thirty-two miles. We took three days at it and had lots of fun. One consolation for coming home was that there would be two ST. NICHOLASES waiting. We always scramble for them when they come.

Your most loving reader,

JEAN MCGILVRA (age 14).

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading the story of "The Life Savers," and think it is just beautiful. I am a little actress. My mama travels with me. I am going to ride all night. I usually sleep in the top berth, but mama is kindly letting me sleep in the bottom berth this time. For I am going to ask the porter if he will please call me in time to see the sun rise. I have never seen it rise. But am going to try to, for once. I have seen the sun set. We will ride from 12 o'clock to-night till 12 o'clock noon, and as I have your ST. NICHOLAS I won't be lonesome. I have read some very pretty stories but of all yours is best. I see some very lovely scenery while traveling. It is beautiful to see the red, yellow, and golden leaves along the mountain side. They look a beautiful carpet spread there by some wonderful fairy. I am playing with "East Lynne," and am playing the part of "Little Willie." I expect to be an actress when I grow up.

Your new reader,

LILLIAN ROSS (age 11).



NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I thought I would write now and tell you what I did at Quebec during the tercentennial celebration there.

Of course the city was all decorated with flags and banners awaiting the arrival of the Prince of Wales. Everybody naturally wanted to see him land and we were one of the many, so on the day of his arrival we had an early lunch, then went to the Cove Field's and on to the board walk; reaching it early we got good places.

It was mother who spied her first, the Prince's ship I mean, coming around the Isle of Orleans, then before we could say anything all the other war-ships fired the royal salute of twenty-one guns; with the first gun all the ships ran up their flags, and a prettier sight could not be seen. Then, as the *Indomitable*, that was the name of the Prince's ship, anchored, all the bands on the other war-ships struck up "God Save the King." Then, as the Prince was to pay his naval visits before he landed, we didn't wait, but went to St. Louis gate to see him pass, as he was on his way to the citadel. After we had been there about half an hour the royal carriage passed, the coachman had a wig and the footman had his hair thick with powder.

Then we waited again for about the same time as before, then all the soldiers on the sides of the streets were drawn to order so we thought the Prince must be getting near. In a few minutes all his body-guards, which were mounted police, came galloping round the corner and behind them came the Prince; Lord Roberts was in the carriage with him and so was the governor-general. As the Prince passed there arose a great cheer, and then as he passed all the way up the line we could hear in the distance cheer after cheer.

I was sorry to see that "Harry's Island" ended in the October number. Mr. Barbour's stories are always so interesting.

I must stop now as I fear my letter is three times too long already. I remain your devoted reader,

GRACE WINIFRED JUDGE (age 11).

It is a pleasure to receive such letters as the two following, written by Agnes Smith and Doris Huestes, for it shows that ST. NICHOLAS is a real companion to our readers and that anything of interest in the magazine is sure of being seen and enjoyed.

M——, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was reading the ST. NICHOLAS (October number), I read about a little girl who had been to the Yellowstone Park and, at the Cañon Hotel saw a bear that had a tin can on its foot. I went to the Yellowstone Park last summer, and at the Cañon Hotel I saw the bear with a tin can on its foot. At the Old Faithful Inn they pop corn every night at a big fireplace with a big popper about two feet square. After the corn is popped they salt it and pass it around the guests. We saw many wonderful sights and geysers.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Your ST. NICHOLAS reader,  
AGNES SMITH (age 10).

T——, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the "Rainy Day Amusements."

I had not noticed them much before, till one day my little sister was ill and wished to be amused. So I opened ST. NICHOLAS and found the "clothes-pin" amusement. I got all the simple little things necessary, and soon had quite a little village made on the floor. My little sister was charmed and now, even before she reads the stories

"For Very Little Folk," she always looks with great interest for the "Rainy Day Amusements."

I am very interested in the Nature and Science Department, and the League. I loved "Harry's Island," and hope you will soon have another story by the author of "The Gentle Interference of Bab."

I hope this letter is not too long.

Your interested Canadian reader,  
DORIS HUESTES (age 13½).

M——, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad that "Harry's Island" has a sequel. It is my favorite story. I also find the Letter-Box very interesting.

I spent last summer at the Delaware Water Gap, where "Chub" Eaton spent his vacations. Perhaps if he had not been camping I would have met him! When I came back to Marietta, I went camping on the banks of the Muskingum River, which flows into the Ohio River here. On one side there are low hills and at night they seem to be full of screech-owls. We have a canoe and certainly make use of it.

I like very much to read the letters of other girls and boys from the different parts of the world. I am a League member, but never received any prizes yet. I hope to take the ST. NICHOLAS a long time.

Your loving reader,  
GRACE D. HYDE.

H——, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you for a year, but I have been reading you for two years, and I think you very, very interesting.

I always read the Letter-Box with interest. My favorite stories are "Harry's Island" and "Historic Boyhoods."

I am always very anxious for you to come. Your months seem very long and often I am very disappointed on days when I expect you, to have some other magazine come instead.

I get you for a Christmas present and you are one of the best presents I get.

I read you from cover to cover. Sometimes I read you through several times. My little brothers like the stories "For Very Little Folk."

I like your "Rainy Day Amusements" very much. I tried to make your store and found it a lot of fun. I also made the Maypole, putting some of my hand-painted paper dolls on it to dance. I have a large stock of all sorts of paper dolls and I play with them a great deal.

Your interested reader,  
ADELINE S. PAUL (age 11).

SANTIAGO, CHILE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since 1904.

We all read some part of the magazine. We three children nearly have a fight as each new one comes. Rose and I read everything. Mother is especially interested in the League Album and the serials. Allan has mother or me read to him from "For Very Little Folk" and father reads the scientific things. After we are through with it we lend it to some English girls down the street.

I liked "The Gentle Interference of Bab," and all the stories of Roy and Harry.

Much love to all the editors and judges,  
MARGARET CURTIS.

"AUNT BETSY" of course is n't the real name of the author of the following verses, but that is the name she signed, so we will have to be content merely to know that

she is a ST. NICHOLAS reader who has found the Cooking Club useful and amusing, and pays it this clever tribute in rhyme :

AUNT BETSY ON THE "COOKING CLUB"

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I find  
Your "Cooking Club" by Mrs. Jordan  
Is very much unto my mind  
And makes me want to give up boardin'.

My little neighbor, Esther dear,  
And her small sister Kathaleena—  
They cooked some spicy "Ginger Jacks"  
And gave me for a philopena.

They gave me "Oatmeal Macaroons,"—  
They knew how lonely 't is a-boardin';—  
And how I thanked those little girls!  
And how I thanked kind Mrs. Jordan!

O when I move to my own house  
I'll buy some sugar and farina  
And make a good old-fashioned cake  
For Esther dear and Kathaleena.

AUNT BETSY.

J—, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year I have taken you. My little sister, Priscilla, often teases me to read you to her.

I live on a very beautiful place on the Lakewood Road. We have a donkey. Sometimes we hitch her to the cart and take a drive. We do not ever go very far because there are so many automobiles that it is really dangerous. Sometimes when automobiles pass, our donkey shies right in front of them. She likes to go home too well also. We have n't got any pets but the donkey.

I forgot to tell you that I have got a little sister about four weeks old. We are going to call her Jane.

Your interested reader,

AMY L. ALLING (age 10).

F—, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all love you dearly. Both my mother and my uncle took you and consequently I have read almost all of your life since 1874, and I have taken you myself six years. I think the League is a beautiful addition. I have never gotten a badge although I have tried, but I understand why and I intend to keep on trying. My sister got a silver badge for a composition she wrote entitled "Fire." I have four brothers and a sister and together we have a dog and a cat, a pony, three horses, and a cow. Wishing you great success and a long life, I am,

Your very interested reader,

ALIDA PAYSON (age 13).

L—, ARIZ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you this year but I have read and enjoyed you before. I love reading and love writing stories so you may guess how welcome you are at my home.

When I say: "Papa, is n't the ST. NICHOLAS dandy?" he says: "Yes, it's a very good book for children." When my book came papa said: "Your ST. NICHOLAS is at the store." When I asked why he did n't bring it up he said he was interested in reading about the Indians. My papa used to know Cut-Mouth John and when he was a little boy he remembers General Howard getting the men of Pendelton and all the guns and paraded the men up and down before an Indian and then turned him loose and he

told the other Indians that General Howard had plenty men. They did not bother them again.

I read the Letter-Box through two or three times, I like it so well.

I have an old mother cat and her kitten; they came to me when wild.

I'm afraid this is too long, but believe if I got started I would never stop.

From your little Arizona friend,

JENNAVEVE JOHN.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I can remember, but did not grow interested in the Letter-Box till several months ago.

I had a beautiful vacation last summer and climbed a mountain in California 8240 feet high; the name is Mt. Islip. My father killed a deer with four points, but I said I wished he had not seen it. We saw one doe, killed two rattlesnakes, one with thirteen rattles and the other with seven, and saw fresh mountain lion tracks.

Your sincere reader,

MARJORIE L. COLE (age 13).

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for two years and I think it is fine. I like the drawings and I am going to draw one if I can.

The most interesting thing here is the shipyard. My father is naval architect. They have made a great many ships. I christened one named the *George W. Fenwick*.

I remain your interested reader,

MARY GATEWOOD (age 11).

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little deaf girl and I am one of your readers and I am waiting for the next number.

I go to the School for the Deaf and Dumb in Danville, Ky. I have many friends but none of them take you. I live in the city. We have a lawn swing and a hammock. We have a peach and a plum tree in our back yard, and a grape arbor.

I am the youngest child at home and the only deaf one in the family.

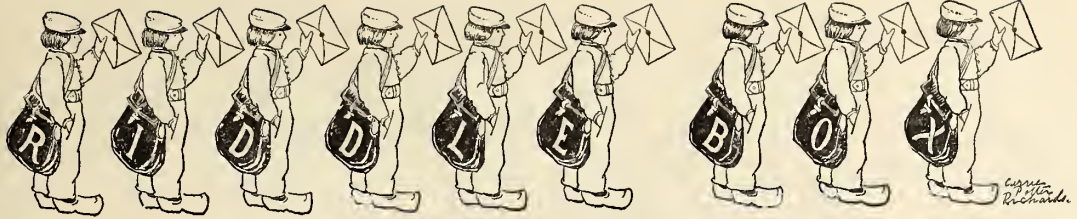
I have two older sisters; one is married and has two babies. I see them almost every week.

Your loving reader,

ELIZABETH WYBLE (age 12).

OTHER interesting letters that lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Nelle C. Greene, Winifred Miller, Martha Knopf, Susie Tibbetts, Grace Hineo, Marjorie Cassell, Napier Edwards, Katharine Elsie Biggs, Marjery Howard, Grace Steinberger, Edith Hall, W. G. Troeger, Julia Mayer, Helen G. Domenguez, Marjorie T. Atwood, Beatrice Beck, Georgia B. Bailey, Katie Birmingham, Pauline Clark, Isabel R. Houck, Nannie Quarles, Ann Lauder (Brazil), Dorothy Murphy, Pearl M. Seager, Jean Wallace Wagner, Marion West, Caroline M. Frost, Seward Whitney, Isabel R. Houck, Katharine Frost, Adeline Babcock, Frances Allen, Marion Avery, Esther Burroughs, Grace F. Olinger, Flora Hadley, Virginia Dunlap, Allison Kelsey, Mary Ella Lattimore, Marjorie Remington, Dorothy Loveland, Georgia Liangafelt, John Mahoal, Lec S. Towrs, John Alden, Earl Johnson, Pearl Earby Carleton, M. Dorothy Klein, Helen Kinan Wilder, Noble Field, Jos. Walker Richards, Jr., Samuel Thompson, Rhea Houser, Ursula Wohlander, Frederick V. Hebard, Malcolm B. Carroll, Hayward Paddock, Marian R. Bettman.





ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Voltaire, Trollope. Cross-words: 1. Vocalist. 2. Moisture. 3. Calliope. 4. Battling. 5. Mailable. 6. Growling. 7. Aperture. 8. Eventide.

HISTORICAL ZIGZAG. Themistocles. Cross-words: 1. Thisbe. 2. Charon. 3. Emilia. 4. Amiens. 5. Isæus. 6. Isaiah. 7. Trojan. 8. Romans. 9. Cæsar. 10. Alonzo. 11. Exeter. 12. Osiris.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Edgeworth. 1. Sheep. 2. Badge. 3. Eagle. 4. Fleet. 5. Newel. 6. Crows. 7. Torch. 8. Watch. 9. Usher.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Torch. 2. Ovule. 3. Rumor. 4. Cloud. 5. Herds. Adjoining Square: 1. Scan. 2. Cane. 3. Anna. 4. Neat. II. 1. Scarf. 2. Caper. 3. Apple. 4. Relit. 5. Frets. Adjoining Square: 1. Chef. 2. Have. 3. Ever. 4. Fern. III. 1. Thief. 2. Hydra. 3. Idiot. 4. Erode. 5. Fates. IV. 1. Shelf. 2.

Hovel. 3. Evade. 4. Ledge. 5. Fleet. Adjoining Square: 1. Deaf. 2. Earl. 3. Area. 4. Flag. V. 1. Slime. 2. Linen. 3. Inert. 4. Merge. 5. Enter. Adjoining Square: 1. Scot. 2. Cave. 3. Oven. 4. Tens.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Savonarola. 1. Bi-sect. 2. Ch-alice. 3. Ad-verb. 4. Pl-over. 5. Ho-nest. 6. Br-and. 7. Sc-ream. 8. Pr-owl. 9. Re-lease. 10. Le-ash.

CHARADE. In-tact.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Gaunt. 2. Almeh. 3. Umber. 4. Neese. 5. Three. II. 1. Paper. 2. Abate. 3. Pasha. 4. Ethel. 5. Realm. III. 1. S. 2. Ear. 3. Saber. 4. Red. 5. R. 1. G. 2. Pal. 3. Galen. 4. Led. 5. N. IV. 1. Scar. 2. Care. 3. Area. 4. Reap. V. 1. Deal. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Less. VI. 1. Pearl. 2. Eerie. 3. Arena. 4. Rings. 5. Lease. VII. 1. Decoy. 2. Epode. 3. Cocoa. 4. Odors. 5. Yeast.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 15th from "Queenscourt"—Bruce T. Simonds—Dorothy Fox—Three of the "Wise Five"—Jessie and Dorothy Colville—Everet MacLachlan—"Jo and I"—Charlotte L. Patek—Elsie, Lacey, and Tilly—Cassius M. Clay, Jr.—Robert L. Rankin—Frances McIver—"Jolly Juniors."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 15th from Paul H. Caskey, 2—Anita Henriquez, 7—Mary G. Bonner, 3—Edna Meyle, 9—Henrietta Hoffmann, 6—Leonor Mayer, 5—Johanna Rahlke, 5—Tremaine Parsons, 9—Alice H. Farnsworth, 3—Willie L. Lloyd, 8—Alan D. Bush, 6—Roger T. Clapp, 3—Ellen W. Warren, 2—Katherine S. Camblos, 9—Duncan Scarborough, 4. Answers to one puzzle were received from R. D. Haupt—K. V. Smith—K. McCulloh—L. V. Hoffman—D. Baker—D. Robathan—R. Thurling—E. Sutherland—H. Dexter—G. Rossiter—D. Warren—S. B. Blair—A. and E. Farnsworth—P. N. Davis—F. Gudehod—G. W. Hoopman—T. H. Soule—T. A. Claiborne—O. A. Taplin—B. Brabrook—A. Shapiro—L. Edwards.

STAR PUZZLES

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 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

I. 1. IN moored. 2. Two letters from moored. 3. Birds of the thrush kind. 4. A very small portion of time. 5. A formal parting. 6. Coveted. 7. Directed the course of. 8. Two letters from moored. 9. In moored.

II. 1. In spire. 2. A conjunction. 3. The wall surrounding a fortified place. 4. An iron pan with a long handle. 5. To muddle. 6. To have a pleasing or appetizing taste. 7. Braids, knots, or curls of hair. 8. A pronoun. 9. In spire.

ALLAN COLE (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I AM composed of sixty-six letters and form a quotation from the last chapter of "Harry's Island."

My 26-5-39-54-61-11-23 21-31-36-3-59 is the heroine of the story. My 55-40-13-20-51-16-66 is the rival school. My 9-21-43-22 is its place in the race with Ferry Hill. My 65-14-28-33 is the book agent's name. My 20-42-12-18-27-52-30 is the name of his boat. My 48-56-62-8-63-19-33-53 is the kind of a launch Dick owned. My 57-40-7-17 are needed to clean machinery. My 29-49-61-45-4 is the color the boys painted the launch. My 64-35-13-37-44-10 is the kind of flavoring Harry put in her doughnuts. My 25-24-56-41 is what Chub found in

his pocket the evening Mr. Noon played magician. My 38-46-15-32-50-47-44-2 1-58-34-42-60-6 is what Mr. Cole was called.

REBECCA E. MEAKER.

CHARADE

My first you see in every church,  
 My last may make you sigh;  
 You are a faithful whole, I trust,—  
 I see it in your eye.

E. E. SIBLEY.

FEBRUARY ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

. 7 . . .  
 . 3 . . .  
 . 12 . . .  
 8 . . 4 . .  
 . 2 . . 5  
 . . . 11 . .  
 . . . 14  
 . . . 1  
 . 9 . . .  
 . 13 . . .  
 . 10 6 . . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of chair. 2. A precious stone. 3. Sound uttered by the mouth. 4. An upper story. 5. Clear. 6. Banishment. 7. Grand. 8. A small, solid wheel. 9. Sarcasm. 10. Unusual. 11. Relating to morals.

Primals, a festival; from 1 to 5, a little figure often pictured on that festival; from 6 to 10, the target of the little sprite; from 11 to 14, what he tries to instill.

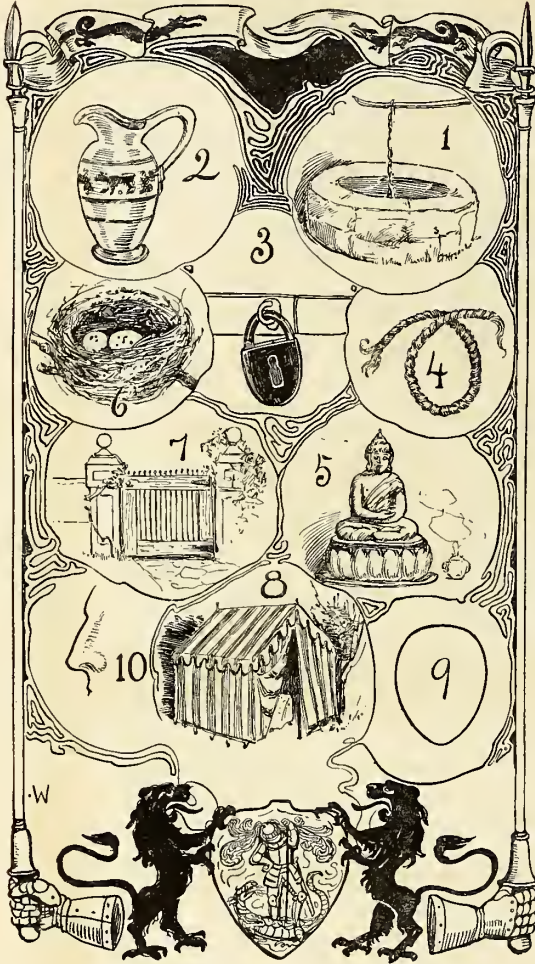
HARRIET EVANS.

**WORD-SQUARE**

1. A FEMINE name. 2. A place of public contest. 3. A brute. 4. To follow. 5. Afterward.

WILLIAM P. SNYDER (League Member).

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC**



In this primal acrostic the words are pictured instead of described. When the ten objects have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the surname of a famous general.

Designed by ISOBEL GEORGE (League Member).

**TRIPLE BEHEADINGS**

1. TRIPLY behead a church officer, and leave to study over.
2. Triply behead a tiny, flowerless plant, and leave a domestic fowl.
3. Triply behead to tell, and leave the goddess of mischief.
4. Triply behead a bird, and leave to decay.
5. Triply behead a song, and leave a boy.
6. Triply behead to overcome, and leave to devour.
7. Triply behead a human being, and leave a descendant.
8. Triply behead a place for growing flowers, and leave a cave.
9. Triply behead three times, and leave a cold substance.
10. Triply behead to discern, and leave to weep.
11. Triply behead a quadruped, and leave part of a piano.
12. Triply behead to protect, and leave to finish.
13. Triply

14. Triply behead a beautiful red mineral, and leave a snare.
15. Triply behead a dried grape, and leave wickedness.

When the words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous author.

ROBERT W. WOOD, JR. (League Member).

**ZIGZAG**

ALL the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower left-hand letter, will spell the name of a ST. NICHOLAS story.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A tool for shaping timber or stone. 2. To hurry. 3. To leave. 4. To fix firmly. 5. Joyous. 6. A famous town near Mount Parnassus. 7. Design. 8. Stringed instruments. 9. Relating to more than one. 10. To persist in demanding. 11. To preserve from decay.

WINIFRED PARKER (League Member).

**A DIAGONAL**

EACH of the words described contains eight letters. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a great philosopher.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. To feign. 2. To correspond. 3. Profession. 4. Always. 5. One who is shipwrecked. 6. Record. 7. Lineage. 8. Unfortunate.

ARTHUR MINOT REED (Honor Member).

**RIDDLE**

WHEN in the forest's leafy glade  
A noble tree I stand;  
But when the tree is felled I'm found  
Within the workman's hand.  
I am a level tract of land  
Uncrossed by rill or brook;  
I am the way you like to see  
But never like to look.

FLORENCE AND FLOSSIE.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous novelist and another row of letters will spell the name of a novel by this writer.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A move at chess. 2. A riddle. 3. Singularity. 4. To purchase back. 5. The Milky Way. 6. Inherent power. 7. A fur-bearing animal. 8. A measure of length. 9. Encroachment. 10. Secret. 11. The island on which Papeete is situated.

MARIAN P. TOULMIN.

**DOUBLE ZIGZAG**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

- |   |   |   |   |   |    |
|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| 1 | . | . | . | . | 8  |
| . | 2 | . | . | . | 9  |
| 3 | . | . | . | . | 10 |
| . | 4 | . | . | . | 11 |
| 5 | . | . | . | . | 12 |
| . | 6 | . | . | . | 13 |
| 7 | . | . | . | . | 14 |

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Thin cakes baked in an iron pan. 2. A masculine name. 3. A network of cross-bars. 4. Long, loose coats. 5. The meantime. 6. Plants named after Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist. 7. Pertaining to Mexico.

From 1 to 7 and from 8 to 14 spell the name of a famous general who was born in February.

ELIZABETH C. ZELLER.



# Wonders of the Attic



## Diamond Dyes Make Old Clothes New

"Last Spring I had such success with Diamond Dyes in making over some clothes that I have used them a lot ever since. Diamond Dyes have never failed me, and I look always at the package to see that I am right. I have never found any other satisfactory dyes."

MRS. H. M. MEEHAN, *St. Louis*

### Don't be Fooled by a Substitute

Some dealers will try to tell you a "pretty story" about some "just-as-good" dye. They know better, so do you, and so do the millions of women who have used Diamond Dyes.

Don't be fooled into buying any substitute for Diamond Dyes. There is no other "Just-as-good." There are plenty of inferior dyes, but only one standard dye—Diamond Dyes.

### Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other *animal* fibres, can be used as successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

**New Diamond Dye Annual Free** Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the New Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. *Address*

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT

## At all Reliable Dealers--Insist upon the Genuine

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 86.*

*Time to hand in answers is up February 10. Prizes awarded in April number.*

THE COMPETITION FOR FEBRUARY WILL BE THE JANUARY  
COMPETITION REPEATED.

In spite of the fact that February offers wonderful opportunities for Washington Birthday, and Lincoln Birthday Competitions, to say nothing of St. Valentine Competitions, it has been thought best by the Judges to repeat the January double prize offer for letters from advertisers. Coming as that did on December 15, it was pretty close to Christmas to give all you busy people an opportunity to win a prize. You were getting ready for the great feast and you did not have much time for real work, even though the rewards were ample. Therefore it is only fair to give you all another chance, so here is the same Competition. Please study it carefully, and try for a prize, because you may not have another chance for a long time, along these lines.

DOUBLE PRIZES FOR THE FEBRUARY  
COMPETITION.

Just take the advertising pages of the January or February numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, or any other numbers issued in 1908-9, and write to all the advertisers, inquiring the price of their articles, where you can obtain them, what the quality is, and any other question that is sensible, and that you think touches their interest. Of course you know that all these advertisers have their announcements in ST. NICHOLAS because they want you to know about their goods. Therefore, they will be glad to tell you about them, the same as they would any other possible buyer.

After you have received the responses, send to the Judges copies of all your letters to the

advertisers, their replies, and with them the best account you can write of your experiences in getting the information.

Prizes will be awarded on the following points:

- 1st. Industry in seeking the information.
- 2nd. The businesslike tone of your letters to advertisers.
- 3rd. The amount of information you have been able to get advertisers to give you, and
- 4th. The intelligent treatment of the case in your letter to the Judges in which you inclose all of the correspondence in the case.

And remember, Eager Competitors, that the advertisers are very nice, kind gentlemen, but they don't want to answer *foolish* questions. They are fond of ST. NICHOLAS, and are delighted to answer all sincere questions put to them by ST. NICHOLAS readers.

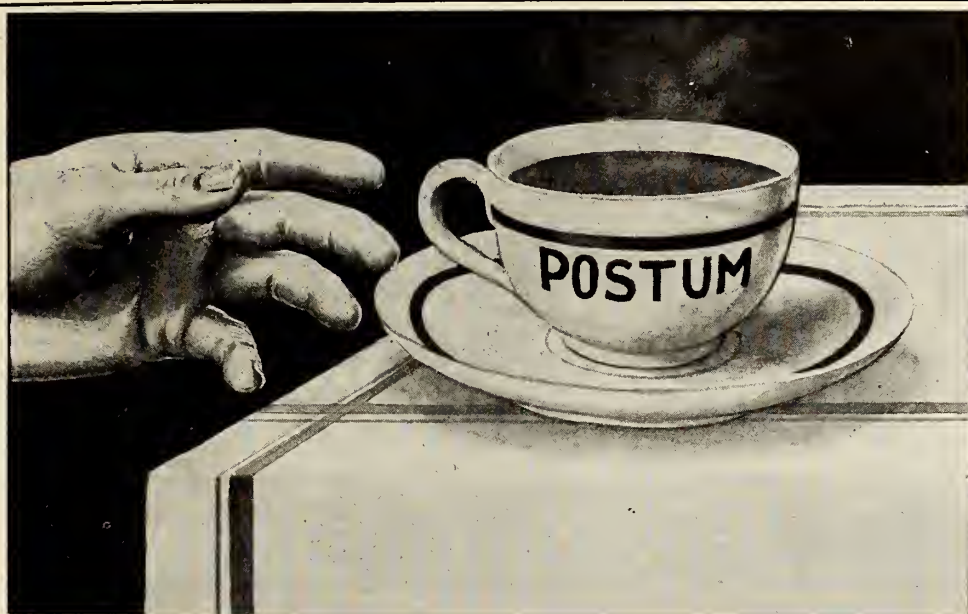
So get to work. Study your letters to the advertisers, and let us see what you can do in the business world.

One First Prize of . . . .	\$10	\$10
Two Second Prizes of . . . .	6 each	12
Three Third Prizes of . . . .	4 each	12
Five Fourth Prizes of . . . .	1 each	5
Eleven prizes in all.		\$39

**1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

(See also page 8)





## In Easy Reach—

Relief from Coffee Troubles is close at hand.

A 10 days' trial of well-made

# POSTUM

“brings a sure reward.”

**“There’s a Reason.”**

---

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (86). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10$  inches.

3. Submit answers by February 10, 1909. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 86, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N.Y.

#### REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 84.

This was a particularly interesting competition because of the scope it afforded you, and the variety of illustrations you had from which to make your choice. It would be next to impossible to tell of all the pictures drawn, and the stories written.

The Remington Typewriter, and Dorothy Dainty, and Swift's Little Cook, Libby's Hams and Bacon, the Brownie Camera, Huylers, the Flexible Flyer, Ivory Soap, Koch's Toys, Diamond Dyes, and Tiffany & Co., were all represented in the pictures and stories, which were most entertainingly told. The Judges were most pleased at the proficiency of the contestants, and the originality of their conceptions.

One of the favorite subjects was Dorothy Dainty in Africa. No less than twenty-one drawings told about her presentation to the natives of that warm country. An amusing story, well told, was one about the Brownie Camera in a country the Judges guessed was Italy; how it was used to amuse the travelers when their motor-car broke down, and they had to wait two hours for more gasolene.

A competition of this kind is fairly easy to judge, because the only question that arises is the actual quality of the work and the age of

the contestant. The results are extremely gratifying.

The present Competition, which is the same as that given to you in January, is bound to be one of the most interesting ever offered, because it will show your capacity for real work, your interest in the Advertising League, and your ability to write a good business letter. The Judges are anxious to have you acquit yourselves well in this matter.

The Judges heartily thank you for the fine work you have done in these last few months, and wish you good luck in the coming Competitions.

#### LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 84

##### *First Prize:*

**Marjory E. Chase, Massachusetts.**

##### *Second Prizes:*

Margaret Cerahon, Washington.  
A. Margaret Schneder, Maryland.

##### *Third Prizes:*

Francis H. Miller, Mississippi.  
Philip Hurn, Wisconsin.  
Grace E. Moore, New York.

##### *Fourth Prizes:*

Maude Jessup, Virginia.  
Doris F. Halman, Maine.  
Isabel B. Huston, Pennsylvania.  
Sarah Bernstein, New York.  
Olive Christine Ritter, Pennsylvania  
Eleanor R. Weeden, Massachusetts.  
James A. Moseley, Jr., New Jersey.  
Mary Kennedy Little, North Carolina.  
Paul Kirtland, New Hampshire.  
Dorothy Foltz, Pennsylvania.

#### HONORABLE MENTION

Eloise C. McDowell, New York.  
Elizabeth V. Smith, New York.  
Celia Sokol, Washington.  
Katherine W. Mason, Pennsylvania.  
John L. Lincoln, Massachusetts.  
Robert McC. Halbach, Pennsylvania.  
Henry Dixon, New York.

(See also page 6)



# The "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book and Samples-FREE

One copy of this Style Book is ready for YOU and will be sent you FREE with the Samples of the new Spring Suitings, if you write for them TO-DAY.

This "NATIONAL" Style Book is the greatest book of fashions ever issued. The "Christy Girl" cover was drawn expressly for the "NATIONAL" by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy and every page is equally as interesting. It is the most beautifully illustrated and fascinating work of fashion ever published. And remember, one copy is for YOU—FREE.

## New York Styles Are Greatly Changed

The "NATIONAL" Style Book (sent free) shows ALL the desirable New York Styles—gives you complete, all the changes in fashion for the Spring Season. The complete edition of this Style Book cost \$214,782; no expense being spared to make it the most attractive, complete and valuable fashion work in America. One copy of this Style Book is intended for YOU—FREE, only you must write for it to-day. We will send it to you postpaid, gladly, but YOU must say it is welcome.

## "NATIONAL" Tailored Suits

Made-to-Measure **\$750 to \$35** Expressage  
New York Styles **Prepaid**

*Style Book and Samples FREE*

This "NATIONAL" Style Book pictured above illustrates all the New Suits and Skirts for Spring. And any of these handsome Suits and Skirts will be Made To Your Measure in your choice of our 400 New Spring Suitings. A liberal assortment of these Samples will be sent you FREE with the Style Book.

You select your Material from the Samples. You select your Suit from the Style Book. We make the Suit to your measure, send it to you with a signed guarantee that it will fit you and please you, or we will refund your money. But more than this. Each "NATIONAL" Suit is made and sold according to

### The "NATIONAL" Policy

Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached. This tag says: "Your money back if you ask for it."

We prepay all the postage and express charges on all "NATIONAL" Garments to every part of the United States.

In addition to the Made-to-Measure Suits, this "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book shows the following

### "NATIONAL" Ready-Made Garments

Millinery	Lingerie Dresses	Plumes	Rain Coats
Waists	Tub Suits	Belts	Muslin Underwear
Skirts	House Dresses	Petticoats	Knit Underwear
Silk Dresses	Kimonos	Jackets	Corsets
Hosiery	Neckwear	Sweaters	Boys' Clothing
	Misses', Girls' and Infants' Wear		

One copy of this Great "NATIONAL" Style Book is intended for YOU. One copy IS yours—FREE. Will you write for it TO-DAY? In requesting Samples be sure to state the colors you prefer.

## NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

250 West 24th Street, New York City





## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

ONE of the most difficult problems which the young collector, who becomes interested in the stamps of his own country, has to solve is how to distinguish between the various varieties of United States envelope stamps. There are a few things which need to be known in order to avoid confusion in the attempt to understand these differences. In the first place the papers on which the stamps were printed differ considerably in shades of color so that the description buff paper or amber often covers papers which appear to be quite different in shade. Again, only the principal varieties of die are listed in the ordinary catalogues. There are many changes in the positions of letters of inscription in the labels of the earlier issues which it is not thought worth while to list in catalogues made for the general collector. Finally, the colors in which the stamps have been printed differ a great deal from time to time so that the word red, for instance, may mean a great many different shades ranging all the way from orange to scarlet. A few words of explanation in relation to the different series of envelopes may be helpful in distinguishing them. The early issues begun in 1853 were in some cases poorly printed, therefore it is best, in order to see the differences clearly, to select specimens as well printed as it is possible to find them. The five dies of the 1853-55 issue can then be quite readily distinguished. The 1857 set presents many minor differences in the positions of letters in the label, but these are not worthy of consideration by the general collector. The same may be said of the series of 1861. The 1863-64 set of two-cent envelopes may be quite readily distinguished by the application of a millimeter scale which will enable one to distinguish the various widths. The 1870 issue as compared with that of 1874 is much better engraved and printed. Placing the different denominations side by side a very little experience will teach one which is the Reay and which the Plimpton stamps. There is very little use in examining large quantities of the three-cent green envelope of 1874 in the hope of finding the scarce die C. There were not a very great number printed in comparison with the numbers of the ordinary die, and such as were used appear to have come from comparatively few post-offices where supplies of them were sent. The peculiarly prominent appearance of the top of the head, shaped like the small end of an egg, is the principal characteristic of the die C. Later envelope stamps have their characteristics explained in the catalogues.

### PREVENTION AGAINST USING CANCELLED STAMPS

VERY many attempts have been made at different times by governments issuing stamps to provide something which would prevent the cleaning and re-use of their issues. The government of Prussia in 1866 provided two stamps, the peculiar characteristic of which was that they were on paper which when wetted caused the printing of the stamps to show more plainly on the back side of the stamps than it did on the face. These stamps are frequently seen in old collections pasted face down, the printing being reversed as printer's type is set. This paper was known as "chemically prepared." The government of the United States has at different times made experiments with chemical papers but they have never been adopted for general use.

Some stamps were printed between 1870 and 1880 upon what was known as "double paper," that is, a paper which would come apart if the stamps were put into water. Stamps of this series were also cut with what was known as the "cog-wheel" die because of the shape of the cutting. This was done so that the stamp could not be removed from mail matter to which it had been affixed without leaving small pieces of it adhering to the envelope or wrapper. The United States, however, has not seen fit to adopt measures which would make its stamps weak either in coloring or material as a means of preventing fraud. Our stamps, however, will not stand washing without showing ill effects and the paper upon which they are printed cannot be easily obtained, the government water-mark in it preventing this. The chief means of protection is the continued vigilance of the secret service in ferreting out the cases of fraud and arresting the perpetrators. There has never been but one considerable attempt to defraud by counterfeiting, and the miscreants were quickly apprehended and the counterfeit stamps seized.

THE stamp of Western Australia illustrated appeared in 1895 upon the crown and CC paper with a green and red surcharge, the one over the other. This stamp is quite rare but is often seen in a reprint, which may



be known by the fact that it is upon the crown CA paper. A postmaster, thinking to make a good thing, ordered a reprint for his own benefit; but when the stamps came they were upon the wrong paper and his speculation was not profitable.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE series of types of the one-half penny stamps of the Orange River Colony of 1896 all appear upon the same sheet. The scarcest ones are repeated the smallest number of times and the double surcharges were errors in printing. Revenue stamps used for postal purposes, sometimes with and sometimes without special government authority, have been dropped from postage stamp catalogues because of the small interest felt in them. Revenue stamps actually converted into postage stamps by surcharges or otherwise have been retained because of their different character. In many of the English colonies stamps issued for postal purposes may also have a revenue use. The one-cent orange stamp of the Confederate States was never put into use because the ship bringing the supply across the sea was captured by the United States government. The early issues of the stamps of Venezuela appear coarse in their printing because the process used was lithography and the workmen using it were not expert. These stamps were probably produced in Venezuela while the later finely engraved series were engraved and printed in the United States.





**STAMPS—108** different, including new Panama, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for 10c. Big list and copy of mouthy paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.  
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 18 East 23d St., New York

**100 Stamps from 100 Countries**

correctly placed in a New England Pocket Album 50c. Postpaid.



**116 Stamps** all different, including 8 UNUSED PICTORIAL and used from all quarters of the globe, 10c. 40 Page Album, 5c. 1000 Hinges, 5c. Approval sheets also sent. 50% commission. "My Pet Hobby" and 1909 Price List FREE. Mention this magazine.

New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston.

**SNAPS** 200 All Different Foreign Stamps for only 10 cents. 85 All different United States Stamps, including old issues of 1853-1861, etc. Civil War revenue, including \$1.00 and \$2.00 values, etc., for only 17 cents. With each order we send our 6-page pamphlet, which tells all about "How to make a collection of stamps properly." Our Monthly bargain lists of sets, packets, albums, etc., free for the asking.  
QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 7 Sinton Building, Cincinnati, O.



**STAMPS** 108 all different, Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.  
C. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brillante Av., St. Louis, Mo.

**BARCAINS** Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxemburg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free.  
**CHAMBERS STAMP CO.,** 111 G Nassau Street, New York City.

**Stamps Free** 40 different U. S. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 1000 Mixed Foreign, 12c. 4 Congo Coins, 25c. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio.**



**STAMP ALBUM** with 588 genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. Aors. Wtd. 50 per cent. Big bargain list, coupons and a set of rare Stamps worth 80c. ALL FREE! We Buy Stamps.  
C. E. HUSSMAN CO., Dept. I, St. Louis, Mo.

**ALL STAMP OFFERS ECLIPSED.** 203 Hayti, Iceland, Somaliland, etc. and 50 unused Crete, Venezuela (Map), etc., ALL DIFFERENT, only 25c. Stock book 25c. Large Album 30c. Premium Coupon Souvenir and list FREE. Write today. **The Victor Stamp Co., Norwood, Ohio.**

**STAMPS:** 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and big illustrated list 2c. Agts., 50%. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A., Boston.**



**STAMPS!** Our Leader: 1000 stamps many varieties, incl. Malay, New Zealand, Philippines, Comoro, Congo, etc. only 15c. Stamp Album, coupons, large new list, bargain lists all Free! Agts. wtd. 50 per cent. We Buy Stamps.  
**E. J. SCHUSTER CO., Dept. 80, St. Louis, Mo.**

**5 VARIETIES URUGUAY FREE** with trial approval sheets. **F. E. THORP Norwich N. Y.**

**FREE** 40 U. S. from 1851 to 1902 for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 110 all diff. and album 10c. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**



**STAMPS.** We give FREE 15 all different Canadians, 20 India and catalogue Free for names, address of two stamp collectors and 2 cents postage. Special Offers, no two alike, 40 Japan 5c. 50 Spain 11c. 100 U. S. 20c. 200 Foreign 10c. 50 Australia 9c. 10 Paraguay 7c. 10 Uruguay 6c. 17 Mexico 10c. 6 Mauritius 4c. 4 Congo 5c. Agents Wanted, 50% commission. 50 Page List Free.  
**MARKS STAMP COMPANY, Dept. N, Toronto, Canada.**

**MENNEN'S**  
**BORATED TALCUM**  
**TOILET POWDER**



**"Baby's Best Friend"**

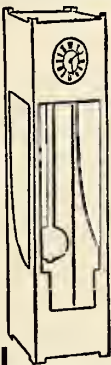
and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample free.

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

Mennen's Sun Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } No Samples  
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } Sold only at Stores.  
Specially prepared for the nursery.



**KOCH PAPER TOYS**

**"Sunshine for Stormy Days"**

Designed on purely scientific principles to amuse, instruct and develop the constructive ability of children—two to fifteen years. When completed, the toys are a permanent source of pleasure. Made of special, imported paper, they are very strong and durable. The Doll's house can be completely furnished and everything is in correct proportion. In the complete sets there are 40 articles for the house and yard.

Adopted by the Philadelphia and New York Summer Schools, and used in homes and Kindergartens in the United States, Germany and elsewhere 200,000 sets shipped to Russia last year. Highly recommended by Dr. Geo. Kerachenstein, Supt. of Schools, Munich.

Order a set now for your child, giving name of your dealer, and we will include free, 1 room interior, 1 tracer, 1 rule and paste.

Price per set, 10 toys, prepaid, 50c.

**KOCH PAPER TOY CO.**

**1241 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**50 STAMPS,** all different, 2c; **105** different, Corea, Mexico, China, Finland, Gold Coast, etc., 5c; **1000** hinges, 5c. Agents Wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. We buy collections.  
**UNION STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**Charming Gifts 25 CENTS EACH POSTPAID**

**GERMAN SILVER NOVELTIES**

**Trade Emblems of Perfect Design and Workmanship Spare Your Purse While Pleasing Your Friends**



Monkey Wrench, ebony or ivory handle.  
Claw Hammer, metal handle.  
Cabinet Clamp, all metal.  
Barber's Razor, metal.

**LIST OF MINIATURE TOOLS**

Ball Pein Machinist Hammer, metal handle.  
Butcher's Steel, ivory and ebony handle.  
Telephone.

Hand Saw, met-1 handle.  
Butcher's Cleaver, ebony and coral handle.  
Mason's Trowel, ebony handle.

ACTUAL SIZE Do not send coin, it is liable to loss in the mails. Send stamps, postal note or check

**MINIATURE NOVELTY CO., 130 East 20th Street, New York**



*Cover Design by  
J. M. Flagg.*

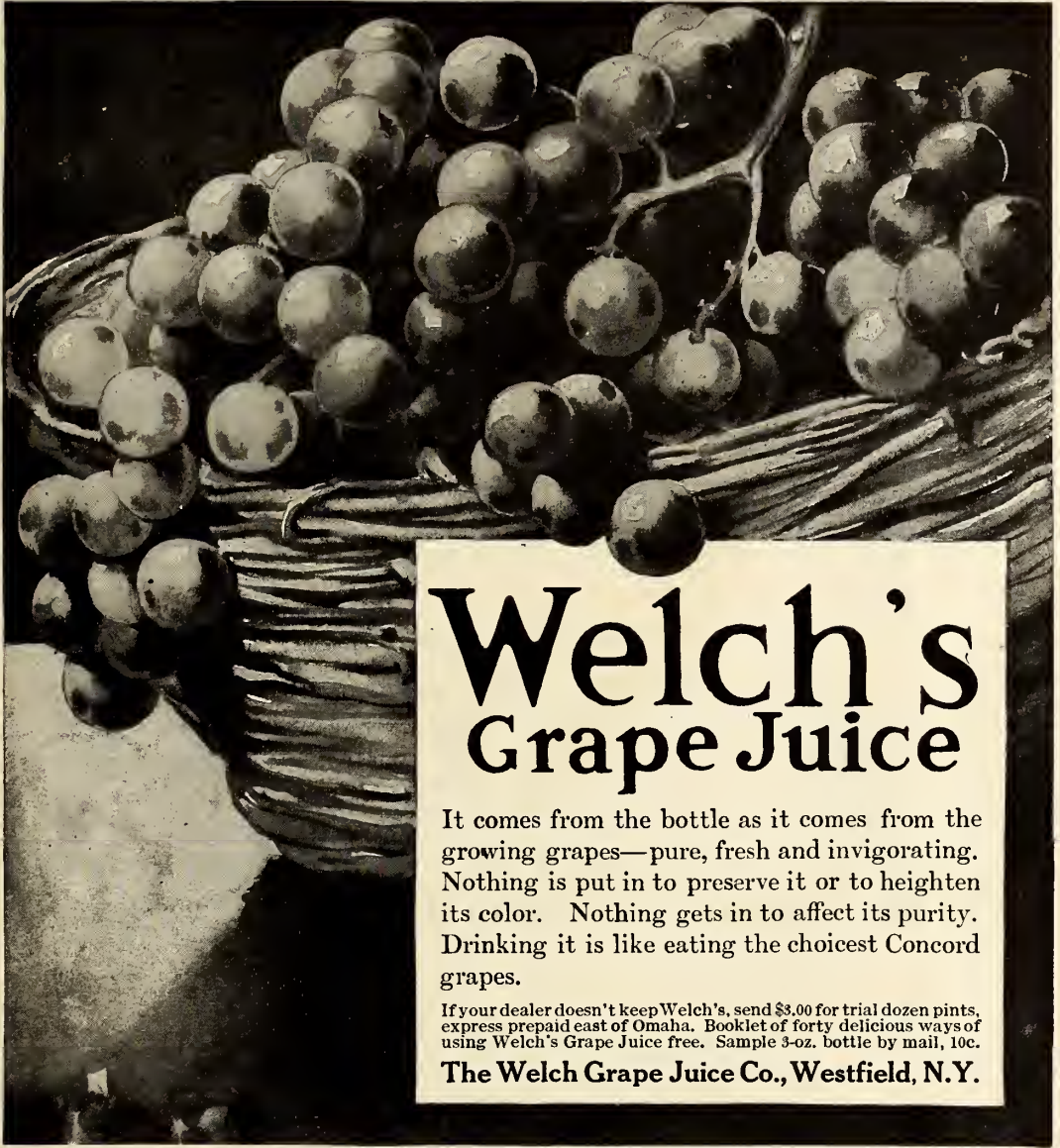
## The Best Valentine

you can give is the big Valentine Number of *Woman's Home Companion*, with this heart of hearts in the centre of its beautiful red cover. The Valentine Number for February contains C. Allen Gilbert's beautiful painting, "David Copperfield and Agnes"; another of Irving Bacheller's "Cricket Heron Tales"; "When Sabina Intervened," by Mary Hastings; a full page portrait of Abraham Lincoln at the age of fifteen, painted by Balfour Ker; "The Mothers of Lincoln," by Laura Spencer Portor; and little descriptions of all the best books about Lincoln,—All this and more in the February

# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS  
Subscription Price, \$1.25 a Year  
The Crowell Publishing Company  
Madison Square, New York City





# Welch's Grape Juice

It comes from the bottle as it comes from the growing grapes—pure, fresh and invigorating. Nothing is put in to preserve it or to heighten its color. Nothing gets in to affect its purity. Drinking it is like eating the choicest Concord grapes.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N.Y.

## "1847 ROGERS BROS."

This famous silverware affords the choicest selection in knives, forks, spoons and a full line of fancy serving pieces in many exquisite designs.



FANEUIL  
PATTERN

Whether the pattern desired be fancy or simple and chaste, it will be found in the "*Silver Plate that Wears.*"

To be had at best dealers' everywhere. Send for catalogue "B-5" showing all patterns.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.**  
(International Silver Co., Successor.)



# “I want a better hair ribbon—

one that won't wilt and crinkle after one or two tyings. What do you recommend?”

“Better quality, Madam. Women, as a rule, think *any* kind of ribbon is good enough for their children's hair bows.”

“Why, I buy the same quality as for millinery or dressmaking.”

“You should buy *better*. There is no ribbon use that requires as much quality as the constant tying that hair bows and sashes receive. Look at these

## DOROTHY DAINTY RIBBONS (S. & K. QUALITY)

See how attractively they are packed, each in a neat envelope by itself. Feel for yourself the fine texture. Notice the wonderful lustre. They are especially made for hair bow use, of absolutely pure silk. That is why they will stand up and keep their shape long after ordinary ribbons have wilted and mused. S. & K. Quality is the recognized standard of ribbon perfection; it is the kind of quality that stands for real economy.”

Dorothy Dainty Ribbons may be had at *your* ribbon counter, either singly from 30c. up or in the popular sash and hair bow sets from \$1.75 up, and hair bow sets from \$1.90 up. The ribbons in envelopes are made in four widths and the proper hair bow lengths. Taffeta, plain or moire, or in beautiful designs.

*If your dealer does not keep them, let us send you a forty-inch-long, four-inch-wide sample of S. & K. Quality taffeta for 32c. in stamps. You will find it the best ribbon value you ever bought.*

### BEAUTIFUL RIBBON BOOK FREE

Describes, pictures and prices the exquisite Dorothy Dainty Ribbon Sets and gives valuable information concerning ribbon buying and ribbon wearing.

### SMITH & KAUFMANN

85 PRINCE ST.

NEW YORK

Look for DOROTHY DAINTY'S picture on every package and on the end of each ribbon, this mark—

**S & K  
QUALITY**

It is your protection



# Don't you think Father would—?

## BUY YOU A REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

if he understood as well as you do—(but he's so busy)—just how the REMINGTON has helped other boys and girls with their lessons?

Think how proud you would be to have a real REMINGTON, the finest typewriter made—and to be able to produce the neat, clear lessons and compositions you are so anxious to place before your teacher's eye.

You know the REMINGTON teaches you to spell better, it helps you to compose better, it makes all your lessons easier, it makes all your work neater.

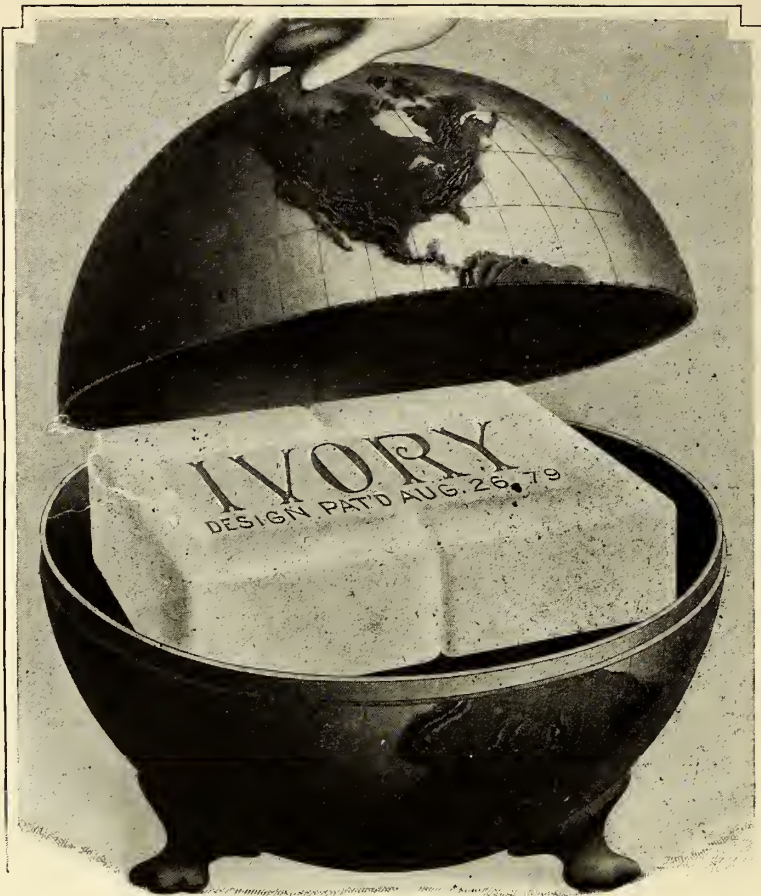
Oh, yes! Father *will* if you tell him. We will send you pamphlets to show him if you wish.



Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere



A PURE SOAP IN THE WORLD'S SOAP BOX.

Webster's Dictionary defines "purity" as "the condition of being pure."

Pure is defined as "free from that which harms, vitiates, weakens or pollutes; genuine; real."

This definition fits Ivory Soap exactly. It is "free from that which harms, vitiates, weakens or pollutes." It is genuine. It is real.

Twenty years ago, pretty nearly everybody looked upon Ivory

Soap as merely a bath and fine laundry soap.

They do so no longer.

Intelligent men and women, all over the country, have awakened to the fact that purity is more important than perfume. And they use Ivory Soap for the toilet, as well as for the bath, not because it is cheap, but because it is pure.

Can you think of a better reason?

Ivory Soap . . . . 99 $\frac{4}{100}$  Per Cent. Pure.

NOTE—With a stout thread, it is a very easy matter to cut a cake of Ivory Soap into two cakes of convenient size for toilet use.



# Libby's

Natural Flavor  
Food Products



## Family Favorites

**Libby's Olives** Selected from the choicest hand-picked fruit, firm, delicious, meaty and mammoth.

**Libby's Tomato Catsup** The ideal condiment which is fast becoming America's Family Favorite. Perfect tomatoes, pure spices, granulated sugar and the skill of Libby's chefs give it that home-made taste and true tomato flavor so essential to permanent "family favor."

**Libby's Mixed Pickles** are carefully selected, skillfully prepared and pleasantly spiced. They retain all the natural crispness and flavor of the fresh vegetables.

**Libby's Preserved Strawberries** recall the delights of strawberry time. Whole luscious berries the flavor of which really has been improved by Libby's modern methods of preparation. Try them alone or with ice cream desserts.

The exacting methods used in Libby's White Enameled kitchens bring to your table other good things like:—

Ox Tongue  
Boneless Chicken  
Mince Meat  
Apple Butter

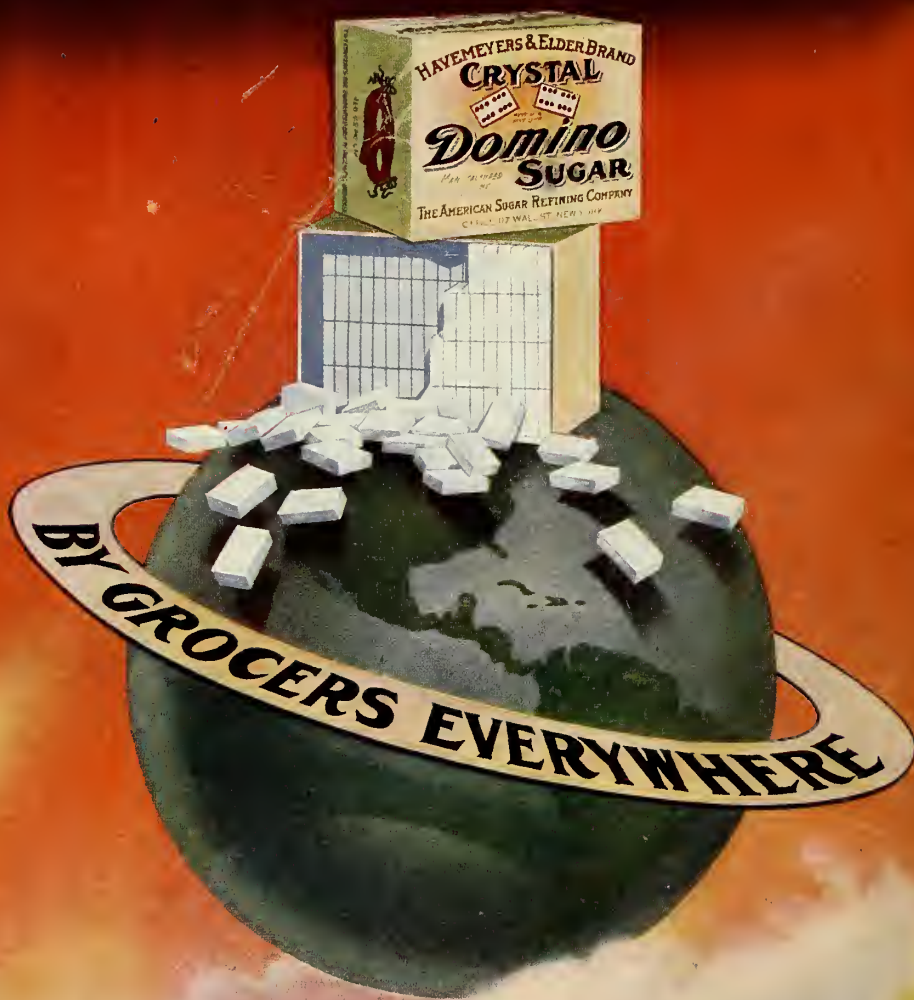
Deviled Ham  
Salad Dressing  
Corned Beef  
Condensed Milk

Libby's Food Products comply with all State and National Food Laws. Guaranty Serial No. 288.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.**



# CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR



Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee!



## GREAT BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

*Standard Books published by The Century Co.*

*Having a great yearly sale. Should be in every Child's Library*

### Rudyard Kipling's Famous Books

#### **The Jungle Book**

With illustrations by W. H. Drake and others. Containing "Mowgli's Brothers," "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," "Toomai of the Elephants," and others. 303 pp. Price, \$1.50.

#### **The Second Jungle Book**

Decorations by J. Lockwood Kipling. Contains the stories "How Fear Came," "Letting in the Jungle," "The King's Ankus," etc. 324 pages. Price, \$1.50.

#### **"Captains Courageous"**

It tells of a rich man's son who fell overboard from an ocean steamer and was picked up by a fishing dory off the Grand Banks. How the experience with the hardy fishermen made a man of him is something worth reading. Every boy should own this book. Twenty illustrations by Taber. 323 pages. Price, \$1.50.

#### **Mary Mapes Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy"**

The famous author of "Hans Brinker: or the Silver Skates" has here written a story of boy and girl life which has become a children's classic and which is put into thousands of new libraries every season. Illustrated. 355 pages. Price, \$1.50.

#### **Mrs. C. V. Jamison's "Lady Jane"**

Nearly twenty years ago this story was published serially in ST. NICHOLAS, and since its issue in book form it has had a constant sale. It is a delightful story of girl life in Louisiana. Illustrations by Birch. 233 pp. Price, \$1.50.

#### **Ernest Thompson Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly"**

No book ever written about animals has been more popular than this. It seems as if it were the real story of a real grizzly. Issued in beautiful form with illustrations and decorations by the artist-author. Printed in red and black on tinted paper. 167 pages. \$1.50.

#### **The Pilgrim's Progress**

John Bunyan's great classic issued in very beautiful form with 120 designs done by the brothers Rhead and with an introduction by the Rev. H. R. Haweis. The book is a large handsome quarto with every page illuminated. 184 pages. Price, \$1.50.

#### **Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln**

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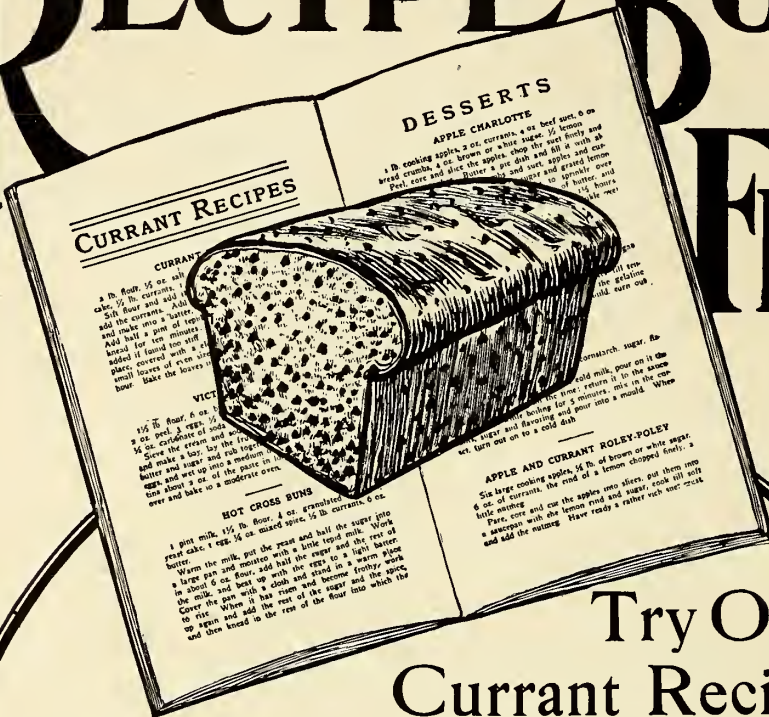
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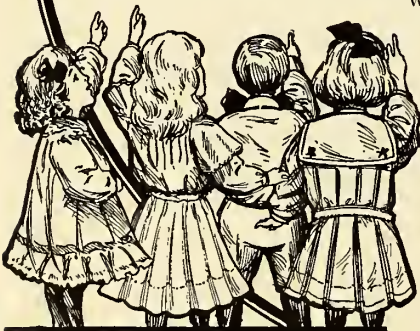
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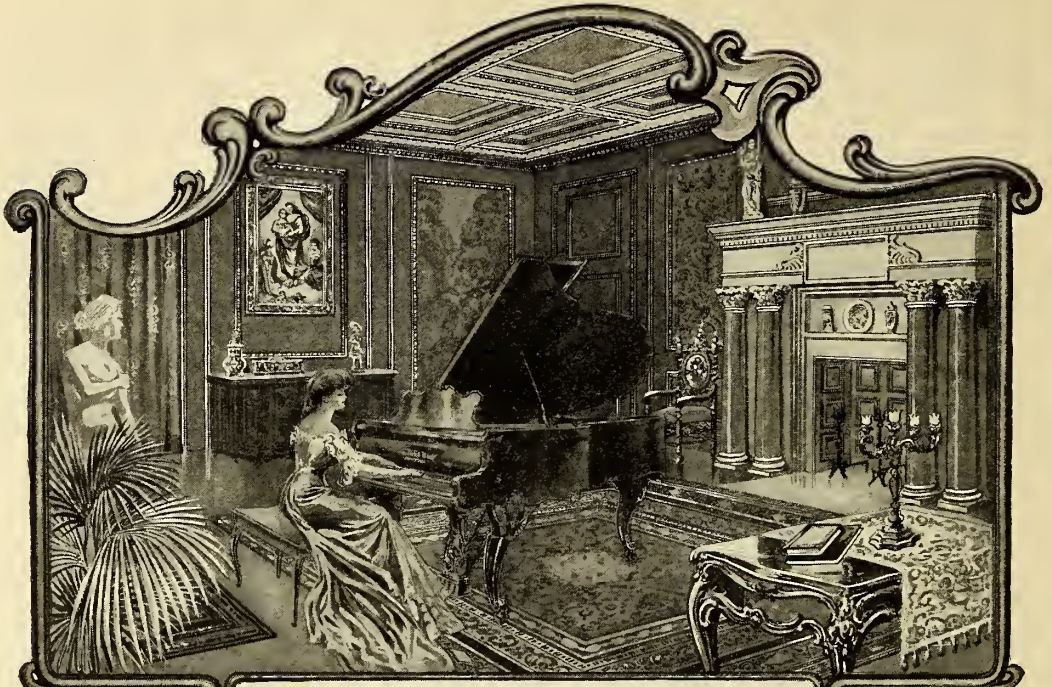
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ON THE GREAT WATERS UNDER WINTRY SKIES.

Drawn by I. W. Taber.



# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVI

MARCH, 1909

No. 5

## THE SLED THAT RAN AWAY

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

BEYOND any doubt at all, it was the most beautiful sled that ever slid. It was painted blue and had a high, arching back and a cozy seat all cushioned with blue velvet, and there was a thick blue rug on the bottom, so that one's feet need never get cold. Then there were runners that shone as bright as silver and curved up in front high above the sleigh part, and ended, each one, in a graceful swan's head that held a tinkling little bell in its beak. Instead of a common rope to draw it by, there was a strong, heavy cord of braided blue silk; and last and loveliest, there was a little robe of fleecy fur to tuck all around one when one went a-sleighbing. Why, the queen of all the frost-fairies would n't have scorned so dainty a turnout!

When Margie first saw her sled, her dear, serious little face broke into a perfect ripple of delight, and all the uncles and aunts and grandfathers and grandmothers that had come to do honor to Margie's Christmas tree, smiled at one another, and said what a darling Margie was, and how sweet she would look in the sleigh; and then they sighed a little, because it seemed too bad that Margie was the only child in the whole family of the Demorests, and that she had n't a brother or a sister, or even a little cousin, to grow up with.

Margie, herself, had never thought much about the disadvantage of being an only child. She was a very quiet little girl and perfectly content to play by herself with her dolls, or to pore over her picture-books, curled up in a huge leather arm-chair in one corner of her father's beautiful big library. Indeed, she was such a doll-girl, and

such a picture-book girl, that her mother sometimes fairly had to drive her out-of-doors for a fresh-air play.

All this was changed, however, after the sled came. It was fine winter weather with plenty of snow underfoot, and Margie spent hours every day in drawing the beautiful sled about the lawn or up and down the sidewalk in front of her home. Sometimes she would stop for a few minutes to sit down in the cozy seat and tuck the white fur snugly about her red-gaitered legs. It was after several days of this that Margie began to realize that something was lacking. What it needed was *two of her*—one to draw the sled while the other sat snugly within. How gladly would she take turn and turn about with the other Margie, if only there were two of her! It was hard that when the sled was gliding swiftly over the snow on its shining runners, she must be in front, pulling; and that when she was inside, the sled must stand still. To be sure, her papa or one of her uncles gave her a spin now and then up and down the block, but they seemed always to be just starting for the office and able to spare her only the tiniest speck of time.

One fine, bright, cold February afternoon, with several inches of clean new snow on the ground, Margie was engaged as usual in drawing her sled up and down the sidewalk in front of her house, when a grocer's wagon went briskly by, and, as it passed, Margie saw two sleds bobbing along behind it, a shouting boy on each.

What fun! And how easy! Nothing to do but fasten the rope of your sled to the back of the

wagon and glide away as gay as you please! And when you had gone far enough, you could come back in the same fashion, for there was never a time when carriages and cutters and wagons were not going back and forth, up and down the avenue—there were many boys and girls doing the same thing.

Margie watched wistfully as several vehicles sped by too briskly to admit any hope of her "catching on." Then her heart gave a great jump as a noisy lumber wagon, drawn by two big, sturdy, furry, farm horses, stopped in front of the very next house. The driver got out and tied his horses to the stone hitching-post. He was an old man, in a fur cap and with a long Santa Claus beard, and he moved rather stiffly. Taking a basketful of eggs from the wagon, he went up the neighbor's gravel walk and disappeared around the corner of the neighbor's house.

Margie, her heart going pit-a-pat with eagerness, dragged the blue sled quickly to the back of the wagon and, fast as her red-mittened fingers could work, tied the strong blue cord to the axletree with several good hard knots. Then she seated herself on the velvet cushion, luxuriously tucked the white robe about her knees, leaned comfortably back, and waited. It was n't long before the old man came back with his basket, empty now, and began to untie the horses. When he saw Margie he did n't look cross a bit, but just said: "Stick on tight, missy!" as he climbed to his high seat in front.

The two furry horses, frisky from standing in the cold, started off at a pace that nearly took Margie's breath away. But oh, was n't it fun! It was finer than anything she had imagined.

Not till the end of the long and beautiful avenue had been reached and the unfamiliar houses began to be farther and farther apart did it occur to Margie that she ought to be starting back. She had not noticed before that it was growing a wee bit dusk. Yes, she must get off at once and catch the very next wagon back or Mama would be worried. *Maybe* Mama would think she ought not to have come. (Really and truly, that was the first time Margie had thought of that possibility.) Yes, indeed, she must unhitch her sled at once.

But how?

Why, untie it, of course!

But she could n't come anywhere near reaching the knots from the sled—the cord was much too long. And there was no chance to get out to untie them when she was being spun along at such a rate.

If Margie had been a big boy of eight or ten, she could, of course, have managed somehow.

For that matter, if she had been a boy, she would never have *tied* her rope to the wagon, but would simply have passed it around the axletree, keeping the end in her hand. Then she could have stopped in a second, just by letting go. But Margie was only a poor, little, inexperienced six-year-old girl, suddenly aware of approaching darkness and a home rapidly being left farther behind.

Panic-stricken, she began to shout as loud as she could:

"Please stop! Please stop! Oh, *please* let me get off!"

But, alas! good old Farmer McPherson was very hard of hearing, to say nothing of the fact that he had drawn his thick fur cap tight down over his ears. And then the wagon made such a deal more noise than Margie could! The furry horses trotted on as fast as ever, and the big empty wagon box bumped and rumbled and banged.

It was really dark now and they had n't met anybody for the longest time. The road was not paved and instead of houses there were great white stretches of meadow, and once they went straight through a little wood. Poor Margie—what should she do? She might manage to jump out of the sled while it was going, and possibly she could find her way home on foot; but then she would never see her beautiful sled again. No, she could never, never, never let it go away without her. She snuggled deeper into the fleecy robe, and began to cry, and then she stopped crying to shout, "Please stop! Please stop!" some more; but nobody heard her and still they went on and on—and on—and on—and on—

"WHOA up, boys!"

A great glow of yellow lamplight flooded out across the snowy lawn as Farmer McPherson pulled up his tired horses at his own back door.

"That you, father?" cried a big, hearty voice from the door. "Here at last, be ye? Come on in an' I'll put out the team."

"Hullo, Gran'pa!" shouted the boy who had run out, bareheaded, with his father. And then: "O Gran'pa, what 's this? Where 'd you get this sled? Is it for me? O cricky—there 's somebody in it! It 's a girl. She 's asleep!"

And the next thing Margie knew, she was rubbing her eyes wonderingly and finding herself sitting on the white-aproned lap of Gran'ma McPherson. Her red coat, and cap, and leggings were off; her hands and feet were being felt of to make sure they were n't frost-nipped, and the frozen tear marks were being tenderly wiped from her red cheeks while she told them who



she was and how it happened. The little McPhersons—Sammie, who had discovered her, was eldest of four or five—were standing about in pleased excitement, and Gran'pa McPherson was exclaiming: "I swan to goodness if I ever thought of the little girl again after I started! The youngsters had been stealin' rides all day, and I had n't paid no attention to when they caught on or when they let go."

"Her folks 'll be scairt most to death!" said his

mie's mother. "I know just how I'd feel if I was her ma."

"An' now let's have our supper," said Gran'ma. "We 'll keep something hot fer you, Henry. Things have been ready to dish up this half-hour."

Such a good, country supper as that was, and such a hungry little wanderer to eat it! I'd hate to have to tell how many times Margie passed up her plate to Gran'pa McPherson, or how many times Gran'ma McPherson filled her blue mug



"IT WAS FINER THAN ANYTHING MARGIE HAD IMAGINED."

daughter-in-law, and at that suggestion Margie, who had begun to feel comforted, started to cry again.

"I want to go home! I want to go home!" she wailed.

"Bless your little heart, dearie," explained Gran'ma McPherson, "it's a good ten miles back to your house, an' it's gettin' colder every minute."

"Don't you fret, Sissy!" said the big man with the hearty voice. "I'm goin' to step right down to the Corners and telephone to your pa that you're safe and sound, an' that I'll bring you home in the mornin'."

"Yes, Henry, do start right off," urged Sam-

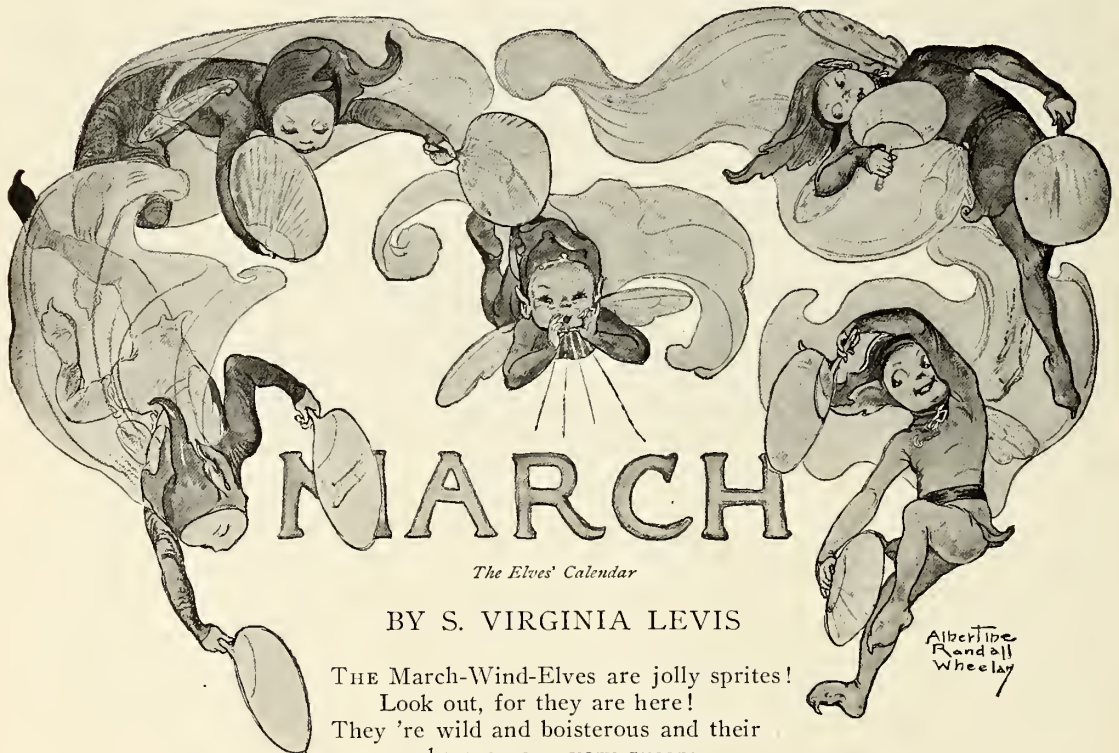
with milk. The table was set right there in the big, warm, pleasant kitchen, and the tea-kettle sang on top of the stove and the cat purred underneath the stove, and Carlo, the collie dog, barked for bits of cake from her plate.

Afterward there was a splendid half-hour of play with Carlo and the little McPhersons, and then, all of a sudden, the clock that had belonged to Gran'pa McPherson's grandfather struck the shocking hour of nine, and before Margie really knew what was happening she was being whisked off up-stairs, undressed, buttoned into a little unfamiliar nightgown, and tucked into the most delicious, billowy feather-bed that ever a little

girl lost herself in. And best of all, another little girl was lost in it, too, and when the lamp had gone off down-stairs and the only light left in the room was the red glow from the base-burner stove, there was so much giggling and squealing to be done by the two little girls that Gran'ma McPherson had to call up the stairs that she would be coming up presently to spank them both. Then they giggled some more and went to sleep.

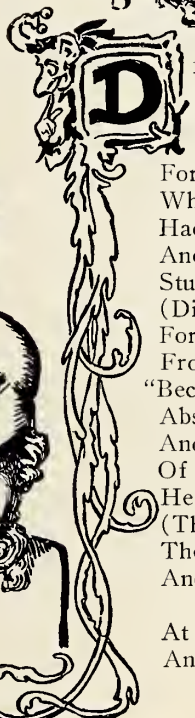
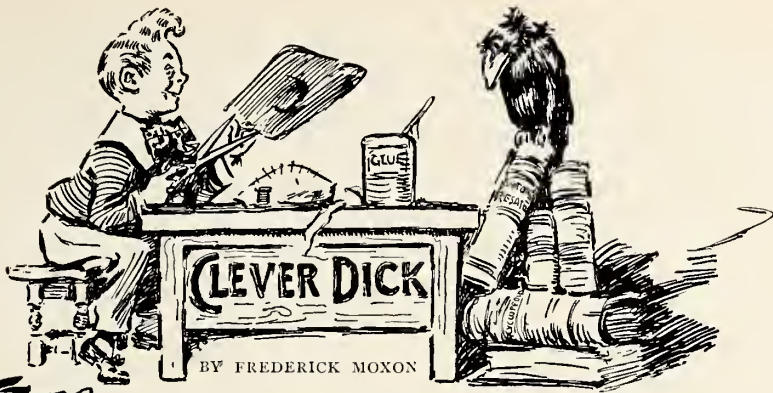
Next morning there was breakfast, and afterward Margie, blue sleigh and white furs and all, was tucked into a buffalo robe in the back of a big bob-sled, with the two furry horses prancing coltishly in front, and Sammie's father and Sammie himself on the seat above her and all the rest of the family gathered on the porch to see her off. She called good-by as far as she could see them, and threw kisses enough to her new friends to go around twice and some left over.

You may think that this is the end of the story, but, really, it is only the beginning, and I only wish I had room to tell of the many, many times that Margie went to the McPherson farm after that first visit. Sometimes she went in the automobile with her father and mother, and that was very nice; but the nicest was when Gran'pa McPherson, in town on a market day, would stop the furry horses in front of Margie's house and come to the door to know if he might borrow a little girl for a day or two if he 'd promise to bring her back safe and sound. Once he borrowed her for a whole blissful week, but that was when summer had come and long after the blue sled had been carried up to the attic, and the white robe packed away in moth-balls. Kind little blue sled! What a pity it could never know what a good turn it had done Margie that winter afternoon when it ran away with her!



THE March-Wind-Elves are jolly sprites!  
 Look out, for they are here!  
 They 're wild and boisterous and their  
 pranks are very, very queer;  
 With little fans they 'll toss your curls, they 'll give your caps a fling,  
 And make them mount into the air like kites without a string;  
 And then they 'll paint each cheek and ear with red, until it glows,  
 And, deary me!—they might, perhaps, splash freckles on your nose!





**D**ICK SMART, a clever little chap,  
 Made for himself a studying cap.  
 A boy of such ingenious mind  
 You will not very often find.

For cloth, he took a piece of baize  
 Which in its fresh and verdant days  
 Had been a lawyer's bag of green,  
 And oft in learned hands was seen.  
 Stuff that so well had served the law  
 (Dick reasoned) must be free from flaw.  
 For lining, he the covers took  
 From an encyclopedia book:

"Because (said he) you see the skin  
 Absorbs the knowledge from within,  
 And when the cap I wear, my brain  
 Of course will soak it in again."  
 He borrowed feathers from an owl  
 (The bird you know is Wisdom's fowl);  
 Therewith his headgear did he trim  
 And set it on the dome of him.

At once out-bulged his massive brow,  
 And people call him "Richard" now!





A DASH FOR THE POLE.

## A HEARTY GREETING



“How d’ y’ do, Ma’am? I don’t know you,  
 But I ’m very glad to show you  
 That my heart is truly grateful for the kind word that you gave;  
 I ’ve but little tail to wag, Ma’am,—  
 But I ’d wag it to a rag, Ma’am,

Just in order to assure you that I ’m utterly your slave.

I ’m a homely sort of fellow,—

And I can’t deny I ’m yellow;

And there ’s nothing very stylish in the name of ‘Stumpy Mike.’

I never wore a collar,

And I ’m not worth half a dollar—

I am what folks call a mongrel, or a ‘cur-dog’ or a ‘tyke.’

“But I would n’t give a penny  
 (Truth to tell, I have n’t any!)

To be pedigreed and registered and wear a ribbon blue.

I ’ve the freedom of the alleys,

And I pity dogs whose valets

Lead them out, by strings, a-walking, up and down the Avenue.

It is true my home ’s a shanty,

And that bones are all too scanty,

But what ’s the use of fussing over little things like that?

*Au revoir*, Ma’am! *Must* be going!

Glad we met! Don’t mind your knowing

I ’ve ‘got a date’ down yonder, to exterminate a rat!”

M. W.



# THE CORAL NECKLACE

BY GRACE E. CRAIG



"'SEE, DADDY, ALL THE LITTLE BOATS ARE COMING OUT TO MEET US!' CRIED FAIRE."

"OH, DADDY! Look! There 's Vesuvius! And it is *really* smoking!" cried Faire Atherton, dancing up to her father on the promenade deck of the *Asturia*.

The great liner was making her dignified way among the hazy islands of the bay toward the city of Naples, and all the passengers, having packed away their steamer caps and ulsters, were gathered on deck ready for the landing.

Fourteen-year-old Faire, with her merry face well tanned now by the sea-breezes, and all alight with interest, her gray eyes shining and her soft brown curls escaping from the huge bow which was endeavoring to hold them, made a pretty picture in her wide brown hat and brown corduroy traveling suit.

Her father looked down at her smilingly as she clung, chattering, to his arm.

"See, Daddy, all the little boats coming out to meet us! The people in that one have guitars! Oh! They are going to sing! And look, look! Those men are passing up bunches of violets on the end of a long stick! May I throw them some coppers? And oo—oo—oh! There are some little boys diving and coming up with pennies between their teeth!"

Mr. Atherton laughed heartily and followed his little daughter's hasty flight down the deck to a point nearer the interesting urchins.

To Faire the voyage from Boston to Naples had been a delight. Her mother and Aunt Alice had been just the least little bit ill, but Faire had not suffered, and she and her father had never once missed a meal in the big dining-saloon. They had played shuffle-board and bean-bag and tramped their four miles every day on deck.

The blue-and-gold days at sea were so glorious that Faire was almost sorry when the steamer at last reached the beautiful Azores and anchored in the harbor of the ancient city of Ponta del Garda, where Daddy said Columbus stopped for supplies on his first voyage to the new world.

She had enjoyed her afternoon in the old town, however. Everybody went ashore in tiny boats rowed by dark, little Portuguese men, and hired queer carriages drawn by pairs of pretty little donkeys for drives about the island.

At Gibraltar, two or three days later, Faire had visited that great rock fortress of the English, crouching like a lion at the entrance of the Mediterranean, and in Genoa Daddy had taken her to see the tall, narrow house in the dark, narrow street where the great discoverer of her own dear land first opened his clear eyes.

And now at Naples, the "bella Napoli" of which the musicians in the boat were singing, the wonders were not to cease.

"Mother, mother!" Faire cried, as they drove up from the dock to their hotel on the hill. "Do see the corals! The shop windows are *pink* with them."

"Yes, dear," her mother answered smiling. "Naples is the best place in Europe to purchase corals. While we are here I mean to buy my little daughter a really fine necklace to take the place of the baby chain she is outgrowing."

"Oh, Momsey! I should like it above all things," and Faire's eyes were brighter than ever. "I've always *loved* my tiny string of coral beads, because Uncle Charlie brought it to me when I was a baby, but I do have to hold my breath when I put it on now."

Faire missed the soothing rocking of the good ship that first night on land after the two weeks' voyage and her sleep was disturbed by dreams of Mount Vesuvius spouting strings of coral beads which rolled down his mighty sides toward the city of Naples.

When she opened her gray eyes next morning, Aunt Alice was just ringing for the chambermaid. The ring was answered by a very young girl in a neat, black dress and white cap and apron, an extremely pretty young girl, with the soft, lustrous eyes, dark hair, and fine skin so common in Italy. Faire, sitting up in bed with her brown curls falling around her, realized that the little maid gazed at her rather wistfully, and then with a pang she saw that the lovely dark eyes and the rounded cheeks were swollen with weeping.

"That girl can't be much older than I am, Auntie," she said as she climbed out of bed after her aunt had given her orders. "And she had been crying. Did you see?"

"Poor child! Probably she is tired and unhappy. These Italian girls are obliged to work very hard," and Aunt Alice looked troubled for a moment. Then she pushed aside the curtains and both aunt and niece promptly forgot little Teresita. Vesuvius was in plain sight and the beautiful Neapolitan bay, the fairest picture in the whole wide world, lay just beneath the window.

The happy days flew by on wings. Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, Aunt Alice, and Faire went to Pompeii, and walked up and down the ancient streets and peered into the houses which had been buried under Vesuvius' ashes for so many centuries; to Sorrento, that village of orange groves, perched on its bluff above the purple sea; and finally drove across the mountains to Amalfi and stayed several days in the old convent which has been turned into a hotel, where Faire often saw the few monks who still remain there walking up

and down under the orange trees, with bowed heads and serene faces.

Daddy read to her Longfellow's beautiful poem while they sat on the terrace overlooking the dreamy "Salernian bay with its sickle of white sand" and "the dim discovered coast" where "Pæstum with its ruins lies."

When they were back in Naples once more Mrs. Atherton decided that it was quite time for an expedition to the shops with the fascinating windows which had so charmed Faire on her arrival, and the little girl looked forward joyfully to becoming the proud owner of one of the dainty necklaces which were displayed everywhere in such profusion. She was to choose it herself and she could hardly wait. To be turned loose among the rosy corals would be bliss indeed.

Faire sat in her room on the eventful morning counting over the Italian coins which her mother had given her the night before.

"For the necklace, dear," Mrs. Atherton had said, "and the keepsakes for the home people."

"One hundred and twenty-five francs! Twenty-five dollars!" the little girl chanted softly. "Dearie me! What gorgeous things I can buy!"

Just then the door which Faire had left unlocked opened and the small chambermaid appeared with broom and dusters to arrange the room for the day. She was about to withdraw hastily when the American girl called her. She had been weeping again, in fact she seemed to be always sorrowful, and kind little Faire felt that she must fathom these depths of woe.

"What is the matter, Teresita?" she asked gently. "You have been crying, I know. Won't you tell me what troubles you?"

Teresita spoke very fair English, but for a moment she did not answer. Then she said with a little catch in her voice,

"I am unhappy, very unhappy!"

"I am so sorry," and Faire clasped her hands before her in a way she had when she felt most deeply. "I noticed how sad you looked the first day we were here. What is the trouble? Can I help you?"

It is doubtful if Teresita understood all Faire's words, but she did understand the sympathy in the eloquent little face, and to Faire's distress she burst into tears.

Then the story all came out. Teresita was the eldest of several children and her widowed mother was very poor. The girl had been in school until about six weeks ago, and had she stayed on until the end of the term would have received what she called a "certeficate," and then might easily have obtained a good position in a shop. But the mother had been ill for several



weeks in the winter and unable to do her regular laundry work for the hotel, and the household funds were consequently so low that when Teresita's gown and shoes became too badly worn to

Faire looked at pretty, sorrowful Teresita and then she looked at her little silver purse for a long moment.

"Don't cry!" she said softly at last. "How much would a new gown and new shoes and the other things you need cost?"

"Fifty francs," Teresita said sadly. "And I shall never earn here so much until I am too old for school."

Faire rose and walked around the chair where the little Italian had dropped down, and suddenly something glittered on Teresita's white apron.

"Oh, but you must not!" the girl cried. "Fifty francs! Madame, the mother, will not like it."

"It is mine," Faire said. "Mother gave it to me for a coral necklace, but I would far rather have you use it, Teresita."

For a moment Faire's straight little American figure in its Peter Thompson suit stood opposite Teresita's little, rounded, already stooping form in its uniform of service, and then the two girls suddenly put their arms about each other and Faire felt a soft kiss on her cheek.

Mrs. Atherton and Aunt Alice could hardly refrain from openly regretting Faire's generosity, but Mr. Atherton restrained them.

"The money was Faire's," he said, "and I am glad to find that she is unselfish enough to give up something she really cares for,



"SUDDENLY SOMETHING GLITTERED ON TERESITA'S WHITE APRON."

appear at school, new ones were out of the question.

"And so," the little maid finished, "I did *geeve* it all up, and came here. The hotel people *furnesh* the clothes but I shall never get here enough wage to help the mother, while if I might have had a *posession* in a shop I should have earned as much as twenty francs a week. I was so *deesappointed*."

to help a less fortunate girl."

"But, Robert," Faire's mother mourned, "the child will not have another such opportunity to purchase corals, and girls do love them so. She was very brave, but I felt so sorry, when we were selecting gifts for all her little friends, that she was to have nothing. I believe I shall go down and get a string of beads and surprise her."

"Don't!" Mr. Atherton counseled. "Faire will

not care for it now. I did not notice that she seemed unhappy when she returned from her shopping. I know my girl, and I think she can get on without a coral chain a while longer."

The very day the Athertons left Naples Teresita left the hotel to return to school.

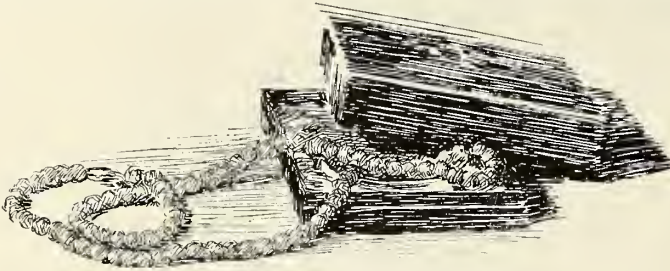
A year later, when Faire was back in her Boston home, and had quite forgotten her longing for the pink glories of the Neapolitan windows, a box came for her one day. It was addressed in the clear, round hand which is taught in the Italian public schools, and bore many foreign stamps.

Faire opened it wonderingly, and there on a bed of white cotton lay a *coral necklace*.

Mrs. Atherton and Aunt Alice exclaimed in rapture. It was a wonderfully fine chain, very long, and with beads perfectly matched, and as delicate in tint as the inside of a shell. A card attached bore the words, "From Teresita."

A little note written in the same careful hand told how Teresita had finished school, and at once obtained a good position in a dressmaking establishment. She had been able to keep her brothers in school also, and they could soon find positions now, and Teresita would be relieved from care, thanks to the young American Signorina. The writer knew that her kind friend had longed for a coral necklace, and as an uncle had returned from America with his savings and started a small jewelry shop in Naples, she had been able to obtain this one at a reasonable price. She was sending it with her "gratitude and reverent love."

"Hum!" Daddy said, when Faire exhibited her treasure to him. "It is extremely handsome, but I should value the letter even more highly than the necklace. There are things more precious than coral beads. Don't you think so, daughter?"



## MAGIC

EDWARD N. TEALL

THERE is a little cozy den, up on our highest floor,  
It 's right beneath the roof and far above the  
city's roar;

The way to it is up a steep and dark and winding  
stair—

It 's rather difficult to reach, but *jolly* when  
you 're there!

A table and some shelves of books, some pictures  
on the wall;

A couch—and that 's (I 'll tell you why) the very  
best of all:

When things are going all awry—they some-  
times do, you know—

I come up here alone and choose where I 'd most  
like to go.

Perhaps it is a Saturday, all spoiled by clouds and  
rain—

Well, then, would it be just the thing to fly away  
to Spain!

All right, I 'll go! Here 's Irving's "Conquest"  
ready on the shelf;

I lie and read—and soon in bright Granada find  
myself!

Sometimes I visit Arthur's court, and join the  
Table Round;

Again, with Mr. C. Columbus I am westward bound;  
Sometimes it is that wonder book, the famed  
"Arabian Nights,"

And then upon my magic couch I take the strang-  
est flights!

And *that 's* the secret—don't you see? I 'm sure  
you never guessed

That there were any such things now—enchant-  
ment and the rest!

Come up some time and try a trip—just now I 've  
got to go

And meet my old friend Robinson—Man Friday,  
too, you know!



# THE FROLICS OF MY BLACK BEAR CUB

BY MRS. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

"COME, Jimmy, get up, you lazy boy!"

And in response to my call, a large black paw was pushed from under the piazza. It was followed by a tawny nose, a pair of closely set eyes, two short rounded ears, and a thick-set body covered with jet-black fur. This was "Jimmy," the black bear cub. He stretched himself, yawned, and with lowered head and a slouching gait, walked slowly around the house to the kitchen window. Here he stood up on his hind legs, pressed his nose and fore paws against the window-pane, and peered into the room. Thus Jimmy reported to the housekeeper for breakfast as usual.

A kindly hand opened the window, and another held out a loaf of oatmeal bread, which had been sweetened with molasses on purpose for the cub. He took the loaf gently in his mouth, sat down on the piazza, and, holding the bread with his fore paws, bit off small pieces, which he ate with evident satisfaction, the while looking about him, and licking up every crumb before taking another bite.

He had almost finished his breakfast when some distant sound brought his ears up with a jerk, and made him jump to his feet. He listened intently for a moment, then, in sudden fear, started on a run for his den under the piazza; but before reaching it, he turned in his tracks, stood bolt upright, and looked in the direction of the sound. It was only a man coming up the road with a wheelbarrow, and Jimmy, apparently disgusted that he had allowed such a trifle to disturb him, dropped on all fours, and returned to the piazza to finish his breakfast.

A little later he sauntered slowly down the road. The man was resting on the handles of his wheelbarrow, but when he saw Jimmy coming toward him, he rose to his feet. The young bear also stood up to his full height, threw his stout fore paws around the man's waist, and with his teeth began tugging at his victim's sleeve. A playful tussle ensued, in which Jimmy was thrown, after which he was glad to crawl into the wheelbarrow and let the man trundle him back to the house.

I was on the piazza and, seeing me, the stranger touched his cap and said: "Mornin', ma'am, did you know this b'ar of yourn carried a lot of carpets under that piazza yesterday? My boys saw him do it as they was comin' by, and I thought you might be lookin' fer them.

He must be goin' to set up housekeepin' fer himself. Funny little chap that b'ar of yourn, ma'am."

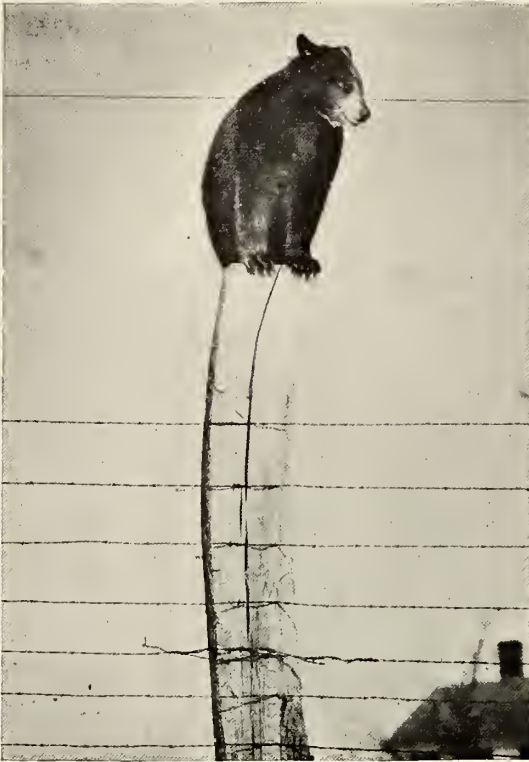
Thanking my informant for clearing up the mystery connected with the disappearance of the carpet, I at once began an investigation, and found that Jimmy had not only taken the carpets, but a number of other things which had disap-



"JIMMY."

peared recently. I could see his snug nest by looking through a small cellar window, but it was impossible to get at the stolen articles without a somewhat serious engineering operation, and I instructed the household to keep a watchful eye on Jimmy, to prevent further theft. But in spite of our vigilance, the cub continued to enlarge his bed. He carried off everything he could find. That he had no conscience whatever, we realized, when one day we found him stripping the clothes from the line, and it was only by a quick dash from the breakfast-table, that we succeeded in rescuing the clothes as they were being dragged into his den.

Jimmy was always up to tricks, and it was only the day after his attempt to steal the linen that I caught him in another piece of mischief—in the



"JIMMIE WAS FOND OF HIGH PLACES."

upon the ground, and when we wanted the cub, we went to the orchard, being almost certain to find him either there, or on the way to or from the apple-tree. This particular morning the men had been picking apples, and a barrel of fine Baldwins had been left under a tree. Jimmy had pulled the barrel over, and in a frenzy of delight was dancing upon the apples and wildly batting them in all directions with his paws. Presently he raked some of them into a heap, and gravely placing his head upon it, he turned a somersault as cleverly as a small boy could have done; then he arose and faced me with a look which seemed to say: "Good gracious! However did that happen?" And, as if pleased with the sensation, he turned over and over, until he grew tired and began turning the apples over with his paws. When he had eaten one, he stretched out his right paw, and took a second apple, and then a third, which he ate in the same way. He could not reach another with his paw, so he got up and taking one in his mouth carried it into his den. Thus Jimmy was instinctively storing up on his own little body a food supply in the form of a layer of fat, which would tide him over what, for bears in the wild state, would be a period of scarcity of food—the winter months.

orchard. The apples were ripe, and for Jimmy's especial benefit we used to leave the windfalls

Jimmy was fond of high places, but as he became stouter he no longer dashed up trees or poles until he was thirty feet from the ground, but contented himself by climbing slowly to a height of three or four feet, whence he would drop



"THIRTY QUARTS OF MILK WERE WASTED IN THE SNOW."





"JIMMY LIKED TO HELP SAW WOOD."

panting to the ground. He was like the boy found in every school and known to his comrades as "Fatty." When he stood up to wrestle with me, a slight push with my hand would send him head over heels, and he would generally lie where he fell, rolling on his back, and playing with his toes.

One blustering evening in November we got our first snow-storm, and it was late the next morning when Jimmy ventured forth. Once outside his den, he took a step forward, raised his right fore paw, after the manner of a pointer dog, and stood irresolute. His long sensitive nose sniffed the frosty air distrustfully, and his head moved slowly from side to side, as he took in the situation; then, as a sudden gust of snow-laden wind struck him full in the face, he uttered a loud "wough!" and fled back into his den.

Jimmy did not appear again that day, and when the second and third day passed, and he did not show even the tip of his nose at his doorway, we thought that he had bidden "adieu" to the cold, cruel world, and had tucked himself snugly away to sleep,—

"Until Winter, slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on her smiling face a dream of Spring."

But this proved to be a mistake, as we shall presently see.

Some months before, Jimmy had appointed himself Inspector-in-Chief of all vehicles which stopped at our house. This habit dated from the day on which he had discovered a basket of luncheon in the back of a carriage. He had removed the cover and devoured the contents before the rightful owners were aware of what was going on, and from that day forward, Jimmy seemed to consider any conveyance drawn by horses to be worthy his careful personal attention. So it happened that when he had been in his den for four days, presumably fast asleep, the jingle of the milkman's sleigh-bells was heard on the road leading to our house, and the "Inspector" poked his nose from under the piazza. The small matter of a winter's sleep must not be allowed to interfere with business, so he plunged through the snow, and reached the sleigh just as its owner went into the house. Nothing could have been more to Jimmy's liking than the can of fresh milk, still slightly warm, which he found uncovered in the sleigh. His head quickly disappeared in the mouth of the can, and he was drinking at a great rate, when the milkman, who saw him from the window, rushed toward the sleigh shouting, "Hi! Hi! Hi!" Jimmy



"AND TRIED TO SHOVEL SNOW."



"THE DOLL AND A CHAIR WOULD AMUSE HIM FOR HOURS."

pulled his head out with a jerk, overturned the can, and the next instant thirty quarts of milk were wasted in the snow.

But little accidents of this kind did not trouble Jimmy, and after he had been hustled out of the sleigh, he made his way to the orchard, while I went into the house to get some money to pay for the damage he had wrought.

Jimmy stopped at the spot where the apples lay covered by the snow. He seemed rather surprised that none of the fruit was in sight; there was certainly plenty of it when last he visited that spot. Apparently he did not know that the apples were really quite close to him, and that he



"A FAVORITE PLAYTHING."



"HE LIKED TO PLAY WITH SMALL BRANCHES."

could easily have dug them out; possibly he could not even scent them. However this may be, he stood a few minutes sniffing the air, and then came back, carefully putting his feet into the holes he had made on the way over.

That Jimmy was not happy we soon realized when we saw him sitting down, holding first one hind foot and then the other with his fore paws, while he licked the snow from each in turn. Then he sat up and licked his fore paws, but presently rolled over on his back, and held all his feet to the warm sun. Like other bears at this season of the year, Jimmy had deep cracks in the soles of his feet, and for about a week he appeared to suffer greatly whenever he walked.





ROMULUS TO JIMMY: "KEEP AWAY, NOW—KEEP AWAY!"

completed. He let himself into the hole feet first, and sat down, his little black arms resting upon the surface, and the usual droll expression on his face. Thereafter I frequently found him sitting thus. Sometimes he would curl himself up at the bottom of the hole, and work himself round and round with his paws.

Jimmy's favorite chum and playfellow was "Romulus," a young prairie-wolf. The fact that they were such good friends was due largely to Jimmy's good

But these troubles passed away, and Jimmy made friends with the snow, and enjoyed it as much as any healthy boy could have done. He was no longer fat and lazy; his lost activity had returned with redoubled force, and he soon worked off the superfluous flesh he had gained during the autumn. He was greatly interested in everything that was going on, and insisted on helping with any work he saw in progress. He tried to shovel snow, and to help the man saw the wood; and when his assistance became tiresome and he was driven away, he would generally go to the wood-pile and work desperately hard by himself, shifting around the heavy logs.

He was very imitative. I saw him one day, when the windows were being cleaned on the inside, stand on his hind legs, and with his fore paws rub the outside of the pane, following the movement of the cloth.

Although very fond of company, when left to his own devices he would amuse himself all day long. On these occasions, one of his favorite playthings was a rag doll which he hugged and carried, very much as a child would do. This doll, and a chair put on the snow for him to climb on, would keep him amused for hours at a time. Pruning trees was also a favorite occupation of Jimmy's, and he spent much time playing with the small branches which he cut off with his teeth.

One day, about the middle of February, I found the cub busily digging a hole in the snow. Every now and then, he would sit in it and turn himself about in different positions, as if to be sure that he was making it large enough. He dug until he could not reach the bottom of the hole without tumbling in, and after this had happened several times, he seemed to consider his work

nature, for certainly Romulus teased him in every possible way. Even in the matter of food, Jimmy was disposed to be generous, and he



JIMMY TO ROMULUS: "SEE HERE, YOUNG FELLOW; WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?"

seldom resented the attempts of Romulus, or of "Actaeon," the deer, to take from him his bread and apples. There was, however, one particular kind of food which he insisted on having his full share of, and that was plum pudding. He would eat it at any time of the day or night, whether he was hungry or not, and if there was any limit to the amount he would eat, no one ever discovered it. No matter how much was given to him he never seemed to consider the quantity sufficient to warrant his sharing it with his playfellows, and if either of these attempted to force him to divide with him, the result was a fight. Not that Jimmy was really vicious, but he

had heard the door open, and was hurrying around in order to get his share of anything that was going. But he was a little late, for Jimmy clasped the saucepan tightly to his breast, buried his nose in it, and began to mutter a series of warning "No-no-no-no-nos," which Actaeon had learned to respect. Seeing that he was "out of it," the deer uttered a plaintive "ba-a-ah," and walked away to nibble some browse. So absorbed was the cub that he did not notice the stealthy approach of the wolf, who circled around him several times, then sprang for the handle of the saucepan, and pulled it to the ground. Jimmy was evidently taken by surprise,



"SEEING THAT HE WAS OUT OF IT THE DEER UTTERED A PLAINTIVE 'BA-A-H.'"

gave his companions to understand that on the subject of plum pudding his opinion was law. One day, after romping in the snow all the morning, Jimmy presented himself at the kitchen window, and several slices of bread were passed out to him. The cub took them in his mouth, let them fall to the ground, and continued to peer into the room. "I believe the little bear just wants a bit of something sweet," said the housekeeper, and going into the pantry she soon reappeared with a saucepan containing a generous amount of plum pudding. Jimmy took the saucepan eagerly in his paws, and sitting up in the snow, proceeded to eat the contents as quickly as he could. Presently he heard an approaching footstep, and with an apprehensive look upon his face, drew his head from the saucepan and looked over his shoulder. It was Actaeon, who

but he held on to the rim of the pan with one paw, and planted the other paw firmly inside. During the struggle the pudding was scattered upon the snow, and Jimmy turned his attention to that, leaving Romulus to run off with the pan. The wolf finding he was not pursued, dropped it, and returned to torment the cub. But Jimmy was ready for him this time, and clapping his stout paws about his tormentor's neck, bore him to the ground, and deliberately sat down upon his prostrate body. Of course the wolf kicked and squirmed, but this did not in the least disturb Jimmy, who, looking quite unconcerned, calmly finished his pudding.

Winter passed away, and with the first days of early spring, a number of men began to work upon the grounds. For a time they were highly amused at the antics of Jimmy and Romulus. But



one evening when they were getting ready to go home and three of the men were unable to find their overcoats, the funny side of the animals did not appeal to them quite so strongly. It was easy to guess where the missing coats were, and a raid on Jimmy's den was quickly planned, and the stolen property recovered. That evening Jimmy went to his den as usual, but of course he found that his bed had been disturbed, and he soon came out with a very surly expression on his face, and, grumbling to himself, sauntered down the road. The next morning when the neighbor's children came with the milk, they seemed greatly amused over something, but for a time they giggled so much they could not tell me about it. It appeared that their Uncle Billy, who lived with them, had returned home very late the night before, and, not wishing to disturb the rest of the family, had crept quietly to his room and gone to bed without a light. As he slid his feet down to the bottom of the bed, he was much startled at feeling some furry object there, and became wild with fright when he heard an angry growl, and something grabbed him by the foot. With a startled whoop like that of a wild Indian, he bounded out of bed. The outcry awoke all the other members of the household, and as soon as they could obtain lights, they appeared at the bedroom door. Uncle Billy, looking very pale and scared, sat upon the floor holding his injured foot in both hands, and the merest glimpse of Jimmy was seen for an instant as he disappeared through the open window. When it was learned that no serious damage had been done, every one, excepting Uncle Billy, saw the funny side of the situation, and the bear cub became more celebrated than ever.

But funny as Jimmy was, we realized that it would not be long before the fun would be all on his side. He was growing bigger and stronger every day, and though little more than a year old, he required a full grown man to handle him



"NO—NO—NO—YOU CAN'T HAVE IT."

when he chose to be rough. Our nearest neighbors had a large family of children, and we knew that if Jimmy met one of these alone on the road some day, he might, even in play, do some serious injury. We were just discussing what it would be best to do with him, when we learned that the New York Zoölogical Society was looking for a Canadian black bear, and as Jimmy happened to be a native of Canada, he was offered and accepted. At first he did not like the new life a bit, but he has grown used to it, and the last time I was at the Bronx Park, he seemed perfectly happy, and was romping with other bears, just as he used to romp with Romulus and Actæon.



JIMMY AND ROMULUS.

# THE LASS OF THE SILVER SWORD

BY MARY CONSTANCE DUBOIS

## CHAPTER VIII

DOUGLAS GORDON

CAROL and Jean almost forgot their drenched plight in the interest of seeing Camp Hurricane, as the boy who had rescued them headed the canoe for the Hamiltons' landing. Kneeling on the dock was a lad whom they guessed to be Jack Hamilton, busy giving an overturned skiff a fresh coat of blue paint. Jack's father, they knew, was a clergyman; and high up the slope, above a dot of a bungalow, they saw the tiny chapel where, Cecily had told them, her uncle held service during the summer. In contrast to the chapel the white tent near-by, with "Old Glory" flying over it, lent a military air to the place; and it looked as if a cavalry manœuvre were going on in the clearing fenced off from the rest of the grounds. Trotting briskly down the inclosure came a fine, black horse, a tall, young fellow holding his halter and running beside the spirited creature.

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed Jean. Then she gave a cry of delight, for, grasping the horse's mane, the athletic six-footer had vaulted lightly onto his back.

"He must belong to a cavalry troop, or a circus!" cried Carol.

"You 'd think so, to see him!" said their new friend. "There is n't anything he can't do with horses! He broke Cyclone, himself. That 's Court," he added. "He 's the older son. He 's a senior at Yale." Then he called to the boat-painter: "Hello, Jack!"

The boy turned, saw the canoe-load, and sprang to his feet. "Hello, Douglas!" he called back.

"Say, Jack, these young ladies have been cap-sized, and they 've got to get some dry things. Can your mother help them out?"

"Surely! Come right up," said Jack, cordially. He was a sturdy fellow about fifteen, with a pleasant, sunburned face.

"We 're from Mrs. Brook's camp, and we 've had the most ridiculous upset," laughed Carol, as the canoe touched the dock. "But we hate to trouble Mrs. Hamilton. If she could let us have some wraps,—we 're slightly cool!"

"Oh, Mother 'll fix you up—she loves to take care of people!" Jack hauled in the canoe. "Say, Court!" he shouted, here 's a ducking accident!"

His brother, now riding bareback, had caught

a glimpse of the visitors and had already slackened his pace. At Jack's call he dismounted, knotted the halter-rope around the horse's neck, turned him loose, and jumped the fence. Without stopping, he snatched up his coat which lay on the grass and came down to the dock at a double quick, slipping on the coat as he ran, and preceded by a rough Irish terrier and an extremely loose-jointed and clumsy St. Bernard puppy, both dogs barking a turbulent welcome. He collared the obstreperous puppy as he joined the girls, while Jack arrested the terrier.

"What 's the matter?" he asked. "Have you had a spill?"

"I should think we had!" said Carol. "But we 've been heroically rescued, and our rescuer insisted on bringing us in here."

"He brought you to the right port," said Court, heartily. "I 'm sorry you 've had an upset, but I 'm glad you came straight to us. Come up to the bungalow. Are you staying with the Brooks?"

"Yes, we are," answered Carol; "and so, as we 've succeeded in drowning ourselves by way of celebrating our first day here, we thought the Hamiltons might take pity on us."

"The Hamiltons are delighted to. We 're a regular Red Cross hospital. Go ahead, Jack, and tell Mother to get ready for us." Jack ran on, and his brother escorted the girls up the long, steep slope.

"That darling horse,—just see him!" cried Jean. "He looks as if he wanted to jump the fence and come to us."

"He tries to squeeze into the bungalow sometimes. He follows me around like a dog," said Court. "I must apologize for the hurricane-like way I came down to you just now," he added with a laugh. "I 'm afraid you thought there was a Wild West show going on up there."

"Oh, we enjoyed it immensely," said Carol. "I never saw any one but a cavalryman mount the way you did."

"I was just having a little fun with Cyclone," said the young man, modestly. "I broke him last summer, and he 's having a post-graduate course this year."

"Is he named Cyclone because he lives at Hurricane?" asked Jean.

"Yes, we 've had him since he was a colt,—he 's a three-year-old. He came from a stock-farm up here,—the owner 's a grouchy old chap,





CAMP HUAIRARWEE.

but father won his heart going to see him when he had a close call with pneumonia once, and he gave us one of his colts in return."

"He 's perfectly magnificent!" exclaimed Carol, enthusiastically. "You 'll have to introduce him to us before we go home. We love horses, don't we, Jean?"

"Yes, indeed! and dogs, too!" said Jean, who was petting the puppy and the terrier by turns. "What are the dogs named?"

"This one 's Blarney," said Court. "He 's a paddy, and he knows how to blarney, too, when he has a point to gain. And we call that fellow Blunder, because he 's constantly mistaking our best shoes for dog-biscuit."

They had nearly reached the bungalow; beyond it was the chapel, and they saw a sunny-haired young girl mounted on a ladder, training honeysuckle vines to clamber around its one stained-glass window.

"There 's my sister Rose," said Court. "Rose, come here!"

Rose turned her head and, seeing visitors, descended nimbly and hurried to meet them. "Why, what *has* happened? You 've been upset!" was her greeting. "Come right indoors and get warm. I 'm so glad we have a fire going!"

Just then a motherly-looking lady stepped out of the bungalow. "You poor, drowned children!" she exclaimed. "Come in and let me take care of you." She gave a hand to each bedraggled guest, and Carol and Jean found themselves whisked into her bedroom. Before long, Rose had fitted both girls out with dresses of her own, and the shipwrecked maidens were sipping hot lemonade and toasting themselves before the blazing pine knots in the bungalow.

When they came out again they found Court waiting to introduce them to Cyclone. The black horse was really a splendid creature. He was full of spirit and fire, but he condescended to show himself as gentle as a zephyr to the two girls who stroked his velvet nose, and held his right fore hoof when, at his master's word, he offered to "shake hands."

Next, Dr. Hamilton came out from his chapel to welcome the visitors and took them in to see the tiny, rustic church. After that it was high time for the runaways to go home, and they went down to the dock, where Douglas and Jack were waiting. Court claimed the privilege of paddling both girls back to camp, but he was obliged to share the honor.

"Douglas," said Dr. Hamilton, "we 'll postpone your lessons and let you take Miss Lennox home in your canoe."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Douglas.

"Are n't you afraid I 'll upset you?" asked Jean.

"No, because I shan't scare you any more," replied the boy. "I 'm going to leave my rifle here."

"Douglas wants me to keep it for him," said Jack. "He says Tony Harrel hooks it when he 's out of the way."

"Tony 's breaking the game laws, is he?" said his father. "He 'll get himself into trouble. See that the law does n't get interested in *you*, Jack!"

"Your name 's Douglas, is n't it? What 's your last name?" asked Jean, shyly, as, the good-bys over, they glided away from the landing.

"Gordon," the boy answered.

"Douglas Gordon! My, but that sounds Scotch! Are you Scotch?"

"Father was."

"My father 's Scotch, too, and my name 's *very* Scotch,—Jean Lennox."

"That 's pretty," said Douglas. "You 're from New York, are n't you?"

"No. Guess where my home is."

"Scotland?" Douglas suggested.

"No."

"England? or Ireland?"

"No, indeed! I 'm American."

"Dawson City, Alaska?"

"I should think not! You did n't ask *which* America I live in."

"Why, you don't mean you 're from South America?"

"Yes, I do," laughed Jean. "My home 's in Rio Janeiro, just now."

"Great Cæsar! Brazil!" Douglas looked at her with reverence.

"But I had to come back to the United States to boarding-school," Jean explained. "Where do you live?"

"Over here, this summer. I used to live at Algonquin, about twenty miles from here. I 've lived up in the Adirondacks since I was a little chap."

"How old are you now?"

"Fifteen. How old are you?"

"Fourteen. I 'll be fifteen next October. Father 'll be home in time for my birthday. He 's coming to New York on business."

"I 'll be sixteen next Christmas," said Douglas.

"Does your birthday come on Christmas?" cried Jean. "What fun! You ought to get double presents."

"My father died *last* Christmas," said Douglas, quietly.

"*Died on Christmas!* Your *father!*—and it was your birthday!" Jean's great blue eyes



grew dark with distress, and the sympathy in her face stirred the boy to confidence.

"It was pneumonia," he said. "He was taken sick while I was away at boarding-school, and I could n't get home till just two days before he died. And he did n't know me, he was out of his head all the time. Only Christmas day he knew me just a few minutes, and then—he died. He bought that rifle for me for Christmas," he added. "He talked about it while he was out of his head. Dad and I were great old chums!"

Douglas plunged his paddle into the water and worked with all his strength. Jean watched him sorrowfully, and wondered if he were an only child like herself.

"Have you any brothers and sisters?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, have n't anybody."

"Oh, dear! You don't mean your mother's dead, too?"

"Yes, I can hardly remember her. She died before we left the city. Father was a doctor and we used to live in New York, but he came down with lung trouble and had to give up his practice there and come up to the mountains."

"But you're not all alone, are you?" asked Jean. "Have n't you a grandfather, or an uncle, or anybody?"

"No, I'm all alone in the world. I'm striking out for myself now. I had to go to work after Father died—that's why I'm over here. I thought I could get some work at one of the camps. I did, too. I've been working for the Clintons at Big Pine Camp, while their man was laid up. I want to earn enough in the summers to pay my board through the winter's, and then I can go to High School in Albany."

"Oh, Douglas, I think that's perfectly fine of you, to go to work like that. You're really seeking your fortune, are n't you?" said Jean.

"That's about the size of it," Douglas agreed. "After I've been through High School, if I can scrape up the tin, I want to study engineering and go out West as a mining-engineer."

"Is n't Dr. Hamilton giving you lessons?" asked Jean. "I heard him saying something about it."

"Yes, I lost the whole of last term, and he's coaching me so I can make up what I've missed. Tell you what, he's been good to me!"

"And you're working at a camp, too," said Jean. "My, but you must be busy!"

"Oh, I've lost my place at the Clintons'. Their man came back yesterday."

"How mean of him! What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know yet. Dr. Hamilton spoke for me

up at the inn, but they told me to-day they did n't want me."

A bright, eager look came into Jean's face. "Here's a chance to use my silver sword!" she thought. "I know!" she said. "Mrs. Brook says we have to have a boatman for our camp. The man she engaged disappointed. I'm going to ask her to engage *you!*"

"Oh, thank you!" Douglas stopped paddling in his surprise. "That would be fine! But I don't believe she'll take me. She'll want a *man.*"

"Oh, no, she won't!" said Jean, confidently. "It's only to take us out on the lake and look after the boats."

"Well, I ought to know something about boats," said Douglas. "I was brought up on a lake."

"Is that your canoe?" asked Jean.

"It was till a few minutes ago. I brought it over from Algonquin to sell, and I've just sold it to Court Hamilton. I'll never sell my rifle, though!"

"Douglas, who's Tony Harrel, that Jack said kept hooking your rifle?"

"He's old George Harrel's son. I'm boarding with them. Poor old Tony, he'll be quite cut up when he finds the rifle's gone for keeps!"

"I think it was horrid of him to take it," said Jean. "Dr. Hamilton said he was breaking the game laws. What did he mean?"

"Killing game out of season. But, please, don't say anything about it, will you? I don't want to get him into trouble."

"All right, I won't," Jean promised, and she had forgotten Tony Harrel long before they reached the Huairarwee dock.

The canoes having put into port, Douglas took his leave and paddled back to his lessons. The girls and Court went up the bank together, and the runaways found that the moment of confession could no longer be delayed,—for there were Mrs. Brook and Fräulein Bunsen on the tent veranda.

"Here we are, Auntie! I've brought them back safe," called out Court.

"Why, girls! What does this mean? What *have* you got on? And how in the world have you and my nephew become acquainted already?" exclaimed Mrs. Brook.

"Meine kinder, at last you come back!" cried Fräulein. "I look for you all over! De girls haff gone to walk, dey could not wait for you. Where *haff* you been?"

"We've been to the bottom of the lake," said Carol. "Bunnie, dearest, don't scold us! Cherish us! We might have been swept away from you

forever under those seething billows! Mrs. Brook, *will* you forgive us for playing hooky, and not send us back to-morrow? It was all my fault; I led Jean into the scrape. I ought to have known better."

"No, it was n't her fault one bit; it was mine! I upset the canoe!" Jean interrupted, and together the delinquents recounted their adventures to Mrs. Brook.

The camp mother laughed merrily, but she

"You 'll be bankrupt as usual before the end of the summer. When will you ever learn to be economical!"

"Don't worry about me, Auntie, the legacy 's sure, and that 's a very great comfort to me," said Court.

"Whenever Court 's been seized with a fit of charitable mania and given away everything he possesses, it always turns out that his great aunt, Miss Van Courtlandt, is about to make him her



"'I OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT BOATS,' SAID DOUGLAS, 'I WAS BROUGHT UP ON A LAKE.'"

threatened to lay down stringent rules on the subject of canoeing.

"Oh, come now, Auntie!" Court put in coaxingly, "don't make your camp unpopular. Miss Armstrong 's equal to shooting rapids.—I know she is! If you won't enact any painful laws, I 'll lend you the canoe I 've just bought."

"Court Hamilton! What are you buying another canoe for?" cried Mrs. Brook.

"Oh, well, Douglas Gordon wanted to sell his, and I thought this would be a good chance to help him out."

"Court! Court!" said his aunt, laughing.

heir," explained Mrs. Brook. "She 's a very convenient excuse, Court, but you 'd better be careful how you talk about her. She 's a very old lady and she *may* die suddenly and really leave you a legacy, and then think how conscience-stricken you 'll feel!"

"I 'll feel worse if she does n't leave me one," replied Miss Van Courtlandt's saucy young namesake.

Jean looked up at the frank, manly face and the merry, blue eyes, and felt that here was a kindred spirit. "Mrs. Brook, can't you take Douglas Gordon for your boatman?" she sud-



denly demanded. "He 's an orphan and his father died last Christmas, and he has n't any home, and he has to earn money so he can go to school and be an engineer and go out West, and he 's lost his place, and he knows all about boats, —and *won't* you please take him?"

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Brook, "my brother has told me about him."

"Oh, Mrs. Brook, *could n't* you take him?" pleaded Carol. "Mr. Hamilton says he 's such a nice boy!"

"I wish you *would* take him, Auntie," said Carol. "I 'm sure he 's all right."

"My heart does go out to the poor boy," said Mrs. Brook. "And I don't know of any one else to hire. But I must have a talk with your father first."

It began to look as if Caritas would win. The walking party soon returned, and the other battle maids ardently took up the cause of Douglas Gordon; and when Jack came in bringing the mail, he gave his friend an enthusiastic recommendation.

"Now, boys and girls," said Mrs. Brook, before the brothers went home, "I wish one thing to be understood. We are all one big family party here. Girls, you are my summer daughters, and my nephews are running in and out all the time on some errand or other, so you 'll see plenty of them. I propose that you drop titles,—I don't wish to hear a 'Mr.' or a 'Miss' all summer. I hope you will take Cecily's cousins for *your* cousins, as you have taken me for a 'mother.'"

## CHAPTER IX

### THE TRAIL TO THE NORTH POLE

"How would you like to go to the north pole now?" Cecily put this question to her summer sisters as they lolled on the rocks above Jasper Falls, after celebrating their second day at Halcyon by a picnic on the brink of that roaring mountain cascade.

"I 'm ready for north pole, south pole, equator, or anything," declared Jean, with enthusiasm.

"We 'll have to go to Christmas Cave, then," said Cecily. "The pole 's inside it."

"Is there really something here you call the north pole?" asked Betty.

"Why, of course there is," said Cecily.

"Come on, then,—let 's make a dash for the pole!" said Jean. Every one was ready to march, and Cecily led the party down the hill into the dense woods at its base to take the trail to the Arctic regions. That trail, however, seemed to be hidden beyond all discovery.

"I can't find it anywhere!" Cecily had to ad-

mit. "I 'll go a little farther and see if I can strike it." She pushed on with Miss Hamersley and a few energetic explorers.

Jean, Frances, and Betty, busy coaxing a chipmunk to be friendly, were among those who stayed behind with Fräulein Bunsen. Roderick Dhu had gone off on a hunt, and presently they saw a rabbit shoot across the path and into a thicket, the collie in pursuit.

"Rod—stop! come here!" called Jean, and she darted after the dog, hoping to prevent bloodshed. Frances and Betty joined the chase, but the three soon found themselves barred by the dense tangle that stopped even Roderick, yet proved a safe retreat for the rabbit.

"Listen, girls! What 's that rustling?" exclaimed Betty.

"A bear probably," said Frances. "Sick 'em, Rod!" But the collie needed no urging. He dashed around the edge of the thicket.

"Oh, dear! What is it? Let 's run!" cried Betty, and she sped back to the others with a haste most unworthy of a battle maid.

Jean and Frances followed the dog, and stopped short. Confronting them stood a man, looking strangely dark in the deep shade,—a man at whom Roderick Dhu was growling suspiciously. The girls pulled the dog away.

"Come back to the others," said Jean, and the two valiant amazons hurried after Betty. A rustling of leaves told them that the man was following.

"I 'm scared!" giggled Frances, and Jean felt as if something eery was pursuing them.

"Betty, your bear 's coming after us!" Frances announced as they rejoined their friends, and a minute later the stranger presented himself.

After all there was nothing uncanny about him; he was, on the contrary, a most picturesque figure. His swarthy complexion, jet black hair, restless, dark eyes, and handsome features were well set off by his corduroy suit, blue flannel shirt, and wide felt hat.

"Pray, kind sir, know you where lies de Christmas Cave?" asked Fräulein, who had studied Shaksperè when she was learning English and was apt to slip into Elizabethan phrases.

"Hey? What, marm?" asked the stranger.

"He understands me not. You ask him, Carol," said Fräulein.

"You ought to have said: 'Be thy intents wicked or charitable, thou comest in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee.' You 're forgetting your *Hamlet*, Bunnie, liebchen," said Carol. Then she turned to the new-comer, saying: "We 're trying to find the trail to Christmas Cave. Do you know where it begins?"

"Christmas Cave? That 's about a mile 'from here," the man answered. "I 'll show you the trail. Come right along this way."

"Oh, thank you," said Carol, "but we must wait for the rest of our party."

The man seemed quite ready to enjoy repose and a chat, and he lounged against a tree, with a careless grace.

"He 's a French count in disguise!" whispered Betty.

"Yes," Eunice whispered back. "He only said, 'Hey? What, marm?' to make us think he was a country pumpkin."

"No, he 's a charming villain," said Carol. "I 'm morally certain he has a dagger hidden in each of his boots."

"I guess you 're the folks that was comin' to Mis' Brook's, ain't you?" the stranger inquired.

"Yes, are you one of the guides?" asked Eunice.

"Well, kinder. I ain't a reg'lar guide, but I know the business a good deal better than them guides at the inn. Their game 's to git the highest pay for takin' you the shortest cut. All they care for is to git paid for savin' their own shoe leather. But that ain't *my* way. I charge jest half what the reg'lar guides do, an' take you the prettiest trail every time. So I 'm your guide whenever you want one."

The explorers returned just then, and Cecily exclaimed: "Why, there 's Tony Harrel! How do you do, Tony? Do you know where the trail to Christmas Cave starts?"

"Jest waitin' to take you there," replied the gallant Tony. "I found the ladies was in a fix, an' told 'em I 'd show 'em the way. I 'll take you home by the new trail, too. It 'll git you back in half the time."

"Carol," whispered Jean, "don't you remember—Douglas said it was Tony Harrel that stole his rifle? This must be the same man."

"I don't like Tony a bit," Cecily confided to Jean. "He *will* call me 'Cissy,' and he won't say 'Miss.' But I 'm glad we met him, so he can show us the way. His real name 's Mark Antony,—is n't that rich!"

Mark Antony led the way to where a narrow trail branched out from their path. Then he said to Cecily, who, with Carol and Jean, was in advance of the rest, "Say, Cissy, your mother 's lookin' round for a boatman, ain't she? I heard Eph Jones disapp'inted her, an' I kinder thought I 'd like the place, myself."

"Oh, but I 'm almost sure she 's going to engage Douglas Gordon," Cecily answered.

"Oh, she 's goin' to take that kid, is she?" Mark Antony smiled scornfully. "Well, I guess

after she 's tried him for about one day, she 'll be lookin' for somebody else."

"Douglas has been very well recommended," said Cecily, with her most grown-up air.

"Oh, well, he 's a mighty fine gen'leman, of course," Harrel acknowledged. "Great on readin' books, an' that sort o' thing, but when it comes down to doin' chores, the work *he* knows how to do 's to keep his hands clean. He 's boardin' with us, so I know. I guess the folks at Big Pine Camp thought he was a little *too* much of a dude!"

"They did n't at all!" burst out Jean. "He worked as hard as he could, and he only left because their man came back. And he does n't care one bit about keeping his hands clean! He 's in earnest, and he wants to work!"

"He 's a gen'leman, all right, though," said Tony. "He 'll take good care never to *kill* himself workin'."

"You don't know anything about it!" cried Jean. "He 's too proud to depend on anybody. And a *real* gentleman is never ashamed to work!"

The man laughed, but his dark eyes shot a sneering glance at Jean. "Well," he remarked, "he seems to know how to git around the girls, all right!"

"He does n't try to get around us!" began Jean, indignantly.

"Hush, Jean, be careful." With her low voice and warning look Carol checked the warrior queen. Then, turning to Harrel, she said: "*Miss Brook* will show us the way now, herself. We thank you for showing us the trail, but we prefer not to trouble you any longer. Good afternoon. Girls, we must go back to the others." Very quietly she spoke; but she looked unusually dignified and stately, and there was something in those clear eyes of hers that changed Mark Antony's sneer into a stare of surprise, followed by an angry glance, and then caused him, shrugging his shoulders, to turn away without a word. They heard him whistling carelessly as they retraced their steps.

"The horrid, old, sneering thing!" exclaimed Jean. "I wanted to tell him gentlemen did n't steal other people's rifles! Why did you tell me to be careful, Carol?"

"The less you say to such a person, the better," answered Carol. "I did n't like his manner from the first."

"I 'm glad you called me 'Miss Brook,' and sent him marching," said Cecily. "You *can* look like an empress, Carol! I don't wonder he turned and fled. My, but you made him angry, though! Did you see how his eyes flashed? They say he has Indian blood."



"He looked about ready to scalp me," said Carol.

They joined the others, and then Cecily led the way along the trail to a mass of rock in which they saw the opening of a cave. "That 's Christmas Cave," said she. "Wait here till I come back." She vanished inside the cavern, reappeared, and threw something at Jean which hit her in the chest and burst as it struck.

"Snow!" gasped Jean. "Good gracious me! A snowball!"

"Yes, it was a snowball," said Cecily. "Merry Christmas! Come and hang up your stockings."

As many girls as could crowd in followed her into the cave and found themselves shivering in the chilly air of Jack Frost's impregnable fortress. Patches of snow, the relics of last winter's drifts, lay in crevices in the rocks. In the farthest recess was an accumulation of rough ice, and planted in its center stood a miniature Indian totem pole with grotesque figures carved upon it and painted in red, white, and blue. A tiny American flag was fastened at the top of the pole.

"Hooray! There 's the north pole, and it belongs to Uncle Sam!" cried Jean.

"He 'll own both poles before he 's done with it," said Carol. "The stars and stripes forever!"

"Jack made the pole," said Cecily. "Is n't that a fine iceberg? It never melts all the year round!"

"Let 's have a snowball fight," Frances proposed, and a battle ensued. The ammunition was scarce, but the girls kept remolding their shot, every one who could find a bit of snow joining in the fray.

When everybody had enjoyed a taste of freezing, the campers trudged home to Huairarwee. They found Douglas Gordon on the veranda, talking with Mrs. Brook, and just as the supper-horn sounded, he came down and broke the good news to Jean.

"Mrs. Brook has engaged me for the summer! I 'm going to get six dollars a week, and I start in to-night. I 'm going to build your camp-fire."

That evening Douglas built a royal fire, and around it the merriest revels took place. Carol with her mandolin led the others in a concert of college songs. Charades followed, and then writing-games, played by the firelight.

"Now I am going to beg for the old-fashioned game I used to love when I was Cecily's age," said Mrs. Brook. "First you each write the description of the hero of your story, fold it over and pass it on to your neighbor. Then you write the hero's name; then how the heroine looked, and her name; then, where they met, what he

said, what she said, what they did, the consequence, and what the world said. And each time you fold over what you 've written and pass it on."

Pencils flew busily, and when the papers were read aloud, the campers found themselves figuring as heroines in the most thrilling situations.

"Here 's a tragedy!" said Cecily, and she read the last paper.

"The raven-haired, fiery-eyed, French count, Douglas Gordon, and the dashing new woman who has made a world record in her racing automobile, Fräulein Bunsen—"

"I? Racing in automobiles?" cried Fräulein.

"Met at the bottom of Halcyon Lake, their canoes having capsized. He said: 'Where are you going, my pretty giraffe?'"

Jean boxed Frances' ears.

"She said: 'Don't shoot that kingfisher!' and leaped. Then they mounted the winged horse, Cyclone, and flew madly over the Adirondacks. The consequence was that Mark Antony Harrel immured them in Christmas Cave till they froze to the iceberg, and then made his fortune by exhibiting them as fossils of the glacial period. And the world said: 'What else could you expect at a girls' camp!'"

"You are very naughty girls to treat me so!" said Fräulein. "For punishment you must bring apples to roast and de kettle,—vat you call him, —de Villiam?"

"The Billy," laughed Carol.

The apples and the Billy were brought, and while the company feasted on chocolate boiled over the camp-fire and roast apples, a story-telling contest went on. Here Jean was in her element and told a blood-curdling tale of an Indian chief who in days of yore had pitched his wigwam where the bungalow now stood, had scalped his enemies wholesale, and finally, while kidnapping a beautiful squaw, had himself been tomahawked on Camp-fire Rock by the maiden's betrothed. Since that time, Jean assured her hearers, his ghost had haunted Huairarwee.

"Enter the ghost!" Carol suddenly announced in a sepulchral voice. The other girls started, half a dozen screamed, and Roderick Dhu awoke barking. A dark figure was gliding stealthily through the trees on the bluff, with the noiseless tread of an Indian. Douglas ran up the bank to investigate.

"It 's only Tony Harrel!" he said. "Say, Tony, I 'll be home soon. Don't lock me out!"

Mark Antony deigned not to reply. He vanished as noiselessly as he had come.

# Snow-Tracks in Jungleville.

I W. Oakes



Mr Elephant:-

"Everybody knows the tracks of a canary; but what in the world are those other big foot-prints?"



Mr Elephant:-

"Look, fellows, what is that coming? We had better move away from here!"





This is what it was.



Prof. Ostrich :-

"Some monstrous animal has passed  
this way; I must be cautious."



# From the DRUM *of the* SAVAGE *to the* GREAT ORCHESTRA



(For older girls and boys.)

BY JESSIE KATHERINE MACDONALD

## I. PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS

IF, while we are listening to the wonderful sounds from a modern first-class orchestra, sounds which sometimes for beauty almost take one's breath away, and which carry one's imagination off into an unknown region—if, I say, we could bring ourselves back to earth, and could stop to consider the origin of the various instruments which are being so wonderfully controlled as to sound like one great voice of many tones, we should be amazed and awestruck to find from what rude and primitive beginnings this glorious orchestra had grown.

To young folk who are studying music, it may seem strange to give the first attention to that class of instruments which, we are taught, is inferior to all the rest. In fact, if we take them by themselves, percussion instruments cannot properly be called musical instruments at all. But to understand the growth of anything it is necessary to begin at the beginning, or as near it as possible. And of all the four parts of the orchestra:—percussion, brass, wood-wind, and string choirs, as they are called,—the percussion choir takes us farthest back,—away back among the beginnings of all things.

Let us begin, then, as long ago as we can, with our mysterious ancestor, prehistoric man. How

can we know anything about him? some may ask. By studying what is left of him, to be sure, in the isles of the South Seas, in Australia, Africa, and South America. Primeval man, the savage, as we usually call him, is fast disappearing under the march of civilization. There are many records of him, written by travelers, from the days of Queen Elizabeth till now; and these records are most valuable in teaching us to trace the beginnings of many things.

Now, the lowest of these savages had no musical instruments at all, and, indeed, only a very limited language. For music and language always went together, and those who are studying music know that it is itself a language, understood by all civilized people, no matter what tongue they may speak.

Next above these beginners come those tribes who have percussion, or striking, instruments, only. And it is with these savages that we have to deal.

We can, then, with the help of those lowest tribes, imagine a time when there was absolutely no music in the world. And then we can imagine how a savage, probably by accident, first struck two pieces of wood or stone together, at regular intervals; and, judging from what we read of savages to-day, we can imagine how pleased and interested he would be. For, although sounds



like the roaring of the wind, the rumbling of thunder, the splashing of waves, or the singing of birds have existed as long as man has, all these sounds wanted one thing to make them of any real value as music, and that was *Rhythm*.

Rhythm, then, is the oldest element of music, as the drum and its kind are the oldest of musical instruments.

By striking a regular rat-a-tat-tat, two or three times, this curious ancestor of ours came to a very interesting and perfectly natural conclusion. He noticed the difference between this sound and any he had ever heard before, although he did not call that difference by its name—rhythm. The clever man also recognized the idea of a language; and after turning it over in his mind for a while, he came to the conclusion that the mystery and pleasure of the sound was the voice of a spirit.

Having acknowledged this, the next step he took was to worship the spirit, and to improve the forms in which it was to dwell. At first he simply used any sticks or stones which came to hand, and threw them away. Next he conceived a brilliant idea of hollowing out a gourd, filling it with pebbles, and rattling it. Finally, after many centuries, I have no doubt, of slow improvement, he reached the height of ingenuity, from which we have scarcely departed to-day—he hollowed out a log, closed over the ends with skins, and beat them with sticks.

At last, he had made a DRUM.

The worship of the drum now became one of the forms of a strange religion which scientists call fetishism. The hollow log was dressed up with feathers, mounted on a pole, and attended by priests, who carried it about among the various tribes. The pole was fixed in the ground and the people came in crowds to worship it. It was consulted as an oracle, offerings were laid at its feet.

In some tribes the religious idea was a little different: the fetish was not the spirit itself, but was possessed with magic power to drive away, or mollify, evil spirits. And it is a striking fact that this idea has continued all through the ages of history and among civilized nations, nearly down to our own times. For what is a bell but a metal drum, with the drumstick hung inside? And how many superstitions do we read of about bells and belfries, in the Middle Ages,—how bells were rung to insure a good harvest, or fine weather. We do not stop to consider why we ring bells at weddings, funerals, or New Year's eve and other special occasions. To be sure, the only reason *we* do so is that it always has been done. But our ancestors of the Middle Ages

rang bells for the very same reasons as our primeval ancestors rattled gourds or beat drums.

As fast as the savage improved the form of his instrument, or idol, rather, he learned more ways of using it. He soon began to move his feet to the accompaniment of the mysterious, fascinating rat-a-tat, and thus he learned to dance. The dance, in its turn, gave life and variety to the rhythm. Next, he learned to adapt the rhythm to his own state of mind. If he felt peaceful and sentimental—an unusual state of mind for a savage we should think, though travelers tell us it is possible—he played softly and smoothly. If roused to enthusiasm by the thought of battle, or perhaps the prospect of feasting over a vanquished foe, he used his sticks with spirit and animation. And, gradually, the voice of the spirit disappeared, and the drum became man's own voice, by which he expressed his various emotions. So we cannot afford to despise our primitive ancestor, for he made the most of what advantages he had, and used his drum to express such feelings as he had.

Let us turn now to the people of ancient history. We find that among the more intelligent and artistic nations percussion instruments were used more sparingly. The Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans all used wind and stringed instruments to a great extent, as well as drums and bells. But the Chinese and Japanese, who were not very musical, have always been celebrated for the number of clashing gongs and tom-toms, which, with one or two half-drowned wind or stringed instruments, went to make up their orchestras.

As we come to the Middle Ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that, at first, the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practised for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten. For what there is left to us of the music of the Middle Ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent.

In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the Crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the East. Various kinds of drums, tambourines, and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.

There are several kinds of instruments that go to make up the percussion choir of the orchestra, but the only one that is constantly used is the kettledrum. The use of all the others depends upon the character of the music. In a military

march, the rattling side-drum comes in, in a funeral march, this drum is muffled; in a light dance movement the triangle or the "Glockenspiel" is heard, and if it is a Spanish dance, one hears the wooden castanets also; when the music is intended to express terror or agitation, the cymbals are brought together with a loud crash. But with the exception of the Glockenspiel, or "chime of bells"—made usually of steel bars of different lengths—all these instruments have no definite pitch; they do not strike any particular note, therefore they are useless as regards melody. Like the drum of the savage, they can only mark rhythm.

The kettledrum, however, has been so far improved that it has a pitch; in fact, it contains the large range of four notes. It is, as its name shows, a copper kettle, or basin, covered over with skin, which can be tightened or loosened by screws placed round the edge. Drums of this shape were used by the Romans, and even earlier by the Greeks and Etruscans. But they were not known in western Europe before the Crusades.

Although it may appear so, the kettledrum is not at all an easy instrument to manage. For, in order to get each of the four notes the player has to turn all the screws, and adjust the parchment anew. For this reason kettledrums are often used in pairs, one tuned to the key-note, the other to the fourth below. In this way the drummer has always the two chief notes in the scale to work upon, and, if the composer has not exacted much from him, he will have quite an easy time. But when a change of key is approaching, it is quite exciting to watch the drummer, screwing and unscrewing the drum, and lightly tapping, to hear if the pitch is true. And if we recollect that he often has to tune his drum while the whole orchestra is lifting up its voice, we realize that he must be no mean musician; that he must possess an exquisitely sensitive and well-trained ear, and a steady hand and nerve as well.

Before the time of Beethoven there was not so much expected of the drummer, his two notes, the tonic and dominant, with which he marked the time, being quite sufficient. But Beethoven, who brought the symphony to its highest perfection, and who recognized the capacity of the various instruments as no one had done before him, wrote melodic phrases for the drum, sometimes giving it a solo part, thus raising it to a higher dignity than it had ever before reached. In order to execute these passages three kettledrums are necessary; in some modern compositions even more are required. As an instance, Berlioz, the French composer, has written a requiem, or mass

for the dead, demanding eight pairs and ten players. But this is most exceptional.

We have now traced the growth of the humblest part of the orchestra from its birth to the present day. It is not likely that it will ever reach a much greater height. But its real mission was accomplished centuries ago, when it assisted our wild, untaught ancestor in developing his sense of *rhythm*, and thus laying the foundation stone of that wonderful and beautiful structure, modern music.

## II. THE BRASS CHOIR

NEXT above the percussion instruments in order of merit, and not quite so old, are the *brass* wind instruments.

Gradually, after the savage had been making rattles and drums, he learned to beat time—which is the simple way of saying "to mark rhythm." And as he became a century or two older, he made a new and interesting discovery. How he came to make it we do not really know, as there are no records of those old, dark days. But, perhaps, in picking up a conch-shell on the seashore, and putting it idly to his mouth, he chanced to blow into it, and, to his great surprise, it made a deep, ringing sound; quite a new sound, different from and more pleasing to the ear than the dull rattle of the drum.

After that, he naturally began to blow into anything hollow which he could find—the horns and bones of animals, hollow reeds, and stems of plants, such as the bamboo cane—and in making all these experiments, our savage ancestor, who used his ears carefully as it was all so new and interesting to him, discovered that there was a great difference between some sounds and others. Some reminded him of the roar of the wild beast in the forest; others were like his own voice when he shouted his war-cry; others, again, sounded like the chirping of birds of all kinds, like the soft coo of the wood-pigeon or the loud scream of the bird of prey. So, by listening and paying attention, he discovered the difference between "high" and "low" in music; or, putting it in a little more difficult way, he discovered *Pitch*.

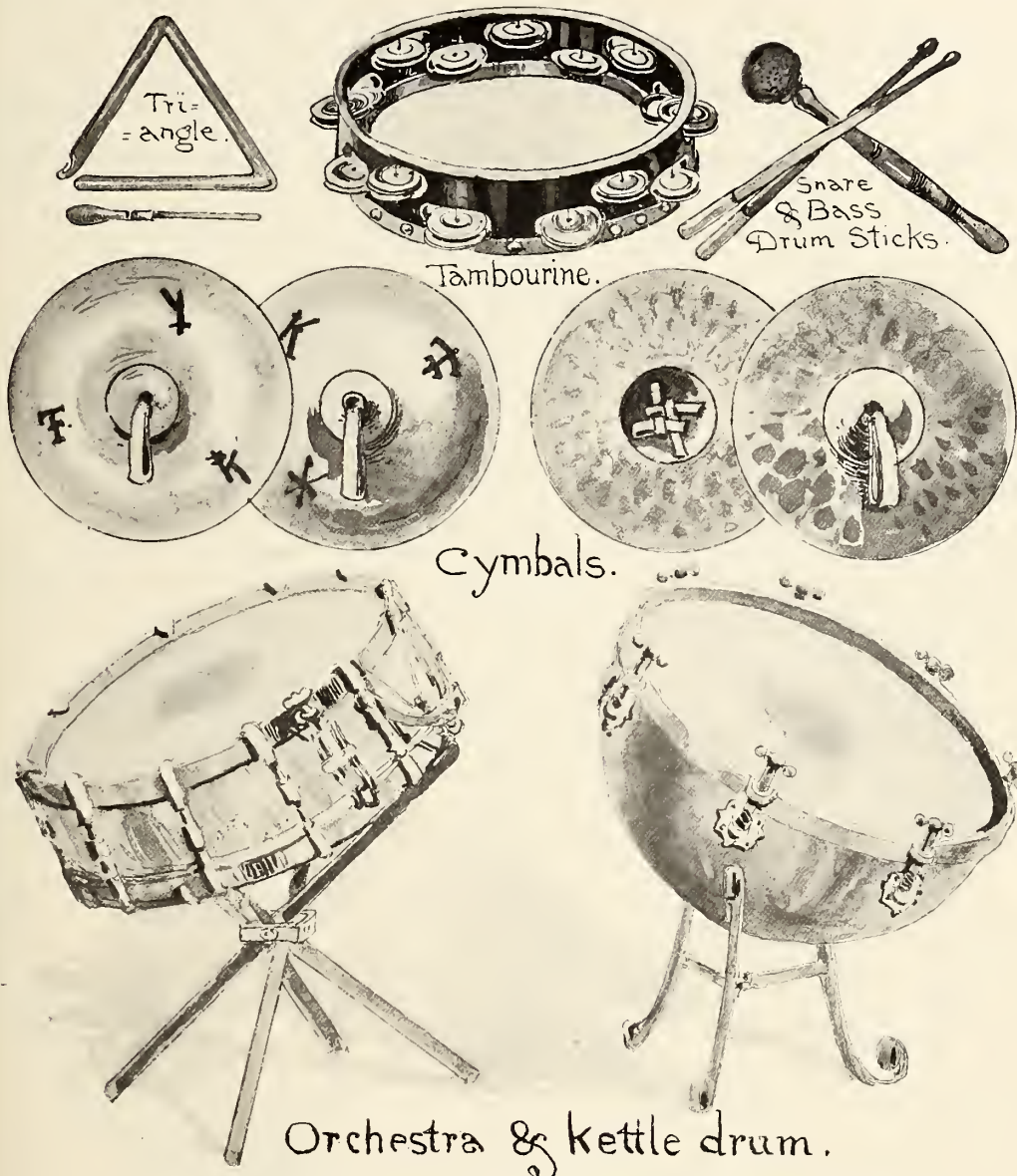
We have supposed that it was a conch-shell by which the savage first learned to blow. But it may have been the horn of an animal. At any rate, these two kinds of trumpet were used some time before the hollow cane, and are the fore-runners of all our brass-wind instruments. The cane, or reed, is the ancestor of the "*Wood-Winds*," which we will consider in the next paper.

We must remember that by this time our savage was several centuries older than when he learned



to beat the drum, and, just as a child of four or five begins to reason things out for himself, so this savage began to question, in a more intelli-

used in war for the purpose of frightening the enemy. And it is interesting to notice that this custom has not ceased even yet, after all these

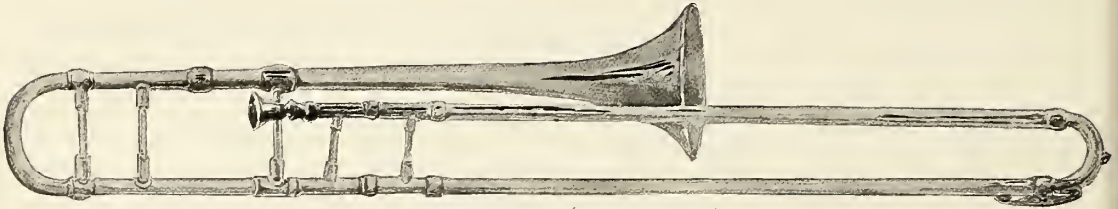


A Group of Percussion, or "Striking," Instruments.

gent way, as to what this blast from the shell, or horn, might be. In fact, he left off speculating as to what it could be, and began to wonder, in a more practical way, what it could do. I fancy, too, that he must have noticed that a wild animal in the forest was startled by his loud blast, for we very soon find that these instruments were

centuries, for our brass instruments are what principally make up our military bands. After once putting his horn to some practical use, the savage tried to make larger and better ones. The tribes on the Orinoco in South America have all kinds of huge and strange-looking trumpets, some made of wood and some of clay,

which send forth the most horrible blasts. An old writer of Queen Elizabeth's day says that These same Romans were, as we know, a most warlike race, and took naturally to horns and



THE TROMBONE. (SEE PAGE 420.)

these savages make a most fiendish sound with their war-horns, and it is said that even to-day the noise throws nervous Spanish-Americans into fits of terror. The "botuto," an enormous and hideous trumpet, is one of the most terrifying of these savage instruments.

Besides frightening the enemy, these sounds inspired the people who used them with courage and daring. We know how the sound of a brass-band, or even a single trumpet, affects us to-day. It makes us feel uplifted and inspirited, and as if we could fear nothing. So our primitive ancestor felt, and such, as we shall see, have been the feelings of the whole human race.

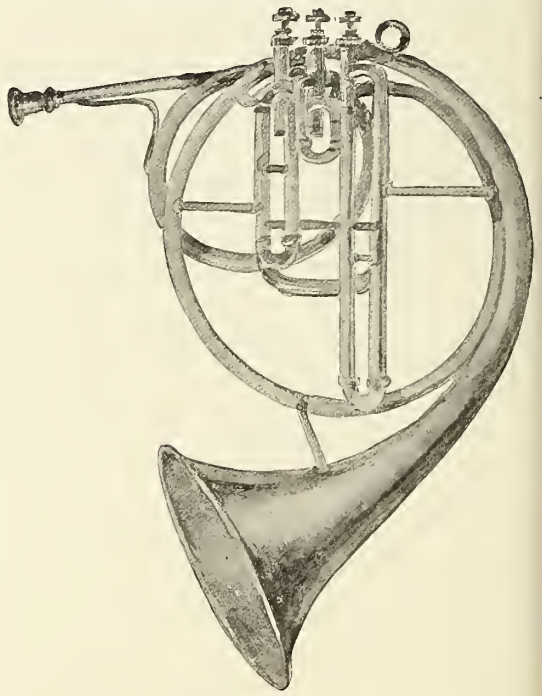
Among the ancient civilized nations, those who used horns and trumpets more than any others were the Israelites. We are told that when they all marched round the walls of Jericho just before they took the city, that the procession was headed by seven priests, blowing seven trumpets of ram's horns.

The ram's horn was the oldest form of wind instrument used by the Israelites. But there were two others, larger and more elaborate, which are very famous. One was the "shophar," a large curved horn which was blown to assemble the people together. We know that, originally, the Israelites were not a warlike nation, but a peace-loving family of shepherds, and it is said that this shophar was blown in order to rouse the tribes to enthusiasm—just as our savage ancestors blew their conch-shells and botutos to make themselves feel warlike, and as our own soldiers of to-day march bravely off to the battlefield to the inspiring music of a brass-band.

The Israelites also had two very long straight trumpets of silver, which were kept in the temple and used only on sacred occasions. The Roman emperor, Titus, after his horrible destruction of Jerusalem, had all the valuables from the temple carried to Rome, and there is a carving, on the arch of Titus, of these two trumpets, carried by two Roman soldiers, which any one may see to-day who goes to Rome. But what became of the venerable trumpets themselves, nobody knows.

trumpets. But they were not at all a musical race, and their musical instruments were all borrowed from other nations, as they did not know how to invent any for themselves. The Roman "cornu," or horn, was taken from the Etruscans, a most clever people who lived in Italy before the Romans existed.

During the Middle Ages there were all kinds of horns used in Europe: "Thurner"- or "tower"-horns, which were blown from the walls of castles; "hunting-horns" very like our ten-cent toy horns which our little boys blow to-day; and later, in the times of our great-grandfathers, there were "post horns" used on stage-coaches, just as our railway-locomotives have whistles.



THE FRENCH HORN. (SEE PAGE 420.)

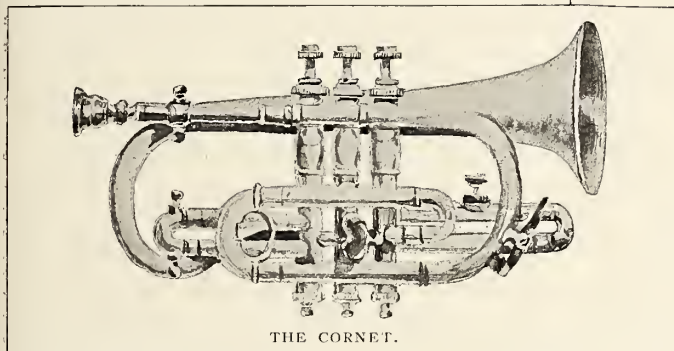
A serious drawback to the playing of some of these trumpets was that they were very long. In some cases the thick end had to be supported by



a prop of some kind, while the performer blew into the mouthpiece. But in some way people found out that bending or folding the tube would not make any difference in the sound. So, in the sixteenth century, trumpets were folded back twice; and gradually people discovered that they could fold or roll up a tube as many times as they chose, without changing the tone in the least.

The usefulness of this discovery is seen in two ways: in the first place, the instrument became much more convenient to handle, and would go into a smaller space. And in the second place, it

different contrivances have been invented. The oldest is the *slide*, which was used in the fifteenth

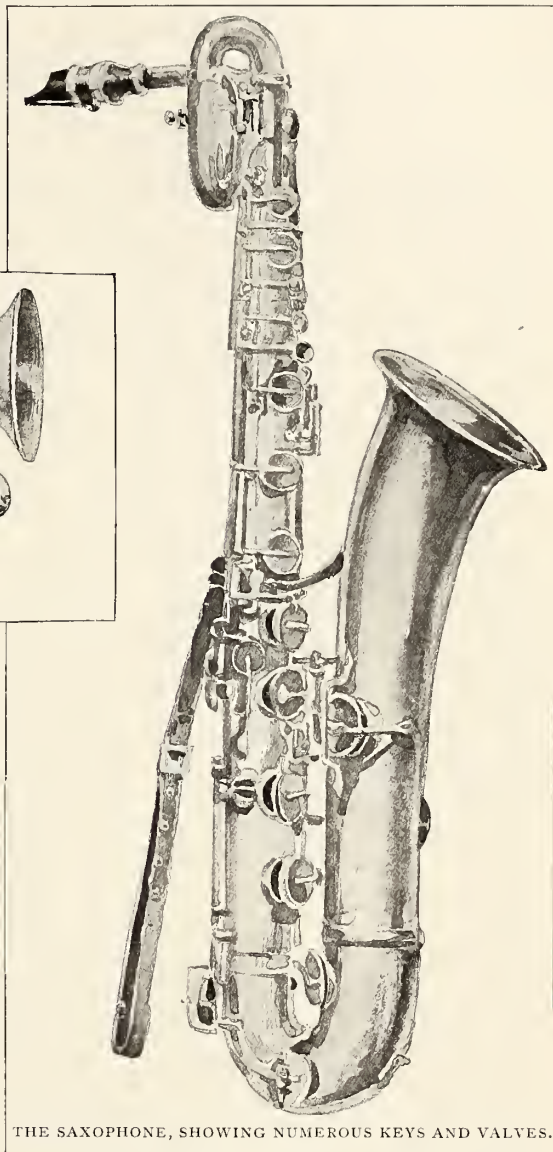


THE CORNET.

was possible to make the tube of immense length, so as to obtain a larger range, that is, a longer succession of notes, and this brings us to something that is rather difficult to explain, and may seem dry in the telling. But to understand a thing thoroughly the dry parts must be bravely faced.

If we pull a long dandelion stalk—not a stiff, thick one, but a short and supple one—and blow through it, it makes quite a good trumpet sound. Then break off a part and blow again, and the note will be higher, and if you break it all off but an inch at the thin end you will find that it will produce quite a high squeak. Now, players on brass instruments can certainly not pull their tubes to pieces in order to get high notes and then put them together again. But, by altering the shape of the lips, which is called “overblowing,” they can send a thinner stream of air through the tube, and that answers the same purpose as making the tube itself smaller, so that players can obtain as high notes as the size of the instrument will allow. Of course, the smaller the instrument, the higher will be the note.

By changing the shape of the lips in this manner the player can blow a great variety of notes, but he cannot play the whole chromatic scale, such as we play on the piano by striking all the black and white keys in succession. In brass instruments there are sometimes great jumps between the tones, and to fill them in, so as to have all the notes that we have on the piano, several



THE SAXOPHONE, SHOWING NUMEROUS KEYS AND VALVES.

century, and which we still see in the trombone. By pushing the slide out the tube is lengthened, and it is most fascinating to watch the player move it up and down. It gives him a very dignified and important look. Another way of changing a tone is what they call “stopping,” that is, placing the open hand over the bell, or wide end. This always lowers the note. The newest invention for filling in the missing notes is the *valve*. Valves are little doors that go half-way across the tube inside, and are managed by but-

tons on the outside. We have often seen trumpet players pressing these buttons with their fingers.

Of all the brass instruments, the French horn

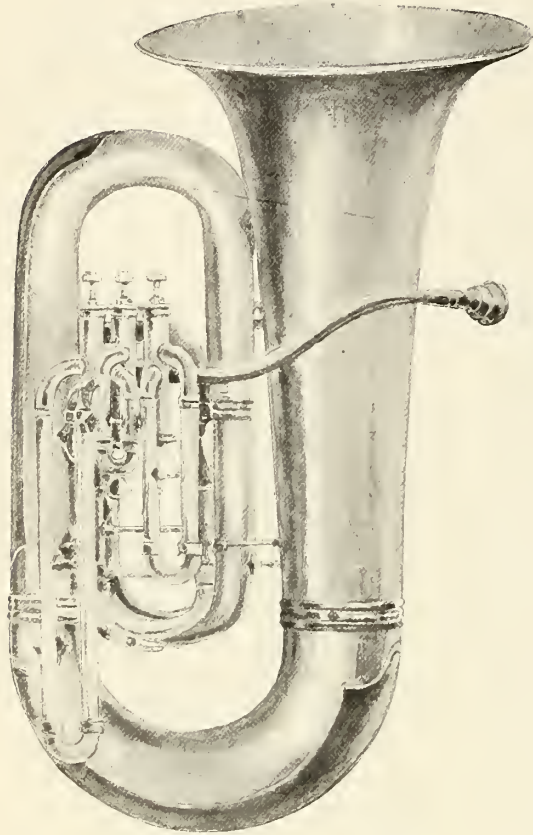
more frightening sound than the horn. It is not often used in American orchestras; but is replaced by the cornet, which, though it has a jolly, good-tempered tone, is, to my mind, a rather impudent little brazen instrument, with a disagreeable voice.

The tone of the trombone is loud, solemn, and dignified. In listening to it, one might think of the triumphal march of an army who had conquered the enemy, and yet had left many of their own dead on the battle-field. In sacred music, the trombone sometimes is made to represent the call of the "last trump" at the day of judgment.

The bass brasses—the helicon, which is so large that the player puts it round him like a huge brass belt, and the tuba, or bombardon, a straight instrument—have very terrible voices. The helicon is not used at all in an orchestra, but only in a military band. Their tones are harsh and deep, and the sound bursts from them as from a cannon. They are the most frightening and warlike instruments we have left. Nevertheless, they are useful, and even beautiful, in their proper places, as all the great composers have shown us. Indeed, it is possible for these tremendous trumpets to produce very, very soft notes, when properly managed.

As a general rule, the brass-wind instruments are all loud and harsh. They should be heard from the farthest end of a very large hall, or, better still, in the open air. There, particularly when it is played at the head of a regiment of gallant troops, the sound of a brass-band is delightful and inspiring. But in a concert-hall it is apt to make people jump, if their ears and nerves are at all sensitive. The greatest composers do not give the brasses very much work to do, for they are "shouting" instruments, not "speaking" or "singing" instruments, like the wood-winds and the strings. Yet we should not despise them, for they taught the human family the second step in its great music-lesson. *Drums* taught us *rhythm*, and *horns* and *trumpets* taught us *pitch*.

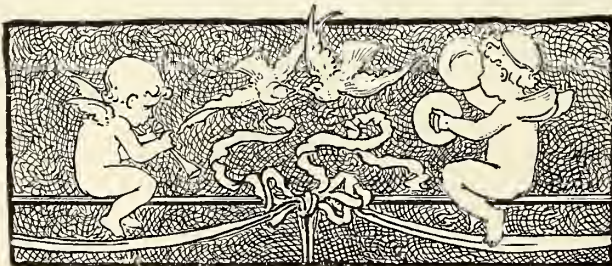
Next month, in the concluding article, we shall see how the savage learned to combine these two things, and to make a tune.



THE MONSTER BASS, OR TUBA.

has the softest, purest tone. It has almost a muffled, bleating sound, which would not frighten the most timid person. Sometimes the player presses his fist up into the bell and makes it sound still more mournful. It keeps its original round shape which we see in the Roman cornu and the ram's horn. Trumpets, on the contrary, have always been straight, and are now folded backward and forward.

The trumpet proper has a much shriller and





# A SON OF THE DESERT

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

## CHAPTER XIV

### ANOTHER WOUNDED VISITOR

No better remedy could have been suggested, by a wise physician, for Ted Leslie's distress of mind, than was his care of the injured monkey. In Ted's sympathy for the little creature's suffering, he forgot his own, and he experienced a veritable joy in the feeling that he could relieve this pain, and perhaps restore the animal to health and strength,—and mischief.

When Ted tried to cleanse his wound and bind it up, the monkey became very nervous. The kind-hearted lad took him into his arms and petted him, and the animal was evidently appreciative; but his mutilated tail was extremely sensitive, and he would not surrender it entirely into Ted's hands, but held his little black paws upon Ted's fingers, sometimes trying to push them away, yet not at any moment quite leaping away from him altogether. Once, as Ted bathed the wound with warm water, the monkey convulsively seized his hand in his teeth; the lad did not try to pull the hand away, but trusted him, as he himself had been so bravely trusted, and the excited monkey did not quite bite, but closed his teeth gently, yet nervously, on the fingers, as if struggling hard against his strong instinct of self-protection.

But the difficult task was at length accomplished, and the monkey sat and held his tail in his paws, regarding the bandage with grave curiosity, yet with much apparent content.

Ted had already given him a name; and what more natural than to call him "Mr. Malloly," that being the name which is given to their monkeys by fully half the showmen in Egypt. So Mr. Malloly recovered his health and his spirits; and with this recovery his love of mischief returned. One of his first feats was to leap upon the back of a goat and ride him furiously around the camp. This was diverting to his young master; and he wondered at the animation shown by the goat as soon as Mr. Malloly mounted his back; but this sudden activity was explained when he discovered that Mr. Malloly had obtained a pin, and, while he was seated in solemn silence on the goat's back, he was industriously sticking the pin into the poor creature, who naturally responded with frantic leaps and great bursts of speed, to the profound satisfaction of his impish rider. It was probably a trick which the monkey had

learned during his wandering career with his master, the showman; for many of these men have performing dogs, as well as monkeys and cobras, and the monkey usually travels about seated on the dog's back.

A complete change had taken place in the general sentiment of the camp toward the monkey. On his first appearance the convicts all would have seen him abused or put to death, without much remonstrance. But in such ignorant, un-governed natures as theirs, especially in groups, the "group feeling," under some slight stimulus or leadership, will swing entirely over to the opposite pole: love and hate will exchange places.

Thus, in the case of the wounded monkey, the convicts were at first quite callous to his distress, and would have enjoyed increasing it; but when a reaction set in, by reason of their idle curiosity and interest, they went to the opposite extreme; they now looked upon the little creature as a camp pet; and they extended their sympathy somewhat to the kind-hearted and courageous American lad who had defended and cared for the injured animal.

One of the men brought to Ted a stalk of sugar-cane which he had cut a few days before, on the banks of the Nile, and Ted gave it to the monkey; whether or not the animal would have had the self-restraint to accept it if offered directly by the outlaw, is not clear; certainly he showed fear and distrust of all the men; he disliked to have them approach him. Poor fellow, he had learned a hard lesson which he could not easily forget.

When Ted gave him the stalk of sugar-cane, his cup of bliss was full. He stripped it into shreds with his nimble fingers, and stuffed the pieces into his mouth, chewing them, always with a solemn expression of countenance. Even when he could eat no more, he perambulated the camp, or leaped suddenly upon the back of some unsuspecting goat, with a large piece of the cane in his mouth; and thus equipped, executed feats of horsemanship which would have shamed the Gauchos of the pampas, or made the Cossacks of the steppes weep from envy.

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Malloly's conditions had materially improved; but what of his kind, compassionate young master? Ted was diverted by the little creature's antics, and touched by his gratitude and affection, yet this diversion was but temporary.

There was little in the barren valley to attract attention, interested though Ted always was in any new geological formation or mineralogical specimens which might be noted. He was not permitted to pass over the encompassing ridge of the crater, but within its circumference he ranged at will. Its geologic formation was not familiar to him; it was not very different from that in the lower border ways nearer Helouan and Massarah; only it was wilder, and more extreme in its alternations between low, lurking gorges and sharp, bristling

gists; but, after that, what could such a party do? Never could it possibly find its way along the circuitous paths by which Ted had come.

There was little to be hoped for, in this great wind-swept, sun-baked, rain-washed region, where hills and boulders seemed to have been thrown down angrily from above, in utter confusion,—a chaos of dead matter, a forgotten sepulcher of the remote past. There was hardly any evidence of animal life, even of the wildest, anywhere to be seen. Once, a timid gazelle, having strayed



"TED SAW THE FIGURES OF TWO MEN OUTLINED AGAINST THE SKY."

peaks; the sides of the valley were either rock, or clayey soil hardened into an almost flinty texture. Here and there Ted had found a few pretty quartz crystals, and even one or two tiny amethysts and carnelians.

With difficulty could our young friend, sick in body and sick at heart, withdraw his thought from the hope, vague indeed, of rescue. And many times he let his searching gaze follow the circular sky-line of the valley, half-expecting that he might see the familiar khaki of the Sudanese guards of Tourah appear above the brown and gray rocks. Ted knew well that the commandant would make every possible effort to find him; and the merciless donkey-boy, whom he had sent back, could probably guide a search-party as far as the point where he had left the young geolo-

from the lower lands of the desert, appeared on a ledge above the camp, and one of the convicts, with gun in hand, promptly set forth after it; but he returned empty-handed, after an hour's pursuit. Occasionally a vulture soared high above the valley, and his incessant, shrill, complaining notes, like the cries of a lost spirit, came sifting down through the air. Oh, for strong pinions like his, to bear one aloft over this maze of ridges and ravines! How easy it would be to sweep out over the barren peaks and safely cross the dangerous precipices, guided by the blue ribbon of the placid Nile, and find again home and friends!

In Ted's repeated conjectures about possible escape or rescue, he had not forgotten the mysterious way in which the wounded monkey had



come into the camp; and he had cautiously examined the broad, flat rock beneath which the agile animal had dived, when alarmed, reappearing when his confidence was restored. He could make out that there was an aperture beneath the rocks, but it was too narrow to afford him a passage, emaciated as he was, even if he dared to attempt one. But he had no doubt, from his knowledge of geology, that the hole opened into some rocky rift, and then into one of the many galleries and tunnels—some natural and some made by the ancient Egyptian quarrymen—with which the whole region was honeycombed. Evidently the monkey, after being injured by the convicts, at the far entrance of some cavern, perhaps miles away, had fled, terror-stricken, into the cavern and into the fissures of the limestone hills; and after traveling, perhaps for days, he had made his way, by that marvelous instinct which many brute creatures possess, to this aperture. That was Ted's best explanation of the little fellow's appearance, but it had in it little that was encouraging.

So the almost despairing lad waited and waited; he hoped against hope; he ate, as best he could, of the coarse food which was offered by the watchful, malicious old man, and he tried, with diminishing faith, to trust that God would yet restore him to home and friends.

One evening, after the sun had set, and the red glow which often followed the sunset had faded into gray along the scarp of the high cliff at the east, Ted was sitting upon a rug at the entrance of the rock-chamber which Ibrahim Pasha's kindness, or cunning, had provided. The monkey, his one undoubted friend, was seated beside him, looking like a little old man buried in sad memories of his long-departed youth.

Suddenly, from the ridge opposite, came the call—now familiar to the young captive—“*Ahna gahce! Ahna gahce!*” (“I am coming! I am coming!”) and, looking listlessly upward, Ted saw the figures of two men outlined against the sky. Some one in the camp gave the accustomed response: “*Tayceb keteer!*” (“All right!”) and the two men descended the side of the valley. Ted could not make out their features, but identified one of them by his bodily movements as the Syrian; while the other figure, not in any way familiar, seemed to be that of a man, a young man, who had been injured. The lad could see that the young fellow had one arm in a sling and was lame, and leaned heavily upon a stout stick as he came down the rough path.

The entrance to Ted's rock-chamber or grotto was several yards above the place where the members of “The Gang” usually lounged—which

was an angle in the rocky wall, over-arched by a sheltering ledge—and generally he could not hear, distinctly, their conversation, except when some wrangle raised their harsh voices into prominence. From their actions, however, on the approach of the two men, he judged that the injured youth was new to the place; there was some appearance of a formal greeting, and the most comfortable place was given to him; which he took, as Ted could indistinctly see, with considerable effort, as if unable, because of his injuries, to move easily.

## CHAPTER XV

### A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

THE next morning Ted Leslie went forth from his secure and not uncomfortable retreat, into the clear air and bright sunlight. The mornings were so fresh and invigorating that at such times, strengthened by sleep, he was usually hopeful. The atmosphere was dry, and translucent as crystal; the scarred world seemed for an hour reborn into the innocence of childhood. The broad, cool shadows of the rocky peaks lay across the valleys, as if they were strange, formless, primeval creatures, still asleep; but the growing day devoured them; and that, in the landscape, which seemed to be peaceful sleep, presently stood revealed as death—inexorable, remorseless death, graven deeply on crag and crest, and grinning from gorges and ravines, in ghastly mockery.

This transition from the appearance of life and hope to the bitter reality of desolation and death, struck to the sensitive lad's heart, each new day; and at each time his only resource was in some occupation, however trivial. He was even glad to help the old man in his simple tasks, and to find, thus, occupation for his hands and distraction for his mind.

On this particular morning he descended from his retreat by a circuitous path, not wishing to pass any nearer than was necessary to the still-sleeping convicts. The descent, and the crossing to where the kitchen was placed, occupied considerable time; his sprained ankle had troubled him greatly, of late, and he could hardly put the injured foot to the ground, and could move only slowly, and with difficulty, by the aid of a staff. Once or twice he had been not unkindly offered assistance; but he shrank from the touch of the brutal men, even of the two or three who now showed a little friendliness.

For an hour or two the despondent lad worked listlessly with the savage old man, stopping at times to smile faintly at the postures or antics of the ever-active Mr. Malloly.



"THE BEDOUIN YOUTH, AHMED, STOOD REVEALED!"



Hearing footsteps behind him, he turned, and found himself facing the youthful stranger who had come, apparently injured, into the camp, on the evening before. Ted judged that he was the one, because he bore his right arm in a sling, and he limped painfully along, leaning on a stout staff such as the disabled lad, himself, was compelled to use.

Ted could not see the youth's features, for his head was wound about with the red and gray turban of a donkey-boy, and he had drawn this about his face so as nearly to conceal it. He was evidently tall and slender, and had dark, brilliant eyes, which startled Ted as he first caught sight of them, and aroused vague memories in his breast.

The old man was hovering about, with his watchful gaze, and taking note of everything, near and remote. The stranger said nothing, but bowed with a careless air, and pointed to his injured arm. Ted glanced at it, and saw that the coarse cloth bandage was soiled and matted with blood.

Ted needed no further explanation, but at once procured some warm water, and began unwinding the bandage. The arm was bare, except where the bandage covered it; and the young nurse proceeded slowly, gently, until he had nearly reached the flesh. At this point he had expected to find the cloth most thickly saturated and most resisting; but, to his surprise, the final fold came off lightly in his hand, and the arm lay bare, brown, sinewy, wholly uninjured. At the same instant, a touch upon his shoulder from the stranger's other hand brought their eyes together; and Ted caught his breath in one stifled gasp of amazement,—for the young stranger had pushed back the turban from his face, and stood with his finger warningly upon his lips.

The Bedouin youth, Achmed, stood revealed!

A tumult of joy and hope swept through our young friend's body, almost depriving him of strength. He had made but little outcry, in his surprise; but the suspicious old man, being not far away, heard it, stopped in his work, and looked across at them. That was a terrible moment for Achmed; if the old creature should read the meaning of his prisoner's exclamation and action, all would be discovered, rescue would be impossible, and death would probably result for them both. But, with that cool, prompt mastery of the situation which was characteristic of him, Achmed raised his staff angrily into the air, shook it over the trembling lad's bowed form, and poured out a torrent of abuse and threatening words.

The ruse was successful. The old man saw

his posture and his frowning face, heard his angry threats, then chuckled evilly to himself that the young American whelp was getting what he deserved. But he did not hear, as he turned to his work, the gentle, urgent words of the young Arab, as he spoke in low tones, trying to restore half-fainting Ted to strength and composure. The quivering lad made a great effort, and, in a measure, recovered himself. He tottered, as he struggled to rise and continue his task. "My brother must control himself," enjoined the young Arab in a low tone, yet showing no excitement upon his thin, dark face which the old man, whom he had cleverly contrived to face, could discover and interpret.

The two seated themselves; and Ted made a show of washing the arm. "My brother, even though weak, must be brave and patient," continued Achmed, firmly, with impassive countenance, directing his gaze, as he spoke, casually about the camp. "I have no wounds to heal, but these men must not suspect it." And suddenly changing his tone, for the old man happened to come nearer, he began to grumble and threaten, in a louder voice, as if his wounds were painful. Then, as the wrinkled, mumbling old creature went further away, he again spoke softly, tenderly: "They will be less watchful of a stranger, if they think he is injured and nearly helpless."

Thus they conversed with caution; and Achmed told his young friend, in a few words, how he had escaped from Tourah, and how he had overheard, at Mariette's house, on the desert, from tourists, about Ted's disappearance; later, as he examined the confines of the Mokattam range, by extremely good fortune he had encountered the outlaw, who led him in, after most searching inquiries. Ted inquired eagerly, as he bent low over his arm, if Achmed had any news from Tourah; but the youth replied significantly that he had not again gone near the prison. "I know not what they have done, or are doing"; he said; "I know only that I gladly risk my life or even give it, for my friend, my brother, who has already saved it from death and a disgrace worse than death."

Simple words they were, and simply spoken, after the manner of a true "son of the desert."

After the arm had been bathed and bound up, the same process was followed with the bandaged foot; which, it is hardly necessary to say, was a little in need of medical care as was the arm. But Ted went through all the usual details, and the two conversed in low tones, Achmed looking always carelessly and indifferently about him.

When they quietly discussed possible ways of escape, Achmed had no definite plan to offer. All

that he could say was that his strength, and skill, and his life, should stand between his brother and death. They must both be watchful, and self-controlled, and hopeful. Ted told him about the strange advent of the monkey, and Achmed agreed that the little creature had doubtless found his way out through the slender aperture, after traveling, perhaps for miles, through underground galleries and fissures. Ted indicated to the young Bedouin, as well as he could without lifting his eyes from his task, where the opening was; and Achmed said that he would try and investigate.

Achmed, in his turn, told Ted what he had learned, as he had listened to the talk of the outlaws. Ibrahim, "the Pasha," was their real leader, and they stood in trembling awe of his mysterious power. "He has a great deal of gold, they believe; and they think he keeps it hidden in that hollow in the hillside where is your retreat. They are at present deeply concerned about a plot which they have formed, by which they hope to escape from Egypt altogether. As you know, it is easier to escape from one or another prison, inside the limits of the delta, than it is to escape from the delta itself, for the country of Egypt is like a triangle; it has three sides; on two sides are the deserts of Arabia and Libya, and on the third side is the great sea. These men are helpless to cross such barriers; the ports of the sea are closely watched, and the deserts—ah, the desert means death to those who know it not as a home."

The American lad listened, silently, hopefully, at moments joyously. He had unbounded faith in the intelligence and fidelity of this fearless young Arab. He recalled the incidents of his imprisonment at Tourah; he reflected upon the changed attitude in which they now stood to each other; then it was Ted who stood in safety and strength, and gave what help he could. Now it was Achmed, who, at the peril of his life, had come to succor "his brother" in distress. "What is this plot of theirs?" Ted asked, eagerly, not for a moment lifting his eyes from his work.

"They have a plan, a not wholly impracticable one, of threatening to blow up the great barrage, or dam, across the Nile, below Cairo. One of the outlaws has stolen a large amount of dynamite from the magazine at the Tourah quarries; they are expecting the dynamite to-day or to-

morrow. The Pasha, as I learn, makes occasional trips down the Nile, concealed in a freight felucca, which is owned by him and is managed by a Sudanese whom he has in his power. He goes, in the felucca, to a secluded spot, a few miles beyond Bulak, and comes back into the city from the north. He tells these ruffians that he has made known to the government their threat about the barrage, and that he hopes for a favorable reply. Whether or not he is dealing in good faith with them, I know not. The Pasha is deep."

"The brutes are divided," continued Achmed, "in their plans for you. Some of them wish to make you permanently their slave; others urge that you should—" He hesitated, but added, truthfully—"that you should be put to death. And still others, the Pasha being one of them, say that you are worth much money to them; your friends would ransom you for a large sum. That is Ibrahim's own suggestion. Although what that black wretch's hidden purposes really are, no man can tell."

Ted shuddered at his words; hard words for the sick lad to hear, but uttered, he was sure, with the one thought of letting him know the exact truth, the better, perhaps, that he might act intelligently and bravely with his intrepid rescuer in some plan of escape.

"Oh, if only I had back my full strength and health!" he murmured, sadly. "You and I would be out of here in spite of them all."

"There is one immediate danger," remarked Achmed, as Ted finally finished binding up the foot. "This is the beginning of the Mohammedan feast of Beiram; and, as you know, such a feast generally leads to great excitement, and often to excess and violence. It is unfortunate for us that it occurs at this time; but I have confidence in the Pasha, not in his humanity, but in his power over these lawless brutes, and his unlimited love of money. And—and if the worst comes—" he spoke in hard, dry accents, looking far away at the rocky slopes of the hills, "then we will try—will try to die together. Allah will not forget us; his ways are hidden, but wise. Death is not the greatest of ills."

He drew himself stiffly and lamely to his feet, acting well his part, and hobbled slowly and painfully away, upon his staff, to rejoin the noisy ruffians across the valley.

(To be continued.)







# A Ballad Of Nobility

By C. F. Lester

*(A Very Nonsensical Nonsense Rhyme)*

**T**HE noble Duke of Nothing-Much, one sunny day in Spring,  
He took a notion (and his hat) to go a-journeying.  
Quoth he, "I don't know where I 'm bound, but it does n't worry me,  
For, if I have no end in view, I can't go wrong, you see!"

We now must leave the noble Duke (he 'll stay till we get back)  
And trace the fortunes of young Count Fitzmaurice Crackerjack;  
He lived three miles from some queer place (I don't remember which),  
And if he 'd had much money, he 'd have probably been rich.



"QUOTH HE, 'I DON'T KNOW WHERE I 'M BOUND.'"

Lord Crackerjack loved candy; he kept it in a tower;  
He used to buy it by the pound, and eat it by the hour;  
So, as he sat and looked abroad, upon this day so bright,  
His hands were filled with caramels, his soul with calm delight.



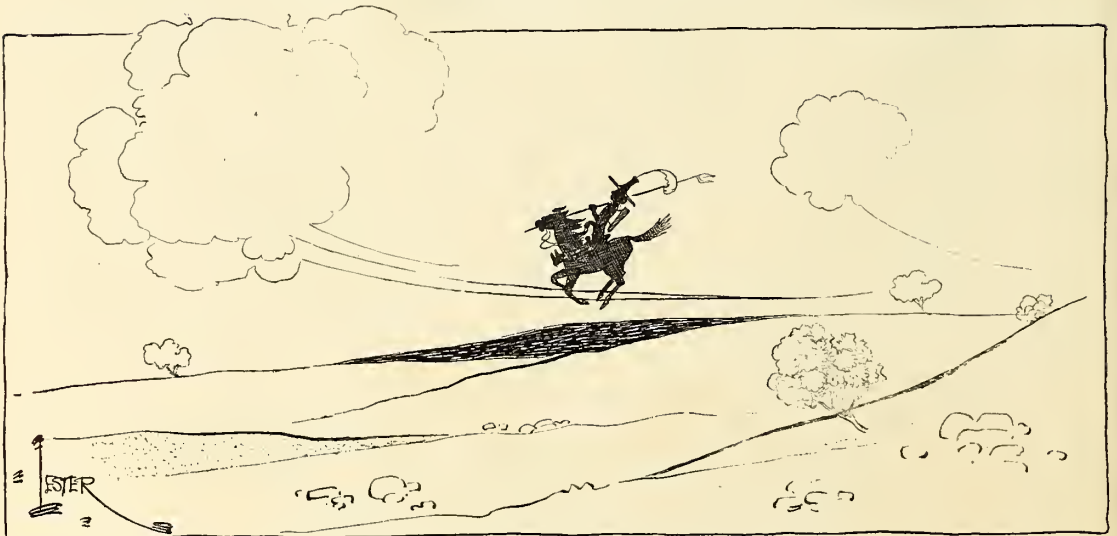
"HIS HANDS WERE FILLED WITH CARAMELS, HIS SOUL WITH CALM DELIGHT."

Full gladly would we linger with the joyful Crackerjack,  
But a ballad is a ballad, and you just can't hold it back;  
So let us tear ourselves away to quite another scene  
And seek, amid the forest gloom, the Lady Geraldine.

"Help!" cried the Lady Geraldine. "Will no one rescue me?  
*Alas! Alack!* and also *Woe!* I'm lost as I can be!"  
Her lily hands she sadly wrung—(oh, I forgot to say  
*This* happened in Hysteria, some hundred leagues away).

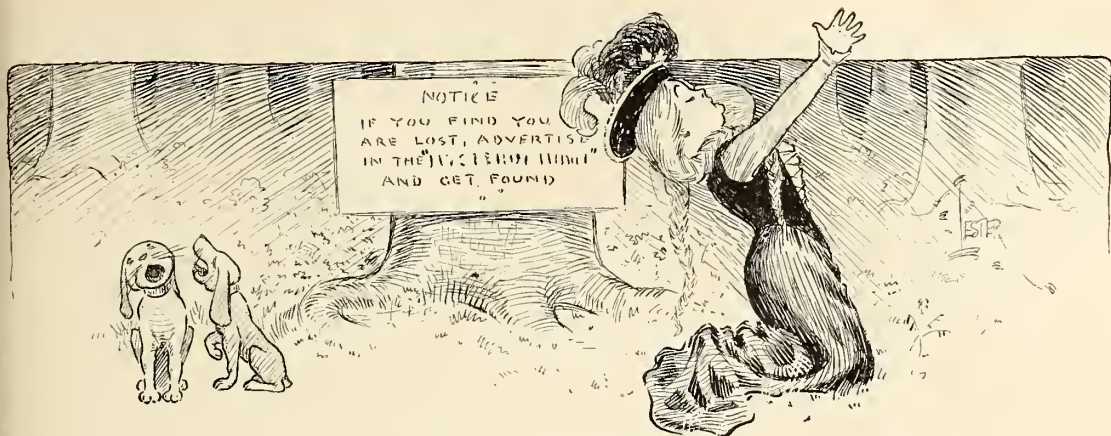
The Lady Geraldine would not have thus bewailed her lot  
If she had known Prince Hoop-de-doo was riding toward that spot,  
Though it makes a deal of difference (as of course you know it *would*)  
That the Prince was eighty-seven miles from where the lady stood.

Now, the Prince was hunting starfish with his trusty bow and spear.  
Said he, "To hunt for starfish in a forest may seem queer,  
But then, just pray consider how renowned I'd surely be  
If I ever really *should* bring down a starfish from a tree!"



"PRINCE HOOP-DE-DOO WAS RIDING TOWARD THAT SPOT."





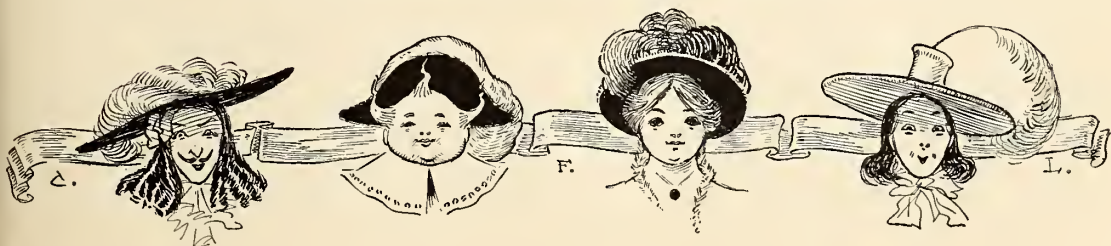
"WILL NO ONE RESCUE ME?"

Well, the noble Duke of Nothing-Much got home all safe and sound;  
 Lord Crackerjack continues to eat candy by the pound;  
 And the dainty Lady Geraldine in course of time was found;  
 And the Prince got fourteen starfish and is *terribly* renowned!



"THE PRINCE WAS HUNTING STARFISH WITH HIS TRUSTY BOW AND SPEAR."

So now you have the story, just as plain as anything,  
 Of everything that happened on that sunny day in Spring;  
 But should you ask me *how* these things all happened thus and so,  
 I really could n't tell you,—for I really do not know!



# CAPTAIN CHUB

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## CHAPTER X

### A NEW ACQUAINTANCE

It was a beautiful evening. In the west the sunset glow still hung above the hills. Eastward the new moon, a slim, silver crescent, was poised against the darkening blue of the summer sky. It was very still and quiet, and the only sounds were the soft *pat-pat* of their shoes on the dusty road. When half the distance to the house-boat had been covered they slowed down to a walk, panting and puffing.

"What—are we going—to do—when we get—there?" asked Dick.

"Have some supper," said Chub, decisively.

"But we can't stay where we are. When he finds that we've skipped out, he will be as mad as a hornet and will come down and look for us."

"Pshaw, I don't think he believed a word we said about being in a boat," said Chub. "Besides, he's just as likely to look up the river as down."

"And just as likely to look down as up," replied Roy. "I guess Dick's right; we'd better move on."

"All right, then, we will; just as soon as we've had something to eat," agreed Chub.

"If we wait for that our supper is likely to consist of bread and water," answered Roy, dryly. "What we want to do is to get across to the Jersey side of the river."

"That is n't Jersey over there, it's New York," said Chub.

"Was that wheels I heard?" asked Dick.

They stopped and listened, but the only sound that reached them was the distant barking of a dog.

"Carlo!" said Chub.

"Get out! It's the wrong direction. Come on and let's go back. I had no idea we had gone as far as we have."

"Nor I," said Dick. "And what's more I don't believe we have!"

"What do you mean?" asked Chub, anxiously.

"I mean that we've gone *by* the boat." They stopped and looked about them in the twilight. Chub thrust his cap back and rubbed his forehead reflectively.

"I think you're right," he said. "All I remember is that we came through a strip of woods, and it's woods all along on this side. We'd better strike through them here and see if we can see the boat."

Much subdued they followed him between the trees and bushes. After a minute or two of slow progress they came to a narrow field.

"I never saw this before," growled Roy.

"There was n't any field here an hour ago," agreed Dick.

"I'd just like to know," muttered Chub, "how it got here. Some one's been taking liberties with the landscape."

"It strikes me," remarked Roy, "that we're just—lost."

"Well, come on. The river's down here somewhere. Once we get to that all we've got to do is to follow it till we find the *Jolly*—find the *Slow Poke*," said Dick, encouragingly.

"And which way shall we walk, upstream or down?" Chub inquired. Dick looked a trifle crestfallen for an instant. Then,

"We can decide that when we get there," he said. "Anyhow, let's not spend the night here. I'm as hungry as a bear."

"Hungry!" muttered Chub, bitterly. "So am I. Well, come along."

They crossed the field, a particularly moist and "squishy" one, and entered the woods. By this time, although it was still light enough in the open, it was difficult to see much in the forest, and they stumbled over stumps and wandered into blackberry thickets at every few steps.

"A chap needs a suit of chain armor for this sort of thing," said Roy.

"This is the forest primeval," murmured Chub, picking himself out of a bush. "It's evil, anyhow."

"Here it is!" cried Dick, who had found fewer pitfalls and had taken the lead. "Here it is!"

"The boat?" asked Roy, eagerly.

"No, the river."

"Oh!" They joined him and found themselves on the shore of a little cove, but it was shallower than the one they had left the boat in and was quite empty of craft. Chub sat down on a rock and sighed.

"How beautiful is Nature!" he murmured.

"I'll swap my interest in it for a cup of coffee and a slice of bread," answered Dick, morosely. "I'm going to see if I can find the boat."

"Don't go," begged Chub. "Sit here beside me on this downy couch and let us view the prospect o'er."

"I'll wager you we're too far down the river," said Roy. "Let's go that way. From that point there we ought to be able to see the boat."



"Lead on!" cried Chub. "We place ourselves in your hands."

They skirted the cove and reached the point, but although from there they could see several hundred yards up the shore, there was no sight of either another cove or the *Slow Poke*.

"I guess we 're too far upstream, after all," said Roy. "Let 's look the other way."

"I 'm thankful the river does n't run east and west as well," said Chub. "'T is a merry life we lead."

Back they went to the cove and around that to another point. But below there the shore wound in and out confusedly, and, even had the *Slow Poke* lain fifty yards away from them, it was now so dark that it is doubtful if they could have discerned her.

"Let us lie down here quietly and die," suggested Chub.

"Oh, don't fool," said Roy. "Come on."

"Wait a minute, fellows!" This from Dick. "Come to think of it, when we got out onto the road this afternoon there was a sign on the fence, don't you remember?"

"That 's so!" cried Chub. "'Noble's Chill and Fever Compound'; we spoke of it! That 's easy; all we 've got to do is to get back to the road and find the sign."

"For all we know there may be 'one every fifty feet," said Roy, gloomily. "However, let 's try it."

Getting back to the road was no simple matter, though. The woods were pitch dark now, and the field beyond was not much lighter, while to make matters worse they crossed the latter where it was little better than a swamp, and at every step their shoes went *sqush, sqush* in the yielding turf. But they were soon across it and in the gloom of the farther woods.

"Courage, mes braves," said Chub. "It is soon over."

But Chub was wrong, for they stumbled on and on, through bushes and briars, and still no road appeared out of the darkness.

"This is funny," panted Dick, pausing to disentangle himself from the affectionate embrace of a vine. "We ought to have reached the road long ago."

"It is the enchanted forest," replied Chub. "Have you never read of the enchanted forest?"

"We 've been keeping too far to the right," said Roy, thoughtfully. "Let 's try it off this way."

"By all means!" Chub bumped into a tree, drew back to murmur politely, "I beg your pardon, madam," and followed.

"If I ever find that road," said Dick, savagely, "you can be sure I 'm going to stay on it!"

"I don't believe there is a road," said Chub.

"I 'm going to find one if I have to walk all night," said Roy.

"That 's what you think," replied Chub, sadly. "But you 're in the enchanted forest, I tell you. That 's where we are!"

But the next moment the darkness gave place to twilight and they stumbled down a little bank to the dusty road. With one accord they threw themselves down on the grass.

"Here I stay until morning," sighed Dick.

"Is n't that a sign over there?" Roy asked.

"Maybe," muttered Chub, "but I 've got so I don't believe in signs." Roy, however, had crossed the road and was trying to decipher the words on the panel nailed to the fence. Finally he lighted a match and,

"'Noble's Chill and Fever Compound,'" he read, "'Safe and certain. Ask your druggist.'"

"'Ask your druggist,'" sneered Dick. "I 'd like to have the chance to ask a druggist!"

"I suppose those things are stuck all along the road," said Roy, throwing himself down again on the bank. "We know that that one is n't the one we saw before."

"Maybe if we sit here much longer," said Chub, "we 'll be glad to know of a good remedy for chills and fever. I 'm going on."

"Where?" asked Roy.

"Anywhere! What matters it? If we walk long enough we 'll come to a village. And once in a village if I don't get a sandwich and a cup of coffee it 's a wonder!"

"Well," sighed Dick, "which way shall we go?"

"South," answered Chub. "I saw a sort of a village a mile or so before we stopped this afternoon. Come on, fellows; never say die!"

"Maybe we will come across a house pretty soon," said Roy. "If we do, let 's ask for something to eat and a bed in the barn."

"I don't think they have beds in the barns around here," replied Chub, flippantly. "However, whatever we do let us *not*—remark the emphasis, please—let us NOT ask for milk!"

They trudged southward along the winding road. At intervals they came to advertisements of Noble's Chill and Fever Compound nailed to fence-rails and trees. For a while Dick religiously bowed and saluted each one, but at last his anger wore itself out and he only growled when he saw one. They had been walking for perhaps a quarter of an hour when a turn in the road disclosed what, at first sight, appeared to be a light in the window of a house. But their murmurs of satisfaction were quickly ended, for, as they approached, they saw that the light was the tail-lamp of an automobile standing by the side of the road.

"Wait!" whispered Dick, seizing Roy by the arm. "Maybe it 's old Ewing and the constable."  
 "And where would they get an automobile?" asked Roy.

"They might; you can't tell. Better let me go ahead and have a look first." But the others laughed him to scorn. Just then a second light came into sight, and, as they were now close to the car, they saw that some one had been leaning with it over the engine.

"She 's broken down," said Chub. As they drew near, the young man held the lantern up until its rays shone on them, when, as though he had hoped for better things, he turned indifferently away and began to pull things from under the rear seat. It was a large car, seating seven, and was painted a dark color.

"Having trouble?" asked Chub, sympathetically.

"No, I 'm just spending the night here from choice," was the answer.

"Well, it 's a pretty spot," laughed Chub. "Anything we can do for you?" The young man turned and regarded Chub, disgustedly.

"Yes,—get out!"

"Of course!" said Chub. "That 's easy. I only meant to ask you a civil question, though. Good night."

"Hold on!" called the other. "I did n't mean to be haughty. But I 've been stuck here since seven o'clock and I don't know yet what the trouble is. That 's enough to make a man rather peevish, is n't it?" He laughed grudgingly. He was about twenty-one or -two years old, with a good-looking, if at present not over clean, face, and a nice voice.

"I suppose so," answered Chub. "You 've had your supper, though, have n't you?"

"Yes, I 've had that."

"Well, we have n't. And we 've been chasing around the country for an hour and a half on foot. We 've lost our bearings, and we 're tired and hungry. I imagine we 're entitled to a little peevishness, too, eh?"

"That 's so," said the other. "Where are you going?"

"No one knows," said Chub. "We 're just walking along this road in the hope that some day we 'll come to a place where we can get something to eat. What do you think the chances are?"

"Well, you 'd do better if you went the other way. You won't find a hotel or a store nearer than five miles in this direction."

Dick groaned.

"I wish this old thing would go," continued the automobilist. "Then I 'd help you out. I sup-

pose you don't know anything about these things?" His glance ranged over the three faces.

"Well, I don't know that kind," answered Chub, "but I 've had a little experience with a four-cylinder Adams. Maybe, though, if we start and go over her again together we 'll find the trouble. Getting your spark all right, are you?"

"Yes, the trouble 's somewhere in the engine, I guess."

Chub took off his coat and hung it on a fence-post.

For a while Dick and Roy looked on, following the others around the car in the glow of the lantern. Then Dick asked permission to get in and sit down and he and Roy sank onto the cushions of the rear seats and stretched their tired legs luxuriously. The minutes came and went. They listened drowsily to the talk of Chub and the owner of the machine, to the clink of tools, the turning of the crank. The full moon worked itself out of a cloud bank and cast a faint radiance over the scene. A breeze came rustling across a corn-field and Roy reached down sleepily and pulled a robe over him. By that time Dick and Roy were slumbering. A half-hour had passed since their arrival. Suddenly, there was a grunt of satisfaction from the automobilist, an amused laugh from Chub, and a jarring that awoke the boys in the tonneau.

The engine was going.

"I don't believe I 'd ever have found that without you," the owner was saying gaily as he slammed the tool-chest shut. "Pile in now, and I 'll give you a lift."

"Is it all right?" asked Roy, drowsily.

"Yes, sir-ee! Your friend here is a regular genius."

"Yes, that 's my middle name," answered Chub as he climbed into the front seat. "Wake up, Dick, we 're going to supper!"

"I am awake, Chub," was the reply. "Where are we going to get it?"

"By jove!" muttered their new acquaintance. "I wonder, myself." He was silent a moment, but when the car was rushing along smoothly into the flood of white light thrown by the powerful lamps, he turned his head. "Look here, you fellows. My name 's Whiting, Joe Whiting, and I live about seven miles down the road. All my folks are away for the summer and I 'm going myself to-morrow, and so things are n't in very good shape for guests. But if you chaps don't mind bunking around on mattresses and couches I 'll be glad to put you up for the night. Anyway, I can give you plenty to eat, for there are lots of eatables left. What do you say?"

"If you were n't steering," answered Chub,



"I 'd fall on your neck! We accept your kind invitation, Mr. Whiting. We are too far gone to have any sense of decency left; we accept anything and everything you want to offer."

"All right," laughed Whiting, jovially. "That 's good. Do you fellows mind going a bit fast?"

"Cap 's gone. It does n't matter, though."

"Lost your cap? I 'll stop and you can—"

"Don't do it," begged Chub. "I could n't find it in a week; besides, I 'd rather lose a dozen caps than have this stop!"

On they went into the white radiance. Trees



"DICK AND ROY WERE SLUMBERING."

"Not a bit," answered Roy and Dick in a breath. The big car shot forward and the wind rushed by them. The road was fairly straight and level and quite deserted, and the car tossed the miles behind in a way to delight the boys.

"Going all right now!" bawled Whiting in Chub's ear.

"None too fast for me—whoa!"

"What 's the matter?"

and fences and poles rushed toward them from the glare ahead and disappeared into the blackness behind. The road was following the railroad now, and for an exciting minute or two they raced a train and gained on it, and would have left it behind, perhaps, had the road not swerved to the left and taken them out of sight. There was a defiant shriek from the engine, a brief glimpse of the lighted car windows through the

trees and they were once more alone, coasting down a long hill with only the whir of the fan to be heard. A few minutes later the car swept from the public road through a stone-pillared gateway and circled up to a big house in which a single light gleamed through the transom above the front door.

"Does n't look very gay, does it?" inquired their host. "I don't doubt the servant has gone to bed. We 'll run around and leave the machine, if you don't mind."

They got out when the car had trundled itself into the barn and stretched their cramped limbs.

"I don't believe," said Dick, "that I changed my position once all the way. I had a sort of a notion that if I moved we 'd go flying off the road into the next county. That was a dandy ride, Mr. Whiting."

"Glad you liked it. Come on, now, and let 's eat. I had dinner at six, but I can dally with a little supper. I 'm afraid, though," he added as he locked the doors, "I can't give you fellows anything hot except coffee."

"Hot or cold, it 's all the same to us," said Roy.

Mr. Whiting unlocked the front door and admitted them to a wide hall and from there conducted them into a big library and flooded it with light at the touch of a button.

"Make yourselves at home now. If you want to wash, come on up-stairs. You need n't be afraid of making a noise; the place is empty except for Williams, and he 's at the back of the house and would n't hear a sound if he was n't."

They trooped up after him to the bath-room and washed the dust from hands and faces. Chub, smoothing his hair with the silver-backed brushes which their host provided, encountered in the glass the gaze of Whiting fixed on him.

"Say, what 's your name?" asked Whiting.

"My name 's Eaton," answered Chub. "And my companions are Mr. Porter and Mr. Somes. I beg your pardon, I 'm sure; we ought to have introduced ourselves before."

"Oh, that 's all right; I only asked because it seems to me I 've seen you before somewhere."

They found a good meal. Together they raided the pantry and refrigerator and bore their booty into the dining-room and spread it helter-skelter on the big mahogany table. Then they made coffee, about two quarts of it, and if it was n't perfectly clear it, at least, tasted very, very good. It was after nine o'clock when they sat down to supper and it was well toward ten when they got up. It takes some time to satisfy such hungers as Chub and Roy and Dick had. But, of course, they did n't spend quite all the time eating, for

Whiting's curiosity had to be satisfied and so it was incumbent to narrate the adventure in search of milk. Whiting thought that a fine joke and wished he had been along.

"I tell you what I 'll do, fellows," he said. "In the morning I 'll take you back in the car, if you don't mind starting rather early, and you won't have much difficulty finding your boat in broad daylight. I hope no one has stolen anything out of it, though."

Back in the library the boys stretched themselves out comfortably in the big leather chairs, and Whiting turned to Chub with:

"Say, Eaton, do you play ball?"

"Yes, some."

"Only some, eh? I thought that maybe I 'd seen you on the ball field, but—"

"He 's a fibber," said Dick. "He was captain of his freshman team this year and played on the 'varsity in the big game."

"Jupiter!" cried Whiting. "I remember now! You 're the chap they put in for Pritchett at the end of the game; you stole home and won the game! That was all right, Eaton." Whiting beamed across at him. "By Jove, I 'm glad I picked you fellows up! I 'm a junior next year. You must all come and see me. Are you all in college, too?"

"Yes," answered Roy. "I 'm in the same class with Chub, and Dick enters in the fall."

"That 's fine! It was good luck that I came across you to-night. If I had n't I 'd been stuck back there in the road yet!"

After that there was plenty to talk about, you may believe, and it was well toward midnight when they climbed the stairs and distributed themselves around the empty bedrooms.

"I suppose I might find sheets and blankets and things," said Whiting, apologetically, "but the mater has them put away somewhere and I would n't know where to look for them. But if a couple of you chaps will only take my bed I 'll be perfectly comfortable in another room."

"So will we," said Chub. "Don't you bother. A good hair mattress like this is all a fellow needs, anyway; and it 's too warm for covers if we had them. We 'll be all right, thank you. But you 'll have to wake us up in the morning. I feel as though I could sleep for a week!"

"That 's all right; you 'll be called early enough. I told Williams to have breakfast at seven. I 've got over a hundred miles to do in the car to-morrow and want to get started early. Good-night, fellows. I do hope you 'll be comfortable."

"If I felt any better," murmured Chub, sprawled out on a big wide bed which he was to



have all to himself, "I 'd certainly have to yell. Good night, Whiting. May you be forever blest!"

They slept finely, were up at half past six, had shower-baths, and were seated around the table at a little after seven. Williams tried hard not to show the astonishment he felt at finding the family circle so suddenly and inexplicably enlarged, but did n't altogether succeed. At eight they were in the car again, retracing their path of the night before, Chub attired in a plaid cap which his host insisted on his accepting. It was a wonderful, golden morning with the bluest of blue skies overhead and an innocent-looking pile of fluffy white clouds in the west, which Whiting declared meant a thunder-storm later on. But no one was troubled about that. The big gray car was on its best behavior, and in less than half an hour they were back in the vicinity of the *Slow Poke*. After some hesitation, they decided on a spot to be set down and bade their new friend good-by.

"Mind you look me up in the fall," he reiterated. "I want to introduce you to some of the fellows I know; you 'll like them. Good-by and good luck. Hope you find your boat."

He was off again in a cloud of dust and the three turned and plunged into the woods. Their judgment was not in error, for after a minute or so they came out on the shore of the cove. Twenty yards away lay the *Slow Poke*.

"Thank goodness!" said Roy, devoutly. "I thought—"

But he did n't tell what he thought. Instead, he stopped suddenly in his tracks, and Chub and Dick stopped with him.

Sitting on the rail of the *Slow Poke*, his gun across his knees, was Farmer Ewing.

"Well, what do you think of that?" gasped Chub.

The boys stared at Mr. Ewing in vexation, and Mr. Ewing regarded the boys with grim placidity.

"Just as though he had n't made trouble enough for us," muttered Dick.

"Well," said Roy, starting on determinedly, "I 'm not going to put up with any more of his nonsense."

"That 's all right," cautioned Chub, "but remember, chum, that he has a gun there."

They walked along the bank until they were opposite the boat. Mr. Ewing watched them silently, his gaze resting with interest on Dick. Evidently he could n't account for Dick. Chub made the first overtures.

"Salutations," he called.

"Mornin'," responded the farmer. A silence followed.

"Want to see us, did you?" asked Chub, cheerfully.

"Ye-es," drawled the farmer, "I wanted to have a few words with ye."

"We are deeply honored, sir. Tell the gentleman how deeply honored we are, Roy." But Roy only growled. The farmer sniffed.

"What you going to do?" he asked.

"We 're coming aboard," replied Chub, making ready to leap the yard of water that intervened between shore and boat.

"You just stay where you are," said the farmer, patting his gun stock significantly.

"But that 's our boat!" cried Roy, wrathfully.

"Maybe, maybe; chances are you stole it, though," replied Mr. Ewing, calmly.

"Well, you 're the most suspicious man I ever did see," declared Chub, disgustedly. "Suppose we insist on going aboard; what 's going to happen?"

"I might have to put a load of buckshot in your legs," answered the farmer, showing his yellow fangs in a grim smile. "This boat is confiscated."

"You don't say. What for?"

"Pendin' the arrival of the constable. You can talk to him when he gets here. I guess he 'll answer all the questions you want to ask him." The farmer chuckled. Roy appeared to be in real danger of exploding with anger.

"Leave this to me," whispered Chub. "Then, "And about how long do you think we 'll have to wait for the constable?" he inquired of Mr. Ewing. The farmer cast an eye toward the sun.

"About half an hour, I guess," he replied. "He promised to be over about nine."

"As early as that, eh?" murmured Chub, reflectively. "I hate to put him to so much trouble. I do hope you and he did n't lose much time last night looking for us. We were so sorry we could n't stay until you returned, but we had an engagement we just had to keep."

"Don't you bother about me," growled the farmer. "Think you 're pretty smart, I guess, don't ye? Maybe you did fool me last night, but I sort o' guess I 've got ye this time, eh?"

"It does look like it," admitted Chub, reluctantly. "But then you 're too smart for us, anyway, I suppose."

"Huh," grunted the farmer, suspiciously.

"We might as well sit down and take it easy while we wait," said Chub to the others. "I 'm for a nice spot in the shade."

He moved down the shore a little way and Roy and Dick followed. When they sat down under the shade of the trees they were out of hearing of the farmer.

(To be continued.)

# A WEATHER RHYME

BY MARY ROLOFSON

If the sun is bright and the sky is clear,  
What do you think I will do, my dear?  
I will skate on the pond with Nellie West,  
For she is the chum that I love best;  
And then I will coast on Butternut Hill  
If Jack will go, and I know he will;  
And then, if there 's any more time at all,  
I 'll go to Ethel's and make a call.  
She lives in the little "snow-house," you know,  
That we built together a week ago.

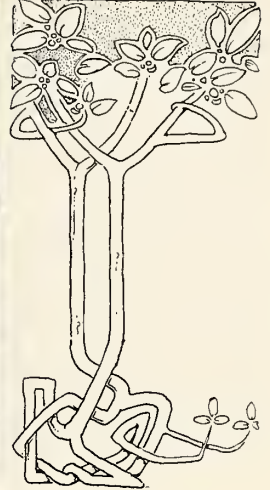
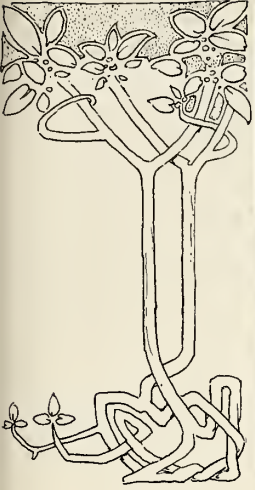
And so, if to-morrow is fair and bright,  
I 'll just be happy from morning till night.

But if it should happen to be a day  
When I can not go out of doors to play,  
I 'll make a dress for my Isabel Jane,  
And string some beads to make her a chain;  
And then I 'll sit by the fireplace nook  
And read awhile in my newest book;  
And I 'll paste some pictures, and then, maybe,  
When it is getting too dark to see,  
Mama will sit down by the fire and tell  
The stories I love to hear so well.

And so, if to-morrow should not be bright,  
I 'll just be happy from morning till night.







## THE MYSTERY

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

ELIZABETH and Mary are the most peculiar girls!  
Elizabeth has braided hair and Mary bobbing curls;  
But that 's the only difference between the happy pair,  
And when you see the swinging braid you know the curls are there.  
They live across the roadway and they wave a fond "Good-night,"  
And they call across "Good-morning," at the very earliest light.  
They do their work together and they study and they play,  
And they have to see each other at least twenty times a day!

They talk and laugh and chatter till you 'd think that they had said  
Every single thing that could be found within a small girl's head.  
But when they sleep together after talking all the day  
They have to wake each other up—they have so much to say!  
You 'll scarce believe this story, but in all the tongues we speak,  
Whether French or German, English, Latin, Portuguese or Greek,  
Sufficient words are lacking, and a language all their own  
Has this clever pair invented for their use when all alone!

They let me hear it one day, and my brain it simply whirled  
To hear them glibly saying each unutterable word!  
Yet they tell me Mary cannot learn a single Latin noun—  
And Elizabeth in German has been seven times sent down!  
When I ask them if they 'll kindly clear the matter up for me  
They simply stand and giggle, and then say, "Why don't you *see*?"  
I know they think me stupid, though they 're always most polite,  
And they sometimes come and tell me when they 've had a little fight.

I see them walking slowly with their heads an inch apart—  
I find them in the orchard cutting up an apple tart;  
I see them making bonfires or a very shaky swing,  
And I fear I sometimes hear them when they 're madly quarreling!

But what I really want to know and never can find out  
Is what on earth that couple has to talk so much about!



MONSIEUR CARAN D'ACHE IN HIS STUDIO.

## TOYS DESIGNED BY A FAMOUS FRENCH ARTIST

BY FRANCES M. SHEAFER

*Illustrations from photographs, by courtesy of Messrs. Hachette & Co., of Paris, publishers for Monsieur Caran d'Ache*



A TERRIER.

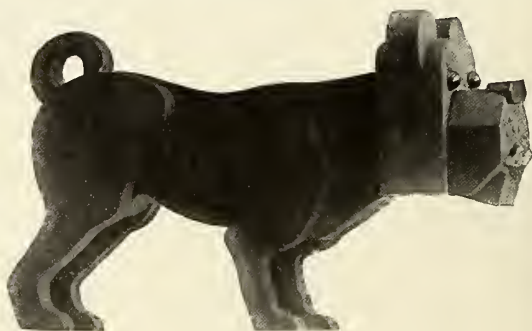
**M**OST French toys are designed and finished wonderfully well. When the French make toy soldiers, they cause them to teach a lesson, and the little French boy can study in his toys, if he likes, the whole history of military costume in France. When the French make dolls for their beautifully dressed little girls, the dolls are as beautifully dressed as the children themselves. They have their own wardrobes, their own trunks, their own toilet tables, each stocked with miniature reproductions of the articles used in their daily lives by the French little mothers.

So when the French set themselves to make the quaint wooden toys which have for some years been the exclusive product of Germany, they proceeded to make them much more amusing, and more artistic than anything ever yet made in wood for a plaything. A wooden toy is usually a caricature, and it is far more sensible to leave no doubt as to its character and make of it a clever caricature, than it would be to attempt to make the toy life-like.

Furthermore, if caricatures are to be made of wood, it is surely good business to have them made by the very best caricaturist the country

possesses. And this is exactly what the French have done within the past two years.

As a matter of fact, the making of the wooden toys was not quite as deliberately thought out as all that. The *joujoux* really came into existence more or less by accident, because one of the greatest living caricaturists, Monsieur Caran d'Ache, was forbidden by his physician to use his eyes for close work in black and white. No doctor could put a stop to M. Caran d'Ache's fancies, however. They had to find a way of expressing themselves somehow, and, by chance, this artist



A BULLDOG.

draftsman began to think his waggish little people into wood,—into toys fashioned from flat blocks of wood, and made with the same simplic-





EUROPEAN RULERS IN TOYLAND. I. KING EDWARD OF ENGLAND SHOOTING PHEASANTS.

ity as the old-fashioned Noah's ark men, women, and animals, but with much more artistic merit.

There are not yet many of the Caran d'Ache toys. There was no need for a great variety, for just as soon as these amusing wooden *joujoux*

right to reproduce them all, and just before the holidays the toy-stores began making displays of them in their windows. And soon every French person, large or small, stopped and looked into the toy-store windows with an exclamation of



II. EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY SHOOTING THE WILD BOAR.

became known they became popular in France. The public saw them first a year or more ago at the exhibition of caricatures arranged by a French comic paper.

Then a publishing firm in Paris acquired the

delight. "Ah!" they said, "*C'est Caran d'Ache!*" "*Comme ils sont délicieux, les petits bons-hommes!*"

The toys were sold on the boulevards, in the little temporary booths which always line the



III. PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES OF FRANCE SHOOTING HARES.

Paris streets at Christmas time. Every large dealer in toys sold them. They became the sensation of the hour. The French love them the

icature. All the dogs the French people love so well are done in wood, alert and angular, but very faithful duplicates of the doggies themselves



AN ARAB WITH HIS CAMEL.

more because the work of the artist who made them was already known and loved in France.

The most important toys M. Caran d'Ache has made so far are six sets of caricatures of the monarchs of Europe, engaged in hunting, each his favorite game. These little figures of the kings and emperors, and the French people's own president, are amusingly like the great men they pretend to be.

There is one group which shows King Edward and two attendants shooting pheasants. Another represents the Tzar of Russia on a bear hunt; a third is the young Spanish king, Alphonso, shooting deer. The intrepid German Emperor chases wild boar. The late King Carlos of Portugal hunts chamois, and President Fallières shoots hares,—a great many of them, so that his hunting is made easy. They are all, of course, grotesque,

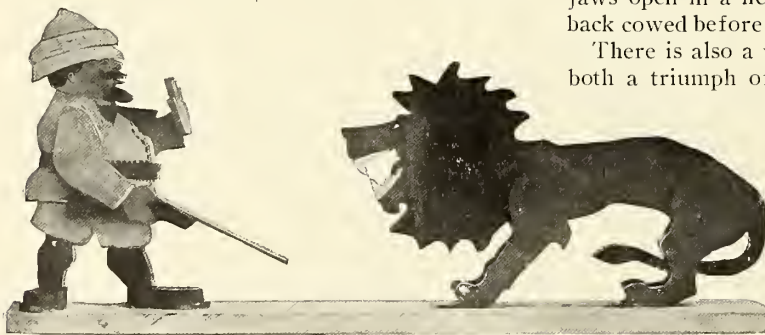
—among them a rat-terrier, a fox-terrier, a pert French poodle, a very long and very thin greyhound, a bulldog, and a bull-terrier.



ONE OF THE DOGS.

There is a "Marius and his lion," the lion jointed and so arranged on a sliding stand that he springs forward on the doughty Marius, his jaws open in a fierce grimace, or else he shrinks back cowed before the upraised hand of the hunter.

There is also a wonderful Arab with his camel, both a triumph of simplicity, and yet amusingly like the originals. There are also a dejected elephant and some jointed bears. No French child whose parents or aunts and uncles can afford it is without one of these wooden figures.



"MARIUS AND HIS LION."

these royal hunters in toy-land, but the various groups are very quaint and charming toys.

Then there is a little collection of dogs, in car-

first time in the history of toys the merchants may truthfully announce that they have for sale a toy which is at the same time a "work of art."





# WHEN I GROW UP



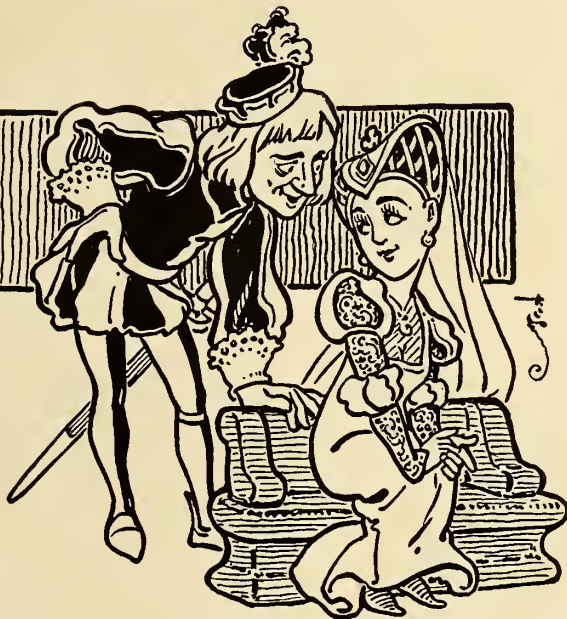
By

W. W. Denslow



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## The Actor



An Actor's life it is my choice,—  
A calling rich and rare,—  
With gesture wild and mighty voice  
To strut in the limelight's glare.

The painted scenes would quake and fall  
Like walls of Jericho;  
The stage hands all would run away,—  
My tones would thunder so.



W. H. F.

An Actor's life it is my choice,—  
A calling rich and rare,—  
With gesture wild and mighty voice  
To strut in the limelight's glare.





But then when "Romeo" I'd play  
And he was making love,  
My gentle voice would "emulate  
The cooing of the dove."

And when I'd play in comedy,  
Or crack a joke and sing,  
The laughter and applause I'd get  
Would make the rafters ring.

I hardly think the Building Board  
Would like it very well,—  
My always "bringing down the house,"—  
Still, one can never tell!





# MILLIE'S BIRTHDAY CLOCK

BY IDA KENNISTON

MILLIE "wiggled" her "well foot" impatiently. The other was so bound up in a plaster cast that she could n't "wiggle" it if she tried. "Mama, how long will it be before I can be up and dressed?" she asked.

"A week, Millie; but you can sit up in bed now."

Millie looked rather sober. She was an active little girl, who loved to run and jump as well as any boy. But when she had tumbled off the veranda, she got a sprained ankle and bruises that meant bed and the doctor's care for a month.

"But, *Mama!* Day after to-morrow is *my birthday!* How can I have *any* fun spending my birthday in bed? And I'll be nine years old!"

"We'll see, Millie," said her mother.

The next day Mrs. Gray came into Millie's room with a big sheet of white cardboard, shears, paste-jar, a paper box, and two china plates.

"I am going to let you help make something for the birthday, Mildred."

First, Mrs. Gray put one of the plates down on the cardboard and with a sharp pencil marked lightly round the edge of the plate, making a big circle on the cardboard. Then she put the smaller plate in the middle of this circle and marked around that, too. Then she gave the cardboard to Millie to cut carefully around on the line of the larger circle.

"What is it for, Mama?" asked Mildred.

"For a clock-face," answered Mama, smiling.

Then Mrs. Gray gave Millie an old page from a calendar, with the dates marked on it in big numbers. She told Millie to cut out the little squares with the numbers from 1 to 12. By the time Millie had done that her mother had marked on the cardboard the twelve places where the numbers were to go, and she let Millie paste them on, the 12 and the 1 and the 2 and all the numbers, in a circle, just as they looked on the little round clock that was ticking away on the shelf.

Then they made the clock-hands, cut out of the stiff card and covered with gilt paper. Mama fastened them on the big card in such a way that they could be moved around like the hands of a clock. Then the clock-face was done, and Mrs. Gray told Millie to set the hands at 8 o'clock.

"To-morrow, when you are nine, you may move them to 9 o'clock," said her mama, "but you will be awake and begin the day at 8. You and the clock will have a busy day."

At 8 o'clock, next morning, Mrs. Gray brought the clock-face. She had fastened a bright scarlet

ribbon to the back, to hang it up by, and she hung it up on the wall where Millie could see it. Then she went out and came back with a big hat-box.

"The first birthday gift," explained Mrs. Gray, "will be at 8 o'clock, the next one at 9 o'clock, and you will have a present every hour."

She let Millie take the cover off the big hat-box. Inside there were twelve compartments, divided off by cardboard, and each one covered with a paper cap that just fitted. It made Millie think of a big pie cut in twelve pieces. Each piece had a number on top, and the numbers went round in a circle, like those on the clock, from 1 to 12.

"You may take the cover from No. 8 and see what the first present is," said Millie's mother.

Millie carefully lifted number 8, and found a fat brown envelop. Opening this, she saw two very pretty paper dolls, and each had six different dresses and hats, ready to be cut out.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Millie. "These are the prettiest paper dolls I ever saw."

Then she put the cover on the big hat-box, and Mrs. Gray set it on the table, and brought the clock so that Millie might move the hands to 9 o'clock. Mrs. Gray had marked on the dial in red ink, "Next gift at —"

Millie spent a happy hour playing with the dolls. At 9 o'clock she found a big package of candy. She moved the clock-hands so that it read "Next gift at 10 o'clock."

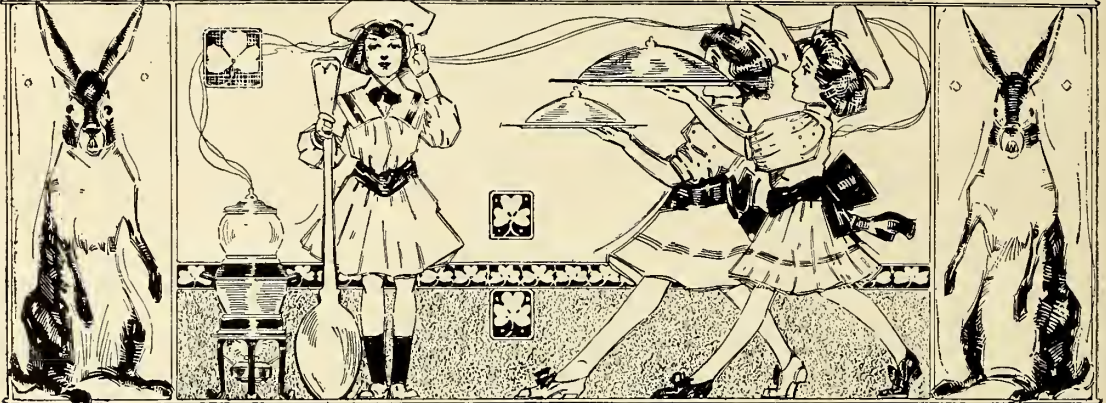
At 10 she found the present was a story-book which kept her happy for the next hour. At 11 the hat-box showed a little note that said "The 11-o'clock present is in your top bureau drawer." Mama brought it out, and Millie was delighted to see a gay flannel kimona that Mama had made for her.

It would take too long to tell of all the presents; but every hour brought a different one. There were some picture-puzzles; a set of underclothes for her best doll, all cut out and ready for Millie to make; a silver thimble, and, best of all, the ring "with a blue stone" that Millie had admired when Papa and she went shopping.

Once Millie fell asleep, just before 4 o'clock, and when she woke up it was nearly 5, and she had two presents at once.

So the birthday in bed did not seem long after all, and it was a very happy little nine-year-old girl who kissed her mama good night, and went to sleep to dream of funny clock-faces and bundles of birthday presents.

# ST. NICHOLAS · COOKING · CLUB



## FOR A MARCH MERRYMAKING

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

1. GREEN PEA SOUP.
2. MARCH HARE.

3. HIBERNIAN SALAD.

4. SHAMROCK SPICELETTES.
5. BLARNEY PARFAIT.

### GREEN PEA SOUP



ONE pint of green peas, or a can,  
 For ten minutes in water cook  
 With three cloves and an onion sliced;  
 And, if it very green must look,  
 A little bag of parsley, too,  
 Will add unto its emerald hue.

While it is boiling, get the flour,  
 And when the butter, melted, bubbles,  
 The salt and pepper in it stir  
 And put an end to seasoning troubles.  
 Shake well, rub in the flour till smooth,  
 And with the hot milk, strain  
 Through the wire sieve, mix with the sauce,  
 And then strain once again.

To make it *very* nice and light,  
 Whip up egg white or cup of cream  
 In the hot soup tureen; pour in  
 The soup and beat to foamy dream.

### MARCH HARE

Cut the hare, or its "Bre'r Rabbit" kin,  
 In pieces as for serving,  
 Cover with water boiling hot,  
 And season as deserving

With pepper, salt, and two ounces  
 Of butter, simmering for an hour,  
 Or till it 's very tender, and  
 The water is reduced in power

Till but a pint remains. Then put  
 The hare upon some toast  
 In a hot entrée dish. Then melt  
 Some butter, an ounce at most.

Shake in some flour and seasoning;  
 When all is nicely browned  
 Add the strained juice in which 't was cooked  
 And stir it all around

With teaspoonful of lemon juice  
 And same of celery salt;  
 Beat up an egg and pour the sauce,  
 When cooked without a fault,

Slowly on it, stirred all the time;  
 Then pour all o'er the hare  
 And serve at once on heated dish  
 This tasty bit of fare.



## HIBERNIAN SALAD

FROM raw potatoes scoop small balls  
 (The new potatoes are the best),  
 Simmer in water seasoned well  
 With parsley and onion for zest.

When boiled and cooled upon the ice,  
 Dip in French dressing cold,  
 And on a heap of parsley chopped  
 Let each small ball be rolled.

Arrange some cup-shaped lettuce leaves;  
 In each pile balls of green,  
 And serve with a good dressing  
 In which chopped nuts are seen.

But do not let the lettuce stand  
 After the sauce you use,  
 Or it will wither and the dish  
 Its jauntiness will lose.

## SHAMROCK SPICELETTES



THE sugar with the drippings cream,  
 Then add the eggs well beat;  
 The spice, soda, and liquids mix,  
 And last, the raisins sweet.

When all are mixed together,  
 Add just enough of flour  
 To make a good drop batter,  
 'T will take less than an hour.

From point of silver teaspoon put  
 Three drops together, so— $\phi$   
 When baked, they form the shamrocks  
 As every one will know.

Or, if you 'd find it easier still  
 To make a rolling dough,  
 Add flour to make dough very stiff,  
 Roll, cut, and fix them so— $\phi$

## BLARNEY PARFAIT

TAKE sugar granulated and  
 Measure just twice a cup,  
 And with a quart of water boil  
 Till ten minutes are up.  
 Then add the juice of one lemon,  
 Also the grated rind;  
 A tablespoon of gelatine  
 Is well with this combined

If first in cold water dissolved,  
 Then added to the sugar hot  
 And set aside to cool. Meantime  
 That nought may be forgot,  
 Chop fine some well-washed mint leaves,  
 Two thirds of cup will do,  
 If in the finest grinder they  
 Are rapidly passed through.

Then mix with the boiled sugar cold,  
 Pack, freeze, and gaily serve  
 With sprigs of candied mint leaves,  
 The greenness to preserve.

This verdant, luscious mixture,  
 Called "Blarney Mint Parfait,"  
 Is nice to serve not only  
 Upon St. Patrick's Day,  
 But on the next day following,  
 (As "Sheila's day" 't is known),  
 The melted parfait makes a drink  
 Delicious in its tone.



# HISTORIC BOYHOODS.

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

## VIII. LAFAYETTE: THE BOY OF VERSAILLES

THE new cadet of the old French regiment which was known as "The Black Musketeers" was a fine, sturdy-looking fellow. He was not allowed to march with the regiment, because he was only twelve years old, but whenever the Musketeers paraded the boy was sure to be somewhere near at hand to watch them. His name had been entered on the regiment's rolls very soon after he was born, because his great-uncle had been a Musketeer and had wanted the family still represented. But the twelve-year-old cadet was already an important personage in France. He was Marquis of Lafayette in his own right, and the list of names and titles given him at his birth covered many lines in the church registry. His father had been killed in battle just before he was born, and his mother had died soon afterwards, and so the young marquis had lived rather a lonely life in his great castle in the Auvergne Mountains in southern France, and had been left largely to the care of governesses and masters. He was what was called "land-poor," which means that although he owned a great deal of land he received very little profit from it and had little money to spend.

When he was eleven his great-uncle sent for him to come to Paris, and put him in the Collège du Plessis, where he was taught the few things a courtier had to know. But if he had to learn little of history, or languages, or science, he had to learn a great deal about riding, and fencing, and dancing, how to play his part gallantly in salons and at court. He was destined to be an officer in the Musketeers, and a figure at court, as his ancestors had been before him.

Then, when the boy marquis was fourteen, his great-uncle died and left him his fortune. Young Marie Jean Paul de Lafayette was now very rich as well as a great landowner, and his guardians, according to the custom of the times, decided immediately to arrange for the boy's betrothal to a

girl of equal rank. They decided on Marie Adrienne de Noailles, a daughter of the Duc de Noailles, a girl of twelve. The duke liked the match, but the duchess said that the boy was too young, too rich, and too independent for her to judge his character as yet, and said that the children must wait two years. This satisfied every one, and the boy and girl played together as friends, with the other children of their age and rank. Much of their time was spent at Versailles, where the French nobility delighted to amuse itself.

The French king, Louis XVI, hardly more than a boy himself, had lately brought his young bride, Marie Antoinette of Austria, to Versailles. Louis was more interested in machinery, in taking clocks apart and putting them together again, than in anything else, but the queen was eager for entertainments of any sort. The stiff lords and ladies of the court annoyed her, and while Louis was busy in his workshop Marie Antoinette plotted with some of the boys and girls at Versailles to organize a *fête champêtre* in the gardens, one which should be quite different from any the court had seen before. Usually such parties were very formal, the minuet and the quadrille were danced, and the children were made to copy the stiff gallantry of their elders. Marie Antoinette decided that at her *fête* the guests should go either as goblins or as nymphs. She asked young Lafayette to help her with her plans. "But what will the lords in waiting say to this?" asked the boy doubtfully. "And your Majesty's own ladies of the court?"

The queen laughed and shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Who cares?" said she. "As long as Louis is king I shall do what pleases me."

When the grown-up courtiers heard of the proposed *fête* they were horrified. Unbend sufficiently to dress as goblins and nymphs? Never! The saucy young queen and her friends must be





LAFAYETTE  
*the boy of*  
 VERSAILLES

taught a lesson. As soon as she knew of their disapproval she would of course abandon the scheme.

But on the contrary the queen did nothing of the sort. She made Lafayette master of ceremonies and gave orders that no one should be admitted to the gardens on the night of the fête unless they dressed as she had ordered. Meantime the boys and girls planned the costumes they should wear. The court party, however, were not so easily to be downed, and the royal chamberlain and the queen's mistress of the robes hunted out the king in his workshop, and told him that such a performance as was intended would shame the French court in the eyes of the whole world. Louis listened, and said he would consider the matter. Then he sent for his queen, Lafayette, and the ring-leaders. They described how absurd the court would look, with such effect

that Louis laughed until he cried. Then, dismissing the whole matter from his mind, he went back to the tools on his work-table, the only things which seriously concerned him.

The night of the queen's fête came, and the beautiful gardens of Versailles, famous for their statues and fountains, flowers and groves, presented a singular sight. A hundred elves and fairies, goblins and nymphs, danced in and out about groups of strangely dressed people who were neither in court costume nor in real masquerade. They had tried to humor the queen's whim without parting with their dignity, and the result was a curious spectacle, tall, stiff goblins with white, powdered wigs, stout wood-nymphs glittering with jewels, with their arms and throats bare. Never had the French court felt so absurd, but never had the children of the court enjoyed themselves so thoroughly. They played games about the dignified groups scattered over the grounds until the latter were quite ready to believe that the day of elves and fairies had really returned.



The boy marquis led the revels. It was he who swooped down upon the stately mistress of the robes and bade his band of hobgoblins carry her off to a summer-house on the edge of the woods and keep her a prisoner there while they sang her the latest *ballades* of the Paris streets. It was he who had a ring of fairies dance about the lord chamberlain until that haughty person was so dizzy he had to put hands to eyes and run as rapidly as dignity would let him to a place of safety. The boy took his orders from the beautiful queen of the fairies, Marie Antoinette, who, more radiantly lovely than ever, sat on a rustic throne, and sent her messengers to the different groups in the gardens. Beside her stood the young king, laughing, and admiring the ingenuity of her plans.

Next day, however, came the retribution. The court was up in arms; they had gone through one such evening, but they did not propose to stand another. The most important people at Versailles went to the king and placed their grievances before him. Louis loved peace, so that now he took the side of the courtiers, and the day of the children was over. Marie Antoinette tried to have her way for a short time, but before a month had passed the weight of its old-time stately dignity had fallen on Versailles, and the children were again made to pattern after their elders.

The boy marquis grew tired of the stiff court; he wanted to learn other things than how to dance and fence and play the gallant. He wished he were old enough to join his regiment of Musketeers. Unfortunately, he got no sympathy. The boys of the court of France were all put through the same process; they were not intended to be other than courtiers. So the poor little marquis tried to be content, and not wish for a different life, but in spite of himself he could not help being dissatisfied. The Duc de Noailles tried to get him a place in the household of one of the royal princes, but Lafayette, boy though he was, detested that prince, a vain, selfish man who thought only of his pleasures. He refused to take the position, and asked that he might go back to his castle in Auvergne until he was old enough to enter the army. His guardians were glad to have the boy safely out of the way for a time, and granted his request.

So for a year the little Marie Jean Paul de

Lafayette went back to his mountain home, and browsed in his father's library, and rode over his estates. He liked the peasants in the country,—they were a brighter race, not so sullen and discontented as the people in the streets of Paris. But even here, far from Versailles, the boy heard much of the frightful poverty of the people and the gross extravagance of the court. It made him think, and the more he considered the matter the more he thought the people's claims were just.

At the end of a year the boy went back to Paris and married the girl to whom he had been betrothed. He was sixteen, she fourteen; but the duchess considered that the boy had shown he was neither a spendthrift nor a fool, and that her daughter could be trusted to him. So the two, scarcely more than school-children, opened their residence in Paris, and took their place in that gay world which was riding so rapidly to its downfall.

A few months more and Lafayette could join his regiment of Musketeers. Then he was happy, for he had the making of a good soldier in him, and the work was earnest, not sham, like the life at Versailles. He worked hard, hoping that some day he might have the chance to unsheathe his sword in a good cause. The first chance that came was the war of the American colonies against England. Lafayette volunteered, and, so soon as he could get permission, sailed for the new world, and plunged into her battles. It meant much to our colonies to have such foreigners as he to help in their hour of need.

Time came when the mob of Paris broke into the gardens of Versailles, stormed the Tuileries, scattered some of the vain old courtiers, but imprisoned more, and brought to trial the hapless King Louis and the lovely Marie Antoinette. Lafayette stood by them to the last, but there was little he could do. The Revolution rolled over them, and when it was gone a different type of men and women governed France. Only a few of the old nobility were left, and they had learned their lesson. Lafayette and his wife were of that number; they had lived through one of the greatest crises in their country's history. It had not surprised the man that it had come, for he had himself as a boy rebelled against the selfish extravagance of the men and women who lived at Versailles, and took to themselves all the glory and wealth of France.







THE LITTLE AMATEUR PARLOR MAGICIAN: "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WATCH ME CLOSELY!"

## METHODS OF MAGICIANS

A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON MAGIC AND CONJURING TRICKS

BY HENRY HATTON AND ADRIAN PLATE

*If your hand it be light,  
I will teach you the sleight  
Of the Ptolemy Knot:  
'T is and 't is not.*

BEN JONSON.

THERE is a distinct fascination about conjuring not easy to understand. In the threescore years and more that I, the senior writer of these papers, have practised the art, I have known many men, and some women, who took it up for pleasure or money, or both, and I have never known one to lose interest in it. Shakspeare, that master "mind-reader," must have understood this ceaseless hankering, for he makes Rosalind say: "I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician most profound in his art," which undoubtedly means that she had taken lessons in conjuring all those years. I preface my instructions "with these few remarks" as a warning, so that I may not be blamed

should my readers find themselves possessed of this undying love for "conjuraton and mighty magic."

That "the hand is quicker than the eye," is one of those accepted sayings invented by some one who knew nothing of conjuring—or, as is more likely, by some cunning conjurer who aimed still further to hoodwink a gullible public. The fact is, that the best conjurer seldom makes a rapid motion, for that attracts attention, even though it be not understood. The true artist in this line is deliberate in every movement, and it is mainly by his actions that he leads his audience to look not where they ought, but in an entirely different direction. Mr. David Devant, who for a number of consecutive years has entertained London with his ingenious tricks, has said: "The conjurer must be an actor. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, by the tone of his voice, in short,

by his acting, he must produce his effects." He is certainly right, but as it is not my purpose to furnish an essay on conjuring as a fine art, I shall, without further introduction, begin my explanations.

For the present I shall not explain "palming" or the multi-manipulations to which the conjurer must resort in the practice of his art, but shall leave such explanations until we reach some trick in which they are to be used.

Before taking up more pretentious tricks, let me introduce a little dinner-table sleight that may serve to amuse. For want of a better title let me call it

#### A BROKEN MATCH

THE performer spreads a handkerchief on the table and on the center of the handkerchief lays a borrowed match. The handkerchief is folded over it two or three times, and then, picking up the match through the folds of the linen, the performer breaks it into four pieces. Every one is satisfied that there is no deception about this;



THE TILTING GOBLET.

the match is unmistakably broken. Yet on opening the handkerchief, the match is found to be as sound as at first. Nor is it to be wondered at,

for in the hem of the handkerchief the performer has concealed a second match, and this it is he breaks.

#### THE TILTING GOBLET

PICKING up a wine-glass, a little more than half full of water, and tilting it to an angle, the performer makes mysterious passes over it, and then shows it, still at an angle, carefully balanced on its edge. Others of the company are invited to try it, but every one fails. And the reason is plain, for no one has taken the precaution to *place a match under the table-cloth*, so that the goblet actually rests on it. Care must be taken that the goblet is dry, for should the table-cloth be wet, the match, as well as the trick, will be seen through it. And this brings to mind another trick.

All tricks are not so simple, as we shall find, so now let us turn on the lights, ring up the curtain, and let Mr. Magicus make his bow.

#### SOMETHING FROM NOTHING

"LET me call your attention to these pieces of tissue-paper," he begins, as he picks up three pieces, each ten or twelve inches square, a red, a white, and a dark blue. When these have been duly examined by the audience, the performer returns with them to the stage. Crumpling the papers together, in a second his hands are filled with tiny flags, which go floating down among the audience like "leaves in Vallombrosa." Should the supply become exhausted, he brings his hands together again, and the flags multiply right under the eyes of the audience. Finally, when but few remain, his hands are once more placed together, and from them come the original red, white, and blue pieces from which the flags sprang.

Wonderful as it seems, the method of this trick is simple. The so-called flags are merely bits of tissue-paper of various colors, about two by three inches each. These are mounted by pasting a small end of each on a twig of broom-corn about four inches long. When ready, about a hundred and fifty are laid one on top of another and rolled together; when bunched up the ends of the twigs are then cut evenly with scissors. The roll is then placed on a piece of *black* tissue-paper. The paper is rolled over them once or twice, then one end is turned in and the rolling is continued. When finished, there will be only one end projecting, and this is to be twisted tightly. Last of all, the other end (the one that is turned in) is to be neatly trimmed with scissors. The result will be a compact package that will hold together well, and yet may be opened easily. Two or three such packages, according to the size of



the audience, must be prepared in order to produce the proper effect. Even if the audience is small in number, the performer must show a

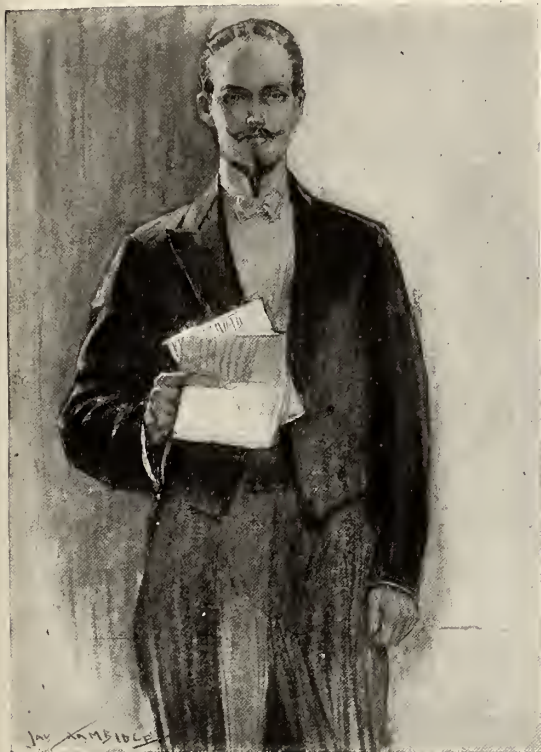


FIG. 1. FIRST POSITION OF THE HANDS.

quantity of flags scattered about to heighten the effect. Before coming before his audience, the performer tucks one of these packages under the right lapel of his coat. To secure it there a large black pin is thrust down through the cloth and the lower end is then bent upward so the point stands out, and on this point the package is stuck. In this place it is hidden by the lapel, but a simple upward touch of the hand will remove it. A second packet is fastened in the same way well inside the coat, a trifle above the waist-line, in such place that it may be easily reached by the hand that is on the opposite side.

As the performer gathers the original pieces of paper from the audience, he receives the blue first, the red next in his right hand, holding them with the second finger in front and the other three fingers and the thumb at the back. (See Fig. 1.) To take the third piece he turns his left side, partly, to the person who holds it and reaches for it with his left hand. This, naturally, brings his right hand against the lapel where the packet of flags is concealed

(see Fig. 2); the three fingers and thumb instantly seize the packet and hold it behind the blue piece of tissue-paper, where it is not seen.

The performer is careful not to bring away the hand at once, as that would surely attract attention, but when the left hand receives the white piece of tissue, the two hands are brought together. The trick is now, virtually, done. All that remains is for the performer to crumple up the three pieces of paper, break open the packet, twisting the twigs in an opposite direction from that in which they are rolled, and scatter about the flags. As they fall to the ground he lets the black wrapper go at the same time. The original

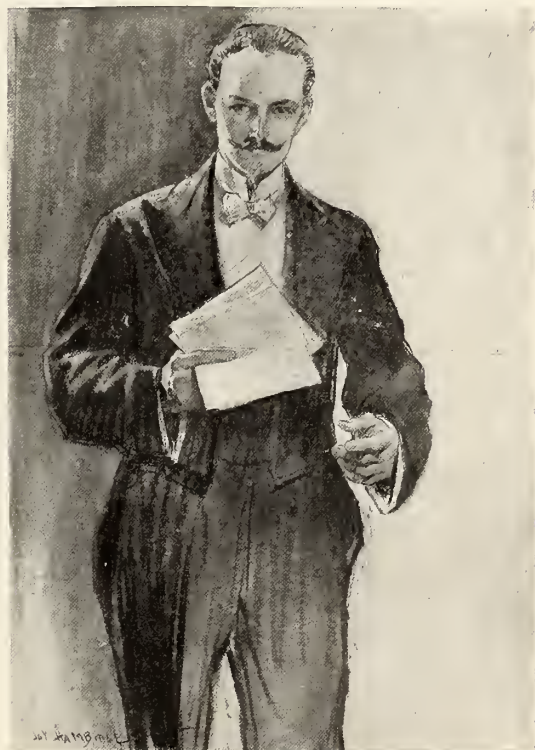


FIG. 2. SECOND POSITION OF THE HANDS.

pieces of paper are rolled into a ball and concealed in one hand. It is an easy matter to get a package from under the coat: the performer need only bow in presenting a flag, and as he bends to offer the flag with one hand, the opposite hand reaches under the coat and secures the package there. To conclude the trick, when only a few flags remain in his hands, the performer pulls out the original papers and shows them, but this is not necessary.

Sometimes a large silk flag is wrapped up and concealed under the side of the coat, and the performer seizes this and spreads it out as a finish,

and it always brings applause. Flag tricks are always well received, and one of the prettiest is

THE TRANSIT OF OLD GLORY

THE performer comes forward with half a sheet of note-paper in one hand. "I have here," he says, "a piece of paper, the product of that great magician, the paper-maker, who turns beggars' rags into wealth for our printers and publishers. There is nothing concealed here, as you may see," he turns the paper, so as to show it back and front. "But see! I roll it up for a moment." Suiting the action to the word, he rolls the paper till it is about the thickness of a finger, "and now, tearing it in two, this little flag appears." He spreads out the flag and crumpling up the paper, throws it aside. "Pretty, is n't it? It 's small, but it covers a lot of ground." Throwing the flag over the back of a chair, he picks up two large silk handkerchiefs, a red and a dark blue, ties a corner of one to a corner of the other, bunches them together, and places them in a large empty goblet. "So far, so good," he continues. "Now, let me show you this pocket." He turns out the right side pocket of his trousers. "Empty! like every conjurer's pockets." He puts it back in place, and rolling up his right sleeve, so that nothing can be concealed there, slowly puts the little flag into the empty pocket. "See what I shall do. By simply repeating certain cabalistic words, I shall cause the flag to leave my pocket and take its place between the handkerchiefs now tied together. And this without hiding the goblet from your sight for one moment. Listen! *Chiddy bidy bec, chiddy bidy bi, chiddy bidy bo.* (And let me say, parenthetically, that when you are versed in these mysteries, other words may be substituted for these.) And now you will please observe that my pocket is empty."

As he says this, he pulls out the pocket, and to his surprise and mortification the flag comes out with it. "Dear me!" he exclaims, "how very embarrassing. Something has gone wrong. Evidently a misquotation. Ah! how stupid of me. I forgot to give the flag the necessary wherewithal to defray traveling expenses." He replaces the flag in his pocket, and pretending to take a piece of money from his waistcoat pocket he puts it in the pocket that contains the flag. Then with a simple command "Go!" he catches hold of an end of one of the handkerchiefs in the goblet, and giving it a sharp jerk and a shake,

shows that the flag has taken its place between the handkerchiefs and is firmly tied to them. Again turning his pocket inside out, it is seen to be empty, and the trick is done as promised.

This is one of the latest effects in conjuring and is quite ingenious. But how is it done? Read attentively and you 'll know. First, as to the production of the flag. Taking a piece of saffron-colored tissue-paper, technically known as "Havana color," the performer makes of it a long, narrow bag, as near the shape of a finger as possible, rounded and closed at one end and open at the other. Into this he gently pushes a small sheer silk flag. If this be placed between the second and third fingers of the left hand and the fingers held close to each other it will be a keen-eyed one, indeed, who will detect that the performer has one more finger than he is entitled to. When rolling up the sheet of note-paper, it is folded round the hand and the paper "finger" is left inside. Tearing the note-paper in two, the flag is revealed. The crumpled up paper is then thrown aside for the moment, only to be carefully picked up later, lest some inquisitive body should take a notion to examine it, and finding the yellow paper inside get some inkling of the secret of the trick. Before the flag is put into the pocket the first time it is rolled into a ball. The second time the performer pushes it with his right thumb into the upper part of the pocket near the band of the trousers, and as far toward the center of the band as possible. The other fingers go down toward the bottom of the pocket. With the flag so stowed away, the pocket may be turned inside out, and will appear to be empty.

The dark blue handkerchief is made *partly* double: a triangular piece of the same silk crossing it diagonally. This is sewn round two edges and across the face, and forms a pocket to which there is a small opening at one corner. To the inside of this pocket, just near the opening, a little bit of one end of the fly of a duplicate flag is securely sewn, and to the upper corner of the union of the flag is sewn a small triangular piece of blue silk.

Before the magician exhibits the trick, this duplicate flag is smoothly placed in the pocket of the handkerchief with the little piece of blue silk sticking out of the opening. It is to this piece of blue silk that the corner of the second flag is tied when showing the trick. It follows naturally that when the handkerchiefs are jerked out of the goblet it will appear as if the flag is tied between them.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## REBECCA

BY ELEANOR PIATT



"OH, DOCTOR! COME QUICK! REBECCA HAS A CHILL!"

I HAVE a doll, Rebecca,  
She 's quite a little care,  
I have to press her ribbons  
And comb her fluffy hair.

I keep her clothes all mended,  
And wash her hands and face,  
And make her frocks and aprons,  
All trimmed in frills and lace.

I have to cook her breakfast,  
And pet her when she 's ill;  
And telephone the doctor  
When Rebecca has a chill.

Rebecca does n't like that,  
And says she 's well and strong ;  
And says she 'll try—oh! very hard,  
To be good all day long.

But when night comes, she 's nodding ;  
So into bed we creep  
And snuggle up together,  
And soon are fast asleep.

I have no other dolly,  
For you can plainly see,  
In caring for Rebecca,  
I 'm busy as can be!

## BAB'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

HERE is a picture of Bab and her cousin Ned, and her little brother, Ted. It is Bab's third birthday and she and Ned are having their supper. When they were nearly through the maid brought in a lovely birthday cake, with white



BROTHER TED LIGHTING THE CANDLES ON BAB'S BIRTHDAY CAKE.

sugar icing on it and red cherries all over the top, and three red candles sticking right out of the icing—one candle, you see, for each year.

The next minute they heard a knock! Knock! at the nursery door and in came Nursie with baby brother Ted. Then Nursie got a stool and Teddy stood on it and lit the three red candles, so that the cake looked as if it were on fire. Then Ned and Ted and Nursie clapped their hands and said: "Happy Birthday, Bab!" Bab cut a piece of cake for Ned, and Ted, and for Nursie, and then she blew out the candles and so her beautiful party was over.



## WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?



“ Oh, ho ! little maidens, all in a row,  
 And each one wearing a butterfly bow.  
 Which is the prettiest, Betty, or Lou,  
 Dolly, or Polly, or Sallie, or Sue ?  
 I do not know, so I ’ll have to ask you.

## SEVEN LITTLE MICE

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN



LITTLE-MOUSE-SUNDAY found a great, big bun ;

Little-Mouse-Monday wished that *he* had one ;

Little-Mouse-Tuesday was fat enough without ;



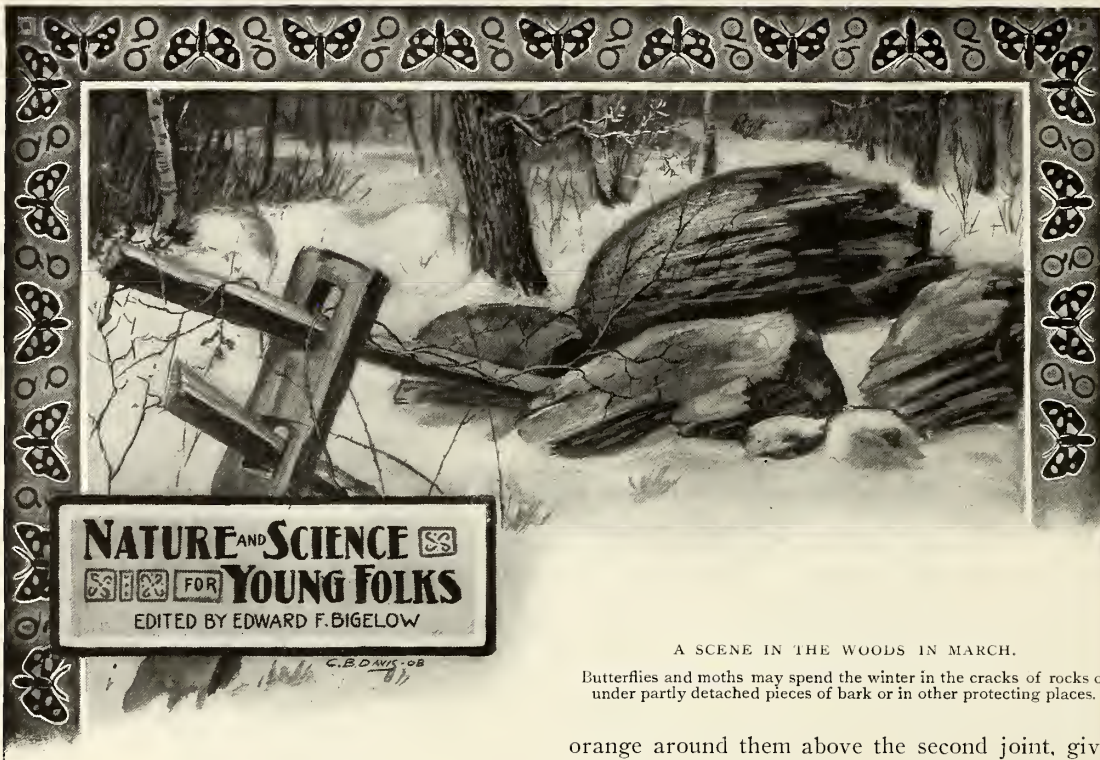
Little-Mouse-Wednesday sat down to sulk and pout ;

Said Little-Mouse-Thursday, “ *I ’ll* get one for myself ! ”

Said Little-Mouse-Friday, “ There ’s another on the shelf ” ;

Little-Mouse-Saturday began to beg and squeak ;

“ Come on ! ” said all the seven, “ we ’ve enough to last a week ! ”



A SCENE IN THE WOODS IN MARCH.

Butterflies and moths may spend the winter in the cracks of rocks or under partly detached pieces of bark or in other protecting places.

### A WINSOME VISITOR

As I stepped from a street-car, one cold, rainy March afternoon, my foot slipped, and, putting out my hand to save myself, it just escaped falling upon a curiously velvety black object on the car step. Almost without thinking, I picked it up and discovered it to be a small moth. A poor, bedraggled bit of lifeless gossamer it looked as I held it in my hand, but when I turned it over the better to examine it, one slender black leg moved, so I covered it closely in my hand to shelter it from the wind and rain, and walked quickly to my door.

By the time I had reached my apartments there were unmistakable signs of life. The warmth of my hand and the contact of the dry glove had partially dried the wet wings, so that they had lost much of their crumpled appearance and promised to be more beautiful than I had at first supposed. When thoroughly dry, they proved to be wholly uninjured, with not even a feather ruffled. They were exquisitely formed, rounded, and of a rich velvety black, with two snowy white disks on either part, making four on each complete wing, giving it what I afterward learned was the common name—Eight-spotted Forester. The body was black and velvety. The shining, slender black legs had a thick band of brilliant

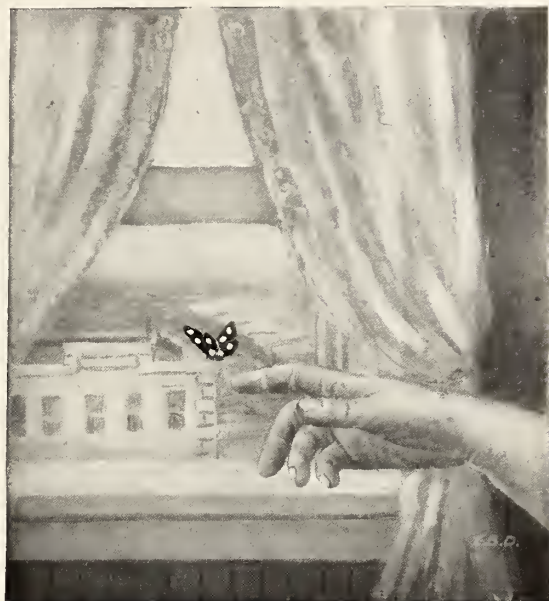
orange around them above the second joint, giving them the appearance of being incased in spick-and-span patent-leather boots with orange tops. It was surprising how the touch of brilliant color brightened and vivified the somber black and white and emphasized the variety of texture in wings and legs.

I first deposited him on a window-sill, where the warmth from the radiator would reach him. Soon he fluttered to the lace curtain, where he made his home during his stay with us. On approaching him after an hour or two, he began fanning his wings with a vibrating motion so rapid as to make them but a blur. At first I took it for a sign of hostility, but on presenting to him a finger on which a drop of sweetened water had been placed he very promptly transferred himself to it with the most engaging confidence, and unrolling his long tongue, like the finest hair, he proceeded rapidly to diminish the drop. Instantly the wings were still, only waving now and then in lazy satisfaction. During the few days that I observed him, I never knew him to make this peculiar vibratory motion of the wings except when he was hungry. For the first day or two I did not associate it with feeding-time, but very soon I discovered that when I found him with his wings in motion he was always very ready to climb upon the finger extended to him and would immediately unroll the slender tongue



and move it over the finger-tip, trying to find the accustomed drop of sweetness. Very soon he would climb upon the finger whenever he was invited,—except immediately after his meals, when he seemed to take a nap,—but could not be enticed to eat except at pretty regular intervals. I finally gave up trying to guess at his proper meal-time and depended upon his notifying me by this enchanting little wing trick, which he never failed to do. During the second feeding, on renewing the drop upon the finger-tip,—for he disposed of an astonishing supply for such a little midget,—it rolled off the finger-tip down between two fingers forming a tiny trough. He followed the sweet trail over the finger with his tongue, and down into the trough, seeming to find new satisfaction in the new table service. Of course this was a most frequent accident, and

one part of the drop to another, then uneasily move around on the finger until by some slight motion the poise of the finger would be upset and



"I RELUCTANTLY TOOK HIS DAINTY LORDSHIP TO THE WINDOW AND INVITED HIM TO FLY OUT INTO FREEDOM."

the drop would roll down to be caught between the fingers as usual. After this by-play, he would immediately settle down in unmistakable appearance of content. At last he would refuse to consider himself properly served unless the drop was in the proper place.

He had the most captivating ways imaginable. He would climb upon the finger-tip with such an air of condescension, and then turn round and round and move his wings this way and that as though to show off all his beauty. Every movement was exquisitely graceful.

He was the tiniest pet I ever had, and even butterflies that I had heretofore considered the most ethereal of anything upon which one could lavish affection, were grossly material beside this animated bit of gossamer, less than an inch in spread of wing.

I kept him for more than a week, while a March blizzard raged, during which time he roused an interest in every one who saw him. I investigated his family history and found him to be a very common moth, found usually wherever the Ampelopsis, or Boston ivy, grows, and also frequently on the common woodbine. The larva is a little more than an inch long, clear white, with narrow encircling lines of black with a wider band of yellow-brown between, dotted with

"HE FOLLOWED THE SWEET TRAIL . . . DOWN INTO THE TROUGH, SEEMING TO FIND NEW SATISFACTION."

even my clumsy brain very soon became convinced that it gave him peculiar satisfaction. At first he would move his tongue restlessly from

fine dots of black. Along the side, low down, are large dots of white, like splashes of paint. They closely resemble the woody stems of the Boston ivy against the black dotted surface of the brick walls. They go into the earth to pass into chrysalis.

When at last we had a fine warm day, I reluctantly took his dainty lordship to the open window and invited him to fly out into freedom. He seemed, at the first breath of the outside air, just on the point of flying away, then seemed to bethink himself, and he pranced on the finger-tip as though determined to show off all his accomplishments before he left. Then with one graceful flirt of his wings, as though in farewell, he softly rose, like a thistle-down, and sailed away beyond my regretful sight—I suppose to join his velvet-winged companions in housekeeping on some ivy-vine.

ISABEL WILDER.

### FIERCE AND GENTLE

MOST of us are familiar with the fierce attacks of four-footed animals or of birds upon the enemies of their young. Immediately after such have been overcome or frightened away, how mild the parent is, and how gentle and tender in the care

of the young! How fierce, brave, and effective is the attack of a dog or a hen upon some threatening intruder, and how strikingly in contrast is her affectionate care when undisturbed!

A somewhat similar contrast is to be found in some forms of plant life. But the contrast becomes most impressive when the plant is magnified. We all, in a general way, know that the exterior of a chestnut burr is "fiercely" and harshly defensive, while the interior is "lovingly" and softly protective. This contrast is seen to the best advantage if a section is cut from the burr and viewed sidewise by the aid of a hand-magnifier of moderate power. Herewith is a photograph of a burr thus viewed. One can almost, if not quite, discern "bravery" in the bold and valiant air of the bayonets ready to attack any intruder; and it is no more freak of the fancy to see affectionate and gentle protection in the soft, cottony lining shown at the lower part of the illustration. That "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," is true from many points of view. Sharp-eyed observing shows traits even in low forms of plant life that are at least suggestive of similar traits in the highest forms of animal life.



THE FIERCE BAYONETS AND THE GENTLE COTTONY LINING OF THE CHESTNUT BURR. (GREATLY MAGNIFIED.)



### SQUIRREL-MADE "EXCELSIOR"

IN walking through the woods one occasionally finds on the ground large masses of bark shredded into fibers and forming a mass of wood not unlike the excelsior used for packing purposes. And sometimes, by looking into the tree above, one may find bits of the same substance dangling from the various branches.

The material is chiefly the result of the work of the red squirrel, though I think the gray squirrel may at times "take a turn" at this same



THE EXCELSIOR-LIKE FIBERS OF BARK SHREDDED BY RED SQUIRRELS.

chewing process, but he is evidently not so expert as the red. One of my friends has a cedar tree growing up through the veranda of his house, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that when the house was built the veranda was built around the tree. The red squirrels gnawed through the boarding of the veranda roof from the lower side and then stripped the bark almost completely from the tree, covering the floor of the veranda with droppings from their mouths as they gathered together the bits and carried them into the nesting hole. It would be interesting to know just how the squirrel does this shredding. The shreds are of remarkably uniform size and usually in rather long strips, which, of course, are an advantage in nest building as they give the whole mass a firmness that it would not have if the pieces were shorter. We shall be glad to have observers take note of such masses and send us any information that may be of especial interest.

### HOW SQUIRRELS GNAW NUTS

It is interesting to note how the nuts have been gnawed into by squirrels. The shortest course is taken; that is, the *side* of the nut is



EMPTY WALNUT SHELLS FROM WHICH THE "MEATS" HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY SQUIRRELS.

removed, thus directly exposing the "meat." The marks of the teeth show the angle at which the nut was held, and these varying angles show how the squirrel turned around while making the opening.

### WINTER "FUNGI"

EFFECTS similar to the following illustration may often be seen along quiet streams and ponds in cold weather, when the water has been falling.



THE IRREGULAR RINGS OF ICE.

The water freezes at night, and during the following day the receding water causes the ice to break away around piles, trees, and stumps, leaving irregular rings of ice. This, repeated night after night, gives an effect curiously similar in appearance to some of the fungus-incrustated tree trunks and stumps we often see in the woods. Look out for these winter "fungi" this month.

G. W. DAMON.

“BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW”  
 St. Nicholas  
 Union Square,  
 New York

**BIRDS EAT SUMAC BERRIES**

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know whether the birds feed upon the berries of the sumac. In school we were having botany to-day, and the book asked this question. I said that I thought I could find out. I brought the book home to get the question more clearly. I remain  
 Your always interested reader, and League member,  
 NAN VAIL.

Yes; practically every berry- and fruit-eating bird will eat sumac berries.—C. W. B.

**QUEER GROWTH OF CORN**

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The piece of corn I send you is a piece grown in our garden. Can you tell me why the little ears have come out on the big one? The soil is not rich and not heavily fertilized.  
 Your loving reader,  
 BURR ANTHONY (age 11).

The photograph of corn simply shows the result of the development of extra or accessory



THE QUEER GROWTH OF CORN.

Photographed before a mirror to show both sides in one illustration.

buds. It seems to be a characteristic of corn to sometimes trace back toward the original type (which was not a single ear, but had “buds” on the side); this is commonly called “atavism.” It is not uncommon to find such a growth as this because these accessory buds may be present on almost any ear of corn.—L. A. CLINTON.

**WHY LEAVES CHANGE COLOR IN THE AUTUMN**

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, MONTREAL, CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would drop you a line and ask you the reason why leaves change their color in autumn. I was noticing that there was one tree that had three or four different colors. Please explain to me the reason why.

Yours very truly,  
 WM. S. HARRINGTON.

Despite the commonness of autumn coloring, we do not yet know the full meaning of autumn colors of leaves. We do know that late in the summer the tree is preparing for the leaf fall by drawing the valuable substances of the leaf into the stem. It also ceases to make chlorophyll (the green substance of the leaf which aids in the making of the plant's food), and this gradually fades away in the bright light. By fading, it exposes to view any other colors in the leaf; and all leaves contain yellow coloring-matters called xanthophyll (whose function is not known), and it is these which give the yellow color to autumn leaves.

The red is formed differently: in bright light and cool temperature a new substance, called erythrophyl, is made from sugar and tannin in the leaf cells, and that has a red color. A brown substance is also sometimes formed, and, besides, the skeleton of the leaf itself turns brown as the leaf dies. It is the various combinations of these substances that give the many shades of autumn colors. Some students think these colors are a useful protection to the living protoplasm (life material) of the leaf after the green disappears, protecting it against the full blaze of light, which is injurious; but others think the colors have no use at all but are simply the incidental chemical result of the processes in the ripening and dying leaf.

As yet, the weight of evidence seems to favor the latter view, but the matter is still unsettled. It is generally thought that frost has something to do with it; but it has not, except to hasten it. Anything which affects the vitality of the leaf tends to hasten it, for which reason an injured branch of a maple will often show red autumn color even in summer.

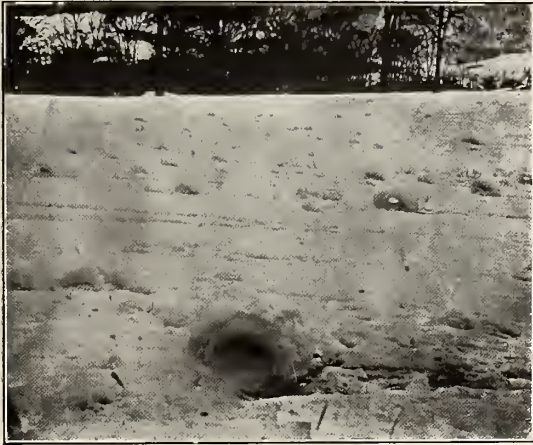
The colors are brightest where the leaves receive the most brilliant sunlight.—PROFESSOR W. F. GANONG.



**SNOWBALLS ROLLED BY WIND**

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a heavy snow-storm accompanied by a fierce wind. The storm lasted several hours and during this time the wind made snowballs. It began with small lumps of snow, rolling them over and



SNOWBALLS ROLLED BY THE WIND.

Many small ones shown especially just above the center of the illustration. A large one is shown near the bottom of the illustration.

over till they were too large and heavy to move. The ground was almost covered with these balls, some being as much as ten inches in diameter. A great many people noticed them, and some of the oldest inhabitants of the place said they had never seen such a thing before. This is in the most northern part of New York State, near the Canadian border.

Your devoted reader,

BESSIE M. BLANCHARD.

Mr. Cleveland Abbe, commenting upon this letter, says: "Snow rollers are not very rare—given a wind and a snow in good condition. But ask all your correspondents to please note the conditions under which they form—as to temperature and wind. They may find out many new things."

**FLAME DOES NOT TOUCH WOOD**

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed in our fireplaces every once in a while a flame all by itself, touching no wood but looking as if the air was burning. Will you please tell me why it was not touching the wood? I remain

Your friend,

FRANCIS W. SEARS.

The heating of wood produces a combustible vapor. The flame is fed by this vapor. Possibly you will inquire why, if the vapor is inflammable, it does not burn clear up to the wood, for if one had a stream of gunpowder the flame would not stay at one end. This is explained by Professor John F. Woodhull as follows:

"Gunpowder contains within itself the oxygen necessary for its own combustion but this inflammable vapor,

like any illuminating gas, must get the oxygen from the air. There shoots out from the pores at the end of the heated stick a mixture of vapors, some of which are inflammable and some are not. By diluting any combustible gas with one which is not and forcing the mixture through a tube with a small opening at its top and bringing a lighted match to it, one may see a flame playing this 'will-o'-the-wisp' game in search for oxygen in the air."

**GOOD CARE OF NEWTS IN A CONVENIENT  
"HOME-MADE" CAGE**

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed in the "Nature and Science" department that Milton Lee asked what newts eat. I have eleven that I collected at different places while away on my summer vacation. I keep them in a cage (a home-made one), the bottom of which is covered with soft moss. At one end of the cage is a glass dish filled with water. In the water are some rocks. In the middle of the cage is planted a fern. It is really quite homelike.

I will tell you the way I feed them. They have a good appetite in summer, but sleep most of the winter. I take a slender toothpick and on the end of it I place a tiny piece of meat (unseasoned) and put it in front of the newts, just moving it slightly to and fro to make them think it is alive. As soon as they see it they make a grab for it. Sometimes two get hold of the same piece; then you see a regular newt fight. Sometimes they eat flies and mosquitos, but they prefer raw meat. Inclosed you will find a picture of the newt cage.

From your interested reader,

MARION RICHARDS.

I offer the additional suggestion that a "swimming pond" be made for the newts by sinking a small "granite" dish pan or basin through the bottom of the cage up to the rim. The "granite"



A SIMPLE, YET EFFICIENT, CAGE FOR NEWTS.

porcelain covering prevents rusting. Water, pebbles, and aquatic plants may be kept in this home-made little "swimming pond."

## NOT "THE SOUND OF THE SEA" IN A SHELL

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always wanted to know the answer to this question: What makes the sound of the sea in some shells?

Your loving little reader,

BEATRICE BECK (age 11).

The sound heard when a shell is held to the ear is not "the sound of the sea." An inclosed mass of air (in a bottle, an organ pipe, or a shell) has a period of vibration, that is, a note, of its own. When this inclosed air is excited to vibration by sounding this particular note near it, it greatly strengthens the tone. This is called "resonance."

There is always, under ordinary circumstances, a great variety of faint tones in the confused noises which constantly surround us. When the shell is held to the ear, the particular tone of that shell is greatly reinforced by "resonance" and becomes conspicuous. If shells of different size and form are held to the ear in rapid succession, it is possible to recognize that the notes are different, and if one could find a place which was absolutely still and could avoid making any noise himself, the shell would give out no sound. But I imagine that it would be very hard to find a place sufficiently quiet.—PROFESSOR H. A. BUMSTEAD, Sloane Laboratory, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

## MARCH BUTTERFLIES

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why are butterflies out so early? When we went on a walk (one day last March) I saw one.

Yours sincerely,

ELSA M. MONTGOMERY (age 10).

Some butterflies hibernate; that is, pass the winter in hiding-places in the hollows of old trees,

under the roofs of barns and sheds, and beneath the stones forming the roof-like expanses of



THE COMPTON TORTOISE BUTTERFLY.

Sometimes seen in February, but more common in the last of March.

caves and cliffs. When days become warm and the sap begins to flow in the birches and the maples, these butterflies awoken from their winter sleep and flutter forth to feed upon the sap which trickles from the bark of the trees. Among the species which thus sleep away the winter and come out in early spring, may be mentioned the "mourning-cloak" (*Vanessa antiopa*) and the other species of *Vanessa*, as well as the *Graptas* or "angle-wings," of which there are several species. They are all figured in "The Butterfly Book" by the present writer.—W. J. HOLLAND.

## A TULIP-TREE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

"KINEBAWN," BRADFORD HILLS, WEST CHESTER, PA.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your October number, nineteen hundred and eight, of "Nature and Science" department, I saw a notice asking some of your readers to send the names of some trees that they had known to have been struck by lightning. As I did not see the name of the tulip<sup>1</sup> anywhere, I thought I would write and tell you that on our country place we had a very tall tulip-tree. One summer during a bad thunder-storm it was struck by lightning. The lightning ran down the tree, ripping and tearing the bark, and then ran along a wire fence that was near by. A couple of summers after that it was struck again, though not so badly, and as my parents were afraid it would be struck again and fall on the house they had it cut down. It was a superb tree and we were sorry to have it go. Somebody said if it had not been for the tree the house would have been struck. Is that true? Did the tree protect the house? I also know of another tulip-tree which was struck by lightning. The tulip is a lovely tree. It has broad, green leaves and in May beautiful flowers come out on it like tulips.

Hoping this letter is not too long, I remain

Yours sincerely,

CHRISTINE R. BAKER.

<sup>1</sup> Also called whitewood and yellow poplar.



THE MOURNING-CLOAK BUTTERFLY.

Often seen in March on sunny days.



It is generally believed that trees in the immediate neighborhood of a dwelling are more or less protection to the dwelling from lightning stroke. It is quite probable that the tree mentioned by your young correspondent would have died as a result of the lightning stroke had it not been cut down.

As a general principle, trees which are close to a dwelling should not be cut down from fear of injury to the dwelling as in the case above quoted.—A. J. HENRY, Research Observatory of the Weather Bureau, Mount Weather, Va.

#### OATS GROWING IN A COAL BIN

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When we got our coal, the man who delivered it had a bag of oats for the horses lying on the coal. There must have been a hole in this bag. Mama had the man who put in the coal sprinkle it before putting it into the cellar so it would not make such a dust. The water made the oats sprout, and now we have oats growing all over our coal pile!

Your friend,

MARY PADDACK (age 10).

#### KEEPING LAND-TURTLES IN WINTER

DES MOINES, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a pet turtle, which I captured recently, of the variety known as "land-turtles," I believe. His shell is dark, dull, brown-green on top, and red orange, dark gray and yellow underneath; smooth all over; in regular scales. His head, limbs, and all other flesh that shows are black and yellow striped. He seems languid now and, we think, shows signs of a desire to hibernate. I should be very much obliged if you would tell me how to care for him in the winter and what would be best for him to eat (we have been feeding him raw meat) and to what variety he belongs; also, if possible, some of their habits. Hoping to receive an answer, I remain an admiring subscriber to your magazine.

EASTMAN A. WEAVER.

#### KEEPING WATER-TURTLES IN WINTER

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what to do so I can keep turtles over winter? I have three: two

painted turtles and one sun turtle. I have tried to keep turtles, but they have always died.

Your true reader,

TOM R. PENNYPACKER.

The first inquiry appears to relate to the box-turtle. Unless kept very warm, these reptiles do not eat in winter. It would be well to get a good-sized box, half fill it with gravel, and let the turtle burrow to the bottom. Place the box in a cool cellar—not where it will freeze—and leave it until spring. The best food for box-turtles is earthworms, raw beef, lettuce, bananas, berries, etc.

The best way to keep water-turtles over winter is in an aquarium in a warm room near a sunny window. Have rocks or a log for them to crawl out of the water. Feed raw beef.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

#### THE PET SWANS

DELAWARE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the swans at Greenwood Lake.

We bought a pair of swans from Belgium. When we opened the box they waddled for water, for they had not been in water for twenty-two days.

The first year, there were twelve eggs. We sent eight to an incubator, but none hatched; one more was found floating on the water. She hatched two, but one died. I don't know what became of the others. The one that did not die we named "Lohengrin."

This year there were eight eggs and all of them hatched. When they were small they looked like half-grown geese covered with yellow down. They are about twelve weeks old now, and they look almost as big as the old ones. The eight little ones are very much alike.

We have a great deal of pleasure feeding the swans.

Greenwood Lake contains fifty acres.

Sincerely yours,

MARY CAROLINE HILLS.

I assisted in feeding the swans with bread crusts, and watched with much interest their eagerness as they came near the boat. Then I went on shore with my camera and took the accompanying photograph.



"WATCHED WITH MUCH INTEREST THEIR EAGERNESS AS THEY CAME NEAR THE BOAT."

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



## MARCH

"A HEADING." BY HUGO GREENBAUM, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

sent in. But incidentally an interesting lesson in physical geography was brought out by the papers received. The majority of the contributors from the middle and the far west wrote of cyclones and tornadoes, while very few of the eastern members could recall anything more than a moderately high wind-storm. Contributors told of what was most familiar or characteristic in their regions, and in a prairie country and in localities abounding in large open spaces of many miles in extent (common in the western States) a wind-storm most to be remembered—and dreaded

—was naturally the not infrequent but dangerous cyclone or tornado.

The "Roll of the Careless" this month is a rather discouraging exhibition, and will doubtless shatter the hopes of not a few League contributors. The long list of members who sent their contributions "Too Late" may partly be explained from the fact that they had not noticed the announcement repeated in several issues,—that they must be received by the 10th of the month (foreign members have until the 15th). Among those received "too late," "not indorsed," and "no address" were several that we would have liked to print, and in some cases, have awarded a prize. We are bound, however, to apply our rules to contributions without favoritism, and, much as we dislike to do it, we are obliged to treat such contributions as if they had not been received at all—a loss to our readers as well as to the contestants themselves.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 109

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Esther B. Cutler** (age 13), Detroit, Mich., and **Isabel Adami** (age 13), Montreal, Canada. Silver badge, **Vera Myerhoff** (age 13), Evansville, Ind.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, **Dorothy Edmonds** (age 12), Sitka, Alaska, and **Henry Kaestner** (age 14), Los Angeles, Cal. Silver badges, **Corinne B. Weston** (age 13), Pittsfield, Mass., **Emily Thomas** (age 14), Boston, Mass., and **Marian Richards** (age 16), New York City, and **Louise Patterson** (age 14), Appleton, Wis.

**DRAWING.** Gold badges, **Hugo Greenbaum** (age 16), New York City, and **Eva Lawrence** (age 17), Milwaukee, Wis. Silver Badges, **Hilda von Thielman** (age 16), Berlin, Germany, and **Mildred S. Lambe** (age 15), Ottawa, Canada.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badge, **Florence E. Dawson** (age 13), San Francisco, Cal. Silver badge, **Mary E. von Holt** (age 16), Honolulu.

**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** First prize, **Oscar A. Reum, Jr.** (age 9), Chicago, Ill. Second prize, **William Haupt** (age 16), Redlands, Cal.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badges, **Dorothy Stabler** (age 14), New York City, and **Fritz Breitenfeld** (age 10), New York City.

Silver badges, **Annie Reed Slack** (age 14), Edgeworth, Pa., and **Lucile Watson** (age 12), Los Angeles, Cal.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS** to puzzles that appeared in the December number. Silver badge, **Alfred J. Bush** (age 13), Claregate, Little Heath, Potters Bar, Herts, England.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS** to puzzles that appeared in the November number (not announced last month). Gold badges, **Edna Meyl** (age 15), Hicksville, Long Island, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Ladd Jackson**, (age 12), Philadelphia, Pa., and **Dorothy Haug**, (age 16), Knoxville, Tenn.



## THE WIND

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 13)

*(Honor Member)*

UP from the sea a wind had sprung,  
Up from the mists of the sea.  
It ruffled the waves that sadly sung,  
It caught at the clouds that lowering hung,  
And scattered them wide and free.

It piled them up in masses dark,  
With a puff of its mighty breath,  
And the sailors out in their little bark  
Put their hands to their lips and murmured  
"Hark";  
For to them 't was the voice of Death.

With playful fingers it ruffled the grass  
That grew on the shifting sands,  
As a father plays with his little lass  
And through the tangle of ringlets pass  
His loving, but ruthless hands.

The wind then turned from such idle play,  
And uttered a mournful shriek;  
It lashed at the waves till their foam and spray  
Was flung to the breezes and borne away,  
To sprinkle my wind-blown cheek.

I faced the sand that eddying blew  
And circled about my knees,  
And the stronger and fiercer the tempest would brew  
The gladder and freer my spirit grew  
With the dash of the angry seas.

I could feel the strength of the universe  
As the wind went shrieking by.  
There was strength in the sand gusts that eddied and  
whirled,  
There was might in the breakers that frothed and curled,  
And what a mere speck was I!



"BUFFALOES." BY OSCAR A. REUM, JR., AGE 9. (FIRST PRIZE,  
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

## A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY DOROTHY EDMONDS (AGE 12)

*(Gold Badge)*

A FEW years ago we lived on a farm in the Sierra Nevada Mountains about fifty miles from Fresno, California. The nearest post-office was at Dunlap, a small village seven miles away, and every Wednesday one of us went there to get our mail.

One Wednesday in March the men happened to be all busy and not one could stop in his work to go for the mail, so I said I would go. I started out on the pony, Paddy, who was the most reliable horse I ever saw.

It was a beautiful day. There was not a cloud in the sky and as I rode along I admired the pretty spring flowers which were just coming out. The green trees seemed fairly alive with birds and I did not feel the least bit lonely. Sometimes I passed clear, sparkling brooks, stopped to watch the water-dogs wrestle, and as I came to the steeper parts of the mountain I slid off the pony and walked, every now and then stopping to pick a flower.

So I went on rather slowly and did not reach my destination till noon. I rested there for some time, getting my lunch at the village inn, collected the mail, and started home.

I had ridden three or four miles when I noticed that the sun was completely hidden from sight and the wind was rising. I hurried Paddy on for I realized that a storm was at hand, but before I knew it rain was pouring down and the wind whistling around. Every now and then I heard a thundering crash and knew some large pine had fallen. The wind kept rising and soon branches and trees were falling all around me. I passed by one oak a large branch of which hung over the road, and just as I passed from



"MY SCHOOL." BY FLORENCE E. DAWSON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

under it, it fell with a terrible crash about four feet behind Paddy. I went the rest of the way on a gallop, and how glad I was to reach home at last, safe, but very frightened and wet!

I was taken into the house, put to bed, given some supper, and the next thing I knew it was the morning of a beautiful day.

A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY CORINNE B. WESTON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

My aunts live on a high hill where there are only a few trees. When the wind blows through the trees you think that the house will blow away. The house is rather small, with two porches on the north and south side of it.

When we were sitting on the porch one day, it suddenly began to rain and the wind began to blow. About four o'clock the rain stopped, but the wind began to blow more furiously than I had ever heard it. Once I looked out where the barn was supposed to stand and there was no barn in sight. It had evidently blown away. Midnight was ushered in by as terrible a gust of wind as I ever heard, or expect to. It lifted the house in its arms and turned it around so that the front porch was where the back one should be. The jerk was so terrible when the house went up and the jar twice as bad when it came down that we were thrown out of bed, and most of the furniture was broken. When my aunt got up to light the light she found that it would not light as all the wires were broken—we could not even telephone anywhere. All night the house rocked back and forth like a cradle. We were not sure whether it would tip over or not.

The wind abated about two o'clock, but not enough to allow us to venture out. We were very much afraid that the house would burn on account of all the broken wires.

When the sun peeped over the world and saw the sight that we were gazing upon, it went behind a cloud.

We crept out of the house about six o'clock, and saw that the barn was at the bottom of the hill, several trees were lying around, and more branches than you could count. The house was the worst of all; all the broken wires were flapping around and always hitting the house, which made no very agreeable noise. The steps and blinds were scattered all over the lawn.

I would not care to encounter another such wind-storm every night as they are very disagreeable things to be in the midst of.



"GULLS." BY WILLIAM HAUPT, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A WIND-STORM

BY HELEN FOSTER (AGE 15)

WHY should I sleep to-night,  
While o'er the wind without,  
All nature's forces fight,  
Fiercely contending?

Hear midst the hurricane,  
Loud the wind-driven rain,  
Over the hill and plain  
Swiftly descending!

Now sweeps the wind along  
Wondrous, wild, swift, and  
strong,  
Chanting his battle-song,  
Boasting his power.

Out on the mountain-side  
Trees, the great forest's pride,  
Before the wind's fierce stride  
Fearfully cower.

O! thou great wind so free,  
How can I tell of thee  
All that my heart can see  
In thy wild fury!

Thou art the tempest's child,  
Born for the storm so wild,  
All to thy power must yield  
And to thy glory.



"MY SCHOOL." BY F. B. GODWIN, AGE 16.





"A HEADING." BY HILDA VON THIELMAN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

### A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY HENRY KAESTNER (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

ONE hot, sultry afternoon I was sitting in the school-house copying some arithmetic problems for the next day, when a terrific wind-storm started. It did n't take more than about a minute before the school-house was filled with dust, which came through the open windows. Two other boys, who were staying after school, and I hastily closed the windows. Soon the fury of the storm abated and in the high dry grass to the west we saw a fire rapidly coming toward the school-house.

One of the boys and I got wet gunny sacks to fight the fire with while the other boy wet the grass around the school. We got almost to the fire when, without warning, the wind started to blow so hard that it almost threw me over. The flames of the fire leaped toward us. It was useless to try to fight that fire in the face of that wind, so we turned and ran and we had to run fast, too, as the fire came forward at a tremendous rate of speed. We were enveloped with smoke and could not see where we were going.

We ran together silently for a long time till we knew we had missed the school yard. The fire came nearer and nearer and we grew tired and more tired. I was just about to give it up when the wind stopped blowing as suddenly as it had started, and big drops of rain began to fall. When the smoke vanished, we looked for the school and saw it way back, but off at one side of where we were. We went back to the school in the drenching rain. We found that it had started to burn on the roof in several places, but prompt action by the boy who had stayed there saved the building from being burned.

Well, you can imagine we had a story to tell when we arrived home!

SEVERAL contributions would probably have taken prizes this month had their senders not got on the Roll of the Careless instead.

THE WIND OF SLEEP  
BY ESTHER B. CUTLER (AGE 13)  
(Gold Badge)

WHEN the cloak of night o'er  
the earth is thrown,  
And day is nearly dead;  
When the last bird to its nest is  
flown,  
And the sky is tinged with  
red;  
When the nightingale sings in  
the gloaming deep;  
Then blow thou sweet wind of  
sleep!

When the little moon in the sky  
ascends,  
And the stars are shining  
bright;  
When to the lovely scene it lends  
A shimmering garb of white;  
When glistening spheres in the  
dark sky leap;  
Then blow thou sweet wind of  
sleep!

And when the end of Life's long  
path has come;

And I shall leave for yonder shore,  
Within the gates, to rest forever more—  
Then when the Shepherd homeward calls His tired sheep;  
Blow thou sweet wind of sleep!

### A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY EMILY THOMAS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WE were staying at Amagansett, Long Island, for the summer, and one day father, mother, my two sisters and I made a trip to Montauk Point, about seventeen miles



"TREE SWALLOWS." BY ALFRED C. REDFIELD, AGE 17.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)

from Amagansett. Montauk is at the end of Long Island, and is very hilly and bare. The lighthouse is about five miles from the Inn on a high cliff.

After having lunch at the Inn we drove to the lighthouse in a stage. The road lay along the very edge of the cliffs, and the driver whipped and yelled at his horses, "Whoa, boy! Steady there, boy!" all the way.

When we arrived at the lighthouse it was very dark and cloudy, so we only stayed long enough to see it, and then started back. It got darker and darker, and just as we reached the Inn a terrible storm of wind and rain began. The lightning was most vivid; and the thunder the heaviest I have ever heard. The wind struck us in all its force, the Inn being on the top of a dune.

I do not know how long it lasted, but when it was over we went out, and the stage that had been standing in front of the door had blown down the hill, horses and all. Some small houses had their roofs blown off, and some cars had been overturned.

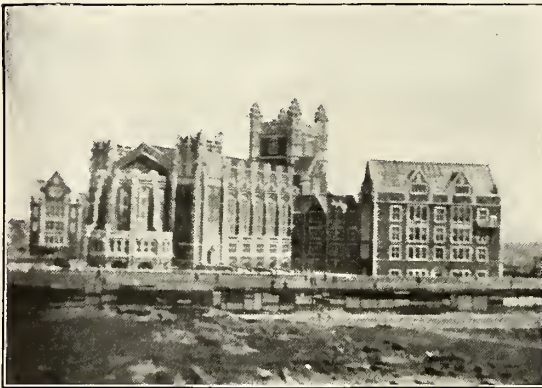
We went home on the next train and were very glad to get there.

### THE WIND

BY VERA MYERHOFF (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

The wind's voice is as a wonder's voice  
As he calls to me on high;  
He calls me from my lonely dreams  
And no more sleep have I,  
For all the wonders of the night  
Outside my windows lie.



"MY SCHOOL." BY JOSEPH C. BURROWS, AGE 15.

The wind and I go hand in hand,  
A-dancing down the night;  
And ghostly daisies by the way  
Follow in mad delight,  
While fairy moths like thistledowns  
Hurry to join our flight.

The dreaming pine-trees wake and bend  
In happy ecstasy;  
The clouds like sea-gulls flying fast  
Are scurrying to the sea,  
Across the pale moon's haunted face,  
They turn and twist and flee.

The woods are full of rustling things  
That cease as we go by.  
And I have left the world behind  
Where sleeping mortals lie,  
To dance with him beneath the stars.  
Oh, happy mortal I!

### THE WIND O' THE WILDS

BY ISABEL ADAMI (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

I STOOD in a pungent pine wood, in the land that is little known;  
The land that is vast and vacant and limitless and alone;  
The land of the mournful mountains, of the foaming ice-fed creeks;  
The land of the sounding stillness, of the heart-heard hush that speaks.



"MY SCHOOL." BY KATHARINE HALL, AGE 13.

And my soul was great with a longing, a pleasure that was a pain,  
With a nameless, aching yearning, and I strove to shake it in vain.  
Then a wind sobbed over the mountains, a wind that was wild and free,  
And the lonely wind o' the lonely hills brought forgetfulness to me.

I rode on the sky-bound prairie, that knows neither end nor start,  
And the steady beat of the broncho's feet kept time to the throb of my heart:  
And the present seemed like a dream I dreamed, and the past lived once again  
In the silent, sea-like solitude of that mighty endless plain  
Of the lordly, luring prairie, that sweeps to the curving sky  
To where, on the dim horizon, the distance-dwarfed mountains lie.  
And we were alone in that "little-known," my horse and my thoughts, and I,  
Then a wind swept over the prairie, a wind from the wild west sea,  
And the lonely wind o' the lonely plain brought forgetfulness to me.



"A HEADING." BY BERYL H. MARGETSON, AGE 9.



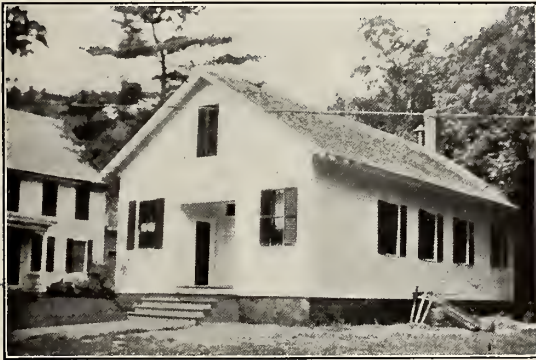
The blood-red sun was setting on a sea of blood-red fire,  
 And he dropped to rest in the crimson west, toward the  
 land of my heart's desire;  
 And the moon came up on that alien sea with a light  
 death-pale and pure—  
 For pygmy men may come and go, but the pale moon will  
 endure.  
 Then a west wind stirred that sea of the east, that  
 sleeping, star-silvered sea,  
 And the mystic moon and the wind o' the west brought  
 forgetfulness to me.

### A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY MARION RICHARDS (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was in Oklahoma, our family had a very interesting adventure with a tornado. I was sitting on the porch, with a girl that had lived in Oklahoma all her life. All at once she jumped up, and pointing to the east, exclaimed, "Oh dear, there's a tornado coming!" I knew enough about those dreadful storms to know what she meant. In a few minutes the alarm had spread. We all gathered our valuables together, and ran to the "underground cellar," which is built in the back of nearly all houses where tornados are frequent. About fourteen people gathered in our cellar, and as it was underground, you can see it was anything but pleasant. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we saw



"MY SCHOOL." BY MARGARET MILLER, AGE 15.

the storm approaching. We remained in the cellar all night, and the next morning we expected to see our garden, house, and stable in a hopeless mass. But when we popped our heads above ground the next morning, lo and behold! there in the warm sunshine was the dainty little white house, and pretty garden just as we had left it the day before. But waste lay all around us. It seems the tornado struck just to the north of our dwelling, so our property was saved, although much damage was done to our neighbors' fields and houses.

### A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY PAULINE F. MAY (AGE 11)

ONE evening last summer when all the people were on the board walk we saw a red light on the ocean. None of us understood that signal except one lady who quickly went into the nearest house and 'phoned to the Life Saving Station, which was not far away. As this happened about ten o'clock that evening, some of the men went in a row-

boat. They had to row quite a distance, and as the ocean was very rough and the wind very strong, it took them till twelve o'clock to rescue the three men who were in the wrecked launch. The Life Savers anchored the launch with a long pole and an anchor.

## MARCH



"A HEADING." BY LEONTINE A. HUNTSMAN, AGE 17.

During the night the storm grew so strong that it tore the pole and anchor away, and the launch was tossed up and down. In the morning when we took a walk we saw the launch come on shore between the bathing lines, and also the big pole which the tide had brought in. Then everybody ran and helped pull her in. They worked very hard and found that the machinery was broken and that she had sprung aleak; therefore they pulled her over to the bay to be repaired, and then sent her back to Fire Island, where she came from.



"MY SCHOOL." BY ROBERT D. MILLIGAN, AGE 14.

## TO THE WIND

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALI (AGE 16)

*(Honor Member)*

O WIND do you think when you ruffle the sea,  
How many ships will be lost?  
Do you trouble each time that you rush o'er the lea,  
That the farmer's corn will be tossed?



"A HEADING." BY HAZEL E. PIKE, AGE 16.

When you shatter great trees in your riotous game  
It may be you think it is fun;  
But are you not filled with a feeling of shame  
To know all the harm you have done?

O Wind, when in summer your fresh, cooling breeze  
Sweeps over the land, parched and dry;  
When you murmur and sing to the quivering trees,  
Giving promise of rain by and by;  
When you fill our white sails as we happily glide  
'Neath the beams of the glorious sun,  
Then are you not filled with a feeling of pride  
To know all the good you have done?



"MY SCHOOL." BY VIOLET W. HOFF, AGE 11. (HONOR MEMBER.)

## A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY JOHN WILLIAM HILL (AGE 12)

A FEW months ago Dr. Charles A. Eastman came to visit us. Probably to most readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* the name will recall his three delightful books.

He is a full-blooded Sioux Indian, and lived with the Indians until he became a youth, so as may be imagined three books have not exhausted his fund of anecdotes. The following story, which as far as I know has not appeared in print before, is one of these. I will endeavor to tell it just as I heard it from him.

"One intensely cold winter we were traveling across the plains in Canada. Snow two feet deep lay on the ground. Our band of the Sioux were almost without food and it was determined to send out parties of the braves on foraging expeditions. At this time I was fifteen and my uncle, who was given charge of one of the expeditions, decided that I should accompany him.

"Three days were spent tramping through the snow toward the South, but nothing did we see save some half-



"MV SCHOOL IN HONOLULU." BY MARV E. VON HOLT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

starved rabbits. Our only provisions during this time were a small quantity of jerked venison and a little meal, but at the end of the third day this was gone and we faced starvation. To make matters worse a terrible wind-storm came up and the glittering particles of snow were whirled in every direction, while at the same time large flakes dropped from the clouds. These grew smaller and more regular. We realized that a terrible storm was brewing.

"My uncle knew what to do, however, and we were soon engaged in making a snow house such as the Eskimos build in the far North. After this was finished the whole band crawled in and the entrance was closed. We took with us a long pole which had helped to support the tepee on previous nights. Every few hours this was poked up through the snow to see if the storm had abated, but it was not until the fourth day that the hole remained open and we realized that it was over. Then we dug ourselves out and went back to the main camp.





"A HEADING." BY EVA LAWRENCE, AGE 17.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

"Here good news awaited us. One of the other parties that had been sent out had returned with three elk and a thin buffalo bull. Thus, our famine was relieved for a time."

### THE WIND

BY ISABEL D. WEAVER (AGE 14)

The wind is a giant strong and bold,  
Who speeds o'er hill and lea.  
And when he breathes, he some-  
times wrecks  
The ships upon the sea.

He breathes and makes the  
branches rock,  
And makes the houses shake.  
He ruffles up the ocean waves,  
And those upon the lake.

He loves to catch a little boy,  
And toss him all around;  
Why, sometimes when I'm  
walking,  
He 'most knocks me to the  
ground.

It's cold when the wind blows hard,  
And rushes through the trees;  
But sometimes when he's gentler,  
He makes a little breeze.

The wind is a giant strong and  
bold,  
Who speeds o'er hill and lea.  
And when he breathes, he some-  
times wrecks  
The ships upon the sea.

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### A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY KATHARINE BEARD (AGE 9)

WHITE-BACK and Tip-tail were crossing the long meadow that stretched from Aunt Grey's house to theirs. When they had left her house, Aunt Grey had told the little mice that they would have plenty of time to get home if they hurried, before the coming wind-storm.

Soon they came to some bushes where White-back said that he would look and see if the storm was near. He thought it safe to go on. They scampered through the tall grass till about forty rods from home, when the tall grass and bushes began to sway roughly.

They ran on through the hurricane and found mother taking the last of her mice to the new home, as the old one was entirely ruined by the cyclone. Mother told them to follow and they obeyed as if dumb. When they reached the new home, White-back and Tip-tail begged to hear the whole story, so mother told all about it, while Fleet-foot, the oldest, Cautious, the next, and Pink-nose and Sharp-eye, the baby twins, stood by eagerly listening.

"Well, my dears, when I saw the wind blowing so harshly I was very anxious about you; but then I knew that Aunt Grey would give you good advice, so I stopped worrying. Finally, the hurricane swept away our house; and I told Fleet-foot that in the clump of bushes north-west of our old home I had been building a new house to surprise you all. I said, You go with Brother Sharp-eye and stay while I bring the others as soon as I can. Then I told Cautious to stay in that shelter you use for a play-house, to watch and see if you would come, and when you did, to bring you to our new home. So I hurried off with Pink-nose. When I got here I told Fleet-foot to go and send Cautious home, and stay there himself. Cautious came, but after awhile I began to get worried again. So leaving Cautious in care of the babies, I set out to look for Fleet-foot. I soon reached the play-house and was going home with him, thinking that you had found shelter and that I would find you soon, when I saw you coming."

"Well," said hungry Cautious, "every one did an important piece of work," and Fleet-foot added, "even the babies because they did not fuss."



"A HEADING." BY MARGARETTA A. WELLS, AGE 14.

## A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

BY LOUISE PATTERSON (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

On the shore of Lake Winnebago, which is about six miles from here, is where we camp for nearly three months every summer. The lake is about ten miles wide and forty miles long. It has been said it is the largest fresh water lake in any one state in the world next to the Great Lakes. Wind-storms are quite frequent.

The lake had been smooth as glass all day save for a slight breeze on it now and then. At about half past five, just as the sun was setting, we saw a radiant glow on the lake and the entire horizon was pink, while in the west it was fiery red.

Every one was remarking how wonderfully beautiful the sun was, when somebody suggested that it was the sign of a bad storm.

Brother and I had gone a distance of about thirty feet in our rowboat when it began to rain. We turned back quickly and had no more than landed, drawn our boat up, than a fierce gale came and the lake was in a terrible uproar in a about five seconds.

The wind did not cease howling until long after one o'clock that night. We played the phonograph almost continually so that we would not have to listen to the roaring wind.

The cottage not being on a very substantial foundation swayed back and forth constantly.

Strange to say, it rained not a drop, although it thundered and lightened. However, when we stepped off the rear porch (we not going out of the front door because on opening it everything would have blown to pieces), we found ourselves in deep puddles.

One of the most interesting adventures at the lake is to watch a windstorm, and we resolved to do so now.

The force of the wind had blown the water from the lake up to the porch and past, so as to make regular ponds. The spray of the water we could feel on our faces.



"A HEADING." BY DOROTHY REIBER, AGE 15.

The next morning we found almost a lake from the shore two hundred feet back. Our pier had been washed on shore, some parts of which we found piled up as far as the water. A bonfire which we had made the previous day was carried a distance back.

There was one wreck that night and several large lake boats were washed ashore.



"A HEADING." BY DOROTHEA TORREY, AGE 14.

## WIND

BY LUCY DUNLAP SMITH (AGE 12)

THE wind in March starts the spring

With a whizz and a rush and a roar;

It blows our hats right off our heads,

And comes in the cracks round the door.

It brings the rain, and makes ripples across

The puddles of melted snow;

It starts the sap up in the trees,

And bends them very low.

The summer wind is different

From this wild wind of spring,

For it is a very gentle wind

And oft' I hear it sing;

And in the cool, cool evening time

I hear it rustle the leaves,

It murmurs and sighs about the house

And whispers to the trees.

The winter wind is bold and rude,

It blows us with a will;

It blows the last leaves off the trees,

And circles 'round the hill;

It blows the snowflakes all about,

And makes the rafters creak;

It whistles 'round the corners, and

Moans loudly as we sleep.

A GLANCE at "The Roll of the Careless" shows that all members of the League do not understand that the contributions must be received by the 10th of the month (the 15th for foreign members).



## THE WIND

BY MARJORIE S. HARRINGTON (AGE 16)

SOFTLY 't is blowing o'er woodland and meadow,  
Bending the treetops, and waving the grain;  
Far out on the blue sea it sends the ships flying,  
Bearing some wanderer homeward again.

Gently 't is rocking the birds in their cradles,  
Singing a lullaby soft through the pines;  
Bowing the daisies, and setting them dancing,  
Swaying the grasses in mystical lines.

Merrily tossing the curls of the children;  
Lifting their kites, now it sends them on high;  
And see up above how the white clouds are sailing,  
Chasing each other across the blue sky!

And who is this wizard, this wonderful wizard,  
Who does all these things which to man would bring  
fame?

Well, if you must know it, and really can't guess it,  
I'll tell you the secret: The Wind is his name.

## THE CAVE OF THE WINDS

BY EDNA VON DER HEIDE (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

BEYOND the hills, where palsied trees stand bare  
Against the pallid, bleak, and wintry sky;  
Across the seas, where ne'er a ship has passed,  
A lonely rock hewn cavern rises high.

## A WIND-STORM ADVENTURE

*A true story*

BY IDA F. PARFITT (AGE 14)

A HURRICANE! What a picture of storm that word leaves in one's mind.

Whilst living in the Fiji Islands my father experienced many dreadful storms, but I think the worst was the one that I am going to tell you about; it began about ten o'clock in the morning and lasted all day and all night.



"A HEADING." BY HARRY W. GOODMAN, AGE 16.

Before a hurricane the barometer always behaves in a curious way, moving up and down very quickly, so people know what to expect. All windows and doors were tightly shut to keep out the storm which always does so much damage, for what is not blown about and broken by the wind is spoiled by the rain.

Though all precaution was taken the dining-room of father's house was blown down; in a minute all the pictures, plate, books, and everything in the room were whirled



"A HEADING." BY JACK B. HOPKINS, AGE 11.

There through the ages of eternity,  
In solitude and loneliness it stands,  
Beyond it rise the hills majestic'ly,  
Before it stretch the wide and desert sands.

And there from age to age, unchangingly,  
The winds of heaven live and reign on;  
No mortal e'er comes nigh that dreaded coast,  
Or seeks a shelter 'neath that hollowed stone.

A charm there is enwoven 'mid these wilds,  
So sad, so silent, seems the sacred place;  
Perchance, methinks, the gods hold spellbound here,  
Four brothers of a long departed race.

away, while father and the native servants had to go out in the face of the storm to find his belongings. He was lucky for nothing was lost except one picture, which he has not heard of to this day. Of course the silver was not blown far, but the next day some of the books were found some distance away; he still has these books, the pages are quite stiff from the effect of the rain, as well as being very stained and dirty.

THE St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers. A League badge and an instruction leaflet will be sent on application. Address, The St. Nicholas League, Union Square, N. Y. City.

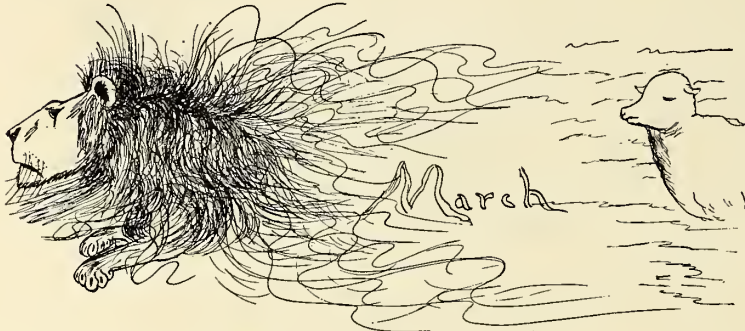
## THE WINDS OF THE MONTHS

BY GRETCHEN M. GAFFGA (AGE 14)

JANUARY'S wind is bright and clear,  
Bringing to all the glad New Year.

February's wind is cruel and cold,  
Whistling about the chimneys old.

March's wind is a wild, rough master,  
Blowing o'er the sea and bringing disaster.



"A HEADING." BY HELEN WALKER, AGE 11.

April's wind is a merry breeze,  
Whispering music through the tall pine-trees.

May's wind is a zephyr sweet,  
Wafting fragrance to all it may meet.

June's wind is a little fay,  
Blowing the rose leaves and dust away.

July's wind seldom comes out,  
Only a moment to frolic and shout.

August's wind stays far away,  
Except now and then on a rainy day.

September's wind is cool and clear,  
Telling the fruit to be of good cheer.

October's wind is a friend of the young,  
Blowing the nuts from where they hung.

November's wind is cold and drear,  
But it brings Thanksgiving Day so dear.

December's wind is clear and cold,  
Bringing Christmas to young and old.

## WIND

BY LILLIE G. MENARY (AGE 14)

THE wild breezes blow  
And the streams run fast,  
Hark! the warbling notes  
Of the lark at last.

She soars aloft  
At early dawn,  
Proclaiming abroad  
That winter 's gone.

The wild breezes blow  
And the branches sway,  
While the woods resound  
With the joyous lay.



## HEADING.

BY MILDRED S. LAMBE, AGE 15.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

Hark! what a chatter,  
Oh, what a din,  
As our feathered friends  
Greet the wild March wind.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

William Dieringer	Elizabeth C. Walton
Katharine Goodrich	Holcomb York
Katie Bermingham	Elizabeth N. Kendall
Marion J. Benedict	Mary E. Howe
Juliet Burton	Beatrice S. Irving
Dixie Harris	Doris Prior
Constance S. Winslow	Marjorie Shaw
Gwendolyn V. Steel	Martha Clow
Silas Seadler	Zoe Harris
DeWitt Scobeke	Estelle Ewing
Gertrude Kinkele	Florence M. Ward
Grace Harvey	Elizabeth Hancock
Nell Adams	Bernice A. Chapman
Alice Phelps Rider	H. Randall Canfield
Reginald Marsh	Elizabeth E. Smith
Margaret F. Weil	Ruth E. Abel
Mary Downing	Beatrice Frye
Constance Wiener	Marjorie E. Chase
Elizabeth Eliot	Katherine Balderston
Margaret Montague	Kennard Weddell
Margaret L. Creighton	Anita Henriquez
Hildegard Diechmann	Myrogene Mead
Marion Adele Smith	Monona F. Ising
Elinor W. Roberson	Dorothy Watkins
Eleanor Babcock	Mary Kennedy Little
Dorothy Graves	

## VERSE, 1

Beulah Elizabeth  
Amidon  
Mildred Crane  
Marion Annette Evans  
Theresa R. Robbins  
Ruth Livingston  
Marjorie Winrod  
Ruth S. Coleman  
Ruth Sherburne  
Margaret Ware Thayer  
Carol Thompson  
Angela Richmond  
Doris H. Halman  
Janet H. Nevins  
Rosalie Schmuckler  
Doris Huestis  
Rosabelle Hollander  
F Esther Ranschoff  
Albert Grossblatt  
Norah Culhane  
Jeannette Munro  
Isabel Burr Case  
Ethel M. Ericson  
Elizabeth Toof  
Jeanne Demétre  
Helen Fitz-J. Searight  
Hattie Amundsen  
Frances G. Ward  
Eloise Liddon  
Catharine H. Straker  
Ethel Anna Jackson  
Dorothy Barnes Loye  
Victor Hoag  
Virginia Coyne  
Mary K. Rhoads  
Emma D. Miller  
Elizabeth M. Walker  
Carl H. Weston  
Ynez Pischel  
Dorothy Cory Stott  
Constance H. Smith  
Elsie Cromwell  
Comstock  
Eleanor Forwood  
Primrose Lawrence  
Dorothy Kerr Floyd  
Alice Louise Packard

## PROSE, 1

Ruth Alden Adams  
Louis Faulkner  
Louise May  
Helen M. Mooney  
Horace G. Ford  
Doris E. Campbell  
Martin Estrada  
Patty Richards  
Lucile Quarry  
Edith M. Burdick

## VERSE, 2

Geneva Gow Johnson  
Nathlic Gookin  
John H. Humphries  
Flora McDonald  
Cockrell  
Nancy M. French

## PROSE, 2

Beatrice Brock  
Eunice Elliot  
Adrian Spencer  
Edith G. Hull  
Helen K. Smith  
Ruth H. Hoyt  
Alleen Bowers  
Nora Rentschler  
Emily Tomson  
Margaret Monroe  
Doris E. Hodgson  
Priscilla A. Thorpe  
Edward Power  
Rachel Morse  
Dorothy H. Edgerly  
Gwendolyn E. Jones  
Randall Lewis  
Erwin A. Esper  
Barton D. Miller  
Ralph Perry  
Augusta H. Stanton  
Margaret Hall  
Madge A. Dunnell  
Dorothy Adamson  
Helen A. Fulwood  
Miriam A. Story  
Helen Tingley  
Annabel Remnitz  
Ruth Glück  
Alice Gilman  
Lorraine Voorhees  
Ruby E. Wilkins  
Ruth M. Wood  
Florence H. Sutton  
Deborah Sugarman  
Elizabeth Page James  
Ethel L. Blood  
Tillie Hoffman  
Emma Thorp  
Mary E. van Fassen  
Mary E. Kurtz  
Dixie V. Lambert  
Sarah Bernstein  
Lena M. Duncan

## DRAWINGS, 1

Thomas A. Flood  
Ruth Streetfield  
Louise F.  
Dantzebecher  
Doris Louise Glover  
Waldron Faulkner  
Bud Hays



Lillian Shedd  
Norine Means  
Frances H. Steen  
Marshall Williamson  
Katherine Foster  
Anita Miller  
Virginia Ellingwood  
Marjorie Acker  
Alice Bothwell  
Robert Lee  
Sallie S. Wood  
Marjorie K. Gibbons

Margaret A. White  
Irene Woodruff  
Esther Harman  
Lincoln Wadsworth  
Aldaide H. Clark  
Robt. Maclean  
Morris A. Copeland  
Henry A. Bacon  
Wilhelmina Dilbeck  
Frances Hale Burt  
Julia C. Stohr  
Hester Gunning

Russell Patterson  
Ellison  
B. J. Lurie  
Gertrude Kirkman  
Alice M. Flagg  
Ruth M. Galis  
Aileen Le Blanc  
Dorothy Leonard  
Ruth Z. Mann  
Miles Morgan  
Happgood  
Russell Howard

## LEAGUE LETTERS

BRIDGETON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having arrived at the age limit, I can now only contribute my hearty good wishes for future success of the League, and include my sincere appreciation of and thanks for, the great pleasure I have had during my "League Days."

My last contribution was fortunate enough to be honored in the September number, and I am delighted with the badge which makes one of each kind that I now have.

A peculiar incident occurred in connection with that last effort, as the day the competition closed (April 20) was also my last day of seven-ent, making it a last chance all around.

I shall always be interested in the League and my last wishes are most hearty for its continued success.

Most sincerely yours,

ROBERT E. FITHIAN.

## MARCH 1909



"A HEADING." BY ALICE

KITCHELL, AGE 13.

Helen Walker  
Ruth Kinkead  
Lilla G. Work  
Hazel S. Halstead  
Helen May Baker  
Pauline T. Pick  
Florence Ann  
Cushman  
Otto Tabor  
Phyllis Tomlinson  
Elsie Nathan  
Margaret Osborne  
Norman Geddes  
Ruth P. Brown  
Isabel P. Beckurts  
Livio Quanchi  
Donald R. Baker  
Joan D. Clowes

Myra E. Treat  
Anna M. Indzonka  
Helen B. Walcott  
Aimée Atlee Truan  
Helen Sturtevant  
Dorothy L. Dadl  
Dorothy W. Haasis  
Frances K. Thieme  
Eleanor D. Matthews  
Louis L. Bradford  
Helen D. Flood  
W. A. Wilson, Jr.  
Margherita Wood  
Helen Schwesckhardt  
Sarah Schwesckhardt  
Hazel Gildersleeve  
Janet L. Shontz  
Esther Cummings  
Margaret Farnsworth  
Amy Lorraine Magill

John S. Mallory  
Cecilia G. L. Hirsh  
Margaret Hussey  
Donald G. Morris  
Margaret R. Reynolds  
Harold C. Tarr

## PUZZLES, 1

Charles H. Gould  
Elisabeth Maclay  
Austin Adams  
Harold M. Schwab  
Cassius M. Clay  
Dorothy S. Mann  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
Johanna Rahlke  
Ethel K. Caster  
Mary Emmet  
Leah H. Fowle  
W. G. Troeger  
Grace Lowenhaupt  
Dorothy Bennett  
Frances S. Bradley  
Harrison Lewis  
Rebecca E. Meaker  
Duane R. Everson  
Maude Van Arsdale  
Alberta Weber  
Mabel L. Carmichael  
Harrison Shaler

## PUZZLES, 2

Robert Angell  
William B. Stimson  
Olivia Johnson  
Kathleen Dean  
Walter Whitney  
Simon Goldstein

## DRAWINGS, 2

Elinor Clark  
Mary Comstock  
Warren M. Turner  
Ruth Dunham  
Gladys Nolan  
Leila M. Starr  
Katharine Spafford  
Elizabeth Baker  
Mary Long  
Barbara Wellington  
Agnes I. Prizer  
Virginia B. R. Harris  
Marion Travis  
Ruth Seymour  
Barbara Streafeld  
James H. Douglas, Jr.  
Robt. W. Spier, Jr.  
Marguerite Gabzweller  
Elizabeth Deering

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Helen Wentz Balfé  
Moritz Loeb  
John R. Decker  
Louise Hopkins  
Dorothy B. Thomas  
Bertram F. Wilcox  
Mattie H. Jennings  
Isabel Maxwell  
K. C. Saxon  
Elmer Rietz  
Archie Hager  
Helen B. Nichols  
K. B. Anderson

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Helen C. Culm  
Fred'k A. Brooks

## ROLL OF THE CARELESS

RECEIVED TOO LATE. Theo. G. Holcombe, Beryl Morse, Frances Smith, Muriel Good, Felicity Askew, Frida Tillman, Zoe Kelsey, Edw. Friedman, Felix Friedman, Florence Wagner, Bob Leeburger, Jack Humphrey, Phyllis Gale, Oliver Underhill, Helen Benedict, Ellis Hughes Martin, Dora Lloyd, Margaret Stewart, Genevieve Torrey, Maud H. Mallett, Isabel Huston, Anthony Crawford, D. Ena Lloyd, Mildred E. Beckwith, Louise Blackham, Geo. Newgarden, Phyllis Lyster, Harry Dryden, Alice Latham, Dorothy Pownall, Raymond Simboli, Helen D. Perry, Pamela C. Horsley, George Harvey, Virginia F. Rice, Dorothy Quick, H. Smedley.

NOT INDORSED. Luella Schroen, Katharine W. Mason, Leslie Davies, Katherine Dixon, Willie Lyman Lloyd, Jr., Katharine B. Carter, Leonor Mayer, Vera and Lucile Reuton, Alice H. Farnsworth, David Mayer, Everett Maclaclachlan, Charlotte L. Patek, Helen Cohen, Anna A. Russell, Frances McIver, Jean E. Russell, Mary Witherbee, Chandler Ingersoll, Helen Brewster, Elizabeth Hardin, Lucy C. Gabling.

NO AGE. Harold C. Tarr, Margaret Reynolds, Eunice Fairbairn, Eleanor P. Kelly, Grace Wingate.  
IN PENCIL. Margaret A. Blair, Eteeka Riley, Edw. L. Eagan.  
NO ADDRESS. Darthea Hanchette, Helen Bowman, Helen Blackman, Claude M. Bigelow, Louise Cardozo, Dorothea Gunderson, Frances McIver.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 113

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Creature Photography" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

**Competition No. 113** will close **February 10** (for foreign members **February 15**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Patriot."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A July Anniversary."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Windy Day."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Best Friend's Favorite Occupation" and a **July (1909) Heading** or Tail-piece. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in *its natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

G—, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an earnest reader of your delightful magazine, and am wondering if all the boys and girls enjoyed their holidays as much as I.

One gets the true Xmas spirit in this "land o' cotton" even though not one flake of snow or even a sign of frost appears. As for jingling sleigh-bells, I suppose my Northern sisters know all about them, especially at Xmas-tide.

If you can picture an ideal spring day, the yards all green and the violets blooming, and this little ST. NICHOLAS reader herself flitting around in a white dress,—such was our Xmas day.

One of my most pleasant surprises was a letter being returned to me which I had thrown overboard, in a bottle, while crossing the ocean this summer.

It was picked up by the keeper of a life-saving station on the coast.

I was delighted to know that my note floating in the deep Atlantic did n't go astray.

Your devoted reader,  
RUTH EVELYN DUNCAN.

TERRIBLE as was the loss from the last eruption of Vesuvius it seems slight when compared with the recent terrible earthquake in southern Italy and Sicily. The writer of the following letter is to be congratulated that she escaped both the eruption and the earthquake.

DRESDEN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought it would interest you and your readers to hear how surprised we were on coming for the second time to Naples. We had gone from New York to Naples and on through Italy to Germany, and when we went home to New York again, we stayed in Naples a week or so.

It was on a hot April day that we went from Rome to Naples; we were waiting anxiously for the train to turn the next corner so that we might see Mount Vesuvius again. At last we had a view of the volcano, and to our great surprise a thin column of smoke was slowly rising from the crater. The train made a curve and for a while we could not see the mountain; it was now getting late, the sun had gone down, and when we again had a view of Vesuvius we could see, in the dim twilight, not only smoke, but streams of burning lava creeping slowly down the sides of the volcano.

I don't think anybody could sleep well that night for there were thunder-like rumblings that made the whole house shake. When we looked out the next morning it was so dark that we could not see the other side of the street for the ashes were falling thick and fast. My sister gathered some in a little bottle.

You can be sure that after staying about a week in Naples we were glad when we could go on board the steamer.

Hoping this letter is not too long, I remain,

Your devoted reader,  
MARIE RECKNAGEL (age 11).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and hope my uncle will give you to me again for Christmas. I am very much interested in "The Lass of the Silver Sword" and can hardly wait for the next number.

You heard of the dreadful forest fires in Maine, did n't you? We lived ten miles from one and after it was over we went to see what was left. In one place the flames had come within a few yards on all sides of a very small house,

but the house itself was not touched. There was one place where the fire had stopped suddenly and we wondered why. We felt of the ground. It was damp. It had been the bed of a stream and the flames had dried it up, but it stopped the fire. All the way along the road were buckets and all the houses had either boats or barrels around. Some had barrels tied to the chimneys full of water. Of course, the buckets, boats, and barrels were full of water, too. Papa said they had built other fires to meet the big fire and to burn everything so the fire would have nothing to burn. This was all in South Brooksville, during the summer. It was easy to get water for the fire as the ocean was very near. Up in Haven, where we were staying, there was no danger as the fire had to cross a pond before it could get to us. Still, some of the people went around with their return tickets in their pockets ready for a moment's notice. Others had their clothes packed in a suit-case ready to run. One night we could see the flames shooting up over the trees and we thought they were nearer than they really were. Finally the fire went out. We were all much relieved.

I often read your stories to my brother Douglas. He likes to hear them very much. Father and his sister and two brothers took you when they were children and my aunt has some bound volumes of you now, but I like the newer ST. NICHOLAS best.

I send my love to all the readers and bushels of love for you.

Your loving reader,  
BEATRICE CLEPHANE (age 10).

LEXINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading the first instalment of "A Son of the Desert," and perhaps you can imagine that I was surprised and interested when I discovered that the author had chosen Lexington for the home of Ted Leslie. I have often seen names of towns in stories but I supposed they were purely imaginary. Nevertheless, I am right glad to have my native town the home of a hero of a story. However, I must confess that I do not know Ted Leslie, except, of course, in my imagination.

I wonder if Mr. Gilman has ever visited Lexington, and if he has n't I hope he may sometime, for there are many things here of interest to tourists, and the town itself is a very pretty one and to me a dear one.

Your interested reader,  
DOROTHY FOX (age 15).

HIGH BRIDGE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The story I like best in your magazine is "A Son of the Desert." I am very anxious to know what happens to Ted in the next magazine. The author of that story was a very dear friend of my father's. Father is going to give you to me for my next birthday.

I am your interested reader,  
WELLS RICHARDSON (age 10).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell a little story about a rainbow I saw in the back yard through the hose. It was a small one. I looked hard for the end, but as soon as I left the hose it disappeared. So I went back to the hose and looked for it again. There at the end of it was a big yellow dandelion. And I suppose in a real rain storm there would be a pot of real gold.

Your interested reader,  
MARY G. WILLCOX (age 8).





**ZIGZAG**

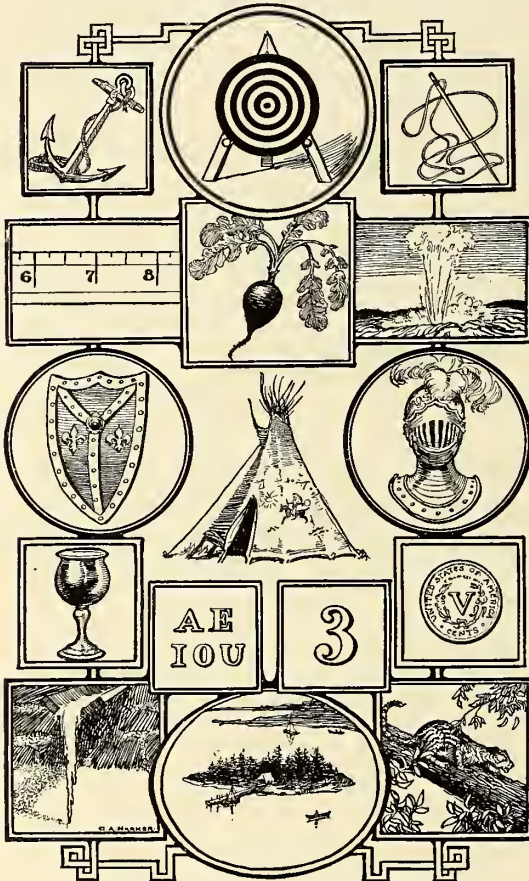
(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous composer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Merry. 2. Healthy. 3. To assemble. 4. A highway. 5. An angel. 6. An apparition. 7. Slender. 8. A tropical fruit. 9. Attempting. 10. Proverbs. 11. A multitude.

DOROTHY STABLER.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC**



In this primal acrostic the words are pictured instead of described. When the sixteen objects have been rightly guessed, the names of the objects (of equal length) may be so arranged that their initials will form the Christian name and the surname of an early American writer.

Designed by SEWALL W. HODGE.

**DOUBLE BEHEADINGS**

1. DOUBLY behead to load again, and leave a burden. 2. Doubly behead to render useless by injury, and leave lubricates. 3. Doubly behead to be indignant at, and leave dispatched. 4. Doubly behead establishes, and leave certain busy insects. 5. Doubly behead to deaden, and leave insensible. 6. Doubly behead to swallow, and leave a large bay. 7. Doubly behead dexterous, and leave always. 8. Doubly behead to soften in temper, and leave

the season before Easter. 9. Doubly behead to gratify, and leave comfort. 10. Doubly behead to give up an office, and leave an indication.

When the above words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a fine city of the United States.

ELIZABETH D. BRENNAN (League Member).

**CROSS-WORD ENIGMA**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My first is in star, but not in moon;  
 My second in face, but not in cheeks;  
 My third is in fork, but not in spoon;  
 My fourth is in days, but not in weeks;  
 My fifth is in eat, but not in chew;  
 My sixth is in south, and also in north;  
 My seventh is in fog, but not in dew;  
 My eighth, though my last, is the same as my fourth.  
 My whole was a very famous battle.

ANNIE REED SLACK.

**NOVEL CLASSICAL ACROSTIC**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the Greek name of the god to whom the month of March is sacred; another row will spell the Roman name of the same god.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The lover of Thisbe. 2. The goddess of justice. 3. The goddess of wisdom. 4. The hero of the Odyssey.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

**A STAR PUZZLE**



CROSS-WORDS: 1. In sofa. 2. An abbreviation of a state. 3. One of the United States. 4. A famous mountain. 5. Pertaining to Ireland. 6. The name of one of Santa Claus's reindeer. 7. The Latin name of the Adige. 8. The abbreviation of a state. 9. In sofa.

THOMAS GREN (League Member).

**CHARADE**

My first will kill a cat;  
 My last 's an exclamation;  
 My whole in ancient gardens grew  
 For children's delectation.  
 And he who drives my first and last  
 Deserves great commendation.

MARY A. GIBSON.

**ZIGZAG**

ALL the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of the hero of a very famous naval engagement.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Shared among more than one. 2. A running knot. 3. A kind of tea. 4. A musical instrument. 5. A one-masted vessel. 6. A certain part of Africa discovered on Christmas Day. 7. A small bottle for sauces. 8. Active. 9. Full of merriment. 10. Fore-shadows. 11. Conclusive. 12. Unusual. 13. The Spanish port from which Columbus sailed.

VIRGINIA DAVIS.



A MOTHER'S chief concern with beauty is to see it developed in healthy, wholesome, natural conditions in her children.

It is her delight to see their skin preserved in youthful bloom and freshness as they grow in years, and to this end nothing will serve so well as

# Pears' Soap

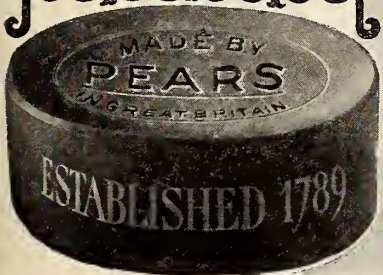
which acts as a soothing, emollient balm to the tender and sensitive skin of infants and young children.

It keeps the cuticle in a permanent condition of velvety softness and smoothness, enabling the complexion to develop into a lasting loveliness of natural color.

Best for the bath  
and the toilet



Beauty  
from the  
Mother's  
point of  
view



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 87.*

*Time to hand in answers is up March 10. Prizes awarded in April number.*

March, 1909, is Inauguration Month. From every part of the land people will gather at Washington to see the ceremonies, the parades, and the notable persons, the public buildings, and each other; but most of all to see Mr. Taft, his famous smile, and to gain a glimpse of his personality, and to be able to think, "I have seen the President."

In honor of this event, and because all of us are interested (some of you may even go there!), let us have an Inauguration Competition this time. The rules are these:

Make from the letters composing the name and product of each advertiser, as found below, a telegram of congratulation to Mr. Taft, one telegram from each set of words. (You may make more than one telegram from each set if you can.)

You need not use all the letters, although the more you use, the better and cleverer your answer will be.

No letter may be used more than once; for instance, there may be five "e"s, and you may use only five "e"s in your telegram.

After you have made the best possible telegrams out of this list, you may, if you choose, make up another list for yourself. But use only those advertisers you find in ST. NICHOLAS. If you finish those in the March number, you may take the January, or February, or any issues in 1908.

Send in your telegrams in this manner: First write the name of the advertiser, and his products, given you, and opposite each one, the telegrams composed therefrom.

Be careful of spelling, punctuation, and general neatness.

Remember the rules. Perhaps you had better read them over again before you begin on the list. Here it is:

1. Swift's Premium Pure Lard.  
Swift and Company, U. S. A.
2. Grand Canyon—the World's

(See also page 8)





## “My Children Are Well Dressed”

“I used to worry so about how to dress my children well on our income. That was before I began using Diamond Dyes — now my children are well dressed because I learned what Diamond Dyes will do.

“Every Spring and Fall I go over my husband’s clothes and mine carefully, and select the things that are a little worn and that will make over nicely; then I rip up and dye them bright new colors, and they certainly could not be told from new. Diamond Dyes help us dress better, too.

“I have made all kinds of pretty things for the house — sofa pillows — draperies, etc., by using Diamond Dyes. I could not keep house without them.” *ELLEN F. SIMMONDS, BOSTON, MASS.*

## New Clothes with Diamond Dyes

It is so easy to dye with Diamond Dyes that there is really no excuse for any one’s not having bright new clothes for herself and the children.

And it is really fun to dye with Diamond Dyes.

Here are some suggestions:

Change the color of any silk waist you have worn for some time.

Change the color of your ribbons.

Change the color of any light-colored stockings that are faded.

Change the color of your suit and make it over into a pretty dress for the little girl.

Change the color of your husband’s “second suit,” and make it over for the boy.

### IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT GOODS TO BE DYED:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

**Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes.** Imitators who make only one kind of dye claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton (“all fabrics”) *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, can be used as successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dyes slowly.

“Mixed Goods,” also known as “Union Goods,” are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

**Diamond Dye Annual — Free** Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer’s name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the new Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. *Address*

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT:

At all Reliable Dealers—Insist upon the Genuine

wonder. By the California Limited. Santa Fe.

3. Diamond Dyes make old clothes new. Wells and Richardson Company.

4. Postum Food Coffee. "There's a Reason," Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek.

5. The National Spring Style Book and samples free. National Cloak and Suit Company.

6. Gerhard Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder for Baby.

7. Woman's Home Companion at all news-stands fifteen cents.

8. Welch's Grape Juice—pure, fresh and invigorating. Sample bottle by mail.

9. Eighteen forty seven Rogers Bros. famous silverware.

10. Dorothy Dainty Ribbons won't wilt and crinkle after one or two tyings.

11. Remington Typewriter Company (incorporated). For everybody.

12. Ivory Soap — ninety - nine and forty-four one hundredths pure.

13. Libby's Natural Food Products are Family Favorites.

14. Crystal Domino Sugar is Best for Tea and Coffee.

15. Pears Otto of Rose Soap is good for your complexion.

For the best answers received in this competition the following prizes will be awarded:

One First Prize of \$5.

Two Second Prizes of \$3 each.

Three Third Prizes of \$2 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1 each.

**1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (87). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10$  inches.

3. Submit answers by March 10, 1909. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 87, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

7. Here is an example for you.

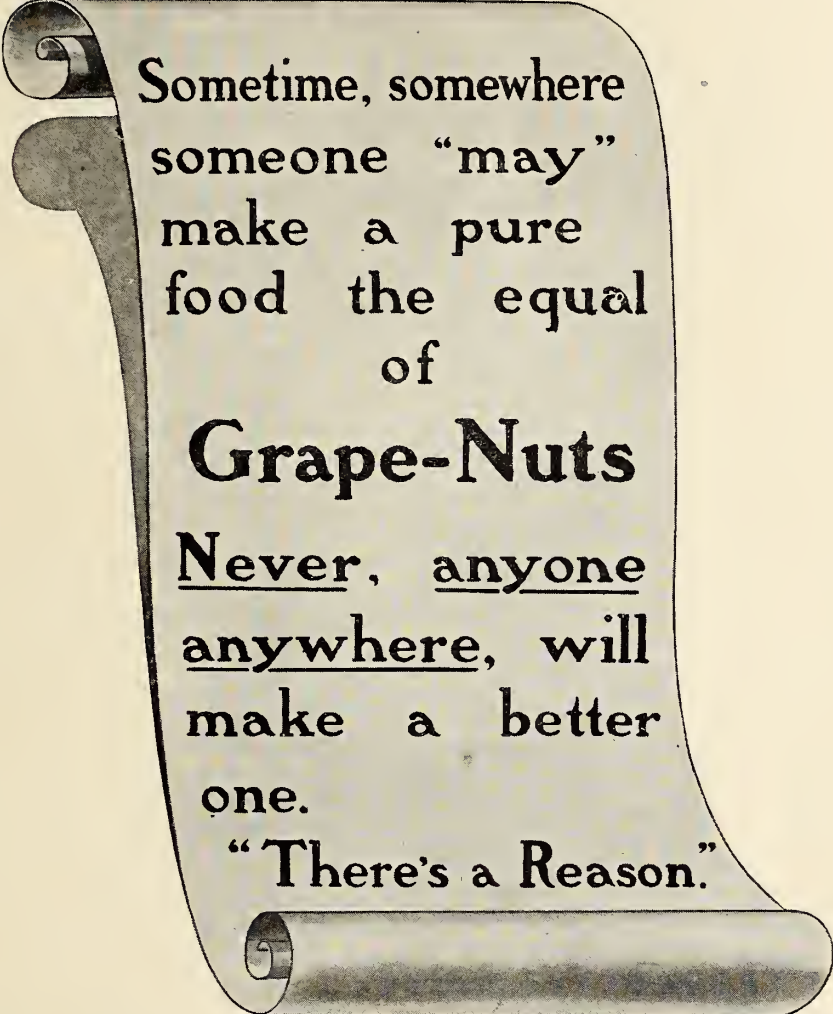
"And you would like Currant Bread—Hellenic Bureau one fifty four Nassau St."

TELEGRAM

W. H. Taft—Run finely done. I see our broad land safe in your care. Best luck.

(See also page 6)





Sometime, somewhere  
someone "may"  
make a pure  
food the equal  
of

**Grape-Nuts**

Never, anyone  
anywhere, will  
make a better  
one.

"There's a Reason."

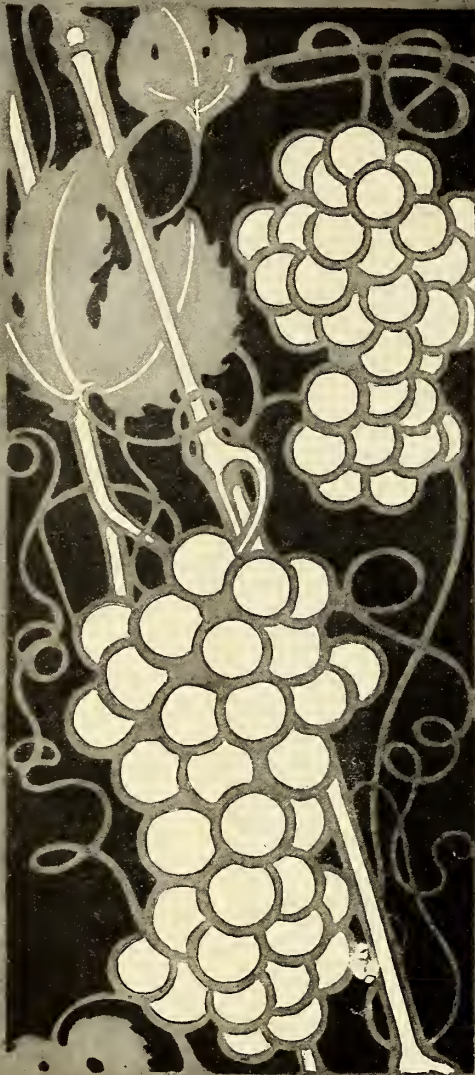
# Grape-Nuts

food is the result of study and science; nothing about it is guesswork.

It is made to supply a human need—for building back the worn-out tissue in Brain and Nerve Centres.

---

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



**P**ROCESS in grape juice making is very simple—so simple that many try it, yet so distinctly a process of infinite care and detail that many fail.

Perhaps the real secret of the Welch process is that at every step the grapes and the juice are handled with all possible quickness and cleanliness.

We have special machinery, either designed by us or built for us, and not used in making any other grape juice. Recently we introduced a system of pasteurizing in the bottle at a lower uniform temperature than heretofore. This means better flavor.

## Welch's Grape Juice

is stored only in glass containers; never in barrels. Wherever the juice comes in contact with metal, aluminum is used.

The Welch process transfers the natural juice from the luscious clusters to sealed bottles, unchanged in any way.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

## Charming Gifts 25 CENTS EACH POSTPAID

### GERMAN SILVER NOVELTIES



ACTUAL SIZE

Trade Emblems of Perfect Design and Workmanship  
Spare Your Purse While Pleasing Your Friends

Monkey Wrench, ebony or ivory handle.  
Claw Hammer, metal handle.  
Barber's Razor, metal.

Ball Pein Machinist Hammer, metal handle.  
Butcher's Steel, ivory and ebony handle.  
Hand Saw, metal handle.

Butcher's Cleaver, ebony and coral handle.  
Mason's Trowel, ebony handle.

Do not send coin, it is liable to loss in the mails. Send stamps, postal note or check

MINIATURE NOVELTY CO., 130 East 20th Street, New York





## “NATIONAL” Wearing Apparel

For Women, Misses and Children  
**Spring Style Book and Samples—FREE**

The “NATIONAL” Style Book is truly called the “Complete Book of NEW YORK Fashions.” To all womankind it is the most interesting Style Book published.

From the “Christy Girl Cover,” reproducing a painting made for the “NATIONAL” by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, through to the last page, your interest will increase. Every page contains a Style Message from New York to YOU—shows you in each handsome fashion plate some new Style, something of value, some aid to becomingness in dress and to economy.

Two Million Women will receive this Style Book—FREE. You can be one of them. One Copy is YOURS, but you need to act NOW—to write TO-DAY. Just say: “Send me the Complete ‘NATIONAL’ Style Book—FREE.” If you wish samples be sure and ask for them.

## “NATIONAL” Tailored Suits

Made-to-Measure **\$7.50 to \$35**  
New York Styles

**Spring Style Book and Samples—FREE**

First of all, the “NATIONAL” Style Book (Sent FREE) contains Fashion Plates showing New York’s Suits and Skirts for Spring and Summer. And you can have any of these Suits or Skirts Made To Your Measure in your own choice of over 400 New Materials.

And Twenty-One Years’ experience in fitting and pleasing over half a million American women makes it certain that the suit we make you will fit you and please you perfectly. You take no risk—each “NATIONAL” suit is guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.

### The “NATIONAL” Policy

Each “NATIONAL” Garment has the “NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG” attached. This is our signed guarantee which says: “Your money back if you ask for it.”

We prepay express charges on all “NATIONAL” Garments to every part of the United States.

### “NATIONAL” Ready-Made Apparel

This complete “NATIONAL” Style Book also beautifully illustrates all the following Ready-Made Garments—all sold at “NATIONAL” Money-Saving Prices, all guaranteed and postage or express charges prepaid by us.

Millinery	Silk Dresses	Petticoats	Corsets
Waists	Lingerie Dresses	Jackets	Hosiery
Skirts	House Dresses	Rain Coats	Neckwear
Kimonos	Muslin Underwear	Plumes	Sweaters
Tub Suits	Knit Underwear	Belts	Boys’ Clothing
	Misses’, Girls’ and Infants’ Wear		

Write for the FREE “NATIONAL” Style Book.

If you wish samples, state the colors you prefer—samples are sent only when asked for.

**NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.,** 250 West 24th St.,  
NEW YORK CITY

Mail Orders Only

Largest Ladies’ Outfitting  
Establishment in the World

No Agents or Branch Stores



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

COLLECTORS frequently have large numbers of stamps of one variety which differ one from another in the matter of shade only. Those who have an interest in such slight differences sometimes mount large numbers of these stamps in blank books with the idea of showing as many varieties of the one denomination as possible. Where one keeps one's stamps in a blank book it is well to have them mounted in this way, but when shades are put into a collection it is far better not to have too many specimens of one denomination. The United States three-cent stamp of 1861, for instance, may be found in all shades from a very light rose to a dark brown. It is perfectly possible to mount one hundred stamps of this variety, no two of which are of exactly the same shade. A page of these stamps may interest a few but if a selection of, say, ten of the most widely differing shades is made, the contrast between these will attract the attention of any collector and will make a much better appearing page in the album. There is always space, even in the printed albums, to place a few varieties of shade and any collection is increased in attractiveness by the addition of some such stamps.

## COLOR CHARTS

MANY attempts have been made to construct a color chart which will enable collectors to make comparisons with their stamps and thus decide exactly what color name should be given to each specimen. A printed chart has been found to be impossible of construction, mainly because the inks which printers use vary so much in shade. A prominent manufacturer of stamps once told the writer that a pot of the ink which they used changed so much in color through exposure to the air that the first sheet of stamps printed from it, when newly opened, was of distinctly different shade from the sheet printed just before the ink was used up. A color chart may, however, be constructed by any collector for his own use in a very simple manner. Let him take a lot of the commonest stamps and looking them up in the catalogue find out the way in which their colors are designated. Looking at the green stamps, for instance, he can easily decide what particular shade is known as yellow green, blue green, light green, or dark green and by placing these in a blank book with the shade name written opposite, and adding all the other colors, he will have a chart by means of which he can decide concerning the color name which should be given to each new stamp which he obtains. The catalogue aims to be consistent in its naming of colors and a collector who follows it will not go far astray.

## STAMPS ON ORIGINAL COVERS

COLLECTIONS of stamps on the original cover have not been very popular mainly because it is so difficult to mount them so that they can be readily seen. There are, however, many points of special interest in such a collection on account of the other things which appear in addition to the stamps themselves. It is certainly very interesting to find an envelop bearing a Confederate States stamp made out of a cheap variety of wall paper, or from a United States envelop turned inside out, because paper was so scarce in the Southern States during the War. Many of the curious facts in

relation to foreign peoples come out in the covers which surround their mail and these odd things render a collection on original covers particularly interesting. This is especially so when the letters have been addressed to one's self. There are also less attempts at deception in the way of forgery or false surcharges in stamps on original covers. Very rare stamps have sometimes been fraudulently placed upon covers on which they were not mailed, but usually this does not pay the fraudulently inclined for it is almost impossible to deceive an expert in this way, and all very rare stamps are submitted to expert opinion. The very general use of the modern picture post-card and the many varieties of albums which are published for them suggest that these latter may be used for a collection of stamps on the original cover.

## A RESULT OF THE REDUCED RATE OF FOREIGN POSTAGE

THE fact that the domestic rate of postage is being applied to mail sent to some foreign countries and that this is likely to be applied more generally in the future suggests that it will be well for collectors to secure the higher denominations of the stamps of such countries as Great Britain, Germany, France, or any others with which the United States has extensive correspondence. The higher denominations of the stamps of these countries have had extensive use because of the high rate of postage. They will, therefore, naturally become much scarcer upon the introduction of the low rate. High values of United States stamps have a considerable use in our own country in the transferring of gold by registered mail from one sub-treasury to another and, therefore, collectors will not be obliged to depend upon the return of them from foreign countries in order to supply their wants.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE embossed heads in the center of the early stamps of Portugal break out easily because the machinery used in making the stamps was not perfect. Edges in the dies were too sharp and also the paper was very brittle. Collectors will do well to paste small pieces of paper on the backs of these stamps before they begin to break. Vertical surcharges on stamps sometimes read up and sometimes down but the real significance of the variety is not great since the intention of the printers was merely to make a good-looking surcharge without any care for its direction. Inverted surcharges are different for the printer intends to apply these right side up or at least it is the intention of the government issuing them to have the surcharges made in this way. The surcharges printed in 1874 upon the Salvador issue of 1867 are often very indistinct but it may usually be decided which of the two varieties one has by the examination of the ornaments at each side of the date. The differences between these are distinctly seen in the illustrations of the catalogue. Inverted letters in stamps printed from a plate are usually caused by an injury to the plate, such, for instance, as an inverted V where one expects an A. The cross-bar of the A has been filled or removed according as the work has been done from an engraved plate or an electrotype. An F where an E is expected is usually caused in the same way. These errors are not considered to be among the most important.





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# Your Complexion



DOES IT NEED A "COLD CREAM" OR A MASSAGE CREAM?

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It is today rather a question of "*Which face cream,*" or better still, "*Does my skin need a cold cream or a MASSAGE cream in order that I may always appear good-looking, clean-looking, wholesome and, yes, young-looking?*"

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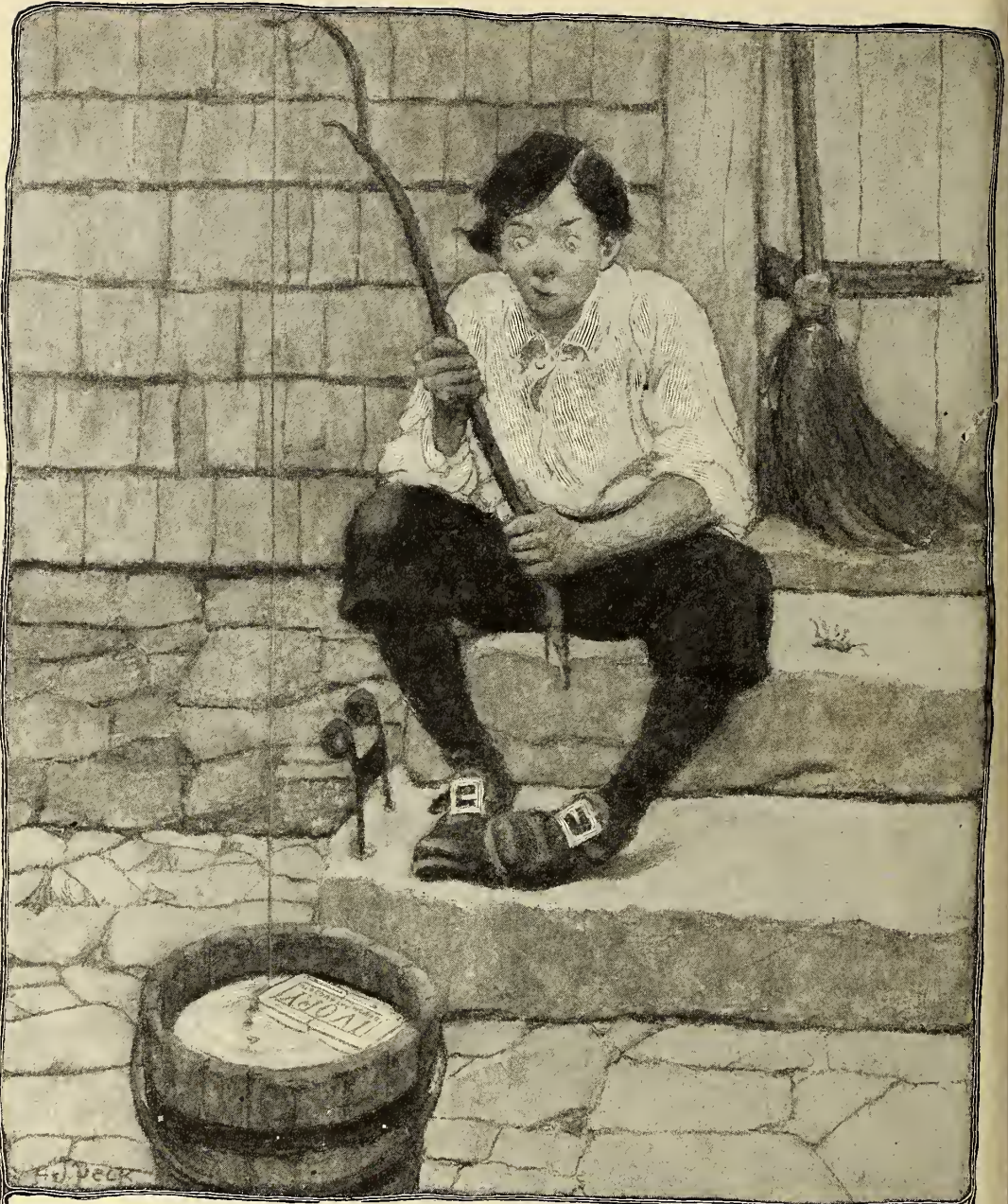
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APRIL, 1909

# ST. NICHOLAS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

EASTER



1909

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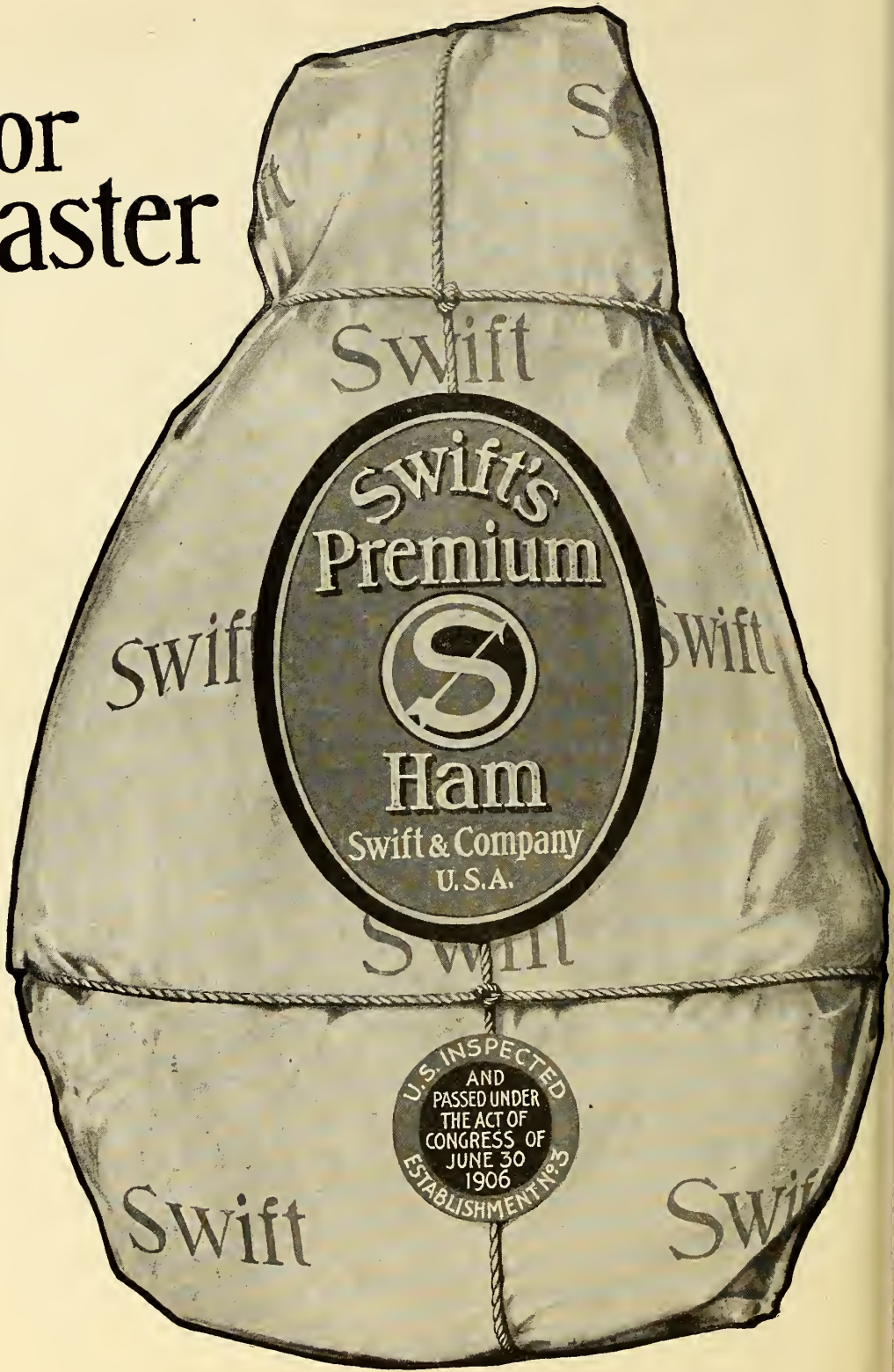
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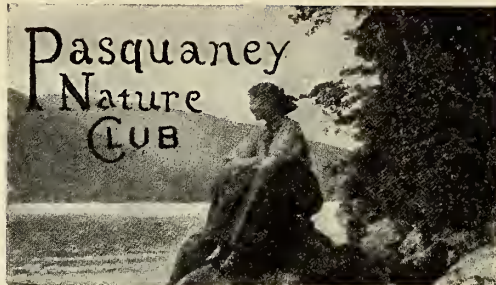
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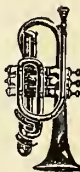
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“DIFFIDENCE UNCLASPED THE LOCKET AND LAID IT ON THE EVER-INCREASING PILE.” (SEE PAGE 486.)



# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVI

APRIL, 1909

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## WHAT DIFFIDENCE DID

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

THERE never was such a wonderful locket, Diffidence Wyatt was certain of that. And that it should be hers—her very own—was even yet more wonderful. She would frequently hold the treasure in her hands, feel its pearl-incrusted surface, and then pinch herself to make sure she was not asleep and dreaming, so unbelievable did it all seem. But first you must know how Diffidence Wyatt came by the beautiful seed-pearl locket. Let us begin at the beginning!

The tiny, drowsy village of Lebanon, Connecticut, awoke in the year 1776 to find itself the center of startling activities. It was here that Governor Trumbull kept his supply station for the American army, in his rambling, one-story, hip-roofed store. Soldiers were constantly coming and going, and nearly every prominent officer of the Revolution found himself in busy little Lebanon at some period of the war.

But by far the strangest, gayest year was in 1780, when the French Duke de Lauzun, one of Lafayette's commanders, brought his troops to the old town to go into winter quarters. All over the village green they erected their barracks, and their bugle-calls echoed morning and night on the keen, frosty air. The Duke and his officers found lodgment in the homes of the village people.

Those were strange, exciting days! Diffidence Wyatt felt her heart bound and her cheeks tingle at every roll of the drums, and she was never weary of watching these Frenchmen drilling on the green, directed by their handsome young commander. Late one afternoon she was returning from a long ramble across the hills, skipping

and sliding over the frozen snow, her cheeks pink with the exercise and the bounding health of her thirteen years. Her way lay through a narrow lane, a short cut between two highroads.

Suddenly rounding a turn, she came with a start of surprise upon a beautiful horse fallen on its side, one leg hanging useless and broken. Pinned under the animal's side lay a man whom Diffidence instantly recognized as the Duke de Lauzun. His head was stained with blood, and his leg was caught under the horse's heavy body. She took in the situation at a glance. The man had evidently been taking this cross-cut to the main road, his horse had slipped, fallen, and pinned him inextricably under its side. At the same time the fall had caused him a severe wound on the head. He was half-unconscious, and no one had passed that way since the accident.

Diffidence whipped off her little blue camlet cloak, rolled it up, and placed it gently under the Duke's head. Then she ran as swiftly as her young feet would carry her, to her own home, which happened to be the nearest, to obtain further assistance. In less than an hour the Duke lay in good Mistress Wyatt's best spare bedroom, his head swathed to the eyes in bandages, sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion. His ankle had not been broken, as was at first thought, but merely strained, and his head had received only a scalp wound.

For three days he remained under the careful nursing of Mistress Wyatt; and Diffidence, assisting her mother, tended him prettily. During that time a firm friendship was established be-

tween the bright French nobleman and the little Puritan girl, and all regretted when the time came for him to take his leave, on the fourth day. He left the house limping slightly, and Diffidence waved him a gay farewell from the porch. But next evening he returned to call on his new friends, bringing with him a faded velvet case.

"I wish, with your permission, to present this to Mademoiselle Diffidence," he explained to Mistress Wyatt, "as a slight token of my thankfulness to her." Opening the case, he displayed to their wondering eyes a magnificent golden locket, completely incrustated both back and front by perfect seed-pearls. On the front was the initial "D," in little, finely cut diamonds. It was hung on a slender golden chain that fastened with a small, pearl-incrustated clasp.

"It belonged to an aunt of mine," he went on to tell them. "She wore it many a time at the court of Louis XV, and gave it to me, among some other trinkets, when she died. The initial was for her own name, Denise, but it shall now stand for that of our little mademoiselle."

"Ah, but I cannot allow my daughter to accept such a sumptuous gift!" expostulated good Mistress Wyatt. "It is too much! It is not fitting! She did nothing but what she should have done. I fear it will encourage vanity!"

"Oh, Madame, it is but a *bijou*—a trifle!" exclaimed the Duke, much disappointed. "Do allow me to present it! It will give me so much pleasure!" Diffidence prudently held her peace, as a dutiful little New England daughter was supposed to do, but her whole soul was in her eyes as she gazed supplicatingly at her mother. And so, between the imploring glances of her daughter, and the eloquent pleading of the gallant nobleman, Mistress Wyatt, sorely perplexed, was forced to yield. The trinket was clasped around the neck of the delighted child,—and that is how Diffidence came by the locket.

## II

QUIET old Lebanon had never experienced within its borders such gay affairs as transpired that memorable winter. The lively French soldiers were the idols of the whole town. Grand tea-drinkings, sleighing-parties, dinners, and assemblies occupied every moment of the time not filled by the more serious matters of the drilling and various other military duties. The hospitality of the good housewives was taxed to the utmost, yet none found these added cares irksome.

Since the time of her adventure, Diffidence found herself mysteriously included in many of these pleasant revels, and attributed the fact to

the kindly interposition of the Duke, who loved to put enjoyment in her way. Nothing, however, gave her quite so much pleasure as the contemplation of her beloved locket. She never opened the drawer where it was kept, without the fear that it might have disappeared; and once she actually got up in the middle of the night, bare-footed and candle in hand, to ascertain whether her treasure were in its accustomed place. Her mother frequently sighed, and wondered if the child's head were being turned by so much attention and the possession of so costly a trinket.

One afternoon Diffidence met the Duke de Lauzun at the village store. He bowed with his exquisite French manner, inquired after the health of all her household, and then remarked:

"Little mademoiselle, I have news for you that I think will please you. General Washington is to pass through this town next week, on his way to meet Count Rochambeau at Newport. We will give him a great welcome. In the afternoon we will hold a review of the troops, and in the evening there will be a grand assembly at the mansion of Governor Trumbull in the General's honor."

"That will surely be fine!" replied Diffidence, delighted. "I have always longed to behold our great General, and how I shall enjoy seeing the review! It is truly a wonderful treat!"

"Ah, but there is something still better for you!" went on the Duke.

"What can that be!" exclaimed Diffidence opening her eyes wide.

"Good Madame Wyatt, your mother, is to be among the invited guests at the evening assembly, and I have persuaded Madame Trumbull to include you also in the invitation. What do you think of that, *petite* mademoiselle?" Diffidence drew in her breath with an astonished gasp. *She!*—only thirteen,—not yet a young lady,—to be invited to a grand assembly at the Governor's! Wonders would never cease! Her surprise rendered her all but speechless.

"But my mother!" she breathed. "I sadly doubt that she will allow me to attend; I am yet so young!"

"Tell her that I beg her to do so, since it will give us all pleasure," answered the Duke. Thanking him with a delighted look, Diffidence flew home to tell the news. Her mother demurred, as she had expected, but finally gave her consent. Then what a flurry of preparation ensued! Diffidence must have an appropriate gown, and busy fingers were for days employed in cutting over and re-fashioning a beautiful flowered silk gown that had been Mistress Wyatt's before she was married. Innumerable happy thoughts did Diffidence sew into the stitches she took, and at last it was completed and laid away



"I shall without fail wear the seed-pearl locket that night," Diffidence promised herself. "I shall indeed be very grand!"

## III

It was Sunday morning, and Diffidence was quietly and thoughtfully preparing for church. Opening her bureau-drawer, she fingered the velvet case uncertainly.

"Mother," she queried anxiously, "would it be sinful for me to wear my locket to the house of God?"

"It is only sinful, my child, if your mind is on it, as I mistrust it will be, and not on the worship."

"I think, Mother, that my mind will be on it

cupied the end, with Madame Trumbull by his side. She wore a beautiful scarlet cloak trimmed with ermine, and fastened by a jeweled clasp. This cloak was said to be a gift from Count Rochambeau, and she was very proud of it.

The service proceeded with the usual quiet simplicity, and after the sermon the aged pastor announced that he had a proclamation from the Governor to read. A proclamation from the Governor being a distinct event, there was a breathless silence to listen.

"News has reached us that our army, in winter quarters at Valley Forge and Morristown, is suffering most keenly from the rigors of the season and the inadequacy of food and clothing. Many are starving, while others leave the bloody prints of their bare feet in the snow. None, not even



"THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A WONDERFUL LOCKET! DIFFIDENCE WYATT WAS SURE OF THAT."

more if I leave it at home than if I wear it!" responded Diffidence meekly.

"Then wear it, by all means. But I fear its possession is leading you to vanity!" replied her mother. And so the locket was clasped about her neck, and she rode away behind her mother on the pillion, in the best of spirits, though she strove to hide her pleasure under sober thoughts. But Diffidence knew not what she was to face in church that day!

The high, straight-backed pews were filled to overflowing with the large families, not only from the village but from the country for many miles around. Every one attended church in those days, even the servants, and the galleries were packed with a dark but reverent band of slaves. Across the aisle from where Diffidence and her mother sat was the pew of the Governor. Gray-haired, dignified old Jonathan Trumbull oc-

cupied the end, with Madame Trumbull by his side. Will you not help? Will you not make some sacrifice to aid our brave men? What will you do to-day?"

The pastor ceased, and for a moment there was an intense silence. Then, in the face of all, Madame Trumbull arose, walked with stately steps to the front, unfastened her beautiful scarlet cloak, laid it on the table by the pulpit, and quietly returned to her seat. Instantly a wave of enthusiasm swept over the church. Fired by her example, men and women rose and pressed toward the front in a steady file, depositing on the table not only purses, rings, brooches, chains, and greatcoats, but even boots, caps, mittens, and written promises of provisions. There was not a soul but made some contribution to the beloved cause.

Meanwhile, Diffidence sat rigid and pale, her heart beating fast, her hand clasping her dearest

treasure under her cloak. She was thinking, thinking, thinking! Ought she do it? Must she do it? *Dare* she do it? What would the Duke say? He was not in church that day, or perhaps he might understand. Now he would never understand, and without doubt be grieved and astonished. Yet Madame Trumbull had set the example. Did she not fear what Count Rochambeau might think? Diffidence longed to question her. Presently Mistress Wyatt left her place, and deposited on the table the amethyst brooch given her by her husband now fighting with General Marion in the south. That decided Diffidence. With a little half-audible sob, she unclasped the locket, left her seat, and laid it on the ever-increasing pile. Madame Trumbull smiled on her as she returned to her seat, and her mother pressed her hand proudly. She felt amply repaid, yet a most disagreeable lump would persist in remaining in her throat.

That night she wrote a tear-stained, badly spelled note to the Duke de Lauzun, who was away at Hartford. It shows clearly that spelling was not the strong point of little New England maidens of that day!

*"To the Duke de Lauzun*

"DERE SIR [it ran]: It givs me payne to tell you that I have parted with your most generus gift. But it was in a good caus and it was all I had to giv. I beg you to forgiv me as I only ask it in the name of our suffring soldyers at Valley Forge.

"your sincer friend  
"DIFFIDENCE WYATT."

IV

THEN came the great day of Washington's arrival. In the afternoon took place the splendid review of the Duke de Lauzun's troops. Diffidence watched the brilliant sight with awe. The French soldiers in their gorgeous blue-and-gold uniforms, the breasts of their officers glittering with jeweled orders, charged, wheeled, broke ranks, reunited, waved their swords, and saluted their colors with an absolute perfection of military precision. They were cheered to the echo by the crowds who witnessed the sight. Washington and his escort were arrayed in full buff-and-blue uniforms, and the Governor and his staff in crimson coats and embroidered vests. No one ever forgot the wonderful scene.

But the assembly in the evening was to Diffidence the crowning joy of the occasion. She looked forward to it, however, with both delight and fear, for she had not since spoken to the

Duke, and she trembled lest their pleasant friendship should be forfeited by her sacrifice. A dainty picture she made in her little, flowered silk gown fashioned in the quaint style of the time, and she stifled more than one regretful thought for the locket that was to have graced her pretty throat.

"But I must not regret it!" she told herself. "I *will* not grieve for it!" And she tried to smile brightly. All during the first part of the reception she clung tightly to her mother's hand, following with her eyes the Duke, who was helping to receive the guests. Presently she spied him coming toward her with smiling face, followed by,—whom but the great General Washington, grave, courteous, and dignified.

"My dear Madame Wyatt and Mademoiselle Diffidence, I am honored to see you once more!" began the Duke, while mother and daughter courtesied bravely. "And now allow me to present General Washington to you and to your daughter. I have told him all about the affair of the locket, and he wishes to know you personally. The General bowed graciously to Mistress Wyatt, and laid a kindly hand on the head of little Diffidence.

"I honor the sacrifice she has made," he said. "It is a spirit such as this in the youth of our land that will do most toward rendering it a free and independent nation. Little Mistress Diffidence, I am proud to know you, and be assured I shall never forget you and what you have done!" With a few more remarks of a general character, Washington moved away to further social duties.

Diffidence felt as though she were exalted to the skies. She trod on air. The world glowed in a rose-colored mist! She had never been so happy in her life. But there was yet another honor in store for her.

After the reception the dancing commenced,—the stately, intricate minuets, reels, and lancers that had been introduced into the staid New England town with the advent of the French. The first was to be a minuet performed by Washington with Madame Trumbull, and the Duke de Lauzun, who had not yet selected his partner. Diffidence watched with breathless interest to see whom he would choose. She had decided that it would probably be pretty Molly Huntington, whose little feet fairly tapped the floor in their impatience to be tripping, when, to her astonishment, she saw him making his way straight to her corner.

"Will Mademoiselle honor me with the dance?" he asked, bowing low. It was incredible! Diffidence took his arm in a whirl of wonder, and stepped with him to the center of the room. All





"NO PRETTIER SIGHT HAD EVER GRACED THE TRUMBULL MANSION."



eyes were upon them; a buzz of laughing admiration ran through the room, the fiddlers struck up a swinging air, and the dance commenced.

No prettier sight had ever graced the Trumbull Mansion. Stately, gray-haired Madame Trumbull and her equally dignified partner, Washington, made a most charming contrast to the handsome young French officer and dainty, flushed little Diffidence, who moved through the intricate figures with a quaint grace and half-restrained gaiety. When the dance was over a ringing burst of delighted applause testified to the approval of the onlookers. The Duke gallantly led her to her mother, and Diffidence nestled down at her side, too overcome with happiness to speak. She could never remember afterward, anything much that happened during the rest of the evening, so absorbed was she in the thought of the honor that she had received and the joy of the dance.

When the happy affair was over, she and her mother, wrapped in their quilted riding-cloaks, their pretty skirts tucked up, mounted their horse for the homeward journey. The crisp snow crunched under their horse's hoofs, and the stars twinkled brilliantly. Gay shouts were heard at intervals, from others wending their way home in the darkness. Diffidence, on the pillion, clasping her mother tightly, was so quiet that she might have been asleep; but sleepy she was not,—on the contrary, her mind was never more keenly alert.

Presently she pulled down her mother's head and giving her a tender kiss on the cheek, she whispered in her ear:

"You must tell no one, Mother, dear, especially the Duke de Lauzun, but I would not exchange this evening and what happened,—no, not for *twenty seed-pearl locketts!*"

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## A SON OF THE DESERT

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

### CHAPTER XVI

#### THE FEAST OF BEIRAM

EARLY in the afternoon of that same day, Ted was seated at the entrance of his grotto, where he was in the shade, and was amusing himself, or trying to, with his pet, while his thoughts were ranging over far-away fields. He had now some hope of escape; but, as the harsh voices of the convicts, both in jest and threat, came up from below, he felt, deeply, how great was the peril by which he was surrounded.

The playful monkey had just descended into the grotto, through the small hole, above, which was his private avenue of entrance and exit; it opened outward, behind the jagged ridge of the crater, and the timid animal was there enabled to keep as far as possible from the convicts.

So intelligent was the little creature that Ted could thus send him, by a word or a gesture, into the grotto, to bring out his hat or any small article; soon he came out and was rewarded with a bit of sugar-cane. Mr. Malloy embraced Ted's neck rapturously for a brief moment, then went off on his travels; and presently, having scampered up through the hole in the roof and made the necessary roundabout trip, he could be seen riding gaily about at the further end of the crater, on one of the goats; but he could not

rouse his steed to the usual frantic conditions which he most enjoyed, for he had no pin or nail as a goad.

The hours passed, as Ted sat thus; and he suddenly became aware that the always turbulent convicts were making more noise than usual. He leaned out over the projecting ledge, and saw the explanation. They were preparing for their annual feast, the feast of Beiram. Some of them were sitting in groups, chanting religious sentences; others brought forward two of the three sheep which the camp possessed, and were decorating the creatures with bits of colored paper and cloth. They were all more or less inflamed with a strong, distilled liquor, of Greek invention. They drank it greedily, not lingering over it and enjoying it. Some of this fiery fluid they had recently procured and saved for Beiram. Now they were drinking it freely, and its effect was speedily manifest. They became noisy, and effusive, and reckless.

After an hour of preparatory chanting and swaying, they were all aroused to a high pitch of excitement. They groaned and shouted; they sang boisterously, mingling songs and wild gestures, and their blood-shot eyes told a story of alcoholic and fanatic frenzy.

Ted shrank back, before the final feast began. He knew what was coming; he had heard of this



most savage form of the usually joyous feast of Beiram. Now, for the first time, he had it brought close, and he recoiled in disgust from its sights and sounds.

But it was to come, although indirectly, even closer to the lad; for presently, one of the men, maddened by the fiery Greek decoction, called loudly for the young American captive. "Where is he?" he roared; and he staggered from the ground, where he had been sitting.

Upon this turn in affairs, Achmed knew that peril impended. He had made a show of joining in the feast, but really had taken but little part, always alert, vigilant, hoping for some occasion which might favor escape. Now he moved slowly forward from the place where he had been lying, and put himself casually in front of the outlaw. Leaning on his staff, and seeming to be a seriously injured man, the Bedouin tried, with gentle words, to dissuade the ruffian from his purpose. But in vain. The fellow was crazed by his drinking, and would listen to no mild advice. "Wait until the Pasha comes!" suggested Achmed, for Ibrahim was again away on some mysterious errand, and was expected to return that afternoon.

"Cannot I move without that black's permission?" retorted the outlaw, quite brave now that the Pasha was absent. "I say I will see the American whelp." And he started to walk toward the path which led up to the cave.

Achmed's face and manner showed no excitement. A peculiar, subtle smile played about the corners of his thin lips. He hobbled after the man, who had pushed by him, and again placed himself in front. "No, no," he gently expostulated. And, speaking a little louder, hoping to catch some response from the now attentive crowd, he added: "One man is not sole owner of what belongs to all."

"No, but I 'd like to see him dance a little; and I will," roared the man, triumphantly, not thinking himself facing any serious obstacle. And he put out an unsteady hand, to push the bandaged, limping young Arab from his path.

Then something whirled in the air, above Achmed's shoulder, and there was a deadly thud, as his heavy staff, driven by his steel-like muscles, struck the outlaw on his head, and laid him in a senseless heap on the ground. It was done with lightning-like rapidity; and the next instant, as the open-mouthed outlaws rubbed their eyes and stared, there stood the injured young Arab, leaning on his staff, and seeming unusually weak and dependent.

The swiftness of the blow almost eluded their dull power of vision; but there was no other

explanation of their companion's downfall; the injured stranger must have done it; and they rubbed their eyes and stared afresh.

To Achmed's regret, the man on the ground moved and groaned. The fierce young Bedouin had hoped to quiet him. But the fellow still moved; and the Arab youth waited, outwardly listless and feeble, inwardly alert, determined, ready to meet the next difficulty which should arise.

Fortunate perhaps it was, however, that, at this juncture, the warning call was heard from the head of the foot-path on the rim of the crater; and all who were not too far gone in intoxication, looked up and saw Ibrahim, the Pasha, their dreaded leader, followed by two convicts whom he had taken out with him, making their way down the declivity.

He carried in each hand a square, tin box, slung by a cord; the two men who followed him, at long intervals of space, carried similar boxes. The Pasha bore his own packets easily, fearlessly, but seemed anxious about the other two men. "Keep back there!" he called once, in his thin, piping voice, as the men approached him. And when all three came up to The Gang, he made the men put down their boxes softly, each a good space from its fellow, and cautioned everybody present to give the boxes a wide berth.

The Pasha's arrival effectually drew the attention of all the half-stupefied outlaws from Achmed and his prostrate adversary.

Ibrahim was indeed now in the field, and all wills bowed before his. He took no notice of the prostrate victim of Achmed's blow.

"I have brought the good stuff," said Ibrahim, rubbing his jeweled hands slowly together, "which will lift the river dam from its foundations, if the English withhold our passports." But, as he said this, the words did not come from his lips with quite the ring of good faith.

"I think they will give us our way," he continued, with a deceptive smile, through which his small, shrewd eyes peered as through a mist.

Several of the excited convicts set up a chorus of approving yells, which at once subsided as Ibrahim waved his hand, in deprecation.

Achmed was now lying down, apparently as stupid as the other men, but watching the Pasha narrowly. What hidden plan that astute diplomat, passed master of intrigues, really held in his heart, the young Bedouin could not make out. He must wait, and take advantage of whatever circumstances offered. The convicts themselves were undoubtedly in dead earnest; they were eager to escape from the confines of the Delta, and try their fortunes in Palestine, or Turkey, or Europe; but the two deserts and the Mediter-

ranean Sea were at present impassable barriers to them. Achmed scornfully recognized that fact; his own instinct with reference to the desert was similar to that of the experienced navigator of the wide ocean; when danger of storms threatened, he instinctively sought the open; but these thieves and outlaws, although feeling their peril, hugged the shore, and dared not trust themselves out of sight of the dangerous headlands which were familiar to them.

With the band themselves, therefore, the plot to extort their passports to liberty, by threat of demolishing the great barrage of the Nile, was a very definite and hopeful plan. The barrage, or dam, below Cairo, is a mile in extent; it holds back the water of the Nile, as the rainy season lifts the river level, and makes this great water-supply available for irrigation of the fields, over many miles along both banks. The great work was accomplished at vast outlay of labor and money. The Egyptian government, these outlaws thought, would probably concede much, rather than see several of those costly arches upheaved and wrecked.

"I have given them five days in which to decide," explained Ibrahim. "If they do not grant our demand in that time, we will carry the good stuff down the river, on a dark night, in a felucca, and we will lift that barrage high into the air." He looked around him upon the six boxes as he continued: "We have enough dynamite here to wreck the barrage in at least six of its spans."

Then he roused himself, as if from a reverie, and said briskly: "Now we must store this away; it must be kept safe." And he glanced over the scene to decide who could most safely assist him; the two men who had accompanied him were gorging themselves with sheep's flesh. They could no longer be trusted; their nerves and muscles were now too unsteady to safely handle the deadly explosive. Likewise, the other convicts could not be said to be at their best, as the Pasha perceived; and, with a muttered threat from his thick lips, and a sinister glance of contempt from his secretive eyes, he set himself alone to the task.

He carried the boxes, in twos, around the winding path which led up to Ted Leslie's rock-chamber. There, his manner changed, and he spoke to the sick boy in honeyed accents, courteously asking him to come out, in order that he might enter.

Ted complied, the monkey resting on his arm; but at sight of the Pasha, Mr. Malloly leaped from his perch and darted back into the grotto, making his exit by the hole in the roof.

Ibrahim told Ted plainly what he wished; the

powerful explosive would be safer in the cave than elsewhere; and he need have no fear, he explained; it was not inflammable; it would explode only from some severe blow. There was no fathoming his real thoughts, as he spoke thus gently and soothingly; but, little as Ted wished to share his retreat with the dynamite, he had no choice; the black villain's show of deference was an empty show only; Ted knew that on the Pasha's fitful will hung his own life; and he quietly gave assent, and took a seat outside, under a bit of ledge, where Mr. Malloly soon discovered him, promptly clambering down from above and seating himself in his lap.

The Pasha proceeded leisurely with his work, but accomplished it in due time; he arranged the boxes in a corner of the chamber, and finally came out, saying that Ted need have no fear; he must simply leave the boxes alone; they were as harmless, when undisturbed, as if filled with sand. And bowing low, he motioned Ted into the grotto, and went down to join the noisy crew at the base of the hill.

## CHAPTER XVII

### ONE CHANCE LEFT

THE moon rose, that night, at a late hour. Up to twelve o'clock the broad expanse of the sky was unbroken, save by the stars; and even they were slightly obscured by a density in the upper air, caused perhaps by some *Hkhamseen* many miles away on the desert. Soon after midnight, when the restless dwellers in the convict camp had at last sunk into slumber, a lithe, slender, human figure cleared itself from one of the groups, under the broad ledge, and moved lightly, quickly, into the center of the valley, then glided across to the flat rock upon which the wounded monkey had first appeared.

The man had bandages on arm and leg, and carried a staff; but no signs of lameness or physical disability were evident in his actions. He moved rapidly and vigorously. His strength could not have been impaired by wounds, for he seized the broad, flat rock and lifted it upon its edge, as if it had been made of light wood. For several minutes he was engaged in removing other smaller rocks; and presently he disappeared altogether, having descended into the hole which he had now enlarged.

In a few minutes he reappeared, laid back the flat rock with care, then walked rapidly across the valley and ascended the foot-path. Once outside the rim of the crater, he made a circuit, and climbed the slope back of Ted's grotto. Then he moved more slowly and cautiously, but presently





"TED'S HEART SEEMED TO STOP ITS BEATING, FOR A MIGHTY CAVERNOUS ROAR STRUCK UPON HIS EARS." (SEE PAGE 494.)

discovered the small aperture which extended down into the grotto. Making his way as he now did, on hands and knees, his fingers unexpectedly touched a slender cord; and a moment's investigation showed him that the cord extended into the narrow aperture. He appeared to pause in surprise, for an instant; then, following the cord, he retraced his steps down the uneven, outer slope and presently found its end, twenty yards below and away from the hole where he had first discovered it. Again he paused, as if reflecting; then he walked rapidly back over his circuitous path, descended into the valley by the regular foot-path, and, crossing the open ground, silently took his place again among the outlaws, who tossed and muttered, out of their troubled dreams.

Scarcely had this solitary nocturnal wanderer become merged in the group of sleeping convicts, when the half-disk of the moon peered above the bare, glinting hills, and threw its dim light over the ridges and slopes of all that desolate region.

As the waning moon rises, thus, late at night, or in the early hours of the morning, it takes on characteristics which it does not show when, in the first quarter, or at full, it rises early in the evening; as a part of the evening pageant the moon seems a joyous leader among the starry hosts; strong and beautiful, proud of its strength and beauty, pouring out its beams with spontaneous prodigality; but when, in the late waste hours of the night, it comes upon the scene, it comes like a weary watchman making his enforced rounds, in sleepy fashion, reluctant, but compelled by duty.

Thus rose the moon that night, a belated watchman, throwing its light into ravines and gorges, but only half-mindful of its enlightening mission. It came too late to reveal the movements of the silent, swift figure which had completed its round of investigation, and now lay motionless, yet not sleeping, amid the disordered group under the broad ledge.

Higher and higher rose the moon, but its beams revealed no moving creature; they shone only on the wide expanse of barren desolation; and the face and form of nature seemed to be gashed and slashed, as if by a giant's sword-blade.

In the early cool morning Ted Leslie left his retreat, and went over to join the old man at his work. He was accompanied by his pet; the presence of the volatile, affectionate little creature was a great comfort to the captive. Mr. Malloly was nearly always in excellent spirits, and sometimes seemed trying to lighten the burden of apprehension and despondency which overshadowed his young master's spirit. Often Ted was forced, despite his melancholy, to pause and smile at his

antics. Usually some especially wild exploit was preceded by a brief mood of most unnatural gravity. At such times he paused, and abstractedly scratched his head or side—or sat holding his chin on his hand like a wise philosopher—then plunged recklessly into some wild raid upon the goats, or among the utensils of the "kitchen," bringing upon himself the wrath of the wicked old man who presided over them.

The members of "The Gang" awoke, one after another, but all awoke with cloudy brains and unstrung nerves. They quarreled and threatened, and, after their morning meal, resorted again to smoking and drinking.

An hour later Ted took up his daily task of dressing wounds; first the monkey, whose injured tail was nearly healed; then the man with the abscess, who was now quite free from pain; and, last of all, Achmed came over to him, and the somewhat superfluous process of dressing his non-existent wounds was gone through.

The young Arab maintained strictly his show of antagonism, even breaking out into loud abuse, if the old man chanced to draw near. But in quiet tones he told Ted, this morning, about his examination of the flat stone, and his belief that through that opening and the gallery beneath lay their only avenue of escape; and he added: "The dogs will be even more morose and savage, to-day, than yesterday. We shall be fortunate if the day passes without some open riot. But if it does, we must make an attempt to-night, and we must trust ourselves to the guidance of this clever little creature who has himself already made the underground journey. If your ankle were strong enough we might risk a rapid flight over the hills, among the wadies; but that is out of the question. The underground path is safest."

Then he told his friend, as Ted bent over the bandages, about his visit to the outside of the ridge, above and behind the grotto. He mentioned the finding of the slender cord. Ted had not noticed that the other end came through into his retreat; and they debated as to what it could mean, though without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. However, they both felt distrust of Ibrahim; they doubted his good faith both toward Ted and "The Gang."

Early in the afternoon, with the blazing sun pouring down a volume of heat which almost stifled man and beast, the outlaws again resumed their "feast." The eating and drinking added fuel to their excitement, and they seemed even more savage than on the previous day.

In the midst of their orgy one of them called loudly upon the Pasha for the surrender to them of "the young American, their property"; and



Ibrahim was obliged to use all the weight of his mysterious personality to silence their demands. He was crafty, as ever, and tried to direct their attention to the more important subject of the plot against the barrage.

In vain. Two or three of the most brutal outlaws gathered about their leader, and with shouts declared that they would have sport with the lad, with or without his permission. But the wily black was not lacking in courage, and he had plans other than they knew, which he did not choose to give up or to divulge; his anger rose, and he threatened them with dire disaster if they did not cease their clamor; his mysterious power prevailed, and they shrank before his now ferocious face and ominous threats. He finally promised them that on the morrow they should have their way. But he promised it abruptly, hastily, as if the idea had at that moment occurred to him; and Achmed, with clear brain and keen eye watching him, felt more certain than ever that the crafty fellow had some secret plan.

It was a situation of harrowing anxiety to the faithful, dauntless young Bedouin, thus to stand in apparent unconcern, and see the fate of the American lad held, even for a few moments only, in a trembling balance. Afterward, when Achmed was asked what he would have done had the Pasha given way to the demands of the ruffians, he said calmly that he would have tried to kill Ibrahim with one blow of his knife, would have seized the black's revolver, and, with that effective weapon, would have shot down as many as possible—the leaders first—and he might have made himself the leader of the remnant, and thus have brought order and safety out of the riot.

During this terrible outburst of insubordination Ted had retreated to his grotto. An hour or two later, as the sun was sinking, he ventured restlessly forth and joined the old man, at his cooking station across the valley. Achmed, realizing the risk that he, himself, was taking, of arousing the convicts' suspicion, but feeling the step to be necessary, hobbled over and directed Ted to make a show of rearranging the bandage on his leg. While thus engaged, he narrated what had been said by the men, and the promise made by the Pasha. Ted could hardly wait for him to complete his narration; but, as Achmed paused, he said in haste: "I have made a discovery. The cord which you saw outside the hill does run down into my retreat; and it is now fastened to a short, stout stick which holds up a heavy boulder, heavier than I could lift, which is poised on a ledge inside the rock-chamber, exactly above the boxes of dynamite. Do you not see what that all means? The Pasha intends to blow them up!"

"I do, I do, indeed," responded Achmed; for the Pasha's plot now was, at least, half made clear to both of them. "One pull at that cord, from a safe position on the lower outer side of the hill, would dislodge the boulder, tumble it upon the dynamite, and—" He did not need to finish the sentence.

"We must lose no time," Achmed said at once. "Gather up such articles as you can, food, water, matches, and—if you have any in the grotto—candles."

"I have already thought of those things," replied Ted, now quite self-controlled. "I have filled my wooden box with them; it is hidden under a rock not five yards distant." His thin hands were singularly steady and firm as he went through the process of replacing the quite unnecessary bandages.

Then a look of more than usual sternness and resolution came over Achmed's face. "Do not venture again into the grotto!" he enjoined. "Stay in this part of the camp; and, above all, keep the monkey with you! On no condition allow him to go back into the grotto! If you see me go out of the camp, in the course of the next hour, show no interest in that, and have no fear! We shall escape them yet"; and, he added, with a flash of fierce light in his dark eyes, "Yes, and perhaps more than escape."

The gaze of the suspicious old man was bent maliciously upon them at times, but, whatever his evil surmising, he made no move toward them; and Achmed, with a final, ostentatious, noisy threat, and with staff upraised over the lad whom he would have died to protect, moved clumsily away, paused in the center of the valley as if carelessly considering some matter, and then limped to the path up over the edge of the crater, and disappeared on the other side.

Fortunately nobody took especial notice of him. One or two of the men glanced at his bent and limping form, as he ascended the winding path, but thought nothing of his apparently aimless stroll. Had one of them followed him, he would have seen the young Arab descend the outer circle of the declivity with great ease and speed. He hastened to skirt the circumference of the bowl-like valley, and soon reached the point where ended the mysterious cord—now much less mysterious than when first discovered. He followed up the cord to a spot about six yards from the hole into which it disappeared. Then, taking a short section of sugar-cane from his breast, he fastened it securely to the cord, laying it plainly in sight, upon the path which Mr. Malloly must surely follow, in case that animal—*being duly sent*—should make a final visit to the grotto.

After this was done, Achmed hastened back around the hill, and came, limping heavily, into view over the rim of the crater, and down into the valley.

### CHAPTER XVIII

#### THE CHANCE TAKEN

THE afternoon sun had now passed below the serrated crest of the rocky hills, and its horizontal rays smote directly against mountain walls and bare cliff, spreading a ruddy glow over all it touched. The little valley, circular in shape, was like a natural amphitheater wherein scenes of bloodshed might fittingly be enacted, and be gazed upon from surrounding slopes by spectators. Indeed, the flinty peaks and pinnacles themselves seemed to look expectantly down into that arena, and the clouds which hung just above them, in crimson clusters and heads, appeared to pause as if summoned to a spectacle. All nature seemed to be awaiting some momentous event.

The outlaws were in a loud wrangle. Two of them had fallen afoul of each other, and were using fists and knives, with deadly intent, but with drunken futility. The Pasha, after idly observing them, for a few moments, went over and parted them; not that he cared about one or two human lives more or less, but the quarrel might become general, and involve him and his interests.

Achmed, drawing apart from the crowd, limped over to Ted and the old cook, and engaged them in conversation. In a favorable moment, when the old man turned away to his work, the Bedouin addressed a brief sentence to the lad, telling him to send the monkey at once for a handkerchief or hat, or some other article in the grotto.

"The Pasha is standing near the others," he remarked quickly, "that was what I desired."

Achmed could not himself send the monkey, for the cautious creature had not yet learned to distinguish him from the other convicts, and showed fear of all persons in the camp except one, his young master.

Ted, not knowing exactly how much the order involved, but now eagerly obedient to Achmed's every word, gave Mr. Malloly the command; and that vivacious creature, looking up at him for a moment, with his sharp, inquisitive eyes, started on his errand.

Then followed minutes of intense anxiety; Achmed's face was set in hard lines, but all his movements were slow and calm; his self-command was perfect; he contrived to put himself near the flat rock, and soon seated himself upon it. Ted knew that the eventful moment was near,

but exactly what Achmed was waiting for he had not wholly divined; his heart was beating wildly, and his weak limbs trembled so that he could not easily command them.

Thus the seconds and minutes passed; Ted felt that this awful suspense would break him down if it continued. Why did not Achmed give the signal? Why had he wished the monkey sent on so trivial an errand? The sick lad's brain was too fatigued to be trusted; he was conscious of that; he could only trust this faithful Arab friend. Oh, if the monkey would only come back! Surely he had now been gone—

Then Ted's heart seemed to stop its beating, for a mighty cavernous roar struck upon his ears. A deep, sullen, subterranean throb made itself felt, as if the very globe itself were bursting asunder; the ground shook beneath his feet, as if with an earthquake.

For an instant the lad closed his eyes in helpless terror; it seemed, to his over-wrought nerves, that the end of everything earthly had come; as he opened his eyes and turned his gaze across the valley, he saw a huge volume of smoke, like a vast, solid sphere, lift itself from the hillside; a moment after came the crash of rocks grinding upon one another; and, as the great volume of dense brown smoke hung in the air, the alarmed boy, looking beneath it, could see that the entire side of the hill which was above the rendezvous of the carousing convicts had been torn out, and had been hurled down upon them. In the place where, a few moments before, he had seen the scattered groups of quarreling men, he now saw a huge mound of shattered rocks, piled in confusion.

There was no shower of small rocky fragments to be avoided; for the explosion had taken place at so great a depth, in the hillside, and the mass of earth and rock upheaved had been so vast, that the full power of the explosive had been expended in lifting and overturning one or two sections, which split and crumbled under their own weight after they fell.

At that instant faithful Achmed called, and leaped toward his "brother," no longer limping, in simulated weakness, but erect, active, his own, vigorous self; he spoke words of encouragement, and led the disabled lad gently, but firmly, across to the flat rock, which now was not lying prone, concealing the aperture beneath, but had been thrown back by the Bedouin's strong arm, and was quite overturned.

"My brother must summon all his strength," admonished Achmed. And he stood looking intently, as he spoke, up over the rim of the crater, at the point where the monkey had last been seen.



Time was of priceless value; seconds were worth their weight in—not gold, merely, but in human life; and faithful, fearless Achmed would have paid for them, if necessary, with drops of his own life-blood, to the uttermost.

In another moment, an exclamation of joy escaped even his taciturn lips, for the agile monkey could be seen plunging at reckless speed down over the edge of the crater, bounding along, now on three legs, now on two; and, as he drew

His hand went instantaneously to his knife, and he bent threateningly toward the sounds—with what deadly intent could easily be seen. But the tender-hearted American lad laid his hand on his arm. "Poor wretches!" Ted gasped. "Let them live, if they can," and his pleading voice restrained the fierce hate in the Arab's heart.

"Now!" he exclaimed, turning toward Ted; and he motioned toward the opening at their feet. Hardly knowing how he did it, Ted climbed down



"A RAGING OLD MAN, WITH A KNIFE IN HIS BONY HAND, WAS CROUCHING ALONE ABOVE THE OPENING."

nearer, it was observable that he clutched in his hand a short piece of sugar-cane, while behind him trailed a long cord, attached to it.

Terrified as the little creature evidently was, he had kept firm hold of his prize, and still retained it, after he had leaped breathless into his young master's outstretched arms.

Achmed, whose promptness of action was never baffled, deftly cut the string, and wound it in loops over his arm. Then he paused, for human voices came to his ears, across the valley, from the mass of debris. Cries and shouts arose from the wreckage, and he knew that some of the miscreants must have escaped death.

into the darkness, clasping the frightened monkey; Achmed promptly followed, bearing the box, and having hastily snatched from the "kitchen" a large ghoola or bottle of water, three or four loaves of bread, and one of the ill-smelling goat-skins. Pausing, for one final, vengeful look at the ruin across the valley, Achmed saw the form of the Syrian free itself from the mass, and saw his hideous, mutilated face turn wildly in all directions.

In another moment the fugitives had disappeared from sight; and a raging old man, with a knife in his bony hand, was crouching alone above the opening among the rocks.

(To be continued.)

# “THE LITTLE DOG-BOY”

BY LOUISE FANSHAW GREGORY

“THE little dog-boy” was Sir Edwin Landseer. While still a curly-headed boy, he entered, as a student, the Royal Academy, and was given this odd name by Fuseli, a noted artist, in whose class

draw and paint. His father gave him some instruction, but wisely told his little son he could not make him a painter; that he must depend upon, and use, his own powers; that Nature was the



“THE CONNOISSEURS.” ORIGINAL OWNED BY KING EDWARD VII.

Sir Edwin Landseer's portrait of himself with two dogs in the background.

he was. Attracted, as many were, by his talents and gentle ways, Fuseli used to call him his “little dog-boy,” because he was so fond of drawing and painting dogs of all kinds; at an age, too, when many children are afraid even to play with them.

When a little older, Edwin asked his father, who was an eminent engraver, to teach him to

only school, and Observation the best teacher; if he wanted to succeed, he must think about all the things he saw and try to copy them. So he was sent with his two brothers, who had the same tastes if not Edwin's rare gifts, to play on Hampstead Heath. Nor was it long before he made it, and all out of doors, his studio. He closely observed the donkeys and the old horses that were



grazing on the common, and was soon able to sketch them so well as to astonish every one. His favorite toys were pencils and brushes, for he early learned to paint. But he was none the less a boy for being an artist, and so Edwin and his brothers had fun together, as a picture he painted in these play-days suggests. It was good enough to be sold and was called “The Mischief Makers.” A mischievous boy, perhaps one of the brothers, has fastened a piece of wood to the tail of a mischievous-looking donkey. Probably an incident in some frolic on the common.

thirteen he was permitted to exhibit a picture of “A Pointer and a Puppy,” also one of “Mr. Simpkin’s Mule,” mentioned in the catalogue as by “Master E. Landseer.” One of his earliest oil-paintings—his skill was not confined to animals—was a portrait of a baby sister toddling about in a bonnet much too large for her. From his boyhood, Landseer loved to read and re-read Scott’s delightful novels, and many of his earlier sketches were of his favorite scenes and characters. Among his etchings is one of Sir Walter and Lady Scott. His brush was never idle. The



“SUSPENSE,” OR “SHUT OUT.” FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

In the South Kensington Museum there are, or were, many of young Landseer’s works, of which the most remarkable is a little donkey’s head in black lead, marked—it seems incredible!—“E. Landseer. Five years old.” When ordinary children of his age were playing with toy animals, this infant genius was drawing and painting them from life.

The little artist was always studying animals. Whenever allowed to go to shows of wild beasts, it is said, he never went without his sketch-book. And what other boys were only curious about, and amused by, he closely observed; drawing and painting the animals with the greatest industry. He made such rapid progress in his art that at

list of his works, as child and youth, is a long record of the “little dog-boy’s” untiring industry.

When not quite nineteen, he took a small cottage, with, of course, a studio, in St. John’s Wood; and soon after setting up for himself, with his sister for companion and housekeeper, he received a premium from the British Institute for that amusing picture called “The Larder Invaded.” A little later his celebrated “Cat’s Paw” was painted; also “The monkey’s device for eating hot chestnuts,” which made him famous. It sold for a hundred pounds, and is now valued at three thousand or more. What made his pictures so remarkable when the “little dog-boy” became the great dog-painter, was his ability to give the

animals he portrayed the expression in face and attitude the subject required. Some critics have said: "He made them too human." Landseer's pictures always tell their own story.

That pathetic picture called "Suspense," of the noble hound watching at his master's door, now closed to him because his master has been carried in wounded unto death, shown by the blood-stained plume which has fallen to the ground,

rushed in. One, a large and savage-looking mastiff, frightened the ladies present. But the creature, taking no notice of them, bounded up to their host with every demonstration of the most frantic delight, as if it had found a lost master. Some one remarking, "How fond that dog is of you!" Sir Edwin replied: "I never saw it before in my life." His friends declared that it must have known the great painter, by reputation, as



"DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER."

eloquently expresses the trust and love of the faithful friend so sadly shut out. One of the best known paintings of Landseer is one of himself called "The Connoisseurs," printed on page 496. The picture on this page, "Diogenes and Alexander," has already been shown to St. NICHOLAS readers.

And what lovable dogs' heads Sir Edwin Landseer has painted! What rollicking puppies! Dainty King Charles, too! The little pages and courtiers of the canine world, with their silky coats and bright eyes! For dogs of high and low degree have been alike immortalized by their special artist. He had a wonderful power over them, and an attraction for them that seemed almost magnetic. Once, when entertaining a party of friends at his home in St. John's Wood, a servant opening the outer door, several dogs

the friend of his race. When a lad, a lady asked Landseer how he came "to know so much about animals?" "By peeping into their hearts, Madam," was his reply. Sometimes he painted very fierce-looking dogs. It is said that when Count D'Orsay visited his studio, he would stop at the door and call out: "Keep the dogs" (the painted ones) "off me, Landseer! I want to come in, and am afraid some of them will bite me. That fellow in the corner is growling furiously." Quite reverse of fierce, however, are the dogs in the popular picture, "Dignity and Impudence."

Cunning rabbits and stately stags attest Sir Edwin's broad range in animal subjects. He thought the stag was the bravest of all animals: braver even than the lion, because being by nature the most timid, it fought with such desperate courage when at bay.



From a child he could never bear to see dumb brutes neglected or ill-treated. He thought it inhuman to tie up a dog for any length of time. "Treatment a man," he said, "could endure better, for he could take off his coat while the poor dog had to wear his."

The ordinary method of breaking and training

made him dislike insincere, careless work and false effects.

Animals were not his only subjects, as his fine portraits and charming pictures of women and children show. In many of them some pet dog is an attractive feature.

He had the honor of painting Queen Victoria,



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

horses he considered cruel, and would often leave his studio to teach the horses in his meadow various tricks, his whip being lumps of sugar.

The famous painter understood men and women as well as he did the nature of animals. He had been too well-trained by the teacher—Observation, not to have clear perceptions, and a keen insight for character. His favorite expression, when speaking of those he liked and esteemed, was: "They have the true ring." His love of the truth was, no doubt, a great aid to his genius, for it

who knighted, and had a strong regard for him. The young painter was busily at work one afternoon when she surprised him by a visit, galloping up to his door—she was the young Queen then—with quite a retinue. Even in his early years, it was genius that looked out of the eyes of the "little dog-boy"; and throughout his later life, his persevering industry trained his hand to portray with wonderful skill all that he saw in his subjects, and made him world-famous in art as Sir Edwin Landseer.



THE CITY BOY AND HIS KITE—IN THE DAYS OF “SKY-SCRAPERS.”



# THE LASS OF THE SILVER SWORD

BY MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS

## CHAPTER X

### "MERMAIDS"

DOUGLAS arrived bright and early to begin his first day's work as camp boatman. Jean ran to meet him. "Did you find out what Tony Harrel was doing around here last night?" she asked.

"No," answered Douglas. "He said it was none of my business. He was as mad as a hornet about something or other."

"I know why he was mad," said Jean. "He wanted to be our boatman, himself. He spoke to Cecily about it yesterday."

"Whe—ew!" whistled Douglas. "I did n't know I was cutting him out! I don't wonder he 's grouchy!"

"You did n't cut him out at all," said Jean. "Mrs. Brook says she would n't have had him for anything."

"Well, *you* got me the place, I won't forget that in a hurry!" said Douglas, gratefully. "I want to do something for *you* now. Let me teach you to paddle, this morning, will you?"

"Let you! I should think I would!" cried Jean. "I 'm wild to learn!"

The lesson took place accordingly, and Jean, in the bow of the canoe, toiled away with a will.

"Now you 're getting the hang of it! That 's it! That 's first-rate!" said Douglas, encouragingly, and he called to Cecily as they passed her canoe, "Miss Jean 's going to beat everybody on the lake, pretty soon!"

"Douglas," said his pupil, "please don't call me *Miss* Jean. It makes me feel queer. I 'm only a little girl if I *am* tall. Please say *Jean*."

"That is n't right for the man of all work, is it?" asked Douglas.

"I don't care if you *are* the man of all work, you 're a gentleman," she answered. "Do say *Jean*!" And Douglas laughed and said: "All right, Jean!"

That day Jean had her first swimming lesson, Miss Hamersley and a few girls who were expert swimmers teaching those who had not yet learned to be aquatic. A dip in the lake before breakfast; later on, boating and swimming; a tramp every other day; and at least twice a week a picnic in which Camp Hurricane often joined,—that was the rule at Huairarwee. Before long one would hardly have recognized the pale Jean of school-time, in the brown and rosy head pupil of Carol's swimming class.

"I 'm going to have my girls taught how to be capsized without drowning," said Miss Hamersley one day. "Mrs. Brook has arranged for Douglas and Jack to take you out in canoes and show you how to go overboard. They will see that you are within your depth, of course."

So after the swimming, Douglas and Jack in their bathing suits gave an object-lesson with Cecily. They took her far out in a canoe, for she was a mermaid well used to exploring the green depths of the lake. Suddenly both boys stepped upon the gunwale. The canoe went over instantly, and all three vanished under the waves. The water was disturbed as if giant fishes were disporting themselves, but no heads reappeared.

"Oh, dear! They 're not drowning, are they?" wailed Betty. But just then Cecily's head popped up about a rod from where she had gone down. Then Jack, then Douglas, looked out of the water, an amazing distance farther out. They swam back, however, and recovering the floating bowls which they had taken with them for bailing, they quickly emptied their craft, then climbed in over the bow and stern, and paddled back to shore.

"Did we scare you?" said Cecily. "We had a little excursion under water."

"Who wants to be spilled now?" asked Jack.

"I *don't*!" said Betty.

"I *do*!" cried Jean.

"I 'll let Giraffe go first. It 'll take deep water to drown *her*," said the Mouse, magnanimously.

Douglas paddled Jean out, while Jack went for another canoe. "Now, when you feel yourself going," said he, "just keep your mouth shut and let yourself go easy."

Jean shut her mouth tight and watched his mischievous face intently. The canoe kept giving disconcerting wobbles, but it was just when the boy had assumed a look of the utmost innocence that the upset came. Jean let herself go, and go she did with a mighty splash. Striking out boldly, she swam till she found herself panting heavily, then let her feet touch bottom and stood up, head and shoulders out of water.

"Good work!" said Douglas. "No use trying to drown *you*!"

"It 's as easy as going to sleep!" Jean declared.

Douglas gave her a lesson in bailing out while supporting herself in the water; and then one in reëmbarking—which she found far more difficult, though after tipping the canoe over several times she scrambled in successfully at last.

"Now let 's get Frances, and I 'll swamp you both together," said Douglas.

The Mouse was emboldened to take her turn, and giggled and squealed as the boy tipped the canoe from side to side to make it fill.

"Oh, Douglas! let 's act Jean saving the kingfisher's life!" Frances proposed.

"All right!" and with his paddle for a rifle Douglas took aim at Jean.

"Don't shoot that Giraffe!" shrieked Frances, and lurching forward, the frolicksome maid of honor flung her arms wildly around her queen. The canoe, already half-full, went over like a flash.

"What was it, anyway, a whale or a tidal wave?" Douglas inquired, as they righted themselves in the water.

"It was nothing but a bad little Mouse, and I 'm going to drown her!" said Jean. She made a pounce for Frances.

"Shoo! get away! I tried to save your life, when I saw all was lost! You went down clasped in my arms, Giraffe!" said Frances, with reproachful tenderness, taking shelter behind Douglas.

"Well, *you* 'll go down clasped in *my* arms this time!" Jean retorted. She caught Frances at last and ducked her well.

By ones and twos, the candidates were initiated; and the lesson was repeated until every girl in camp might have been trusted to show presence of mind even should she be upset in the middle of the lake.

## CHAPTER XI

### "A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS"

"I 've got a new bunk now, Jean," said Douglas, as he set out for his Sunday half-holiday, a covered tin pail in his hand.

"Do you mean you 've left the Harrels'?" asked Jean.

"I 'm going to leave to-night. I won't stay in *that* place any longer."

"Why, what 's the matter?"

"Tony 's mad because people are getting onto his breaking the game laws, and he thinks I told on him. He told me I 'd been lying about him. I won't stand anybody saying that I lie."

"The wicked thing! How did he dare?" cried Jean. "He won't try to hurt you now, will he?"

"Oh, shucks, no!" said Douglas, contemptuously. "Don't you worry about *me*! He went off this morning anyhow; he says he 's got a job in Plattsburg. Guess where I 'm going."

"To the Hamiltons'?" asked Jean.

"Good guess. Yes, Dr. Hamilton found out I was going to leave, and he said he 'd take me in

and let me work out my board when I 'm off duty here. Is n't that a cinch!"

"I should think it was! It 's perfectly fine!"

"I 'm sorry about Limpy, though," said Douglas. "She feels real badly because I 'm going."

"Who 's Limpy?"

"She 's George Harrel's stepdaughter. Her mother 's dead. She 's sick, and I do things for her and sort of jolly her up."

"What 's the matter with her?" asked Jean.

"Oh, I don't know. Her heart does queer stunts. She was sick all last winter, and now she 's just weak all the time, and sometimes she gets unconscious fits,—you 'd think she was going to die right off."

"Poor thing, how dreadful!" cried Jean.

"What a funny name *Limpy* is!"

"It 's short for *Olympia*—Stella Olympia Weeks—that 's the whole of it."

"Stella Olympia Weeks! Horrors!" exclaimed Jean. "I should think her *name* would be enough! Limpy Weeks—limp and weak! I don't wonder she 's weak all the time. *Stella* 's pretty, though. Why don't they call her *Stella*?"

"Give it up," said Douglas.

"How old is she?" asked Jean.

"Fifteen. She 's just three days younger than I am. She 's a real nice girl, but her father 's a regular old skinflint. Well, anyhow, Limpy 's going to have something nice *this time*. Mrs. Brook gave me some ice-cream for her. I 'll have to hustle, or it 'll melt. I say! Could n't you go and see her some time? It 'll do her an awful lot of good."

"Really? Do you want me to? Do you think she 'd like to have me?" asked Jean, her face lighting up.

"Of course she would, she 's awfully lonely. Come along and see her now, don't you want to?"

"I 'd love to! I 'll get Carol to come, too, and take her mandolin and sing to her."

"That 'll be great," said Douglas. "She loves music, and she has n't anything but an old accordion. I give her accordion concerts."

Carol had just thrown herself down under a golden birch to enjoy a comfortable Sunday afternoon of reading; but the battle maid roused her mercilessly, demanding that she bestir herself and join the expedition to visit the damsel in distress.

"There was a young maid of Brazil,  
Who never could learn to keep still.  
She was so energetic,  
And peripatetic,  
She made her poor Carolie ill!"

improvised Carol.

"You lazy old Carolie! It won't make you ill a bit!" laughed Jean. "Come along, *please*!"



"Oh, now, Queenie, does your majesty really think it 's your duty to drag me off with you this hot day, when I 'm *so* comfortable? Think what a nice chance it is to show *me* a little Caritas too, and let me rest in peace!"

"You don't need any Caritas at all," said Jean,

"Oh, but, Carolie, Douglas says she *loves* music, and she has only a silly old accordion! You *must* sing for her," Jean insisted.

"Why did I adopt a tyrant!" sighed Carol, going into her tent.

It was a mile to the Harrel farm, and the place,



"'THERE!' SAID DOUGLAS, AS CAROL PAUSED. 'THAT 'S THE REAL THING, IS N'T IT, LIMPY?'"

relentlessly. "Come along! *I* don't know what to say to sick people. You 'll have to help me."

"Oh, misery me!" groaned Carol. "Well, pull me up!" she added good-naturedly, holding out a lazy arm. "I 'll go with you and die of sunstroke in a good cause,—that is, if our stern teachers will let us run off together again. Go and ask them."

"All right. You 're a love and a jewel! Oh, Carolie! don't forget to take your mandolin!"

"I 'm not going to sing at that poor sick girl," Carol objected.

Carol said, was enough to give the Frisky Mouse the blues. For many a year the house had cried for a coat of paint, and the barn looked ready to topple over. Douglas took them into the living-room, where nearly every piece of furniture was a threadbare cripple. There they found Limpy lying on a dilapidated sofa. Restless and stifling in the heat, she had tossed her tangle of pale, lusterless hair over the pillow, and thrown her patchwork quilt on the floor. She wore an untidy calico wrapper, the collar open and sleeves rolled up, showing her thin neck and arms.

"Hello, Limpy!" said Douglas. "I brought Miss Armstrong and Miss Jean to see you."

The girl turned her head and stared, but did not speak or smile. Such a white, tired face as the poor child had! Her big gray eyes had dark rings under them, and their expression was listless and unhappy. Jean had picked a large bunch of daisies, but she lacked the courage to offer it. Carol, nothing daunted, knelt down by the sofa and caught up a weak little hand. "You poor little chicky! What's happened to you?" she exclaimed. "You've had a real hard time, have n't you? It's too bad! But we're going

bit," said Carol. "Here's Jean, now, and next time we'll bring Cecily, and some day when you feel *very* well, you may find the whole twenty of us coming to call. Will you let us in?"

"S, ma'am," said Limpy, but she looked overawed at the thought.

Carol settled herself in the chair that Douglas had brought her, and tried again. "I never saw such lovely daisy fields as you have here," said she. "Jean thought you'd like some daisies."

Jean, thus prodded, laid her flowers silently on Limpy's pillow, as if she were laying them on Juliet's bier, so Carol told her afterward.



"FRANCES SET OFF WITH THE BOYS ON THE TROUBLESOME PATH." (SEE PAGE 507.)

to take you in hand and pet you up and make you well again."

Limpy looked in dumb astonishment at the lovely, healthful face and the clear eyes full of sunlight, and Carol went on, cheerily: "You know there's a great big crowd of us girls here, and we're all just as jolly as can be. We're going to spend the whole summer, and you must take us all for friends."

"S, ma'am," murmured Limpy, faintly, as if the prospect of friends was depressing.

"Miss Jean's coming to see you a lot," said Douglas. "You won't care a cent about having me go, now." Limpy moved her head in a sad little shake of denial.

"We're not going to let you miss Douglas one

A weak "Thank you" was heard, and the ghost of a smile flickered over the wan face. Douglas winked at Jean, then at the invalid. "Come on, Limpy, look pleasant," said he, impersonating a photographer. "Here, hold your bouquet; that's the ticket! Now let's stick a daisy over your ear. There! Now you look stunning!"

"Ain't you silly!" Limpy murmured softly, the ghost of a smile turning to a real one at last.

Then Douglas presented Carol with her mandolin, saying: "Miss Carol's going to sing for you; is n't that great!"

Carol took the mandolin from its case, and the tired eyes brightened with expectancy. Douglas picked up his pail.

"Here's something Mrs. Brook sent you. Feel



like some pork and beans?" he inquired, and carried the pail into the kitchen to unpack the ice-cream.

Jean shot after him. "Douglas, I 'm scared stiff!" she declared. "I don't know what to say to her. I know she does n't want me here. I think she 's mad I came."

"No, she 's not," said Douglas, "but she 's scared worse than you are; that 's what 's the matter with her. She thinks you 're 'city people.' She 's awfully shy, but I did n't think she 'd be quite so bad. Now, you take this ice-cream in to her, *then* you 'll make friends."

"Yes, do give me *something* to do," said Jean, piteously. She took the bowl, and Douglas a spoon. As they turned back they heard Carol singing a southern mammy's lullaby. Carol had a sweet, rich-toned voice, and they found Limpy all attention, a light in her face, and the dull, lifeless look quite gone.

"There!" said Douglas, as Carol paused. "That 's the real thing, is n't it, Limpy?"

"It 's elergant!" she replied, rapturously.

Then Jean presented the strawberry ice-cream. "Here 's something nice," she said, shyly. "I 'll hold it for you."

"Oh, thank you!" said Limpy, eagerly. "Don't you want some, too?" she timidly asked her guests.

"No, thank you; we 've had ours already," she was assured; and she took a first delectable spoonful.

"It 's awful good!" she said, with a sigh of bliss.

Limpy feasted to music, for the lullaby was followed by "Comin' thro' the Rye," and "Annie Laurie," for the benefit of the Scotch laddie who was beating time on the invalid's foot.

"That 's enough now. I don't want to tire you," said Carol. But Limpy protested, "Oh, no, ma'am! I could n't never get tired o' music! I play the accordion when I feel good, but I 'd rather play *that* thing, an' sing." So the clear voice rang out again, this time in joyous Easter melodies.

"Now we 're going to cool you off beautifully," said Carol. "Douglas, you take that chair. You take the quilt and pillow, Jean, and I 'll take Limpy, and we 'll set her out under the trees where it 's nice and breezy!"

A very much surprised Limpy was presently reclining in an arm-chair under the shady maples. "Oh, ain't it nice out here!" said the poor little white blossom that had been withering indoors.

"Now I 'm going to braid your hair in two dear little pigtails," said Carol. "It must make

you so hot, hanging loose like that. Come along, Douglas, show me where her room is, please. I 'll have to get her comb. We 'll keep out of the way for a while, and give Jean a chance to make friends with her," she explained, as they went into the house.

Jean, still tongue-tied with shyness, rolled imploring eyes at the comrades deserting her, and pulled a clover to pieces while her brain whirled in a wild hunt. Wonder of wonders, a thought came! "When you 're better, Limpy," said she, "would n't you like to come up to the camp and see some of our fun? Douglas could take you out on the lake."

"Oh, I 'd love to!" said Limpy, wistfully. "But I don't feel like I 'll ever be well enough. I have such bad spells with my heart, an' I can't have Doctor no more."

"Why can't you have the doctor?"

"Pa says he won't pay no more doctor's bills." "The mean—" Jean began, and stopped short.

Remembering Carol's cheery way, she said, brightly: "Oh, but you 're going to get well! Why, you look ever so much better than when we came. And, never mind if you can't get up to camp, just yet, we can have lots of nice times right here. I 'll come and read to you whenever I can."

"You 're awful good," said Limpy, gratefully. "I 'll be so lonesome, now Douglas is goin'."

"I 'm lonely, too, sometimes, because I 'm so far away from home," said Jean.

"I wisht I had a sister," said Limpy.

"I 've always wisht I had one," said Jean. "I 'll tell you what! Let 's play *we* 're sisters, and then you won't feel half so lonely."

Limpy opened her eyes to their widest. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, I 'll pretend you 're my sister, and come and see you just as often as I can; and when I go back to school, I 'll write letters to you, and tell you all about the girls, and all we do. And you must write to *me*, too. And we 'll sign our letters 'Your loving sister.' Then you won't feel all alone, will you?"

When Carol came back, having put the small coop of a bedroom to rights, she found Jean sitting on the arm of the chair, chattering like a magpie, and Limpy laughing merrily as she held Jean's hand. And when her visitors had to go, Limpy made Douglas gather them each a bouquet of very stiff flowers from the little old-fashioned overgrown garden.

"Good-by, chickabiddy," said Carol. "We 'll run in to-morrow and see if you 're behaving yourself, and if we find you hiding away indoors again, we 'll pick you right straight up and put

you out to play in the daisies." She gave her a pat and a kiss.

"By, by, Sister," said Jean. Holding out the neat pigtailed, one in each hand, she kissed the face between them, and Limpy put her arms around Jean's neck and gave her a soft little grateful hug.

"JEANIE, Queenie, no fear your majesty won't conquer the world!" said Carol, as they went back to camp. "You came out gloriously! I'm so glad you dragged this lazybones off this afternoon. Poor little dear! I'm going down to give her a concert whenever I can."

Jean walked along in a brown study. Suddenly she said: "Limpy's afraid she'll never get well because her horrid old miser of a stepfather won't pay any more doctor's bills. Carolie, let's have a *fair*, and raise money for her, so she can have the doctor whenever she wants."

"Fine idea, Your Majesty!" said Carol. "Talk it up with your battle maids, and the rest of us'll help you. Only don't let's call it a *fair*; fairs were stale when Columbus came over."

So the Queen of the Silver Sword called her maidens into council. "I know!" said Cecily. "Let's have a forest festival," and she propounded a plan that was adopted by the whole camp.

## CHAPTER XII

### "JEAN KEEPS TRYST"

LIMPY, her listlessness all gone, became the protégée of the Silver Sword, and found warm friends in Cecily and Betty, as well as in Carol and Jean. Frances made one call on her, sniffed the aroma of the parlor, observed to Betty, "Don't you hate that cabbagey smell?" and declined to repeat the visit. But even Frances worked for Cecily's forest festival, which took place in the middle of July.

On the festival day the visitors from the Inn and the camps found Huairarwee transformed into what Dr. Hamilton called "A Midsummer Day's Dream." The older girls represented forest trees, their dresses being decked with leaves of maple or beech, sprigs of evergreen, or the bark of the silver and golden birches. Carol was the Christmas tree, with a basket of toys at her feet. The top of a baby spruce reared itself above her sunny chestnut curls, sprays cut from young spruces adorned her waist, branches rayed out from her skirt, and she shone resplendent with Christmas-tree ornaments: chains and balls of colored glass and showers of tinsel. The other trees presided over rustic booths, where they sold fancy needlework with leafy designs, balsam

cushions, knickknacks of birch bark, specimens of their own wood-carving, and maple-sugar cakes and candies.

The battle maids had become nymphs and fairies. Betty was the Fern Fairy, her white dress covered with ferns, her garland formed of maidenhair, and her rustic table spread with birch-bark ferneries. Frances, wound from her thorny wreath to the hem of her skirt with black-berry vines, was the Fruit Fairy, serving raspberries and blueberries in saucers with sugar and cream. And in a grotto among the rocks on the beach, Jean and Cecily, as water-nymphs, one in white and one in sea-green, with pond-lilies in their flowing hair, dispensed lemonade and orange and raspberry ice.

When the tables had been cleared of all their wares, the girls counted their gains and found that the Stella Olympia Relief Fund amounted to \$73.45. This sum was immediately raised to \$75. It was decided to place \$65 in a savings bank, but next morning the campers took Limpy the remaining \$10, the amount of an unpaid doctor's bill. A more amazed young person and a happier was not to be found in the United States; but for fear of giving her too much excitement, the girls made their visit a short one, Jean promising to come again on the following afternoon.

The next day Carol and her classmates went with Miss Hamersley on a tally-ho party to Deer Lake, as the guests of Mrs. Clinton of Big Pine Camp. After dinner, Mrs. Brook took Cecily and Betty on a marketing expedition to a farm twelve miles away, Douglas driving them in a buckboard. While they were gone, some of the girls held a tennis tournament, and Jean watched them, her ears pricked up for the sound of the coaching horn, in hopes that Carol would return in time to go with her to see Limpy.

"Oh, dear! It's four o'clock! I can't wait any longer. I'll just have to go alone!" she sighed at last. "Oh, I think Carol might come! Limpy may get a heart attack, and I won't know what to do. I just hate to go alone, but I'll have to—I *promised*." Choosing a story-book to read aloud, she set forth with a downcast countenance.

"Jean, Jane, whar's you gwine?" Frances called from the hammock.

"To see Limpy," replied Jean. "I have to go alone because Carol has n't come back, and Fräulein has such a headache I don't like to ask her."

"Why don't you ask *me*? I'll go with you," said the friendly Mouse.

"I did n't ask *you* because I knew you would n't behave."

"Well, I'm going to be good now, anyway,"



said Frances. "I have n't anything to do, so I 'm going with you."

"Will you promise solemnly, on your honor, to be good?" Jean demanded. "You know the least thing might give her a heart attack."

"Yes, I 'll be good. She 'll like me a great deal better than you." But as they crossed the Harrels' daisy field, Frances said: "Don't let 's go to Limpy's. Let 's go to the *flume*, I 'm crazy to see it!"

Troublesome Path, the nearest way to the flume, was the wildest, most-perplexing trail in the whole region; and it began in the woods that skirted the daisy field. The Hamiltons had taken Carol and Jean over it a few days before, and the girls had brought back a thrilling report of the deep gorge, with the brook roaring through it, and the natural bridge spanning the chasm.

"Oh, yes, I 'd like to see ourselves marching off to the flume!" said Jean. "We 'd get a *nice* big scolding!"

"Nobody 'd know, and nobody 'd care," said Frances.

"Veritas!" And Jean planted the tip of her forefinger on Frances' golden shield.

"Oh, shoot Veritas!" returned the Mouse. "Come on!"

"I won't do it!" declared Jean. "I 'm going to Limpy's and you are too, so come along. This is Silver Sword work, and it 's time *you* did a little, Miss Battle Maid!"

"Oh, Giraffe, you 're such a crank! I did enough Silver Swording, making candy for the festival. I 'm going to the flume, whether you are or not. Good-by!"

"No, you shan't!" Jean caught Frances by the arm. "You 'd lose the trail in two minutes! Ah, Frisk, I think you 're terribly mean! You promised you 'd be good; I knew you were only pretending, though!"

"All right, I 'll be good," said Frances, who was really not at all anxious to take the long, unknown walk with only herself for company.

But when they reached the Harrels' she balked again, and dropped into a rickety chair under a tree. "I 'm going to stay out here," she announced. "My daddy sent me to camp to be out in the fresh air all I could."

"Frances Browne, you 're just trying to be hateful! You *must* come in—I 'll *make* you!" cried Jean, doing her best to drag the Mouse.

"No," said Frances, "I won't. I can't stand that cabbagey smell. I 'll sit here and cool off. But I won't hang around waiting for you all the afternoon. If you stay too long, I *will* go to the flume."

"Well, stay out, then!" snapped Jean. The

vision of a pale, unconscious Limpy was rising before her, but she bravely went into the house by the open front door. At the same moment, Frances saw Tony Harrel come out by the kitchen door and walk hurriedly away to the woods.

Frances lolled back, fanning herself with her hat; then she took a light luncheon from the Harrels' sparse currant crop. Finally, she strolled off and began to climb the hill near by; and whom should she meet coming down it but Bob and Ted Talcott, boys of fourteen and twelve, who had come to stay at Hurricane under their rector's care. They had struck up an acquaintance with her at the festival over berries and cream.

"Hello, Miss Fruit Fairy! Where are you going all by yourself?" asked Bob.

"Oh, nowhere," said Frances. "I want to go to the flume. Do you know the way?"

"Sure. Went there yesterday with Jack."

"Take me there now, will you?" asked Frances, eagerly. "I 'm wild to see it, and I have n't anybody to go with."

"Too far for girls," said Bob, with manly superiority.

"It is n't at all! Jean went there last week. If you 'll take me I 'll make you some fudge to-morrow."

"All right, ma'am, we 'll take you to the flume, and we 'll come and call on you, too," said Bob.

"Won't she squeal when we get her out on the bridge!" said his brother.

"No, I won't. I never get dizzy," Frances declared. "Do you dare me to cross it all alone?"

"Nope."

"I dare myself, then!" said Frances in high glee.

They ran downhill, and turned into the Harrels' place on their way to the trail.

"You have n't got a pencil and paper, have you?" asked Frances.

"There you are." And Bob brought out a small red account-book and a stubby pencil.

Frances tore out a page and wrote: "I 've waited about three hours for you, and now I 'm going to the flume. Good-by." This note she fastened with a hat-pin to the tree under which Jean had left her, and then set off with the boys on the Troublesome Path.

JEAN looked bolder than she felt as she walked in at the Harrels' front door. She peered into the living-room—no one was there. She went into the kitchen—that was deserted, too. It was a bad sign, and the horror of finding Limpy unconscious almost made her play the coward. But she rallied her flagging courage and stole upstairs. The door of Limpy's bedroom was open,

and she heard the sound of sobbing. She went in. There was the poor girl in a heap on the floor beside her bed, her face buried in her hands, shuddering with convulsive tremors.

"Limpy, what 's the matter?" cried Jean.

Limpy started, stared at her wildly for an instant; then, half-raising herself, she threw her arms around Jean's waist, dragging her down on the floor beside her, and panted out: "Where 's Tony? Is he gone? Is he gone?"

(To be continued.)

## APRIL PHILOSOPHY

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

W  
H  
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N  
little  
raindrops  
patter down, and  
clouds go scurrying by,  
just spread a big umbrella up,  
't will keep you warm and dry. The saucy  
little drops may fall, and on its surface hit, but they will  
splash and scatter there, nor trouble you a bit. When little,  
teasing trials come, and pelt you every hour, just spread your many  
blessings out, to keep you from the shower. A big umbrella make of them,  
then, though the trials fall, they 'll strike your shield, and scatter there, and not  
reach you at all. And when you find that this is so, please pass the word along,  
that others, too, may shelter find, when things are going wrong. For when they see  
your smiling face, so free from care and fret, they, too, will lift their blessings

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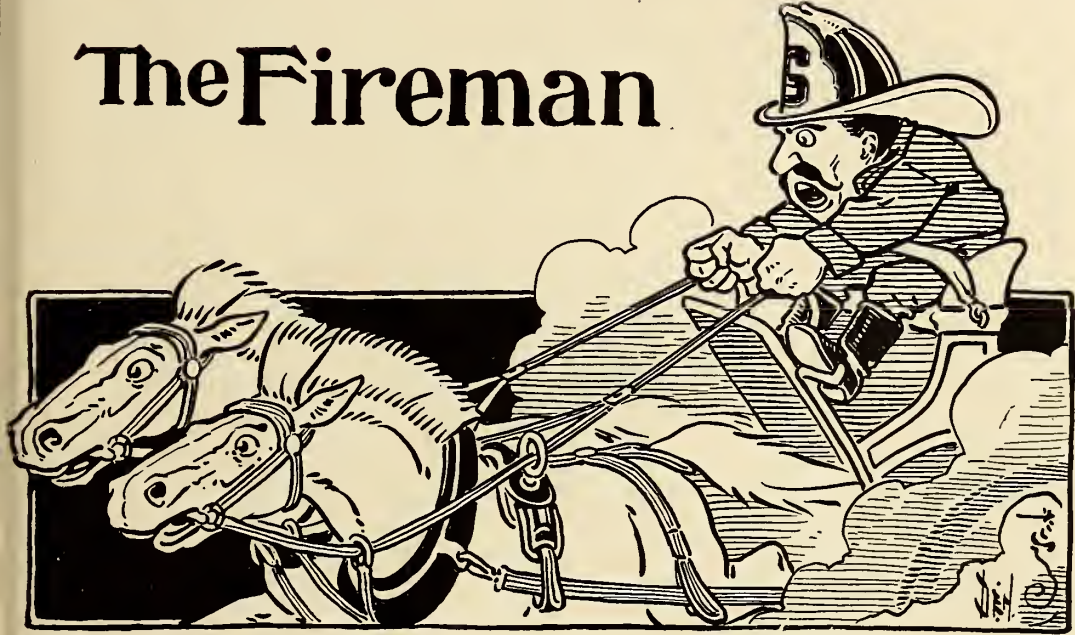
# WHEN I GROW UP

By  
W. W. Denslow



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## The Fireman



Our coachman's boy—called "Tiny Tim"—  
He never is afraid.

When he grows up, he's going to be  
"Chief" of a Fire Brigade.

Says Tim: "I'd wear my boots to bed,  
When I'd lie down to rest;  
And at the striking of the gong  
I'd be the first one dressed!







Our coachman's boy, called "Tiny Tim"-  
He never is afraid.  
When he grows up, he's going to be  
"Chief" of a Fire Brigade.

“I’d love to hear the wild alarm  
That comes at dead of night!  
With clanging bells we’d dash away;—  
T’would be a thrilling sight!

“I’d drive the team; I’d hold the hose;  
We’d scale the shaking wall,  
With ladders long, to save the folks  
Before they’d jump or fall.

“Then on parade, in uniform,  
I’d drive the prancing steeds;  
Or, maybe, get a medal  
For my brave and gallant deeds.”





# IVAN AND THE WOLF



IVAN SEES THE WOLF



AND TAKES REFUGE IN A HOLLOW TREE,



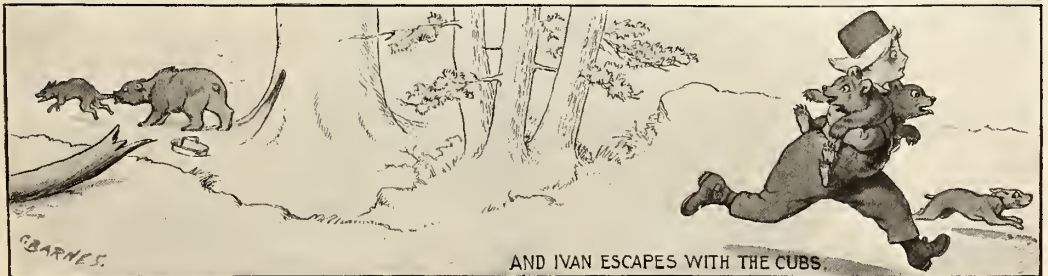
HAVING FASTENED THE BASKET WITH HIS STAFF.



WHILE TWO BABY BEARS LEFT IN THE TREE IMPEDE HIS WAY,



THE MOTHER BEAR COMES HOME,



AND IVAN ESCAPES WITH THE CUBS.



## APRIL

*The Elves' Calendar*

THE fairy folk of Elfland, why they laugh this whole month through  
At comic pranks they played last month; they laugh so hard, they do.  
The tears stream down their cheeks; and boys and girls shout, "See it rain!"  
While at that very moment, lo! the landscape 's bright again.  
O merry April-Elfins, that laugh and cry together,  
You 're just the cause of all this jolly mix-up in the weather!

*S. Virginia Lewis.*



EASTER MORNING. ON THE WAY TO GRANDMOTHER'S.



# BOYS WITH A BUSINESS

BY WALTER DUNHAM

THE same rule that makes a successful business man makes a successful business boy; that is, to find something which people need, and then let them know that you can supply it. Of course, there are certain standard kinds of business of which every boy thinks—selling newspapers, or running errands, for example. But the really alert boy wants to invent a business of his own.

The New York streets does, at so much a cubic foot. He showed that it would be much more satisfactory to know, every time it snowed, that the shoveling would be done, and just how much it would cost, without waiting to make a bargain with any one who might come along. By this time people were interested, and when Jimmy measured their walks and showed them how much



"JIMMY INCREASED HIS SPENDING MONEY BY SHOVELING SNOW."

Here is what a couple of boys of my acquaintance have done in a business way:

The best business boy I know is James Conroy of Plainville. Like most boys, Jimmy had increased his spending money by shoveling snow, but in Plainville most of the sidewalk had taken care of themselves. This last winter Jimmy decided to extend his business and hire other boys to do the shoveling. So, late in November, he went from house to house, politely explaining that he proposed to make regular season contracts for shoveling snow, just as the man who cleans

a three-inch snowfall would cost, most of them signed his contract.

Meanwhile Jimmy organized at school a shovel brigade of boys who agreed to report to him at the first snowfall, to work at a fair, fixed price, and to keep on working until his last sidewalk was finished. Jimmy assigned each boy to a house and waited for the snow. Fortunately, it came on Friday night, and Jimmy could use his brigade all day Saturday. Of course, some boys shirked, though that did not hurt Jimmy, for he paid only for work done; but it was a busy day

for him, seeing that the walks were promptly and properly cleared, and collecting his payment.

The next storm was so heavy that it nearly swamped Jimmy; but he rose to the emergency,

be applied to mowing lawns; with better results, too, for he could give steady work to two men. So he made contracts for the season, basing his price on the number of square feet in the lawn.

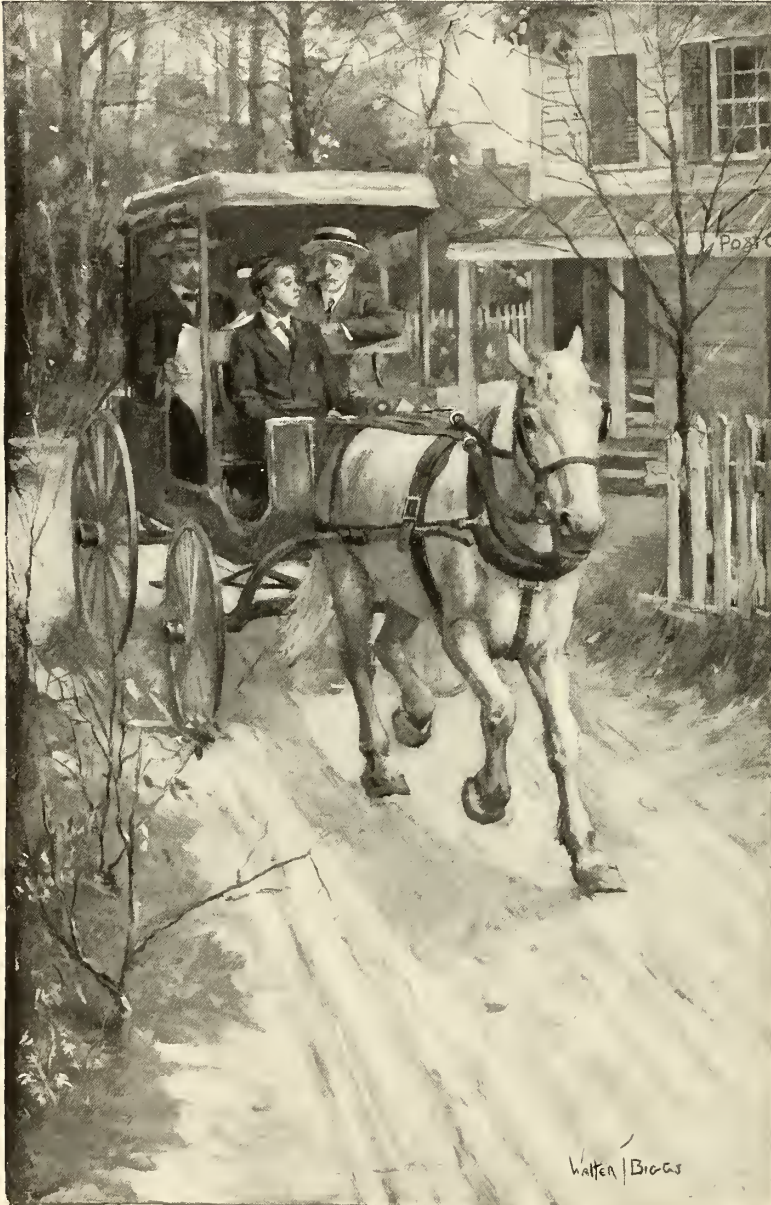
The last time I saw him he told me that he intended to try to get the work of cutting all the lawns and shoveling all the sidewalks which belonged to their small city!

Then there is Joe Sargent of Monroe. Monroe is a "summer place" near a big city. Every night the business men come out from the city, and many of them, though they do not care to keep horses, prefer to drive from the station to their homes along the shore. Formerly, if they were fortunate, they found a disagreeable liveryman or one of his untidy stable-boys waiting for the train. Sometimes there were no carriages at all, and sometimes, worse yet, when a carriage was ordered for a particular train, no carriage came and the business man lost his train—and his temper, too. Of course, people grumbled, but what could they do? They had to hire of Jones and take their chances, or else walk.

Last summer I found on the station platform an alert boy, about thirteen years old, whose "Carriage, sir?" sounded earnest and inviting. When I smiled, in some astonishment, the boy seized my suit-case, placed it carefully in an old carry-all and darted for another passenger. I looked at the team. Everything, horse, harness, and carryall, was old, but everything was

clean and well-polished. Decidedly, the new stable was worth trying, and I wondered who had started it.

Soon the boy returned with another passenger in tow, climbed aboard, and clucked "Get up!"



"I HOPE I MAY HAVE YOUR TRADE, SIR!" SAID JOE."

hired several men who preferred sure work to simply hunting for a job, and he made a good profit, for, of course, the more snow there was, the better for Jimmy.

In the spring he saw that the same system could



"Whom do you drive for?" I asked.

"For myself, sir," was the answer. "You see, it's vacation, and I thought perhaps people would ride with me if I started in business. So I took our old horse and hired this carryall. I hope I may have your trade, sir, this summer. I won't miss any trains if I can help it."

He had my promise on the spot. Many of the cottagers tried him, and, finding that he could be relied upon, became regular customers. Joe soon

had more work than he could well do with his one team.

Then some business men clubbed together and lent him money to buy a second team. This was not charity, for it was worth while to be sure of catching the train, and Joe never failed. By the end of summer he had bought the carryall and more than paid for the second team. This year he plans to start with three teams, and soon he will control the livery business of Monroe.



## CHASED BY THE ICE JAM

BY J. S. ELLIS

THE steady downpour of March rain afforded huge satisfaction to two boys, Matthew Streeter and Guy Morse, who were in the Streeter barn laying plans for vacation week. They were sorting an outfit of rusty traps, and their talk ran on things not found in books.

"We've got to get these traps out before daylight, Monday morning," said Matthew. "Guy, we're going to make enough on this trapping before school starts to take us to the field meet."

"You're just right," agreed Guy. "Jeff Peters told me Beaver Pond was just alive with muskrats. There is twenty-five cents for every one we can bring in. Then if we can catch a few mink they count up some."

"Hear that rain," Matthew chuckled. "We could n't have struck it better if we had ordered the weather ourselves. The ice will be rotten and breaking up, and the mink and rats will be on the move."

The boys parted, agreeing to meet on the appointed hour on Monday morning. If the next day was a long Sunday it is not to be wondered at. What boy, with a trace of the forest-ranging ancestor in him, could contemplate a week out of doors, free from school and books, without getting excited?

The village in which they lived was at the mouth of Bad River, where it empties into the Missouri. The rain fell steadily all day. The ice in the Missouri was showing unmistakable signs of breaking up. Matthew, who lived a half-mile out of the village, across Bad River, came in the evening to ask Guy to stay with him

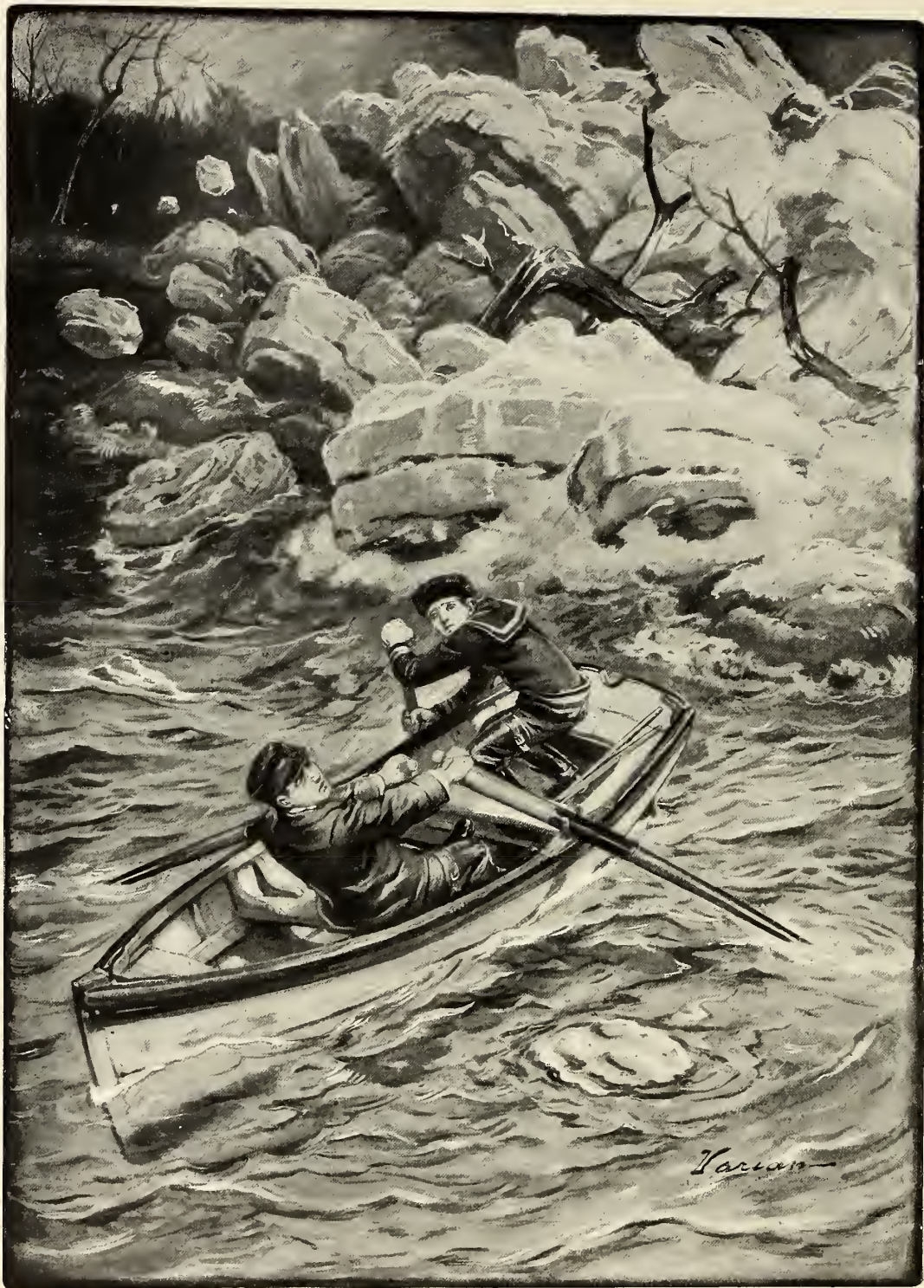
during the night. Permission was granted, and the two boys splashed away through the wet and gathering darkness.

How much they slept that night would be difficult to say. Whenever the clock struck the hour the one or the other would say: "Now we've got to go to sleep," and they would turn over and make another attempt. They heard sounds through the night—a creaking and groaning and an occasional crash—that told them the ice was moving; but whether in the creek or in the Missouri they could not tell. After a while they dropped off to sleep, and thought their eyes had hardly closed when the alarm at the head of the bed began to ring. They sprang up and dressed and went downstairs, where Mrs. Streeter, who understood the hidden springs of boy nature, had left a table set with a tempting breakfast.

After breakfasting they slipped softly out of the house. The rain had stopped. From the river came the unmistakable flap, flap of water.

Matthew seized his friend's arm. "The ice is out, old boy! Say, if it is, we can take the boat and won't have to carry these traps."

Investigation proved that they were right. Exulting, the boys hastened to the boat-house, let down the skiff, and stowed in traps, guns, and lunch basket. Their course would lead them about five miles up Bad River. The current of the stream ran exceedingly swift in its rapid drop from the hill country to the Missouri, but during high water, such as now prevailed, there was room to skirt the sides and avoid the current.



"TOWERING HIGH ABOVE THEM A WALL OF ICE AND WATER ROARED AND PLUNGED."



To the boys' surprise there was no ice at all in the river. They had never known it to clear so quickly. In the gray light that was coming they could see below them the broad bosom of the Missouri covered with floating ice.

The upward course of the boat was slow, but the trip was full of interest. Frequent stops were made to look for "signs." They halted for an hour or more at the mouth of a small creek and set out several traps. It was noon when they pulled the boat up to a low swale that led down to the river and unloaded lunch box and baggage.

"Whew!" exclaimed Matthew. "This pulling makes a fellow hungry. Let's eat."

The sun had come out and now shone warmly on the bank against which they spread their lunch. While they were eating they heard heavy reports from some distance up the river, and wondered at it.

"Somebody shooting," Guy commented. "But it must be heavy loads."

It was a mile from this point across the marsh to the pond where they expected to do most of the trapping. They left the boat tied securely, shouldered traps and guns and walked to the pond. Here they found ample evidence of the plentifulness of muskrats. Their conical, grass-covered mounds were cropping out of the coarse marsh grass in all directions. There was several hours' work for the boys, hunting out the most favorable places for the traps and setting them. It was late in the afternoon when the work was finally completed and they started back to the boat.

The first sight of the river brought an exclamation to their lips. They knew the water was rising but had not realized how rapidly, and now saw it had spread to a point several yards above the tree which held their boat. There was no difficulty in wading out to it, and the novelty of the situation added pleasure to the experience.

"Won't we go home singing, Matt," Guy exulted. "When we hit that current just watch us."

"Let's pull up to the island before we go back," suggested Matthew. "At the rate this current is running we can go home in less than an hour."

It was agreed, and the skiff was again headed upstream. There was no difficulty now in finding slow water along either side. The little river was swelled to a stream twenty or thirty rods wide. As they advanced, the explosions which they had heard at noon began again and the boys' curiosity was aroused. Floating frag-

ments of ice came down-stream, sometimes in such quantities as to stay their progress.

The island which the boys were headed for was a long, narrow strip of land, just below a point where Bad River makes a sharp bend. They had sighted the low bushes on the island when another explosion, now much louder and clearer, came to their ears.

"What do you reckon they are doing?" Guy demanded. "Do you suppose any one would be dynamiting fish this time of year?"

"Well, we'll go on till we find out," said Matthew. "If some one is shooting fish they ought to be reported."

They reached the foot of the island and fastened the boat. From around the bend of the river they could hear voices. The island was covered with dense underbrush that made progress difficult. Trees and bushes obstructed the view so that they could not see above the bend of the river until on the extreme upper end of the island. They were just stepping clear of the brush when a man's voice called:

"Watch out, now! All hands out!"

Then they saw. Two or three hundred yards above them a mighty dam of ice was lodged, stretching from bank to bank and level with the tops of the trees.

The boys stood frozen with horror as they grasped the meaning of the situation. The men were dynamiting an ice jam and they were directly in its path!

For a minute they stood watching the yellow water spurt through fissures in the dam. Then back they tore through the underbrush toward the boat. Vines tripped them and thorns impeded their progress. It seemed to their wildly beating hearts that their feet were standing still. Such an avalanche of ice and water would sweep unimpeded across the little island, destroying everything in its course.

The boys had, in fact, traversed but half the island when a heavier shock than any yet heard shook the ground beneath their feet. There was an answering grinding roar, a series of stunning crashes, not unlike cannonading, and the pounding hearts of the boys grew faint with fear. A wild dash brought them to the boat, with torn clothing and bleeding hands and faces. Guy tugged frantically at the knot which held the rope.

"Cut it!" screamed Matthew. "Here!" He whipped out his knife and severed the rope and they leaped into the skiff.

There was not a second to lose. Behind them, and towering high above, a wall of ice and water rolled and roared and plunged, like a mad beast:

in pursuit. Like a bubble driven before a breath the tiny skiff darted down-stream in response to the quick strokes of the boys. Matthew had the oars and Guy used the steering paddle behind to hasten their speed.



"THE ICE JAM WENT PAST WITH A ROAR, SMASHING THE SKIFF LIKE AN EGG-SHELL."

They knew nothing of the rate such bodies of water travel. There was no time to think or plan. A glance behind at the wide-spreading arms of the ice wall told them there was no possibility of an escape through the slow water at the side of the river. With the help of the swift current they might be able to keep ahead of it for a distance—might even gain enough time to make a landing.

Guy steered the skiff directly into midstream and the race for life began. Now had the boys reason to bless the training they had had on the river. The ash oars bent and boiled through the water; the little skiff sped like an arrow down the stream. But the fury in pursuit of them swept along with equal speed. The roar of the grinding ice made speech impossible. On and on they went. Matthew, laboring at the oars, was growing faint. The perspiration was streaming from his face and the oar-strokes were losing their regularity. Guy arose to change with him, and the reef of floating ice before the jam ground into the stern of the boat.

Fresh muscles drove the boat ahead again and gave temporary safety. A half-mile farther the chase went on. Guy, in turn, became exhausted, panting for breath. Suddenly, he fell back in the boat and the oars dropped from his hands.

A sob burst from Matthew's lips, but he sprang forward and seized the oars. A boy of sixteen may endure much, but it was never intended that he should pass through a crisis such as this. Matthew's courage was all but forsaking him. The fury behind him seemed to have human intelligence. It pressed nearer and nearer with grinding roar. The boy's mind was becoming confused. His arms were heavy and pulled sluggishly at the oars. Guy sat up in the bottom of the boat, then lay back again moaning. The action aroused Matthew for a final effort. A sense of responsibility came to him. His own troubles were forgotten, and he saw that if Guy was to be saved he must do it. He looked around to get his bearing. They were nearing a point where a sharp bend in the river brought the current near a steep bank. Here, if at all, they must land. Below this point the river ran in a straight line into the Missouri.

Gathering all remaining strength, Matthew drove the skiff toward this point. The distance between skiff and ice opened a little. The boat was gaining. In a moment it was over. The boat crashed into the bank and both boys were thrown forward into the water. Matthew sprang to his feet and, half-dragging, half-lifting his companion, staggered up the bank. The shadow of the ice wall was over him before he reached the top. The arm of the ice extended beyond him, grappling hungrily for its prey. At a steep part of the bank they hung for an awful moment, unable to move. Then they lurched forward over the top, and the ice jam went past with a roar, smashing the skiff like an egg-shell, and cutting down every obstruction in its path.

It was dark and 'Mandy, the cook, was washing the supper dishes when two white-faced boys



crept into her kitchen. They sat down by the fire and talked in whispers of the fate that had pursued them. It had seemed so real, so certain, that even now they could scarcely believe that they had escaped. And, for months afterward, they would talk of it with awe.

## WORDS

BY MARIAN KENT HURD

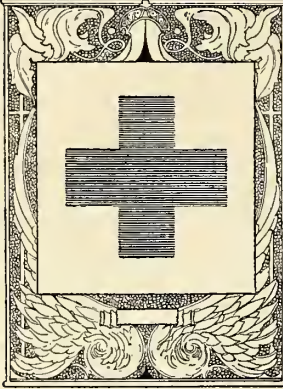


THE word that makes me lonesomest  
 Of all the words I know  
 Is "moor." It makes me think of night  
 And weeds bent down with snow,  
 And low, dark clouds that do not hold  
 A single star for light,  
 And not a sound that you can hear  
 But winds that cry all night.

A very comfortable word  
 Is "plenty,"—it 's so round  
 And fat and full and pantry-ish;  
 It has a golden sound.  
 It makes me think of cookie-jars,  
 And fields of yellow wheat,  
 And loaded vans, and market-days,  
 And all good things to eat.

The word that sounds the happiest  
 Is "jingle," I should say.  
 It *is* a rather thinnish word  
 But still it 's very gay.  
 I think it is a children's word,  
 It is n't meant for age;  
 It always seems to shout at me  
 From out a printed page.

But oh, the sweetest word I know,—  
 The very coziest,—  
 Is "soft." Just whisper it and see  
 If *you* don't love it best!  
 A quiet, cuddly, snuggly word  
 That makes you want to creep  
 Up to the lounge in mother's room  
 And be sung off to sleep.



# HOW · THE RED · CROSS SOCIETY BEGAN.

(by)

M · G · MEDCALF · B · A ·



THERE were many battles fought in Italy during the struggle for independence in which Garibaldi played so great a part. But there was one battle that has a peculiar interest for all soldiers and all people who care for soldiers, because something happened then that brought about a great benefit to fighting armies. Yet it seemed a little thing at the time. It was this: that one man was struck with a great idea and he did not let it die out of his mind.

IT is Midsummer Day in the year 1859, and a blazing Italian sun is pouring down its beams on a grim battle-field of blood and death. The battle of Solferino is being fought between the Italians with their allies the French, Napoleon III at their head, and the Austrians under their emperor, Francis Joseph. Three hundred thousand men are facing each other and the line of battle extends for fifteen miles. All day long the fighting goes on. Each position of advantage is stubbornly contested. The dead are piled in heaps and the wounded lie unheeded, to be trampled on by the cavalry or driven over by the heavy artillery. One who was present that day describes it as one of the bloodiest battles of the nineteenth century.

As the dreadful scene rises before us the question comes to our minds,—Was there any care taken for the wounded? Yes, during the battle flying ambulances were stationed at various points, which attended first to the officers and then to the men—if the medical staff had any time left for them. But—and this is the important thing to notice—the ambulance flag was respected only by its own side. The Italian ambulances were exposed to the Austrian shot and shell and the Austrian ambulances to the Italian, just as much as any other part of the field. That seems very cowardly and unfair to you and me now. And one man brought about a change.

The Italians with their good allies the French won the day, and the Austrians were forced to retreat. It was evening when the retreat commenced. They tried to carry away as many of the wounded as possible, but thousands were left behind to die for want of a helping hand. They lay there parched and dying, with no one even to give them a drop of water. True, there were men prowling about in the dark, but they were cruel wretches who had come to steal valuables and even clothing from the bodies of the dead and wounded soldiers.

But there was just one man that night who saw all this suffering and cruelty, whose heart was wrung with pity for the poor, neglected, wounded soldiers. His name was Henri Dunant, and he was not a soldier but a civilian gentleman. And then and there he thought of a plan for helping the wounded soldiers, and resolved not to rest until he had got people to adopt it.

His first care, however, was to see what could be done for the poor sufferers at that time. Many of them were removed the next day into the neighboring town of Castiglione, where they were given shelter in the churches and public buildings. There was abundance of food and water, yet they were dying for want of nurses to minister to them. So Henri Dunant organized a volunteer band of nurses. They were peasant women but they did their best and were kind to the poor soldiers. Dunant at his own cost procured a load of sponges, linen, tobacco, camomiles, oranges, citron, and sugar. He was always in and out among the soldiers and they got to love him dearly for all the help and relief he had brought them. They used to call him "*le monsieur en blanc*," "the gentleman in white," for he always wore white clothes. Another name they had for him was "the Good Samaritan of Solferino." It was a good name for him. It was no more his business than that of any one



else to concern himself with the wounded of the Austrian and allied armies. But as with the Good Samaritan of the parable, his brother's need made him neighbor. He showed no distinction between wounded friend and wounded enemy: "*Tutti fratelli*," "they are all brothers," was the motto of Dunant and his brave band of helpers.

What was the grand idea which came into Dunant's mind after the battle of Solferino? It was simply this,—that every army should have its permanent ambulance corps properly instructed and equipped, that they should possess the privilege of safety from attack on the field of battle (that is to say, they were not to be fired on by either side), and that, in order to secure that safety, a new, special flag or emblem should be displayed by the ambulance corps of all nationalities. This was Dunant's idea. The Red Cross on the white ground was to be the common flag.

What the Red Cross means is so familiar to all of us now that it is hard to realize that before Dunant thought of it the wounded and those attending to them were fired on as much as any one else on the field of battle.

How did it come about that an ordinary gentleman who was not even in the army and who was not connected with any great military or royal personage, was yet able to confer so tremendous a benefit on the rest of the civilized world? The way Dunant set about it was this: He wrote a book in French, "*Souvenir de Solferino*," which was translated into many languages and widely read throughout Europe. In this book he set forth clearly from his own experience at Solferino the great need there was for proper provision for the wounded in battle and for the protection of those engaged in attending to them. Its earnest appeal in the name not of any particular nation, but of humanity itself, came home to the hearts of people and rulers of all nationalities.

He followed this up by going himself to the different courts of Europe. In many cases he obtained personal interviews with the sovereigns, or, if not, with their representatives. He told them about his great scheme and succeeded in rousing their sympathy and gaining their approval.

Lastly, he was backed up in his crusade by his fellow-countrymen of Geneva, his native place. A commission which they appointed was the means of bringing together the first international conference on this question. It met in Geneva in October, 1863, and fourteen governments were represented at it. It prepared the way for the more important international conference which

met at Geneva the next year and at which the famous Geneva Convention was drawn up. All the nations whose rulers have signed this convention are bound to obey its rules, which secure to those under the Red Cross flag all that protection from hostility which Dunant desired to obtain for them. Thus, after only four years, Henri Dunant had the joy of seeing the mission he had undertaken crowned with the happiest success. So much has his idea entered into the conscience of us all that nothing more dishonoring can be told of any section of an army than that it failed to observe the Geneva Convention by firing on those under the shelter of the Red Cross.

At the present day all civilized states have agreed to the Geneva Convention, with the exception of Morocco and Brazil. The Shah of Persia was the first Asiatic monarch to join, and since then China and Japan have given in their adhesion. Dunant himself was the means of bringing the Japanese to join. They have thrown themselves into it with ardor, and their society is one of the wealthiest of the Red Cross national societies. A few years ago they fitted out for this purpose four magnificent floating hospitals. And in their recent terrible war with Russia they showed how thoroughly they could enter into the spirit of the Red Cross movement by the generous aid they so freely extended to the wounded enemy.

The American Society of the Red Cross did a great work of mercy during the military operations in Cuba, at the time of the war with Spain; and it was of great assistance to the sufferers from the earthquake at San Francisco. Prompt help was also freely given by it in the recent terrible earthquake at southern Italy and Sicily. It has furnished prompt and generous relief in many calamities both in war and peace.

The first president of the American Red Cross Society was Clara Barton, who holds decorations or diplomas from Germany, Austria, Servia, Turkey, Armenia, Switzerland, Spain, and Russia. And it is now the good fortune and the honor of the American National Red Cross Society to have for its latest president, the highest officer of the nation itself, the newly elected President of the United States, William H. Taft.

Henri Dunant, the hero of the Red Cross, is still hale and hearty. He lives in Switzerland and recently received congratulations on his eightieth birthday. What a happy old man he must be, since he has, under God, been the means of bringing succor and relief to thousands of wounded soldiers! And the work he started will not cease its ministry of mercy as long as warfare continues among civilized nations.



## APRIL FOOL LAND

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

THERE 's a joyful land, I understand,  
For the folks who know the way;  
It 's hard to learn the place to turn,  
And it can't be reached in a day.

Oh, a tricky road  
And a mixey road,  
That leads to the Joyful Town,  
Where every rule is April Fool  
And streets run upside down.

Policemen bold are clowns, I 'm told,  
And all the money is jokes.  
And as for the King, in the land I sing,  
He 's the fellow that 's best  
at a hoax.

Oh, the royal crown  
In the Joyful Town  
Is the jingling Jester's cap,  
For every rule is April Fool  
And every door a trap!

With wily care must you beware  
Of the sign-posts in that town;  
They always sound the other way round,  
And they 're mostly upside down.  
The pie-crusts hide  
White mice inside,

And the frightened guests all scream—  
For every rule is April Fool  
And school 's an idle dream.

Small children play their tricks all day,  
And never are spanked at all;  
And harlequins with pointed chins  
Are gleefully playing ball.

The rain and sun  
Join in the fun  
To trick the Weather Man—  
For every rule is April Fool  
And cooks play Patty-Pan!



Now, once a year the folk  
come here,  
And a joyful time have they!  
They turn the town quite upside  
down

On April Fool—his day.  
If I could find  
The roads that wind  
Across to Joyful Town,  
I 'd backward run and have some fun  
With Harlequin and Clown,  
Where every rule is April Fool  
And streets lead upside down!



# CAPTAIN CHUB

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

## CHAPTER XI

### THE TABLES TURNED

"ANYBODY got anything to suggest?" Chub asked, softly, as the boys gazed on the farmer comfortably seated on the upper deck of the *Slow Poke*, with his shot-gun across his lap.

"If we rushed him all at once, the three of us," said Dick, "we could get aboard all right. You know very well he would n't dare shoot at us."

But Chub shook his head.

"He 's such an old sour-face, he 's likely to do anything. What do you say, Roy?"

"I 'll risk it if the rest of you will," he said, angrily. "I 'd like to throw him into the water."

"A bath would n't do him any harm," said Chub, "unless he caught cold from it. But I 've got a better scheme, I think. We can't afford to let the constable find us here. If he does it 'll take a week to convince him that we are n't robbers. Now, listen. I 'll go back through the woods as though I was going to the road. You fellows stay here and if he asks where I 've gone, tell him I 've gone to look for the constable. When I get out of sight I 'll get some of my things off and sneak down to the river again on the other side of the point. Then I 'll swim back quietly and get aboard on the other side. He won't be able to see me and you fellows must n't look at me because he might catch on and my scheme would fail."

"But what are you going to do when you get aboard?" asked Roy, dubiously. Chub's brown eyes twinkled merrily.

"You leave that to me," he said. "Come to think of it, you fellows had better go back to the boat in about a couple of minutes and when you see me coming get him talking; see? Make all the powwow you can, so he won't hear me. If he should hear me and go around the other side to see what 's up, you fellows jump on board in a hurry. Got that?"

"Yes," answered Roy, "but you—you be careful, Chub."

"It 'll be a long swim, won't it?" asked Dick, anxiously.

"I won't have to swim at all," said Chub. "I 'll just float down with the current. I 'm off." He got up and started aimlessly into the woods in the direction of the road. They watched him go. So did the farmer.

"Hey, where 's he going?" he called.

"Says he 's going to look for your friend, the constable," answered Dick, carelessly.

"Ain't no use in you running away," said Mr. Ewing. "We 'll get ye."

"Well, you don't see us running away, do you?" asked Roy, haughtily. "We have n't done anything to run away for."

"Don't you suppose we might fix those ropes so 's we can let go in a hurry?" asked Dick, softly.

"We can try it," responded Roy, with a glance toward the river beyond the point. "Wait a minute longer. Then we 'll go down there. Maybe we can loosen the knots a bit." He looked anxiously at his watch. It showed the hour to be ten minutes to nine. "I hope that constable does n't take it into his head to appear for a few minutes yet."

"So do I. Shall we go now?"

"Yes, come along."

They got up and sauntered back to where the *Slow Poke* lay, Mr. Ewing eying them suspiciously. The boat was moored fore and aft to two trees growing near the bank. When they reached the first one, Roy stopped and started to undo the knot, while Dick kept on.

"Say, there 're chairs up there on the deck," said Dick, pleasantly. "Why don't you get one? You must be tired sitting on that railing."

"I 'm pretty tolerable easy, thanks," answered the farmer. "Here, you there! What you doing to that rope?"

"Me?" asked Roy, innocently. "Just fixing it."

"Well, leave it alone, do you hear?" The old shot-gun was pointed in Roy's direction and Roy thought it wise to obey, especially as he had practically accomplished his purpose. Meanwhile Dick had seized the occasion to give attention to the second rope, but the farmer spied him before he could loosen the knot.

"Come away from there or I 'll let ye have this!" he shouted, angrily. Dick came away and he and Roy sat down on the edge of the bank in the sun, trying to look perfectly at ease. A swift glance upstream showed them a dark object in the water floating slowly down with the current. The object was Chub's head. They did n't dare look again until Chub was almost abreast of the boat. Then:

"That was a pretty easy place to get out of you put us in," said Roy. The farmer blinked his eyes and motioned at Dick with his chin.

"You 'd been there yet if it had n't been for him," he said. "If I had n't been alone there I guess it would n't have happened."

"You had Fido," said Dick.

"He means Carlo," explained Roy, amiably. "He 's a pretty smart dog, is n't he?"

"Guess you thought so," chuckled the farmer. (Roy and Dick were straining their ears for evidences of Chub's arrival at the other side of the boat.)

"Yes, he 's a nice dog," said Roy, reflectively. "Of course he is n't much to look at, but, then, mongrels never are, I suppose."

"He ain't a mongrel," said the farmer, indignantly. "He 's a pure-blooded Saint Ber'nard, he is." (Still there was no sound!)

"You don't say?" asked Dick. "Funny how folks will talk to you when they want to sell a dog, is n't it? It just seems as though they did n't have any moral sense, does n't it?" (There was a sound now, just the faintest sound in the world! Roy and Dick both plunged desperately into conversation.)

"Dogs are funny things, anyway—" began Dick.

"I used to know a dog that looked just like Carlo," Roy declared with enthusiasm. "He was the knowin'gest thing—"

"Was n't he?" asked Dick, loudly and eagerly.

"Why, that dog knew more than any farmer I ever met!" almost shouted Roy. "Just to show you how knowing he was, Mr. Ewing—!"

Then Roy stopped with a grin on his face and he and Dick looked past the farmer until that worthy's curiosity got the better of him and he turned likewise, turned to look into the twin muzzles of Chub's shot-gun, which the owner, damp and cheerful in his scant attire, held a yard from the farmer's head!

Mr. Ewing's jaw dropped comically.

"Wh-wh-what—" he stammered.

"Kindly lean your gun against the railing, Mr. Ewing," said Chub, softly. "Thank you. Now get down and jump ashore, please."

"I—I 'll have you fellers put in prison for this!" growled the farmer. But he was far more subdued than they 'd ever seen him, and he swung his long legs over the railing and strode to the gangway at the rear. "What you going to do with my gun?" he demanded.

"Never you mind about your gun," said Chub. "You 'git'!"

Mr. Ewing "got."

"Throw off those ropes, fellows," said Chub, "and bring them aboard." He picked up the farmer's gun, unloaded it, and tossed it onto the bank. "Nothing but birdshot, after all," he scoffed as he glanced at the shells.

Mr. Ewing only grunted as he picked up his gun. Then:

"You 're a pretty cute lot, you are, but you wait until next time, by gum!"

"There won't be any next time, by gum," laughed Chub. Dick and Roy, keeping watchful glances on the farmer, brought the ropes aboard.

"Start her up," said Chub to Dick. Then he handed his shot-gun to Roy. "See that he does n't try any tricks," he said. "I 'll go up and take the wheel. I want to get out of here before the constable comes."

The farmer stood a little way off observing them sourly. The propeller began to churn and the *Slow Poke* waddled off into deep water. Chub threw the wheel hard over and the boat swung its nose around until it pointed downstream. Then he called for full speed and the *Slow Poke* made off in a hurry.

"My love to Carlo!" cried Chub from the wheel-house.

At that moment a man in a faded blue coat with brass buttons came out of the woods and hurried toward the farmer. Hurried explanations followed, on the part of the latter.

Chub put his lips to the speaking-tube.

"Got her full speed, Dick?" he called.

"Yes," was the answer.

"All right. Our friend, the constable, has arrived. Keep her going." The *Slow Poke* was now far out of the cove and making good time down the river. Roy waved a polite farewell to the two figures on shore; the whistle croaked, and the next minute the wooded point had shut them from view. Roy hurried up to Chub.

"What are you going down the river for?" he asked.

"Because they may send out warrants for us," answered Chub. "I want them to think we 're going this way. After a while we 'll turn around, go over toward the other shore, and come back. I 've got to get rid of these wet clothes."

When he came back, once more in conventional attire, he headed the boat across to the opposite shore, turned her, and crept upstream again. Roy brought his field-glasses up and they searched the shore of the cove as they went by. But there was no one in sight.

"I wonder if he 's had enough?" pondered Roy.

"I 'll wager he has n't. I 'll bet if we came back here fifty years from now, we 'd find him sitting on the fence outside his gate with that old pop-gun in his lap, waiting for us. You don't know the—the indomitable will of our dear friend, Job Ewing."

"Jim," corrected Roy.



"Pardon me; I meant to say James. No, Jim won't forget us in a hurry, and I think it will be wiser to keep on this side of the river for a while. That 's Westchester County over there and this is Rockland. I don't know much about such things, I 'm pleased to say, but it seems to me that if that old farmer gets out a warrant for us, we 'll be better off in some other county."

"What are you going to do about your coat and things, though?" Roy asked.

"Get them this evening," answered Chub, "when the shades of night have fallen over hill and vale. Let 's put in around that point there and stay until then, shall we? I don't believe they can see us from the other shore."

Dick joined them and they talked it over and finally agreed to Chub's plan. The *Slow Poke* was steered around the point and anchored—since a shallow beach made it inadvisable to stretch lines ashore—near a little village. The railroad ran along within a few yards and a tiny station was in sight. But the point of land cut them off from sight of Farmer Ewing's neighborhood and they believed that they could spend the day there safely. They went ashore and made a few purchases and learned that the nearest ferry was four miles up the river.

"That would mean a good five miles upstream and four miles back if they tried to get us that way," said Chub. "And I don't believe they 'd go to that trouble. Besides, it 's safe that they think we 're still going down the river."

"Just the same," said Dick, "one of us had better keep a lookout all the time so that if they did try to get us we could skip out."

"Right you are, Dickums. Yours is the wisdom of the owl and the cunning of the serpent."

They spent a quiet day. They would have liked to go ashore and tramp, but did n't dare leave the boat lest the relentless Mr. Ewing should descend upon it in their absence. So, instead, they read and wrote letters on the upper deck under the awning, which was stretched for the first time. To be sure, they had been away from home only two days, but, as Roy pointed out, more had happened to write about during those two days than was likely to happen in the next two weeks, and they might as well make the most of it. The quiet lasted until about four o'clock, when Whiting's thunder-storm, which had been growling menacingly for an hour or more, descended upon them in full fury. There was a busy time getting the awning down again, and then, somewhat damp, they retreated to the forward cabin and watched the rain lash the river and listened to the roaring of the storm. It was all over in half an hour, leaving the air cool and refreshing.

They had a good supper and afterward, at about eight, pulled up anchor and headed the *Slow Poke* diagonally down the river until it was opposite the place where Chub had undressed and left his coat. There Chub jumped into the tender and rowed ashore. The others watched anxiously while the *Slow Poke* sauntered along with the current, but in five minutes Chub was back again, his clothes in a bundle in the bottom of the tender.

"Did n't see a soul," he answered in response to the questions of the others. "Start her up, Dick, and we 'll go back."

It was n't so easy to sleep that night, for the trains went rushing by on an average of every half-hour, shrieking and clattering. But they managed to doze off at intervals until well toward morning when, having become inured to the racket, they slept soundly until the alarm-clock in Chub's bedroom went off.

"I move you," said Chub at breakfast, "that we get out of this vicinity as soon as we can. I 've had enough excitement to last me for a month. I 'm for the silent reaches and the simple life!"

## CHAPTER XII

### CHUB TRIES A NEW BAIT

I COULD write in detail of the next three days, but the narrative would only bore you, for nothing of special interest happened. In brief, then, they made an early start the morning after the escape from Mr. Ewing and the arm of the law, and were soon rounding the bend in the river opposite Peekskill. By one o'clock they were in sight of West Point and so kept on until they found a mooring at the steamboat pier. There they ate dinner and afterward spent two hours "doing" the Military Academy. Dick declared that if they did n't see another thing, that alone was worth the whole trip, and the rest agreed with him. At twilight, they sidled the *Slow Poke* across to shore almost under the frowning face of Storm King. There was deep water there, and when the mooring ropes were made fast they could step from the deck of the house-boat right on to the bank. The map showed dozens of streams and several small ponds, and it was decided that they would remain there for a while and try the fishing. They slept on board that night, but the next afternoon they rigged the little shelter tent which they had brought between the trees at a little distance from shore, and made camp. Dick and Roy fashioned a fireplace of stones and when the weather was fair the meals were prepared over a wood fire. Chub declared that he preferred the flavor of wood smoke to

kerosene. For two days they tramped around the neighboring country and fished to their hearts' content, finding several good trout pools. It was on the second day that Chub caught his "two-pounder." To be sure, Dick and Roy declared that it did n't weigh over a pound and a quarter, but Chub retorted that that was their jealousy and that if there were only scales on board he would soon prove his estimate correct. But there were not scales to be found and so Chub's claim was never disproved. He held the trout out at arm's-length while Roy photographed it, and when the picture developed the fish looked like a salmon rather than a trout.

"You might as well call it a ten-pounder as a two," said Dick. "Any one would believe you. Why, that fish is half as big as you—in the picture!"

Chub viewed him sorrowfully and shook his head.

"That," he replied, "would not be the truth, Dickums. When you know me better you 'll find that not even a fish can tempt me from the path of honesty. Perhaps, however, there would n't be any harm in calling it a three-pounder; what do you think?"

Roy and Dick had good luck, too, although their trout were smaller than Chub's "two-pounder," and during their stay at Camp Storm King, as they called it, they had all the fresh fish they could eat. The day after Chub's famous catch he informed the others that he was going back to the scene of his victory for another try.

"We 'll all go," said Roy, pleasantly, with a wink at Dick. "It must be a dandy place."

"You 'll do nothing of the sort," replied Chub, shortly. "That pool is my discovery."

"Pshaw," said Roy, "if I found a good place like that I 'd want you to try it."

"Me, too," said Dick. Chub viewed them scornfully.

"Of course you would," he replied with deep sarcasm.

"Well, I would," insisted Roy. "I 'd be generous. Now—"

"I guess you 're like the Irishman," said Chub. "His name was Pat."

"It always is in a story," murmured Dick.

"One day his friend Mike met him and said: 'Pat, they tell me you 're a Socialist.' 'I am,' says Pat. 'Well, now, tell me, Pat, what is a Socialist?' 'A Socialist,' says Pat, 'is a feller that divides his property equally. 'T is like this, do you see: if I had two million dollars I 'd give you one million and I 'd keep one million myself.' ' 'T is a grand idea,' says Mike. 'And if you had two farms would you give me one, Pat?' 'Sure would I,

says Pat. ' 'T is an elegant thing, this Socialism,' says Mike. 'But, tell me, Pat, if you had two pigs would you give me one?' 'Go 'long, now!' says Pat. 'You *know* I 've got two pigs!'"

"It 's a funny story," said Roy, mournfully, "but I miss the application, Chub."

"You do, eh? Well, it just shows how easy it is to be generous with something you have n't got." Whereupon Chub picked up his rod and stepped ashore.

"You won't get a bite!" called Dick.

Haughty silence from Chub as he walked away.

"You won't bring home a thing!" This shot told.

"If I don't bring home something as big as I did yesterday," announced Chub, grandly, "I 'll—I 'll wash up the dishes!"

"That 's a go," cried Dick. "Bad luck to you!"

They watched him disappear between the trees. Then Roy turned to Dick with a grin. "Let 's follow him," he said.

An instant later, carrying their rods, they were on Chub's trail. They went quickly and quietly, and soon had their quarry in sight. Chub was ambling along very leisurely, whistling as he went. Presently they were out of the woods and on a narrow road that was scarcely more than a path. It wound along the bottom of the mountain for half a mile or so, running very straight and rendering it necessary for the pursuers to keep in among the trees lest Chub should glance back. But it was apparent that he had no suspicion. The road ran over or through several small streams which came gurgling down the hill, and at each of them Roy and Dick expected to see Chub leave the road. But he kept on, and presently Dick gave signs of discouragement.

"Thunder," he said, "I don't believe he 's ever going to stop. This is n't much fun, Roy. Let 's quit. I 'm all scratched up with these branches."

"Stop nothing!" answered Roy. "He can't be going much further. Anyway, the road curves pretty soon and then we can take it easy."

Presently the road did curve, Chub was out of sight, and they left the underbrush with sighs of relief.

"Have you any idea where this pool of his is?" asked Dick.

"Not the slightest. He and I started out together but he left me about three o'clock and went down toward the river. We were fishing that stream that comes down near the fork of the roads, you know; where we were the first day. That 's about half a mile further, but I don't see why Chub has to go that far unless he can't find his old pool any other way. Here 's the turn. Careful, or he may see us."





"WHY, MR. EWING, I USED TO KNOW A DOG THAT LOOKED JUST LIKE YOUR CARLO," SAID ROY."

It was an abrupt curve and they went very slowly and softly until they could see the stretch of road ahead. It was quite deserted!

"Shucks!" said Roy. "He 's got away from us, after all. Come on!"

They broke into a trot and hurried along, looking sharply to left and to right as they ran. A moment or two later there was a rustling in the woods near the turn of the road and Chub came cautiously out, a broad smile on his face. Remaining in concealment, he watched his pursuers until another turn of the road hid them. Then he cut a branch from a small tree, sharpened one end of it, slit the other, and stuck it in the middle of the road. Searching his pockets he, at length, brought forth a crumpled piece of paper. Smoothing it out, he traced a line on it and stuck it in the cleft of the stick. Then, chuckling aloud, he crossed the road and disappeared into the woods on the lower side.

Some two hours later Roy and Dick came trudging back. They had five trout between them, but they were all small ones. They were very hungry and somewhat tired, and Roy almost walked into the stick in the road before he saw the piece of paper. When he had read it he laughed and handed it to Dick.

"Fooled again!" read Dick. He grinned, crumpled it up, and tossed it aside, and they went on for a moment without a word. Then:

"You have to get up pretty early to get ahead of Chub," said Roy, admiringly.

"Get up early!" quoth Dick. "You have to stay up all night!"

They trudged on home to the camp and dinner.

Meanwhile Chub was having hard luck. Fully a mile away, where a stream rushed down a hill and paused for a while in a broad black pool lined with rocks and alders, he had been fishing diligently for over an hour with no success. He had tried almost every one of his brand-new assortment of flies, but, to use his own expression, he had n't even got a bid. It was getting along toward dinner-time, as his hunger emphatically informed him, and he recollected his agreement with regret. It was n't that he so much disliked to wash the dishes for once—although as a matter of principle he always schemed to avoid that task—but he hated to have Roy and Dick crow over him. And after the way in which he had fooled them that morning, he had no doubt but that they would crow long and loud.

He sat down on a convenient flat-topped stone and spread his fly-book open beside him. It was a sunny day, but the pool was well shadowed and perhaps, after all, a real brilliant fly would n't be out of the way. So he selected a handsome ar-

range of vermilion and yellow and gray—a most gaudy little fly it was—and substituted it for the more somber one on his line. Then he cast again to the farther side of the pool. For a while there was no reply to his appeal, and then the fly disappeared and a moment later a gleaming trout was flapping about under the bushes. It was n't such a bad little trout; Chub guessed three quarters of a pound as its weight; and more hopefully now, he flicked the pool here and there. But nothing else happened. At last, discouraged, he reeled in his line and looked at his watch. The time was a quarter past twelve. Even if he started back to the boat now, he would arrive very late for dinner. Besides, he could n't face Roy and Dick with only that insignificant trophy to show. If only he had brought a luncheon with him! His eyes fell again on the trout and his face lighted. Dropping his fly-book into his pocket and picking up rod and fish, he turned his back on the pool and followed the stream as best he could, winding in and out of the thickets and clambering over the rocks that strewed the little vale.

Presently he was out of the thicket and before him lay a small clearing in which waist-high bushes and trailing briars ran riot. The brook spread itself out into a shallow stream and meandered off toward the river, its course marked by small willows, alders, and rushes. Chub found a clear spot in the shade of a *Viburnum* and built a fire of dry grass and twigs, adding dead branches as the flames grew. Fuel was n't very easy to find, but by prospecting around he eventually had a good-sized blaze. Then, warm and panting, he sat down out of the range of the heat, and prepared his trout. By the time it was ready the fire had subsided to a bed of glowing coals. Wrapping the fish in leaves he laid it on the embers and watched it carefully, turning it over and over and raking the hot coals about it. After fifteen minutes of cooking he took it off and laid it on a stone which he had meanwhile washed in the brook. Then, with a couple of sharpened sticks he scraped away the ashes and coals, and began his luncheon. Trout without any other seasoning than wood smoke is n't awfully appetizing, as Chub speedily discovered, and he would have given a whole lot for a pinch or two of salt. But it partly satisfied his hunger, and, after he had taken a drink of cold water from the brook he felt good for another two or three hours' fishing. He was determined not to go home until he had something to show. He stretched himself out in the shade for a while and rested. Then, picking up his rod once more, he returned to the stream and sought a likely spot.



His search led him across the clearing and into a dense woods beyond. Here the stream narrowed again and deepened, and he put another fly on and tried his luck, wandering along from place to place. Twice, inquiring fish nibbled at his fly, and once he hooked a small trout only to lose it from the hook in landing. Then a full hour passed without any results! It was almost three o'clock. The woods were very warm and very still, only the ripple and splash of the brook

"Plagued if I don't try it!" he murmured. He got up and retraced his steps to the clearing. Ordinarily it's the easiest thing in the world to catch a grasshopper. All you have to do is to stand still and the silly things will jump onto you, especially if you happen to have on something white. But to-day Chub found the grasshopper the most illusive of game, almost as illusive as trout! With cap in hand, he crouched and jumped and ran and waited, missing his prey time after



"' THAT PLEASSED YOU, DID N'T IT? COME ON, NOW,' SAID CHUB."

breaking the mid-afternoon silence. Even the birds were hushed. But the mosquitos, at least, were active, and Chub, hot and discouraged, brushed them away and sighed for a breeze. Finally he sat down on the ground and for the twentieth time viewed the contents of his fly-book in perplexity. It seemed as though it contained every sort of fly that the heart of trout could desire.

"Finiky things," muttered Chub. "I'd just like to know what they do want." He picked out a pretty brown and gray fly tentatively. "That ought to please any one. Maybe, though, they don't like the taste of them. I suppose, when you come to think of it, steel and feathers and silk thread are n't very appetizing—except to look at. If I was a trout I'd much rather have a good worm or a nice, juicy grasshopper."

He paused and stared thoughtfully at the flies. Then:

time, and getting hotter and hotter and madder and madder, until the perspiration streamed down his face and he was mentally calling the grasshoppers all the mean names he could think of. But perseverance is bound to win in the long run,—and Chub had plenty of long runs! And so, finally, he was trudging back, tired but triumphant, with two hoppers firmly clasped in his hand. But it seemed as though he was having more than his share of trouble to-day, for although he had left rod and fly-book not more than fifty or sixty yards from the edge of the clearing, he could n't find them for a long while, and when he did he was so tuckered out that he had to lie on his back for ten minutes before he could command sufficient energy to go on with his experiment.

He sacrificed the most bedraggled of his flies, plucking off feathers and silk, and then placed one of the grasshoppers on the hook. Looking

for a likely spot, he found it a few yards further down the stream where the uprooted trunk of a big tree lay across the brook and made a sort of dam. The bushes grew close to the bank and it was necessary to make a short cast. The first attempt was n't a success, and he had to wade into the pool and disentangle his leader from a stump. Then he crawled out and tried again, assuring himself that he had already scared every denizen of the pool into connoption fits and that, of course, he would n't get a bite. But the grasshopper had no sooner lit on the surface than there was a sudden flash and the line spun out.

"Huh!" gasped Chub, his thumb on the reel. "That pleased you, did n't it? Come on, now."

But Mister Trout did n't want to come on. Instead, he had hidden himself among the submerged roots of the tree. Chub wound in a foot or two of line very gingerly, trying to coax the trout into deep water, and the ruse succeeded. With a rush the fish darted from concealment and sped up-stream. But Chub brought him up with a turn that made the line sing. Then he began to reel in. The trout fought valiantly and made a good deal of trouble considering his size, and there were one or two anxious moments for Chub. But in the end the victory was his, and back among the stones lay the speckled beauty. It was a good ten inches long and Chub beamed with delight. Now he could go home!

When he had secured his prize on a forked

branch he released the other grasshopper from the pocket of his fly-book.

"You 've had a narrow escape," he said, as the hopper flounced bewilderedly away, "and considering the chase you led me I ought to feed you to the fishes, too. But I won't. Go on home, and don't bat your silly brains out against the rocks like that."

At five o'clock Roy and Dick, who were beginning to get anxious about Chub, beheld that young gentleman approaching camp. He had his rod in hand, but no fish were in sight.

"Well!" said Dick. "I 'll wager he 's mad!"

"Had any dinner?" shouted Roy.

"Sure."

"Where 'd you get it?"

"Caught it and cooked it, of course. Jove, he was a dandy! He was as long—"

"Never mind about that," laughed Roy. "You wash the dishes just the same. You were to bring the fish home, you know."

"Well, but I had to have something to eat, did n't I?" asked Chub, with a grin.

"That was n't in the bargain," answered Dick. "You 're dish-washer to-night." Chub stepped aboard, reached under his coat, and laid his trout on the railing.

"Is that so, Dickums?" he asked, quietly. The others stared a moment. Then:

"Great Scott!" murmured Dick.

"You win," sighed Roy.

*(To be continued.)*

## A LITTLE DUTCHWOMAN

BY FANNIE W. MARSHALL

THE hundred years between 1600 and 1700 was the golden age of painting in Holland, and it was at this time that Willem Van der Vliet, whose portrait of a child, printed on the opposite page, now hangs in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, lived and worked; for he was born at Delft in 1584 and died in 1642. No one to-day knows who this baby was, but it is a fair guess that she was a high-born little maid of Delft, and that her costume, which looks so queer to us in these days, was the very latest thing in baby dresses according to the Delft fashion-books of 1625 or thereabouts.

The little lady herself seems to have a humorous sense of her own absurdity, if one may judge by the wise look in her eyes and her shrewd little smile as if she were taking us into the joke. Or,

perhaps, that artist thought, as he had to paint his wee sitter in such clothes as her grandmother could appropriately have worn (though the wide-brimmed hat would be rather dashing for an elderly lady), that he must, as far as the baby outlines would allow, give her as grown-up an expression as possible. But the lace-edged cap under the big hat and the rattle clutched in the chubby fist show us that she was a real baby after all.

It seemed to be a very general idea among the mothers and fathers of those days that their young people for their "Sunday best" should wear such things as they wore themselves, and the children's portraits of that time that have come down to us make a quaint collection.

Suppose all these little old ladies could step out





"A LITTLE DUTCHWOMAN."

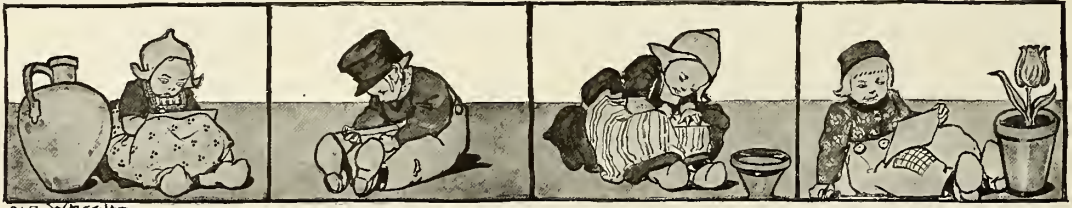
PORTRAIT OF A CHILD, PAINTED BY WILLEM VAN DER VLIET, IN THE RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

of their frames and gather together for an afternoon tea-party, and that one suddenly stumbled into the midst of it! How the visitor would rub her eyes and turn from one baby to another and quite expect to hear these little Dutch housewives exchanging recipes for Dutch goodies and patterns for the latest thing in lace collars.

In the larger cities of Holland the children of to-day dress much as they do in America, but if you take a boat at Amsterdam and go out into the Zuyder Zee to the islands of Marken and Volendam, you will find the people there still dressing their children as they have been doing for the last two or three hundred years. Under a gaily colored outer skirt, reaching to the ground, innumerable petticoats make them look

like portly Dutch matrons, while tiny kerchiefs are drawn over their shoulders and crossed sedately in front. There is much that is quaint and funny in the Netherlands; but to see one of these toddlers walking unsteadily *away* from you, when the tell-tale baby face cannot be seen, is one of the most deliciously comical sights that Holland has to offer.

Though thousands of visitors to the great gallery at Amsterdam have paused before this picture by Van der Vliet, this little maid, although now almost three hundred years old, has not been photographed, so far as we know; but with the kind consent and assistance of the Director of the Museum, she stood before the camera for the benefit of St. NICHOLAS readers.



## METHODS OF MAGICIANS

A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON MAGIC AND CONJURING TRICKS

BY HENRY HATTON AND ADRIAN PLATE

### II. SOME CARD TRICKS

No tricks are more popular with the average audience than those with cards, and the man who can exhibit them successfully is generally sure of a welcome wherever he goes. For the most part, however, these tricks are very difficult, and require long and constant practice before one can become at all expert at them. Still, there are a few exceptions—tricks that may almost be said to do themselves, and yet are by no means to be despised. Not only do many public performers not hesitate to use them, but I know of one amateur who has established an enviable reputation as a conjurer whose knowledge does not extend beyond the tricks I shall now attempt to describe and explain.

There is little, if any, sleight of hand called into play, the essentials being a clear head, a good memory, and a prearranged pack of cards,

with some practice. The cards are not mechanical affairs, but an ordinary pack, *discarding the "joker,"* arranged in a certain order. The better to remember this order, resort is had to a sentence made up of words having almost the same sound as the numbers they represent. The preparation of this sentence may be left to the ingenuity of the performer, or the following may be used:

4	9	king	ace	10	6	jack
Four	benign	kings	won	a tender	sick	knave
5	3	8	queen	2	7	
fifty-three	hated	queens	to	save.		

This is not very brilliant verse, nor is it clearer than some of Lewis Carroll's lines, and yet it answers its purpose admirably.

So much for the numbers, or spot values, of the cards. As it would not do to have all of one



suit together, they also are arranged, say, as follows: spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds, and the more easily to remember this sequence, we bear in mind that the four consonants of the words "SHoW CoDE," here printed in large capitals, represent the order of the suits.

To prepare the pack, we begin by laying the

When these instructions on the arrangement of the pack are thoroughly mastered, it is surprising what an expert performer at cards the merest tyro may become.

This pack may be *cut* (not shuffled) as often as desired without disturbing its order in the least, and when cut four or five times in quick



THE PACK OF CARDS, AS SPECIALLY ARRANGED FOR PERFORMING THE TRICKS.

four of spades, face upward, on the table. On top of this place the nine of hearts, next the king of clubs, and then the ace of diamonds. We proceed in this way with the rest of the pack, always following the values as suggested by the formula and the suits as laid down in the "SHoW CoDE." The accompanying diagram may help the inexperienced in arranging the pack. When the cards are all laid out it will be found that *every fourth card is of the same suit, every second card the other suit of the same color, and every thirteenth card is of the same spot value and of the next suit in the order of suits.*

succession it will appear as if the cards are thoroughly mixed. To still further mislead the audience, the performer may resort to what is known as a *false shuffle*. In this, holding the pack in his left hand, faces toward the palm, the performer slides six or seven of the top cards into the right hand, without disturbing their order; then six or seven *from the bottom of the pack on top of these*. He follows these by half a dozen or so *from the top of the pack to the bottom of the right-hand lot*, and so continues till all the cards are in the right hand, never forgetting that *the cards from the top of the left hand are placed at the bottom*

of those in the right hand, and those from the bottom of the left hand pack on the top of those in the other hand. If both hands move up and down while this is being done, the cards will seem to be thoroughly mixed, while in reality they are merely cut. Great care must be taken in making these moves and they ought to be practised until they may be done rapidly and correctly.

Now for the wonders that may be worked with this pack.

The performer requests some man or boy to empty the breast-pocket of his coat. Then placing the pack behind his own back, he asks the one who is assisting to draw one card and, without looking at it, to put it into the empty pocket. As soon as this is done the performer inserts the little finger of his left hand at the place in the pack from which the card was taken, and, without disarranging the order of the cards in any way, cuts the pack at that place, putting the upper part under the lower. Bringing the pack in front of him, and getting sight of the bottom card, he recalls the memorized formula and will know almost immediately which card was drawn, for it must be *the one that comes just after the bottom card of the pack*. For example: should the nine of diamonds be drawn, and the pack be cut as directed, the bottom card will be the four of clubs. "Clubs," the performer says to himself, "are followed by diamonds and four by nine." Turning to the one who has the card in his pocket, the performer says: "There are two colors in a pack, red and black. Which do you choose?" Should the answer be *red*, the performer says: "Red, be it." If, on the contrary, the answer be *black*, the performer simply says: "You take the black? Very well; then I shall use the red." This system of *forcing*, by always interpreting the answer to suit the purpose of the performer, is followed throughout the trick, and is rarely detected by the unsuspecting audience, as a long experience proves. The next question of the performer is: "There are two red cards, diamonds and hearts. Which do you choose? A slight emphasis on *diamonds* will generally cause that suit to be mentioned, but should the answer be *hearts*, then the performer, following his forcing method, says: "You choose hearts? Very well; then I have *diamonds*." Continuing, the next question is: "Let us divide the thirteen cards of that suit into two, say, the ace, king, queen, jack, ten, nine, and eight in one part, and the deuce, trey, four, five, six, and seven in another. Now which do you choose?" And no matter which is mentioned, the first pack is used for the trick. Again and again the pack is divided until at last but two remain, and of the two the *nine* is chosen by the

performer, who says: "There is now only one card remaining, the *nine of diamonds*. Take it from your pocket, please." Which is done.

ANOTHER mystifying trick is that of calling for the cards that some one has selected at random.

Having gone through the pretense of shuffling the cards, the performer offers the pack, without letting it leave his hands, to one of the audience with the request that it be cut. This done, he takes the upper portion in his right hand, and holding the lower part in his left he extends it to the one who made the cut with the remark, "As it would be impossible for me to know what these cards are, will you be good enough to take as many as you wish, without letting me see them?"

"I would suggest," he continues, "with the view to saving time, that you select only seven or eight, but that is not material. Take as many as you please." As soon as the cards are drawn, which must be in a lump from the top, not from different parts of the pack, the left hand pack is placed on the other and the performer gets sight of the bottom card. "Now, sir," he says, "how many cards have you?" and as he knows the card that follows the bottom card, he begins to ask for them in their routine until all are handed to him. It is not even necessary for him to ask how many cards are drawn, for by slightly raising the inner corner of the top card with the left thumb and getting a glimpse at its index, he knows that almost immediately. There is little danger that this will be noted by the audience, for their attention will be fixed on the one who has drawn the cards.

When, by continued practice, the performer has become proficient in the handling of this pre-arranged pack, he may give further evidence of his skill by telling the name of the card that will be found at any number in the pack; and for this the bottom card is the key, and to begin the first thing is to find the suit. This is learned by dividing the number called for by four. If there be no remainder the suit is the same as that of the card at the bottom of the pack. If the remainder be one, it is the next suit in the arranged order; if the remainder be two, it is the second suit in the order, or the other suit of the color of the bottom card; and if the remainder be three, it is the third suit in the order. When the suit is known, which takes a moment only to learn, the performer mentally divides the number called for by thirteen, which is the number of cards in each suit. That is easily done when one reflects that thirteen goes into twenty-six, thirty-nine, and fifty-two (the number of cards in a pack) without a



remainder. In dividing the number called for by thirteen, should there be no remainder the spot value of the card is the same as the bottom card, though this rarely happens. When there is a remainder, count over mentally in the prearranged order (four, nine, king, etc.), beginning with the top card of the pack, and when as many cards are counted as equal the number of the remainder, the last card will have the same spot value as the card that is called for. To illustrate this, let us suppose that the bottom card of the pack is the seven of hearts, and the thirtieth card is called for. Dividing thirty by four we find a remainder of two, by which we know that the card is a diamond. Dividing thirty by thirteen, the remainder is *four*. In the order of the formula, after the bottom card, which is a seven, comes the four, the nine, the king, and, finally, the ace, so it follows that the thirtieth card from the top is an ace, and consequently the asked for card is the ace of diamonds. To prove this, try it with a prearranged pack.

It is always a great mistake to repeat a trick that has impressed an audience; of course, the professional is not called on to do this, but the amateur will frequently find himself urged to "do it again." As to refuse might seem ungracious, the young magician ought, whenever possible, to have another similar trick to present that is effected by entirely different means.

With the trick just described it frequently happens that the performer has no sooner told that the thirtieth card (in this case) is the *ace of diamonds* than some one will call out another number. "It is as easy to tell one number as another," says the performer, "and it would be merely a repetition of what I have just done. Let me show you the same trick in a different form. If some one will call the name of a card I will tell him at what number it will be found in the pack. Now, who speaks? You, sir? The *deuce of clubs*? Certainly; that is the twenty-fifth card, as we shall see." He counts off the cards, laying them face down on the table, and when he reaches the twenty-fifth card, he turns it face upward, and, sure enough, it is the wished for card.

To gain this knowledge the performer, to begin, must know the location number of the first card which corresponds in the number of spots to that of the card called for. Glancing at the bottom card, he counts mentally, beginning with the top card of the pack, until he reaches the card he is in search of. The number that this card holds

in the pack, which must be less than thirteen, he divides by four. Should it be of the suit called for he need go no further, but simply announces that number as the one at which the card called for is located. But should the proper suit be the next in order, he adds thirteen to reach the proper number; if the suit be the second in order, he adds twenty-six, and if third in order he adds thirty-nine.

On the first reading this may not be perfectly clear, but to make it so, let the reader take an arranged pack, and suppose the *deuce of clubs*, already quoted, to be the card named, and the *seven of hearts to be at the bottom of the pack*. Begin to count with the top card, which will be the four of clubs; then the nine of diamonds, the king of spades, the ace of hearts, the ten of clubs, the six of diamonds, the jack of spades, five of hearts, three of clubs, eight of diamonds, queen of spades, *two of hearts*—which is the twelfth card, but as the required suit, clubs, is next in order to hearts, thirteen must be added, and counting off the cards the twenty-fifth will prove to be the desired card.

Just here, let me say that when doing a trick, whether of cards or anything else, the performer should never look at his hands, unless he wishes to direct attention to them. How then may we "glance at the bottom card of the pack," as directed in doing the foregoing trick? In this way: holding the pack across the palm of the left hand so that it may be raised just a trifle by pressing the thumb against the edges of the cards, the performer raises his hand almost on a level with his eyes, and extends his arm naturally and carelessly toward his audience, making, at the same time, some trifling remark, as, for instance, "Pretty tricks, these card-tricks, are n't they?" At this moment he sees the bottom card. Other methods will suggest themselves as one grows more proficient.

ONE more trick that may be done with the prepared pack occurs to me, which is very easy: that is, professing to deal oneself all the trumps in a whist hand. It is simplicity itself. Have the pack cut for trumps in the usual way, and then deal out four hands on a table, the faces of the cards down. Let the fourth hand be the dealer's. When all the cards are dealt, turn up the dealer's hand, and it must, necessarily, be all trumps, since every fourth card is of the same suit. But do not, on any account, show the other hands, as they might reveal the whole secret of the trick.



## CHAFING · DISH · CONCOCTIONS

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

- |                           |                              |                             |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. HOT CHEESE SANDWICHES. | 3. CORN AND EGGS WITH BACON. | 5. LITTLE PIGS IN BLANKETS. |
| 2. ENGLISH MONKEY.        | 4. PANNED OYSTERS ON TOAST.  | 6. CELERY SNACKS.           |

*In cooking with the chafing-dish,  
These things observe with care,—  
Place always on a metal tray  
And extra salt place there  
To throw upon the leaping flames  
Should alcohol o'erflow;  
Full many an accident were saved  
If all this point did know.*

*Upon the tray should also be  
The seasonings at the left,  
And on the right the spoons and forks  
If you 'd be really deft.  
Cream, sauces, catsup, and the like  
At left should also stand,  
And butter balls, each one an ounce,  
Foretell confusion's hand.*

*If butter browned, or in white sauce  
Must be,—put in the dish  
Near serving time, and measured flour  
In bowl close by you wish.  
See that the lamp is filled before  
The company is seated.  
Then with long-handled stirring spoon  
Your service is completed.*

### HOT CHEESE SANDWICHES

FIRST make a paste of nice, fresh cheese,  
Mashed smooth with milk or cream,  
With salt and paprica "to taste,"—  
But not to an extreme.

Spread on thin cuts of crustless bread,  
Together press in twos,  
And sauté on both sides in dish  
In which the butter brews.

Eaten with olives, or perchance  
With celery for a relish,  
These sandwiches good "nibbles" make,—  
And will your dreams embellish!

### ENGLISH MONKEY

*(Welsh Rabbit with crumbs in it)*

WITHIN the inner vessel  
Of your chafing-dish put first  
A cup of cream, and half a cup  
Of breadcrumbs there immersed.

Two cups of grated yellow cheese,  
A pinch of soda next,  
Facilitates digestion and  
Helps solve a problem vexed.

When these quite mixed and melted are,  
Two beaten eggs stir in,  
Of paprica a half teaspoon  
And salt as seasoning.

As soon as all is thickened well  
'T is ready quick to serve  
On crackers hot, or squares of toast,  
And will its name deserve.



CORN AND EGGS WITH BACON

FRY eight slices of bacon pink,  
 Take up, on paper drain,  
 Turn out the fat—(“a tablespoon”  
 Is all that should remain).  
 In this cook well one half a can  
 Of corn that ’s ground or grated,  
 And stir it often that it may  
 Not quickly be cremated.

When slightly browned, break in four eggs,  
 With salt and pepper season,  
 Add tablespoon of milk and cook  
 Like scrambled eggs in reason.  
 Serve on a platter garnished with  
 The bacon strips and toast;  
 An appetizing tidbit this—  
 Of which you well may boast.

PANNED OYSTERS ON TOAST

DRAIN and wash the oysters plump,  
 And throw in a hot pan;  
 And unto every twenty-five,  
 Shaken quickly as you can,  
 Add tablespoon of butter good  
 And teaspoonful of salt,  
 Ten drops of onion juice, and dash  
 Of cayenne without fault.  
 When all have reached the boiling point,  
 Serve on neat squares of toasted bread.  
 So panned with ease, they ’re sure to please  
 And guests will be well fed.

LITTLE PIGS IN BLANKETS

TAKE fifteen nice, large oysters,  
 And fifteen strips of bacon thin

From which the rind is neatly trimmed,  
 Then wrap each oyster in  
 One slice, and pin the “blanket” well  
 With tiny toothpick down;  
 Put five in the hot chafing-dish,  
 And cook till bacon ’s brown.  
 When the edges of the oyster-pigs  
 Begin to frill and curl,  
 Turn each wee piggie over once—  
 And serve to boy or girl.

Put each upon a slice of toast,  
 First dipped in gravy in the pan.  
 To be enjoyed, let them not cool,  
 But serve as hot as e’er you can.

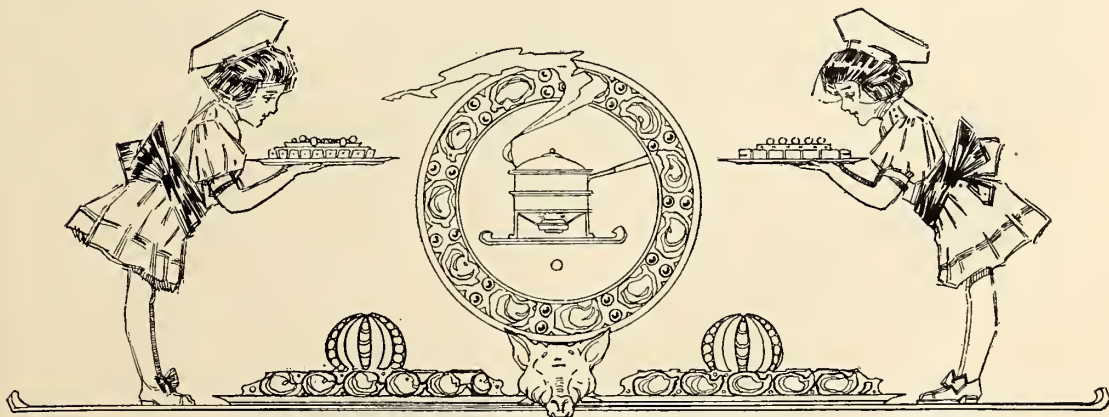
CELERY SNACKS

FOR a tasty little nibble  
 To serve at “chafer-sprees,”  
 There ’s an appetizer sightly  
 Made of celery and cheese.

Take the larger part of celery stalks,  
 Wash well, and scrape them, too,  
 Then fill the hollows with cream cheese  
 With olives chopped mixed through.

Chopped nuts are also toothsome  
 Mixed with the snowy cheese,  
 Pimolas, too, some folks prefer.  
 Just mix them as you please.

Arrange on dainty platter;  
 If things are slow to cook  
 Your guests can nibble Celery Snacks  
 While on your skill they look.



# A SPRING-TIME WISH

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

O, to be a robin  
In the Spring!  
When the fleeting days of April  
Are a-wing,  
And the air is sweet with knowing  
Where the hidden buds are growing,  
And the merry winds are going  
Wandering!

O, to be a robin  
With a nest  
Built upon the budding branches—  
East or West!

Just to swing and sway and dangle  
Far from earth and all its tangle,  
Joining in the gay bird-jangle  
With a zest!

O, to be a robin—  
Just to sing!  
Not to have the pain of hating  
Anything—  
Just to race the foremost swallow  
Over hill and over hollow—  
And the joy of life to follow  
Through the Spring!

## THE ZEBRA

There was a Zebra at the Zoo,  
Of a lazy life he tired grew,  
And wanted to be busy;  
So he pulled the children round the track—  
But the stripes so zig-zagged round his back—  
They made the children dizzy.

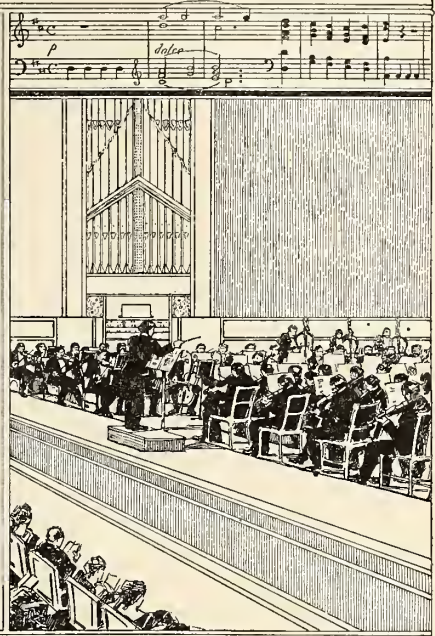
Clara Odell Lyon







# From the DRUM of the SAVAGE to the GREAT ORCHESTRA



(For older girls and boys)

BY JESSIE KATHERINE MACDONALD

### III. THE WOOD-WIND CHOIR

It is claimed by some that the savage learned to blow through reeds and hollow bones before he did through horns and conch-shells; but most authorities agree that the reed came after the conch-shell. When he once had begun to blow through this new kind of pipe he noticed a great difference between it and his old horn. To start with, his own ear, which had become pretty well trained by this time, noticed that this sound was of a very different nature from the old one. I do not mean that it was higher or lower, for he had long since learned to distinguish sounds in that way. It was not a difference in *pitch*, because, although a small shell or horn might blow exactly the same note as a large bamboo-reed, the tone would still be very different. The old sound was rather rough and hoarse. The new one was much smoother and sweeter, and he was exceedingly pleased by it. He had discovered *Timbre*, for that is the name given to the quality of tone of any instrument or voice—its *timbre* may be clear or muffled, harsh or smooth, shrill or soft, and as a general rule the *timbre* of all the wood-winds is smoother and sweeter than that of the brasses. Consequently, they are considered a higher class of musical instruments.

So our savage noticed that difference at once.

But he must also have noticed something else that was very remarkable. You remember how, when he was learning to blow the conch-shell, he discovered its power of frightening, probably by a startled wild animal in the forest. Now I think, while he was blowing sweet sounds from his reed, that he must have noticed a snake, or some other wild creature, coming gradually nearer and nearer to him, with its head erect and eyes bright, as if fascinated. Certain it is, that those wonderful Hindu snake-charmers of whom we read so much, always use an instrument of the wood-wind class, generally a sort of flute, by which to fascinate their strange pets. And it is also true that, as the savage has always used his horn or shell to frighten his enemies, whether real or imaginary, and to drive them away, so he has used the soft tones of his reed or pipe to fascinate people or good "spirits," and to attract them to himself.

Now by this time he was a good deal more civilized and intelligent than he was in the old days when he thought the sound of his drum was the voice of a spirit. So there was another use which he made of this new instrument with the beautiful voice. He began to play on his pipe or flute to please the young woman on whom he had set his heart; and in this way we see that his flute was a "speaking" instrument. The horns, as I

said before, were always "shouting" instruments, used merely to make a noise and frighten people. But by means of his flute our young savage spoke, —he communicated his ideas to some other human being, so that in this respect he was beginning to be what we call an "artist," and much more clever than he had ever been before.

There are a great many savages all over the world who use pipes in this way—the people of Polynesia, of Peru, and particularly our own North American Indians, with whom, of course, we are the most familiar. In old times a young brave would sit outside the wigwam of his sweetheart, and serenade her for days at a time.

So, having discovered this very interesting and agreeable way of using his pipe, the young savage did his best to produce tones that were still more sweet, both by improving the form of his instrument, and by learning to play it more skilfully. The flute by which our Indians first did their courting was made of the bone of a turkey's leg, and similar little bone whistles have been dug up in England and France.

Some of them have holes bored in the sides, and these sound-holes were probably the first improvement made by the savage in his primitive pipe. For, by covering the hole with his finger, he could blow a different note from the one which sounded when the hole was left open, and thus he had an instrument of two notes; and the more sound-holes he bored, the more notes he had, and so at last he had an instrument that could play a tune.

But before he reached the length of boring so many holes in the one pipe, he used to take several pipes of different lengths and bind them together, forming what we call a "pan-pipe." You are all familiar with pictures of the god Pan, blowing such a pipe. And thus our ancestors made the very first organ, the rude beginning of the grand instrument used in our churches and cathedrals. These little bundles of pipes have been used by savages in different parts of the world. By them, and by the single pipe with the sound-holes, our savage learned to play a *Tune*, or *Melody*.

The Egyptians and Greeks used pipes and flutes more than any of the other ancient nations. There are many curious pictures and carvings on the pyramids and ruined temples in Egypt, which show us that these people used side-flutes, looking like our modern kind, and flutes which they blew at the end, like our oboe and clarinet. There was also a kind of double flute, but whether the two pipes were really joined together, or whether they were two separate pipes held in the mouth at the same time, we do not know.

Among the Greeks, the pan-pipes were used by the shepherds only. The educated Greeks, who were very fond of music, used the same kind of flute and pipe as the Egyptians. Indeed, they learned a great deal about music from the Egyptians, but probably they came to play their instruments much better than their teachers had done. We read of their playing flutes and pipes for prizes, just as they used to recite poetry, or run races and jump, to win the prize of a laurel crown.

Some clever Greek discovered a way of placing bellows under a Syrinx, or pan-pipe, and so vibrating the air in the pipes, instead of blowing into them. This was another step in the making of the organ, and it was made as long ago as 200 B.C. The Highlanders of Scotland and some peasants of other European countries still use some such an arrangement, and call it "bagpipes." Indeed, some people say that bagpipes were used in very ancient times.

Various kinds of flute were used during the Middle Ages.

The oboe, or hautbois, appeared as long ago as 600 A.D. but was called in those days "*Calamus*," which was the Latin name for a reed or cane. It was afterward changed to chalumeau, or schalmey. The great difference between it and the flute was, and still is, that it has two little thin slips of wood in the mouthpiece, which vibrate when the player blows into it, and give the sound quite a different character from that of the flute. This double slip of wood is called a "reed," which is rather a confusing name to give it, as in old times the "reed" meant the instrument itself. Now, it means these little vibrating tongues of wood.

They came after a time to make a bass chalumeau, or oboe, which was so long and clumsy that one man had to hold it up while another played, until at last they learned the art of folding it up, like the trumpets. So then it looked so like two sticks tied together that the Italians called it "*fagotto*," or fagots; but we call it the "bassoon."

The newest kind of wood-instrument is the clarinet. It is not more than two hundred years old. It has a vibrating reed in the mouthpiece, like the oboe; but it is a broad single reed, which gives it a different tone. The smallest and highest kind of clarinet looks, from a distance, so very like the oboe, that it is hard to see the difference between them. On examining them, however, we see that the oboe gets very thin at its upper end, while the clarinet is nearly the same diameter all the way up. As for the alto clarinet, a lower kind, they turn up at the lower end, so



we can easily distinguish them when we watch the orchestra; while the lowest, the bass clarinet, besides turning up at the lower end, has its upper end twisted like a goose's neck. Its mouthpiece is so like a bird's bill that it might easily be called the "beak-clarinet." It is, in fact, a very queer-looking instrument.

All the wood-winds have had sound-holes, ever since the first man bored a hole in his bone whistle. And they have this superiority over the brasses, that there are not so many "jumps" between the notes, to be filled in. So they have no slides or valves. But the sound-holes are often closed by means of silver lids, which the player can press open with his fingers, when necessary.

We will now go on to consider the different tones or *timbres* of the wood-winds. Let us imagine we are listening to a glorious symphony played by one of the great symphony orchestras, and let us see if we can point out the different instruments by their sounds, and by the way they are used.

The flute really has rather a poor, thin voice, taken by itself, although its sound is sweet. The piccolo, or little flute, is an octave higher, and sometimes sounds rather shrill. These small flutes never play a melody by themselves, but often help the violins by playing the same melody with them, and making it sound brighter and clearer.

The oboe has a much stronger voice than the flute. Its tone is simple and childlike, though it is sometimes rather nasal. Whenever there happens to be a passage to be played by one instrument alone, the oboe generally takes it, on account of its penetrating tone, which can be heard for a great distance. There is a larger oboe, of a curved shape, called the "English horn." Its voice is lower and rather melancholy. The bass of the oboe—the bassoon—has a ridiculous "squawky" tone, if played at all loud. It is sometimes called "the clown of the orchestra," because whenever there is a rather comical passage to be played, it is given to the bassoon.

The clarinet has the richest, sweetest voice of all the wood-wind instruments, although its sound does not travel quite so far as that of the oboe. Whenever, as sometimes happens, there are two melodies to be played at once, the clarinet takes the lower of the two, while the violins play the upper and more important one. But in a military band, where there are no strings at all, the clarinets play the chief melody. The bass clarinet is not so smooth or so sweet as the higher ones. It has a rather choky sound, though softer than that of the bassoon.

We have now learned about the wood-winds, or "speaking" instruments—the first kind by

which our savage forefathers learned to play a melody. Our concluding chapter will tell of the string choir—the violins and violoncellos—which, when properly played, are so "singing" in the quality of their tone that they sometimes sound like the chant or wail of a human voice.

#### IV. THE STRING CHOIR

IN tracing the origin of stringed instruments there is, strange to say, more difficulty than in the case of the percussion or wind instruments. We would naturally suppose that as these latter are the oldest, they would be the hardest to trace. But this is not so. For, while bone whistles and bronze trumpets have been dug up in many parts of the world, stringed instruments have always been made of such perishable material that those of prehistoric ages have long since crumbled into dust.

Beside this, there are very few savage tribes of to-day who have anything like a stringed instrument by which we might learn of those used by our half-civilized ancestors.

I said that there were a few savage tribes among whom stringed instruments were to be found. One is a tribe of South Africa; these men sometimes get tired of shooting arrows all day long, and tighten up their bowstrings, and twang them with their fingers, as a sort of recreation. But this makes such a feeble sound, heard by nobody but the performer himself, that it can hardly be called a musical instrument at all. The natives of Papua, or New Guinea, however, have a very small lyre, which makes a sweet, tinkling sound when the strings are pulled with the fingers. And these Papuans, from all accounts, are a very superior race of people—sensible, intelligent, and almost civilized in their orderly way of living—far, far above the poor half-animal creature who was so surprised at the sounds that came from his drum. And the use to which the Papuans put their lyre shows us at once how much more intelligent they are than any of the other tribes of whom we have been learning. For they do not think it a spirit, nor fall down and worship it. They do not use it to frighten or drive away the enemy or evil demons. Neither do they play it to win unto themselves wives, or attract good spirits. They use it in the same way in which our own modern piano is often used—to accompany their own voices in their songs or chants.

Now this shows us, at once, how far man had advanced by the time he came to use a stringed instrument. For, first, he had learned to sing, after a fashion. Then, he had begun to learn a

rude sort of harmony—I do not mean our more difficult study of that name, but simply the art of playing two different notes at the same time. In the third place, he had now much better taste than he used to have, for he considered that drums and rattles would be too loud an accompaniment for his voice, and he was beginning to understand that music was something more than mere noise. As for horns and pipes, they were out of the question, for he could not blow and sing at the same time. So he had to invent this instrument for a certain purpose, which shows that he was much more clever than when he just discovered things by accident. And I daresay he thought of the twang of his bowstrings as the arrow left them, and considered that that sort of sound was the one he wanted; and so he made this simple little lyre from a curved piece of wood and two strings, and this, in all probability, was the beginning of all stringed instruments.

The kind of chants which the barbarian sang also show us how much more intelligent he had grown. They were not howls, or groans, or war-whoops. Those were the songs that the savage had first learned, but man had now advanced far beyond that stage. He had reached the stage of story-telling; and whenever man began to take an interest in the past, he ceased to be a savage. For these queer chants, which he used to drone, first on one note, and then on two and three, and which the Papuans still use, were stories of what he had done in his youth, and what his father and grandfather had done before him. Some of the tribesmen would sit up all night round the camp-fires, listening to stories of war and the chase, and of the adventures and love-affairs of their ancestors.

Thus we see that the light of history is beginning to glimmer over the race of mankind. For it is in those chants and stories that all the fairy tales and mythology of the different nations had their beginning.

And so here we are at ancient history already, and the lyre has not grown into much of an instrument as yet. But let us have patience until we learn how it grew to its full height, and then we will see that it has far outstripped all other instruments of music.

As soon as those famous people of ancient times, the Egyptians, learned to use the lyre, they

improved it wonderfully. We see pictures from the tombs in Egypt of stringed instruments of all sizes and shapes. These clever people discovered two very important facts about this kind of instrument. The first was, the need of a sound-box. The second was the art of "stopping." I will try to explain these terms as well as possible.

Take an ordinary rubber band and stretch it between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand. If you pick it with the fingers of the right hand and let go suddenly, it will make a sound which you can hear distinctly enough yourself, but which will not be audible to any one a few feet away. But if you were to fasten the elastic, with a pin at each end, to an empty wooden box,—only not so as to touch the wood,—and then twang it, the sound would be much louder than before. That box is the "sound-box," or "sound-board," and all stringed instruments have one, in some shape or other.

"Stopping," in the case of stringed instruments, is the art of shortening a string so that it



VIOLIN.



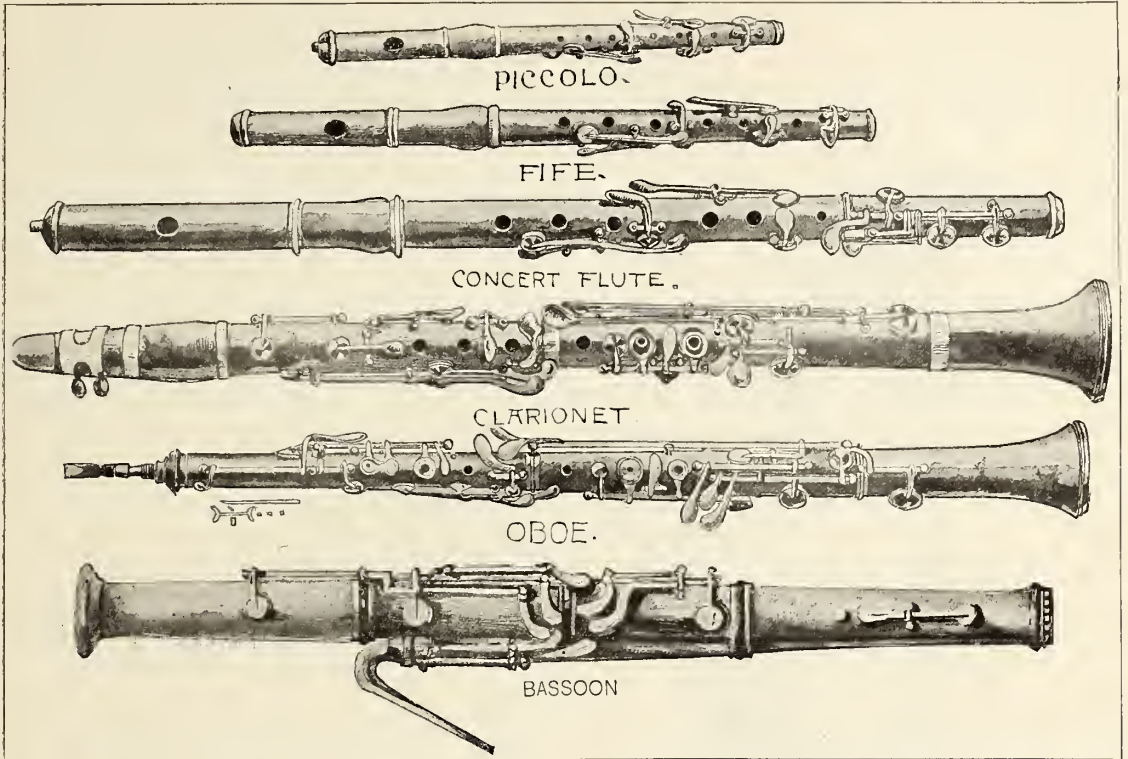
VIOLONCELLO.



DOUBLE-BASS.

will sound a higher note. Take your piece of elastic, pinned on to the hollow box, and press it in the middle with your finger, so that it touches the wood, and then pull it again. It will sound much higher, because you have practically cut the elastic in two. And if you press it down a





FROM THE "WOOD-WIND CHOIR."

good deal nearer one pin than the other, and then pluck both parts, the short end will sound much higher than the long one. Thus it becomes possible to make a great many notes with very few strings. We know that the Egyptians discovered this, for we see pictures from their tombs, showing instruments something like our violin, with a long, thin end called a "neck." The front side of the neck is the "finger-board" on which the player pressed his fingers when he wished to shorten the string. This instrument is called the Egyptian "lute." Their other favorite stringed instrument was the harp, which had no neck, and, therefore, had to have more strings. They both, however, had sound-boxes.

The lute had also another contrivance which is an important part of our violin, namely, a bridge, or little projecting piece of wood on which the strings rested, so that they would not touch the sound-box. The Hindus had, and still have, a most curious-looking instrument, called the vina, with nineteen bridges and, instead of a sound-box, two large, hollow bulbs or pumpkins.

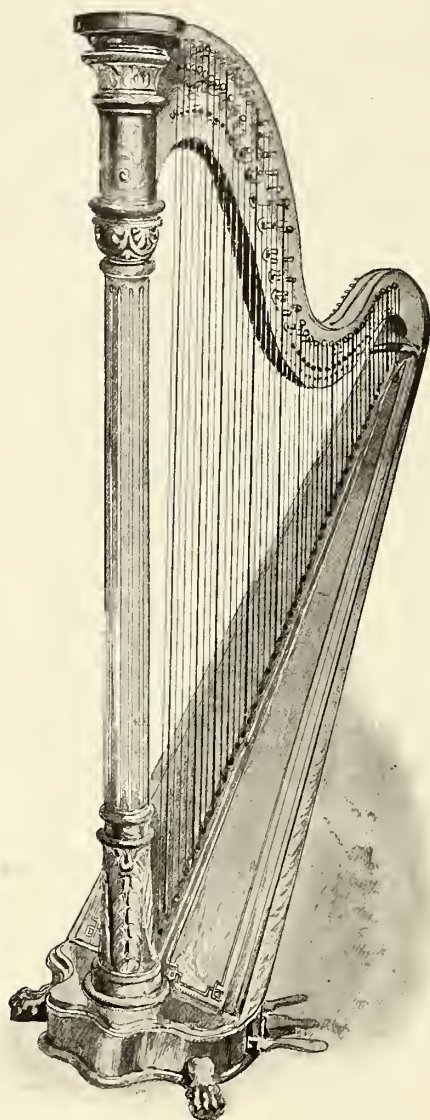
The Greek lyre was not so loud an instrument as the Egyptian lute or harp, but they preferred it because they nearly always sang to its accompaniment. The strings were often pulled with a

plectrum, a little bit of ivory or metal. Their poet Homer, who lived about 900 B.C., is supposed to have chanted most of his stories to the music of the lyre; and they used to have contests of song and lyre-playing, as they had contests of flute-playing, at their Olympic games.

All through the Middle Ages and in all the countries of Europe there were bards and storytellers, who sang their songs to the sound of the harp or the lyre. And gradually there came to be a great number of stringed instruments of different kinds, and of so many different names that the study of them becomes most confusing. Some were still played with the fingers, and their descendants are the modern harp, which is played in opera-orchestra, the zither, and the guitar. And some were still pulled with a plectrum, but the only one which is left of that family is the mandolin. And some came to be struck with little hammers, which, after long centuries of improvement developed into our modern piano. But with all of these we have nothing to do at present. We must confine our attention to the highest kind of all, to those who can produce a long, singing tone by means of a bow being rubbed across the strings.

And now we come to our greatest difficulty in

tracing the history of the violin. For exactly when this bow appeared, or where it came from, we can not find out with certainty. Some people say it was introduced into Europe by the Arabians, who got it ages before, from the Hindus.



HARP.

But the Arabians did not come into Europe until the eighth century A.D., and it is quite certain that there was a kind of bow used by the Welsh bards one hundred years before that. So other people say that the Arabians learned the use of the bow while they were in Europe, and carried it back into Asia and Africa. It seems to me quite possible that both the Welsh and the Ara-

bians might have discovered the use of the bow, independently of each other, and that it grew out of the old-fashioned plectrum. At any rate, two different kinds of bowed instruments came to be used all over Europe, gradually changing their names and shapes in different countries, until we get perfectly bewildered when we try to find out which is which. In Germany one of them was called the "fidel," which is the easiest name to remember, as we use it to-day and spell it "fiddle."

None of these instruments looked much like our violin. They all had sound-boxes and bridges, and some of them had a clumsy sort of neck. But it was quite suddenly, about 1500,—or four hundred years ago,—that the bowed instruments began to take the shape that they have to-day. This new shape was called the "viol," and had six strings. The neck was long and slender, and the sides curved in, giving it a sort of waist, so that the performer could play the outer strings without rubbing the bow against the sound-box. There was a large viol in those days called the "viola da gamba," or knee-viol, like our violoncello. In fact, there were about a dozen different sizes.

About 1600 the Italian composers began to give the violin, as one of the smaller sizes was now called, much more work to do in the orchestra than formerly. This demanded a better kind of instrument, and various schools or workshops for violin-making arose in south Germany and northern Italy. The most famous of these schools was in Cremona, a town in Lombardy. And the three best makers in Cremona were Amati, Stradavarius, and Guarnerius; in fact, there was more than one clever violin-maker in each of these families. By this time the instrument was of exactly the shape that it is to-day, and it has not since been improved upon. Indeed, the older a violin is the better, as age dries up the wood and takes off a rather harsh, scrapy sound it has when new. And any modern violin-player who owns a real Cremona violin, two hundred years old, is a proud and happy man. Some of these little instruments have been sold for thousands of dollars each.

There are just four sizes in the modern string choir, the violin, viola, violoncello, and bass-viol, or double-bass. The latter, which sometimes has only three strings, is a very large, gruff-toned instrument. But the others, particularly the violin, are real singing instruments.

The superiority of the "strings" over all the other members of the orchestra is seen in several ways. First, they can be used in a great many different kinds of music. Second, by means of

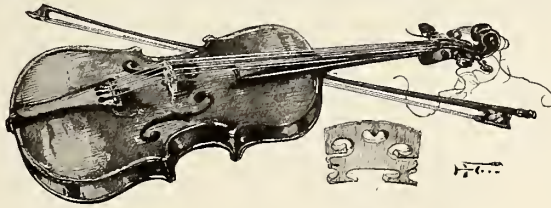


the bow, the player can hold a note for a longer time than the player on a wind instrument, who gets out of breath at the end of a few measures. And in the third place, exceedingly quick passages can be played on the violin, such as would be impossible on the wood-wind or brass instruments. The violin is the highest of the string choir. The viola sounds a fifth lower, and for some reason can not be made to sound as clear a tone as the violin. The violoncello is an octave lower than the viola, and has a strong, penetrating, and mellow voice. The four stringed instruments are all of the same shape, but the 'cello and the double-bass have each a projecting foot by which they rest on the floor.

The string choir is the very heart of the or-

chestra, all the other instruments being arranged round it by the composer according to the character of the piece he is writing. In this way we see that our orchestra is the very opposite of that of the Chinese, about whom we read in our first paper. For instead of the bang and rattle of percussion instruments which almost drown their wind and strings, we hear the pure, soft, and clear tone of the violins sounding above all the rest of the orchestra put together.

All those who are fortunate enough to be able to hear a good orchestra should never neglect that opportunity. And I hope that these little papers may help to make their next opera or concert more beautiful and more interesting than any of the former ones have been.



## A LATTER-DAY PAUL REVERE

WHEN Bud Hicks read of Paul Revere, and of the signal-light  
That shone for him so bright and clear, he told his chums one night:  
"You watch our yard when you go by and if it's baking day  
You'll see our secret signal fly, so come on in and play."  
So, then they set a fence rail up behind the barn quite high  
And tried it with a handkerchief to see if it would fly.  
"Now, if you see the signal-flag," said Bud, "by land or sea,  
It means the cooky jar is full,—and doughnuts, too, maybe."

So, when Bud's mother baked again, the strangest thing occurred,  
As soon as ever she began, that you have seen or heard:  
A white flag rose behind the barn and soon from everywhere  
Came boys of every sort and size till all his chums were there.  
And all around the kitchen door with shouts and merry cries  
They smelled the cookies browning o'er and swarmed about like flies.  
And some came through the back yard gate, and some the fence would climb,  
And some were early, some were slow, but all were there in time.

Then Mrs. Hicks looked on the porch and saw them with dismay:  
"I wonder how they knew," she said—"Bud has been home all day!"  
And, oh, how busy soon they were! They filled the woodbox high,  
They swept the porch and raked the yard and made the rubbish fly.  
Sometimes they looked with longing eyes when odors spicy-sweet  
Were wafted from the oven door;—and by and by a treat  
Came out to them—a plate piled high with cookies crisp and brown,  
*And Bud Hicks went behind the barn and let the signal down!*

J. W. Foley.

# THE EASTER BUNNY

*(An Easter Jingle)*

BY M. JOSEPHINE TODD



THERE 's a story quite funny,  
About a toy bunny,  
And the wonderful things she can do;  
Every bright Easter morning,  
Without any warning,  
She colors eggs, red, green, or blue.

Some she covers with spots,  
Some with quaint little dots,  
And some with strange mixed colors, too—  
Red and green, blue and yellow.  
But each unlike his fellow  
Are the eggs of every hue.







And it's odd, as folk say,  
That on no other day  
In all of the whole year through,  
Does this wonderful bunny,  
So busy and funny,  
Color eggs of every hue.

If this story you doubt  
She will soon find you out,  
And what do you think she will do?  
On the next Easter morning  
She'll bring *you* without warning,  
Those eggs of every hue!

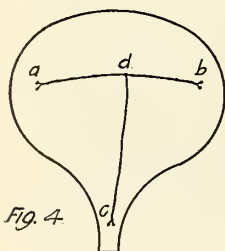
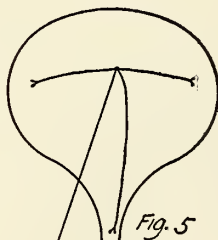
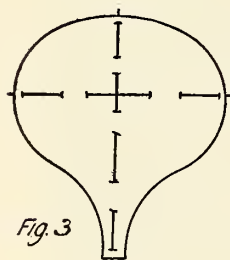
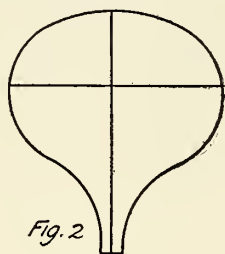
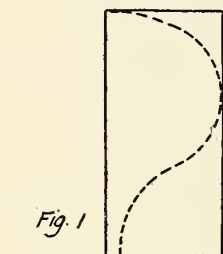




## A BROOM-STRAW KITE

THERE are few boys (or girls, either, for that matter) who are not more or less interested in kites and kite-making. The trouble is, it takes so

long to make them, as a rule, that what would otherwise be a pleasure, becomes a burden.



DIAGRAMS FOR MAKING THE KITE.

long to make them, as a rule, that what would otherwise be a pleasure, becomes a burden.

Here is a kite which can be made in less than ten minutes, and without the usual paste-pot,

twine, and other "bothers" usual in making ordinary kites.

Take a piece of tissue-paper, wrapping-paper, or newspaper, about nine by ten inches, and creasing it *down* the middle, fold one half over the other half, as shown in Fig. 1.

With a sharp knife, or a pair of shears, cut along the dotted lines, shown in Fig. 1, and open the paper out, when it will appear as shown in Fig. 2. Crease the paper crosswise, about one third the distance down, as a guide-line for the straws, as seen in Fig. 2.

Select two long, straight straws, from an ordinary American straw-broom, and thread them through the creases of the paper, one up and down, and the other across, as shown in back view in Fig. 3, cutting the straws off flush with the outside edges of the paper.

Next take a needleful of thread, and fasten one end of the thread to the horizontal straw at *a*, passing the thread through the paper to keep it from slipping. In like manner fasten the other end of the thread at *b*, and break it off.

Take another piece, and fasten one end to the bottom of the vertical straw at *c*, and the other end to the middle of the first piece at *d*, shown in Fig. 4.

The flying-cotton, or thread, is fastened to the intersection of these threads at *d*.

A tail, made of about four feet of paper ribbon, about an inch wide, is connected to the bottom of the kite as shown in Fig. 5.

Use fine sewing-cotton for flying the kite, which can be done without much running.

In all probability it will fly at first trial, but if not, perhaps the tail is too long, and should be gradually shortened, by tearing a piece off the end, a bit at a time, until the proper balance for the kite is found. The band may also need adjusting, according to the force of the wind.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## THE WEE HARE AND THE RED FIRE

[IN WORDS OF NOT MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS]

BY A. L. SYKES



ONE day in the cold time when he lay snug and warm by his Mama, Tiny Hare said: "Tell me of the hare who went step, step, step in the snow till he came to the RED FIRE."

So his Mama gave him a hug and said:

ONCE upon a time was a wise Wee Hare who knew how to run fast when MAN came by. He knew how to hide when DOG was near, and when he saw the dark spot in the sky that HAWK made, how fast he did jump to his Mama! But Wee Hare did not like to go out and run and jump and play in the sun.

"I do not want to run and jump and play in the sun. I want to run far, far in the wood, and find the red bush. I have seen it away off in the dark. It is good for me to eat, I know."

"It is FIRE," said his Mama. "Only MAN can make it, and it is not good for you. It can burn and hurt. You may eat the good food that you can find near our home," and she bit his ear for a kiss.

"I do not want to eat the good food that I can see here. I want to do just as I like. I want to pick the red food from the red bush. I know it is like buds in the warm time."

"Hush," said Papa Hare, very low and deep. "You are not good. When you are good, and the moon is high in the sky, and it is just like day, I will take you far out in the wood, and you may run and jump and play and eat the food that is best for you."

"I do not want to go out in the wood, and run and jump and play when the moon is high in the sky. I want to do just as I like. I want to eat the red buds from the red bush," said the Wee Hare.

"Shut your eyes, and put your ears down, and take your nap," said his Mama. "You are too tiny to go away from me. Now, hush, do not say one more word. The red bush is the RED FIRE. It can hurt and burn. MAN has it, and DOG is with man. They can hurt you, and if you run too far in the wood, WIND may blow too hard for a wee hare, and SNOW may come and bury you. Shut your eyes, and put your ears down, and take your nap."

It was noon; the sun was high in the sky.

Good Papa Hare took *his* nap, and Mama Hare took *her* nap. The Wee Hare shut his eyes, and put his ears down, but he took no nap. By and by he

went out of the door, and ran and ran till he came to the wood. Then he ran and ran in the wood, but he did not come to the RED FIRE, and he ran and ran and ran till his feet were sore, but he did not come to the RED FIRE, and he ran and ran and ran and ran till he was not able to run any more, and no RED FIRE did he see. He lay down to rest in a bush, and very soon his eyes were



"THEN DOG SAID: 'WOW!' AND PUT HIS EARS UP."

shut, and he did not see or hear, for it was long past the hour for his nap. When he woke SNOW lay on all the open ways of the wood. The Wee Hare gave a leap from his bush, for he knew that SNOW can grow deep and deep, and a wee hare can not walk in it. How he *did* wish he was at home!

The sun was far down in the west, and its last rays lay red on the SNOW. Step, step, step went the lame Wee Hare in the cold SNOW. He went back into the wood to try to find his way home. It grew gray, and it grew dark, and SNOW grew so deep that the Wee Hare had hard work to walk. Then WIND came. It was *so* cold, and blew him out of the path, and how he *did* wish he was at home! Step, step, step in the SNOW he went. The WIND blew more and more.

"I can not walk; my feet are too lame," said the Wee Hare, and just then he saw the RED FIRE! It grew in the path in the wood, and by it sat MAN and DOG. Oh, how the Wee Hare felt! His nose grew hot, and his ears grew cold, and he was not able to move. Then DOG said: "WOW!" and put his ears up, but MAN said: "Lie down," and DOG lay down by the RED FIRE. The Wee Hare went into a tiny, tiny hole in a tree, and sat on his feet to warm them. He saw the RED FIRE. He did not like to see it. MAN and DOG did not let it come too near them, and he saw *them* keep away from the RED FIRE.



"They fear it, too," said the Wee Hare. "It is not good for me. I must take care or it will come and hurt me." He sat on his cold feet, and did not dare to take a nap.

By and by MAN put SNOW over the RED FIRE, and he and DOG went away, and the Wee Hare went step, step, step in the snow, soft, soft, soft, for fear.

"I *wish* I had been good," said the Wee Hare, and WIND and SNOW were able to hear, and they felt sad for a wee hare.

"We will help him," they said, but low and soft so he did not hear. The moon came up high in the sky till it was just like day, and it grew very cold. SNOW grew hard as ice in the cold, and the Wee Hare did not sink in it any more. WIND did not blow so hard. It came back of Wee Hare now, push,



"HOW FAST HE WENT—HOP, SKIP, AND JUMP!"

push, push, to help the Wee Hare over the SNOW. How fast he went—hop, skip, and jump! Soon he came to his home. How glad he was! He went in and lay down by his Mama.

"I have not been good, Mama," he said, very low in her ear.

"Be good now, then," his Mama said, and he did not know how glad she was to have him back.

"I want to be good," said the Wee Hare; and he shut his eyes, and put his ears down, and they all took a nap till the dawn came.

"Just like us," said Tiny Hare, and he was glad that *he* lay snug and warm by *his* Mama, and he was glad she had told him the tale of the Wee Hare and the RED FIRE.



A VALIANT OLD SYCAMORE.

The knot holes in such a tree are open doors of hospitality and refuge to many a wild creature.

### CHARACTERS OF OLD TREES

ONE day, while returning from a bird quest, I came across a big apple-tree standing alone in a field. My attention was first called to a large cavity in the trunk, which, on closer inspection, seemed to be the home of a screech-owl. A smaller hole, which was below it, had apparently served more than one generation of house-wrens. Walking to another side of the tree, I discovered a robin's nest in a low crotch, while from still another viewpoint a kingbird's nest was visible toward the end of one of the higher branches. Further searching of the branches disclosed other things of interest. I saw that yellow-bellied sapsuckers had repeatedly girdled the bole of the tree until at last it was pierced in thousands of places, the rings of holes running up the whole length of the trunk and extending out on all the branches. I began to take note of the bark. Borers and ants, rain and lightning, had left their unmistakable marks. When I turned reluctantly away it was sunset, but I did not go far before turning around for one last look. Why, I had overlooked the most interesting thing of all! The tree itself

was a marvelous picture. What! Had I been heedlessly going past such sights all my life?

I turned homeward with a new world of interest and beauty suddenly opened about me. I had been tree-blind, and it took just such a picturesque, forsaken old apple-tree as this to cure me once for all. I now began to see trees. My very next trip to the city, three miles away, revealed the fact that there were wonderful trees all along the road.

Now, to me a tree is a personality, and for the present we are to look at some of these person-trees. In a large crowd, if we see a man with an empty sleeve or a wooden leg, our curiosity is aroused. We feel sure he has stories to tell. He has been in a battle, perhaps in many of them, or else he has been a sailor and may have been shipwrecked on a desert island. How we long to speak to him! Perhaps we discover that he wears an old soldier hat or a mysterious medal, and our interest is increased. Going closer, we notice a scar which looks as if it might have been a sword-cut on his forehead.

It is just so with trees; we want a tree with a history. Stately trees with regular branches, or



trim, cultivated trees, have no stories to tell. They form the crowd in every wood, grove, and orchard.

The most interesting person-trees I find are among the maples, sycamores, apples, pines, walnuts, shellbark hickories, oaks, and beeches. Perhaps the most interesting sort of tree is the old veteran type, strong and gnarly, which has been and may still be a living fortress. Hurricane and lightning have assailed it; hordes of insects have attacked it, and some of them have found their way through its strong walls. It knows no surrender. The rents in its walls are repaired, a lost limb is little heeded, and the old fort still holds out, flying her green flag at the masthead to the very last. Here, owls, raccoons, and squirrels come for safe, snug homes, as their great-grandparents did, and the old fort protects them well. The birds and other wild things which make the hollows of trees their homes, and the many interesting and curious objects which may be found in tree holes, are too numerous to be described here.

I have seen gnarled trunks which made beautiful pictures, though all save one of their branches had been stricken off as shattered by a thunderbolt, this lone branch still holding aloft its green flag. These are soldiers who have grasped their banner with their left hand when a cannon-ball carried off their right.



THE APPLE-TREE.

Although this kindly tree has nothing better to offer us for eating than useless sour apples, he freely offers them with generous, outstretched hands, never so far from the ground that they can not be easily gathered by hand or by a bag on the end of a pole.



THE SHELLBARK HICKORIES ARE UNINVITABLE AND STINGY.

They offer no welcome and hold their nuts high up with the "ends of their fingers," if possible out of reach of a tossed stick or stone.

Another style of tree, somewhat different from the veteran type, and scarcely less interesting, is what we may call the representative tree. Sometimes you may come across, say, a maple, or an oak, which seems like a carefully executed picture; it is not regular in shape, but rugged and full of jagged openings among the branches. The great roots are exposed and wind about like serpents, or they may start a foot or two from the base of the trunk, forming buttresses. The background is just right to set off the wild beauty of the tree, and altogether the effect is most satisfying; it grows on you; you like it better every time you pass it. There are, perhaps, hundreds of trees of the same species all about, but none which compares with this. This is the representative tree of its kind. These trees must be fully developed, typical; that is, they must have

It seems easy to find these perfectly representative trees until you try. You will be sur-



THE WILLOW.

Some tree-persons, like this fine willow, live only to be useful and beautiful, enjoying the blessings of health, sunshine, and shower, spreading each year a little more for nesting birds and each summer casting a broader shade for birds and the tired traveler.

all the usual features of their kind, and nothing unusual but their perfection, and they must be as beautiful or picturesque as possible.



A GROUP OF STATELY POPLARS.  
On the St. Regis Indian Reservation.

prised to see how many trees will disappoint you before you find one of this ideal type. The apple-tree is one of my favorites. I never pass an orchard or catch a glimpse of even a single neglected apple-tree but I "size it up." How many thoroughly satisfactory apple-trees do you think I have found? Scarcely one! The apple-tree shown here would have suited me nicely if only it had been growing in some other place, which could easily have been found for it. The trouble is in getting the right tree in the right place.

Altogether I have found a dozen or so trees of various kinds so perfectly representative and picturesque that, although they are scattered through half a dozen counties, I could take you to each one, guided by memory alone.

Trees may be sought for at any time of the year. Each season gives them a beauty of its own. I like them best in autumn, when half their leaves have fallen, and early in the spring, when the buds are just beginning to swell. At either time the arrangement of limbs and twigs is easily



seen, and yet they are not too bare. Pines and other evergreens, of course, present much the



THE OAK-TREE.

An aged oak, somewhat infirm, but probably still able to stand for some years. This veteran is interesting on account of the many battles he has withstood in his fight with the elements.

same appearance all the year round, excepting when a snowy mantle adds to them a peculiar charm.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

#### THE TEAS WEeping MULBERRY

TREES with a "hanging" habit of growth lend themselves to training over a framework so as to form a natural, living arbor. The weeping form of the Russian mulberry, better known as Teas mulberry, is especially attractive for this purpose as its long, pendulous growth will quite sweep the ground when the trees become vigorously established. Even when trained over a frame ten feet high at least, its clean, interestingly formed, deep-green leaves add their own peculiar charm.

This weeping mulberry is a good example of the tendency of vegetation to occasionally vary from the usual form when grown from seed, one occasionally departing so far as to be quite vine-like when the usual form is tree-like, as is the case in this instance. In the middle northwestern States the Russian mulberry is quite popular as a shrub and wind-break tree, and millions are

grown every year from seed for this purpose. Just fancy finding among the seedlings one which, instead of growing upright like its neighbors, persists in trailing along on the ground. One such was noticed by the watchful eye of Mr. Teas, whose name this interesting form bears. He watched it for a while, giving it ample opportunity to display its peculiar growth. It showed no inclination to grow up like most trees, but trailed on the ground, just like a vine, and so has continued to do.

The only ways to make it do otherwise are either to tie it up firmly to a stake or by grafting onto the stem of an upright-growing form. In the latter case it still persists in making a pendulous growth, forming, when grafted five or six feet from the ground on an upright stem, such an effect as is reproduced in the accompanying illustration. Had the plant from which this illustra-



THE WEeping MULBERRY.

From a photograph by Professor D. L. Earnest.

tion was taken been grafted ten or twelve feet above the ground, and the sweeping growth trained over a framework, you can see what a beautiful living arbor it would have eventually made.

ERNEST FRANCIS COE.

## MOVING ON SHORT NOTICE

I WAS lying on the floor of an old country log-house one summer day, near a big, open fireplace, when I heard a peculiar, frightened squeak. I got up to see what looked like a huge mouse, moving at a very rapid walk across the room.

When I got a closer look I saw that it was a mother mouse moving her whole family. At least, I hope there was none left behind, for very soon a small snake, but large enough to put into



"A MOTHER MOUSE MOVING HER WHOLE FAMILY."

a panic the mother of four less than half-grown children, came through the empty fireplace, and after the little fugitive.

The mother mouse had two in her mouth, and fastened to either side of her, apparently holding on with their mouths and for "dear life," were the other two.

I killed the snake, and watched the moving family disappear through a hole in the corner.

I do not know whether they returned after a while, or whether the father mouse put up a "To Let" sign and joined them in a foreign country; but I do know that I saved a happy family.

OLIVE RACHEL WHITE.

## A WHITE PEACOCK

THIS sharply defined photograph of a white peacock was taken by Mr. Frank M. Woods of San



THE WHITE PEACOCK.

Francisco. The tail feathers are well spread and the details clearly shown.

## A CURIOUS HEMLOCK KNOT

HEREWITH is a photograph of an old hemlock knot, gray with age and covered with lichen, which strikingly suggests a bird in flight.

JANE FARNHAM MILLER.



"IT STRIKINGLY SUGGESTS A BIRD IN FLIGHT."



? "BECAUSE WE  
! WANT TO KNOW"  
????????????????

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York

### FROZEN SHADOWS

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A little while ago I noticed a mark that looked like a frozen shadow. It was on a pond. Please tell me the reason.

Yours sincerely,

ELSA M. MONTGOMERY (age 10).

Many of us were puzzled to account for these "frozen shadows" on the frozen pond. It looked as though the trees on the bank had cast their long shadows on the water, and the dark mark had frozen in. The rest of the ice was decidedly lighter.—TEACHER.

The freshly formed ice on a pond is not uniformly thick, but is worn on its under side by the currents of water into branching striæ that could easily look like shadows of trees. These thin striæ are more transparent and darker than the neighboring, thicker, and whiter ice.—C. A.

### WHY DOES THE TUMBLER "TRAVEL"?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have found that if you take a small, light tumbler, say a measuring-glass, and, smearing some very smooth surface with water, place the glass upon it, that the glass moves along by itself. Will you please explain the cause of this to me if possible? Perhaps you will publish my letter. I remain

Your loving reader,

ALICE IVES GILMAN.



A LIGHT TUMBLER ON A PANE OF WET GLASS  
OVER A BOWL.

If the smooth surface is exactly level and the tumbler is placed on it without any side impulse, it will not move; but if the smooth surface is

slanting even a little, or if the tumbler receives a side push as it is carelessly or quickly placed on the surface, it slides along on the thin layer of water that is not so quickly forced from under the very light tumbler as it is from a heavier one. Perhaps the situation will be better understood by thinking of a table covered with marbles, on which is placed an empty pail. If the placing is carefully done and the table is level, the pail will not move; but if the placing is done with a side impulse, the pail will move onward more or less, according to the degree of the side push that it receives.

The thin layer of water under the tumbler acts as would the marbles under the pail.

### ENEMIES OF TURTLES

GARDINER, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why are turtles so shy? I do not know of any enemies they have, except children; but that does n't seem to answer the question, as there are not many children out in the woods twenty miles from any village or house.

I enjoy your magazine more than I can say.

Yours truly,

JOHN M. LADD.

In answer to your query I would say that turtles in this region have few enemies except man, that is, the mature turtles. The young, with their softer shells, are attacked by the larger birds and often eaten by big frogs. It is the natural inclination of any water-turtle to be timid and tumble off a log or tussock at the slightest sign of danger.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

### A CURIOUS GROWTH

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending separately, in a little box, a queer little growth which was found on an evergreen tree in a public park a few days ago. It appears to be a kind of berry with a little brown stamen. Will you please let me know through the "Nature and Science" department in the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE what the growth is? The magazine has been given us by a friend for eight years, and, needless to say, we have always enjoyed it. Wishing you long and great success, I am

Yours sincerely,

RUTH M. HAPGOOD.

The "queer little growth" sent me, from your correspondent, is nothing less than the fruit of the common North-American yew (*Taxus Canadensis Marshall*). The fruit, as it comes to me, is found on a spray of the plant, which is a little evergreen shrub, common in moist and shady places all over the northern part of our country. Your correspondent will be glad to know that this plant represents in this country the famous yew-tree of England, whose wood served the Englishmen of olden times in the manufacture of bows.

Yew-tree bows were greatly prized. She will also be glad to know that the yew-tree, though not a



A QUEER LITTLE GROWTH WHICH WAS FOUND ON AN EVERGREEN TREE.

pine, is somewhat closely related to it, and that the little berry really represents a cone with one seed.—THOMAS H. MACBRIDE.

#### AN INDIAN'S BEARD

MIDDLEPORT, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if full-blooded Indians ever have whiskers?

Yours truly,

DOROTHY E. DAVIS.

Most male Indians of full blood would have a slight to moderate mustache and some beard on the chin if they allowed the hair to grow; but side-whiskers in many are absent, or nearly so. Both mustache and chin-beard are scarcer and coarser than with the whites, straight, of the same black as the hair, and in length four to seven centimeters or one and one half to two and one half inches.—F. W. HODGE, Acting Chief, Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution.

I wish to say, in a general way, that Indians do not have beards. This does not mean, however, that the face is entirely free from hair, as

many Indians could have a thin scattering beard if they so desired. For some reason, unknown to us, it was their custom not to wear a beard, and so they pulled it out with tweezers. Indians of the North-Pacific coast, as well as the Eskimo, often wear a mustache.—CLARK WISSLER, Curator Department of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History.

#### REGARDING A SHELL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few weeks ago as I was walking along the shore at Cape May, New Jersey, I found this shell. I want to find out about it, so I send it to you. Will you tell me how large it grows, how it is made, what kind of an animal lives in it, what it is called, and where most of them are found?

Your interested reader,

WALTER J. FREEMAN, JR.

This is the common moon shell (*Natica heros*), "round and smooth as an apple, a familiar object on our east coast." The soft animal (mollusk) eats other forms of animal life. Rogers' "The Shell Book" says:

"No adornment is to be seen upon the strong house that shelters this business-like mollusk butcher. He rolls up his sleeves, so to speak, and goes after his prey in dead earnest. Put one in a tank of sea water, with sand in the bottom, and before long he recovers his equanimity and unlocks his door. The amount of foot he unfolds is a matter



THE MOON SHELL (*Natica*).

If you search carefully you are pretty sure to find its eggs, scattered through a glue-like mass covered with sand grains, that has much the shape of a "stand-up" collar, and is one of the curiosities of the beach.

of amazement when the size of the shell is taken into account. A flattened pad of flesh three times as long as the shell's diameter, and half as wide as long—this is the burrowing, gliding organ of locomotion."

The empty shell is often the home of the hermit crab.



## EXPERIMENTING WITH PINEAPPLES

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me how pineapples grow? I have taken the top of one and put it in a jar of water, where it has started to get roots. Now I would like to know whether I should put it in the ground, or will it form another pineapple in water?

Yours truly,

ADELE NIESS (age 14).

If you will cut the green part from the top of a pineapple, as bought in the market, it ought to grow under ordinary care. Pineapple plants are grown in soil.—GEO. V. NASH, Head Gardener, New York Botanical Garden.

Will our young folks please try this and report results, with sharp photographs?

## OF WHAT USE?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know if mosquitoes are any good to the world. I have heard people say everything is of some good in the world, and I should like to know if that is so in the case of the mosquito. They certainly are horrid little pests. I studied them in zoölogy at school, but it did not say that they were of any use to anything or anybody. I asked my teacher, but she did not know. Thinking perhaps you can answer my question, I remain

Your loving reader,

FLORENCE VINTON MILLER.

Mosquitoes, like all other forms of life, are of the use designed by Nature; that is, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." In the sight of Nature a mosquito has a right to exist, and is fulfilling its mission so as to be of some use to itself. It is under no obligation to be useful to something else. The mosquito is no more of a philanthropist than a cow. But both are useful without intending to be so. Yet why do we always expect something else to be the aim?

Nature seems to intend the mosquito to be useful to many larger forms of animal life. It gets its own nourishment from the plant world or from other animals, and then becomes a source of food supply for larger forms. The mosquito's "biting" organ is intended to suck the juices from plants, and the insects themselves in their larval (swimming) form in the water become food for fishes, and in the winged stage for birds.

## HARBOR-SEALS

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While out camping I saw some seals in the water. I had no camera, or, at the time, pencil, or pen, so I cannot send a picture; but I will endeavor to describe them. This kind of seal is not the fur-bearing kind, but is covered with a yellowish, close-clinging fur, often spotted with black. I got as close to one as fifteen yards before it went under. When summer comes, they

come south in droves of about twenty, to hunt for fish and wild fowl. They utter a hoarse, barking cry that can be heard for quite a distance. I would be pleased to know if they are common on the Atlantic coast, and more about their habits.

Yours truly,

DONALD CRAWFORD.

The seals observed in Puget Sound were the Pacific harbor-seals (*Phoca Richardi*), which range northward to Alaska. A similar harbor-seal or hair-seal (*Phoca vitulina*) is found on the Atlantic coast from Virginia northward, being common in Maine and the British province.—H. M. S.

Although the seals are just as warm-blooded, air-breathing mammals as any, their race has lived in the sea for so long that they have become almost as aquatic as fish; in fact, fish chased by seals have been known to look for safety in the shallow ripples at the edge of the strand and on sand-flats, as if aware that their pursuers were even more incapable and helpless than themselves when partly ashore. The seals always seek protection from their own enemies in deep water and fish there by preference.

By nature it is gentle and affectionate, quickly becoming tame if well treated, and fond of being caressed and made much of; a genial, well-meaning creature, without much instinctive fear of man, and eager to make friends with any animal that will meet it fairly.—"American Animals."

## QUEERLY SHAPED CLOVER LEAVES

GREENFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a three-leaved clover with oddly shaped leaves. I have never seen one with leaves like this.

I enjoy every bit of St. NICHOLAS every month.

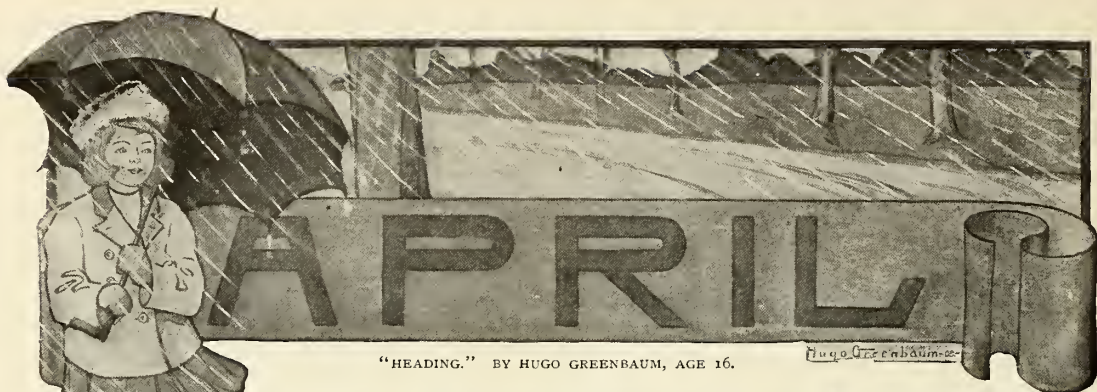
Your reader,

ROGER M. HINCKLEY (age 11).

The leaves are certainly "oddly shaped" and very interesting. An expert botanist to whom I sent the specimen writes: "I cannot tell what is the matter with this. It may have been caused by any one of a dozen things, such as injury in the bud or the single leaf when very young; it may be due to some disease (there is not data enough given in the letter), or it may be a 'freak' plant." Under the microscope the details of the leaf veins were very curious.



THE QUEERLY SHAPED CLOVER LEAVES.



"HEADING." BY HUGO GREENBAUM, AGE 16.

## ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

### APRIL

BLEAK winter's stamp is resting on  
 earth's face,  
 And chill its somber aspect is, and  
 drear.  
 Save for its thinning mantle, cold and  
 white,  
 Scant sign of life is showing for  
 the year.

Then come the warming showers of early spring,  
 When April laves the hard and slumbering mold;  
 Then hope and cheer are roused by budding trees,  
 And greening fields the summer's joys unfold.

So 't is, sometimes, with playmates, timid, shy,  
 Who seem at first by frigid natures ruffled;  
 But, stirred by kindly words and sympathy,  
 We're pleased to find that we've been April fooled!

THE subject "Stars" proved to be a difficult one for the Verse Competition this month.

There were plenty of good *prose* contributions on the stars, but for the *verse* the trouble seemed to be that few of the competitors could think of the subject in a simple way.

Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that a subject so vast, suggesting the idea of distance, infinite time, and the unknown, should have inspired the members to their supreme efforts. Many tried so hard to reach the heights of the subject that they failed.

In a way we are glad that the subject was chosen, even though it proved so difficult, because it emphasizes the fact that the simplest and most direct treatment of any theme, that is well within the experience and powers of young folk, is far more likely to result in a successful production than is an ambitious struggle with its more difficult phases which are, often beyond their full understanding.

With this in mind, we were, nevertheless, greatly pleased, and somewhat surprised, to find so many excellent verses in an ambitious vein. Some of these we print in the following pages.

By all this we do not mean to discourage the higher flights of the imagination; but rather to point out that even great or ponderous subjects may have their simple, sweet, and poetic sides that young folks, such as League members, can readily feel and sympathetically express.

We have frequently been asked: "What constitutes an Honor Member?" An "Honor Member" will hereafter be understood to mean one who has won *both* a silver and a gold badge. The member may or may not have had a cash prize in addition.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 110

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, Katharine Janeway (age 17), New Brunswick, N. J.  
 Silver badges, Estelle King (age 17), Birmingham, England; Rosalie Schmuckler (age 12), Long Branch, N. J., and Flora McDonald Cockrell (age 8), Warrensburg, Mo.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, Amo Umbstaetter (age 14), Boston, Mass.  
 Silver badge, Elizabeth Payson Prentiss (age 14), Elizabeth, N. J.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badge, Katharine Davenport (age 14), Omaha, Neb., and F. Despard Pemberton (age 15), Victoria, B. C., Canada.

Silver badge, W. L. McLean, Jr. (age 13), Philadelphia, Pa., and Oswald Cammann, Jr. (age 11), Dayton, Ohio.

**DRAWING.** Gold badge, Frances R. Osborne (age 13), Charlotte, N. C., and Anita Moffett (age 17), Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Silver badge, Jos. Auslander (age 13), Brooklyn, N. Y.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badges, Stanley Arndt (age 14), Stockton, Cal., and Stanley Daggett (age 13), New Haven, Conn.

Silver badges, Palmer W. Griffith (age 10), Danby, Vt., and Richard Henry Lawrence (age 9), Chicago, Ill.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badge, Margaret Jackman (age 14), Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Silver badge, Alice H. Farnsworth (age 15), Taunton, Mass.

**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** First prize, David Keith (age 13), Salt Lake, Utah.



## MY STAR

BY KATHARINE JANEWAY (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge)*

WHEN the evening shadows gather,  
And the night begins to creep  
With its peaceful benediction  
O'er the hushed and solemn deep—  
Then, above the quiet ocean,  
In the heav'ns so still and far,  
Gleams forth, in its lonely splendor,  
The first evening star—my star!

As I watch it, lightly shining,  
All alone in the dark sky,  
It seems to look down upon me  
With a kind and loving eye.  
And it tells to me a message,  
Whispered gently from afar,  
Words of hope and love and courage,  
And I bless my evening star.

## THE STORY OF THE STARS

BY MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

THERE are always two stories that a man may tell—the one of himself; the other, of what he has seen.

And so it is of the stars. There is the story which they tell to the scientists of their gradual, but none the less miraculous, formation.

To the shepherds of old, many of them represented deities, set in the sky by some divine power; and they worshiped all of them in their simple hearts.

The story of the learned men is not within our comprehension, nor yet can we put faith in all the tales of long ago.

And still the stars have a story, even for us (if we but have the grace to read it), which has been lengthened and deepened ever since "God set them in the firmament of the heaven." This is the story of all that they have witnessed.

They tell us, in all the wondrous grandeur of their



"MY FAVORITE NOOK IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS." BY W. L. MCLEAN, JR., AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

silence, of victories planned and won through all the ages; of the conflicts in which they have aided by their inspiration; of the enthusiasm that they have given to the fainting hearts of those who have undertaken great things.

Theirs is no tender radiance of love and tears, like that of the moon, but the shining brilliancy of eternal triumph. We may say to ourselves: "On such a night strove such a one with himself, or with a deadly enemy, and overcame!"

The clear, cold light of the stars surely speaks only of strength and of courage.

The story of the stars is ever one of inspiration and of victory.

## STARS IN THE NIGHT

BY ESTELLE KING (AGE 17)

*(Silver Badge)*

SOFTLY whispered the pine-trees tall,  
Whispered songs to the wind and sea.  
Then sang they loud to the raging surf,  
And raised their songs to the wind's loud key.

Black grew the night, as the storm-winds blew;  
Swift fled the clouds past the round-faced moon;  
And the dark trees moaned as they bent and tossed,  
Moaned and creaked to the wild wind's tune.

Then suddenly lulled the wind's loud shriek;  
Then suddenly dropped the ocean's rage;  
And the stars shone bright in the depth of the night  
With the solemn calm of a changeless age.

## A STORY OF THE STARS

BY AMO UMBSTAETTER (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge)*

It was on a summer evening. The air was sweet and warm; it seemed to wrap itself caressingly around the trees, and sleepy flowers. Insects chirped and clicked steadily, almost monotonously.

I lay in a hammock, staring up at the sky, a great, blue-black dome of bigness and space, far away. I watched the stars creep into sight with blinking radiance, like small, frightened, white mice. They always seem to mean different things to me, but on that summer evening I thought of them in a new way, the best of all.

They seemed to be the silvery music-notes, on which the angels play their songs of praise. Everytime that a star blinked and disappeared for a fraction of a second, it might be that the gentle finger of some angel stroked the star,



"MY FAVORITE NOOK." BY KATHARINE DAVENPORT, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A PORTRAIT OF MY FRIEND." BY FRANCES R. OSBORNE, AGE 13.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

and sent forth a note of wondrous clearness and sweetness. Then, the Milky Way would be the vague, ever-recurring ribbon of music that runs through this universal hymn of praise, just like the theme or motive in some orchestra. The big stars did not seem to twinkle as much as the little ones, and I loved to think that they were the bass notes, that sounded forth only occasionally.

And as I watched and thought, I could almost hear the vast, infinite harmony of heavenly praise swell forth, as each star was touched and sent out its voice into the night.

### THE STAR

BY ROSALIE SCHMUCKLER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

OUT of my bedroom window,  
I saw an evening star,  
T was the brightest in the heavens,  
And I watched it from afar.

It twinkled and it faded,  
But it ne'er escaped my sight,  
And I watched it from my window  
In the stillness of the night.

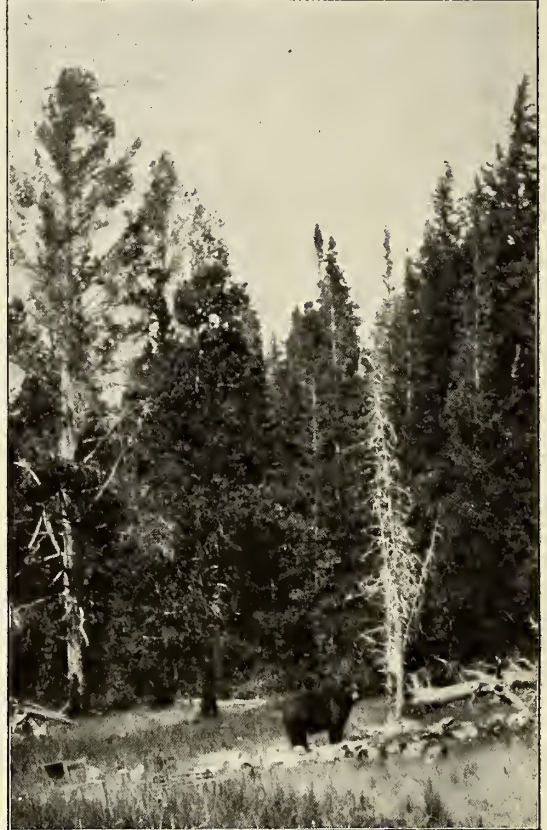
I thought of all the stars,  
And of the Sisters Seven,  
And ere I slumbered sweet that night,  
I said to that star in heaven:



"A TAILPIECE." BY MARY C. CULHANE, AGE 11.

"Star, star, how small you are,  
But you're shining, oh, so bright!  
And though you vanish through the day  
I watch for you at night.

"Dear star, I hope for evermore  
You'll shine and twinkle brightly,  
And guide me through the path of life  
To nobly do and rightly."



"A LARGE GRIZZLY BEAR." BY DAVID KEITH, AGE 13.  
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

### A STORY OF THE STARS

BY ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

DOROTHY opened her eyes sleepily and looked out of the window. It was a beautiful night; hundreds of stars twinkled in the clear sky; one especially large one seemed to be looking straight at Dorothy.

"I wonder what you are?" said Dorothy, gazing at the great star. "I wonder if there are people on you. Perhaps you are a fairy house all lit up. Perhaps—perhaps—"

"Perhaps it's nothing at all," said a small voice in her ear.

Dorothy turned suddenly, and there on the window-sill stood a tiny man, not more than one foot high. He was dressed all in blue; flitting about him, on his cap, on his coat, all over him, were fireflies; twinkling now in one place, now in another.

"Who are you?" gasped Dorothy.





"MY FAVORITE NOOK. BY F. DESPARD PEMBERTON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

"I am a messenger of Queen Twinklelight. Come!" he said, holding out his tiny hand.

"But where are you going? And who is—"

"Come! come! I am in a hurry; come!"

This time Dorothy took his hand and, to her surprise, she found herself floating, floating, right through the window, up into the clear air.

"Shut your eyes and hold tight to my cloak," said the little man.

Dorothy felt that they were going up very fast. At last they stopped.

"Ah! here we are. Now you may open your eyes."

"Oh-e-e, how lovely!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands.

There, on a throne of gold, sat a lovely little fairy. On her head was a crown of gold, joined together in the front by a great blazing star. Six maidens with long golden hair stood on either side of the throne, in front were crowds of little people, dressed just like the little man with Dorothy.

"So you are the little girl who wondered what the bright star was," said the beautiful fairy when she saw Dorothy. "I am that star. I am Queen Twinklelight and this is my kingdom."

Suddenly a low, sweet sound of music broke upon the still air. Queen Twinklelight smiled and waved her hand. The music grew louder and more beautiful. Dorothy stood listening, spellbound, then the lights grew bleary and the music fainter, and lo—she lay in her own bed, blinking at one great bright star twinkling far up in the sky.

### "MY STAR"

BY FLORA MC DONALD COCKRELL (AGE 8)

(Silver Badge)

OH, little star, above me far,  
Giving me your light;  
Now you wink, and now you blink,  
Happy all the night!

Shining bright all the night,  
You seem to laugh at me;  
Full of cheer, never drear,  
Twinkling merrily.

You I love, high above,  
Though you live so far;  
Now away, 't is almost day—  
Good-by, little star!

### A STORY OF THE STARS

BY LYDA L. BELDEN (AGE 14)

IT was a warm summer evening in August; a little Indian lad of not more than ten years old lay sprawled on the ground near the door of his wigwam; his chin rested in the palm of his left hand. He was trying to count the many stars, but it was of no use trying to count them; for all his life he had vainly tried to count the stars, but without success. The little beacons of heaven seemed to wink to him, and laugh at him, and laugh at his failure.

Once, many moons ago, he had seen a little star laugh so heartily over his unsuccessful efforts that it lost its balance and fell headlong down to earth.

The little Indian boy went slowly in a tent made of skins of wild animals, with many grotesque figures painted on them.

The boy's little sister, Brightface, lay sick in this crude shelter.

The Medicine-men had danced around and around her, uttering many incoherent words; they had shaken their dried snake's-skins, filled with teeth and tusks of animals, but all in vain: the little daughter of the chief did not get better, she only seemed to get worse.

When her brother entered she held her arms imploringly to him, contented to die in his arms.

Twelve months had passed, a little Indian boy lay on the ground by his wigwam, looking at the stars. Was he



"A PORTRAIT OF MY FRIEND." BY MARGARET KELSEY, AGE 15.

counting them? No, he was only gazing intently at one of the bright, twinkling stars in the blue canopy of heaven.

The boy knew that the star had not been there a year ago, when his little sister lay suffering in the wigwam. He thought the star was Brightface beckoning him to come to her; yes, he would soon join her, and side by side they would twinkle, making the world brighter and happier by their little lights.

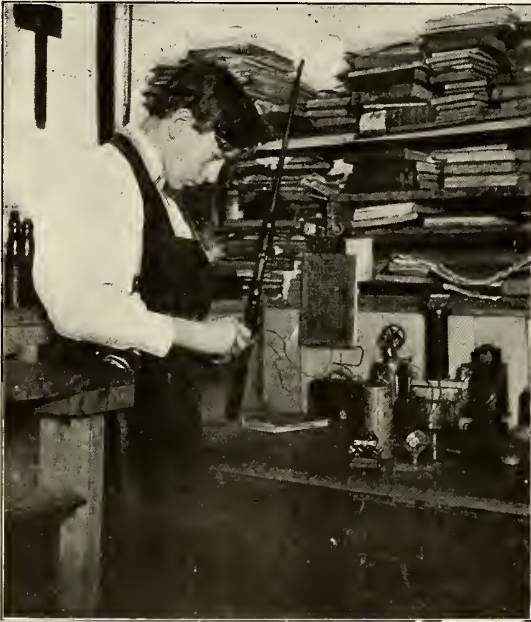
### A STORY OF THE STARS

BY BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

THE heart of Flora, the flower goddess, was filled with happiness. All day long she sat at her golden loom, weaving a fabric soft and fine, and singing for joy. In a few short weeks the snow king, Boreas, was coming to take her, as his bride, to the Northland.

Before she went to her new home, there was to be a great feast to which all the gods and goddesses were invited. It was for her gown that Flora wove the wonderful fabric of deep blue, as are the violets. The little goddess wove into it tiny white star flowers, touching each one with



"MY FAVORITE NOOK." BY ROY PHILLIPS, AGE 17.

her magic wand so that they glowed and sparkled in fairy radiance as did the ice fields of her lover.

At last the feast day dawned. The guests were assembled under the forest trees in the morning brightness, and Flora was among them. They made merry while they awaited the snow king's coming. But the morning passed away, the afternoon shadows lengthened, but still he tarried. The sun sank and it was very dark, for then there were no stars to light the gloom.

Finally, just as the moon rose above the trees, the snow king, strong and beautiful, arrived. But he brought no wedding presents, no chariot with fiery steeds, and by his side walked an Indian maiden. As he strode through the forest, Boreas sang this song:

"Boreas, the brave, wild, free, snow king,  
Wishes only power,  
Not wilting flower,  
And so this Indian maiden wears his ring."



"MY FAVORITE NOOK." BY ELISE E. SAGE, AGE 13.

As the voice of Boreas died away in the distance, Flora tore the wedding-gown from her, and fell dead among the flowers she had created. The beautiful rippling, flower-strewn garment floated gently upward, melting into the sky, and Flora's lovely flowers shone in quivering beauty, lighting the path of Boreas as he strode onward to his Northland.

### A LULLABY OF THE STARS

BY KATHARINE WARDROPE (AGE 15)

HUSHABY, baby, shut your eyes tight,  
Around you is closing the dark, solemn night,  
Above you the stars shed their silvery light,  
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

Hushaby, baby, the birds are in bed,  
The breezes are rustling the trees overhead,  
The foxes and hares to their burrows have fled,  
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

Hushaby, baby, some day very soon,  
We two will take a trip up to the moon,  
We 'll taste Milky Way with your own silver spoon,  
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

Hushaby, baby, we 'll see the bright stars,  
We 'll visit them all from big Neptune to Mars,  
We even will call on the Polar afar,  
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.

Then we 'll ride home on a comet's long tail,  
We 'll drink from the dipper as by it we sail,  
Through Cloudland we 'll fly over meadow and dale,  
Hushaby, hushaby, baby.



"MY FAVORITE NOOK." BY KATHARINE G. KUHN, AGE 11.



## THE FALLING STAR

BY ISABEL ADAMI (AGE 13)

*(Honor Member)*

I SLID the creaking window open wide  
 And leaned far out beneath the mist-cloaked sky.  
 Below, I saw the grimy city lie  
 As in a stupor, sunk in restless rest,  
 Her pulsing heart dead in her frozen breast,  
 And stilled the ceaseless roar of busy feet.  
 The flaring, fevered street-lights watched her wake;  
 The pall of factory smoke wove her gray shroud;  
 And, falling silently, flake after flake,  
 The ashen snow formed her pale winding-sheet.



"MY FAVORITE NOOK." BY OSWALD CAMMANN, JR., AGE 11.  
 (SILVER BADGE.)

I raised my eyes and gazed toward marg'less space;  
 The weeping snow kissed soft my upturned face.  
 Through rifted clouds I saw a falling star;  
 Then, vaguely troubled with an unknown why,  
 "What is this Life," I, passionate, asked the sky.  
 And then I thought or dreamed there came reply:  
 "Life, clay which men may nobly mold or mar,  
 A lonely island in a shoreless sea  
 That is, and was, and that is yet to be;  
 Lit by the lamp of love, Life is a little Night  
 Set in an endless Day, timeless and infinite.  
 Men are weak creatures of a gasping breath  
 To whom the only certainty is Death,  
 And Life at best is but a 'falling star.'"

## A STORY OF THE MOON

BY HELEN F. BATCHELDER (AGE 13)

ONE evening late in July my cousin went out on the cottage piazza and happened to look up at the sky. Such an astonishing spectacle met her eyes that she called to her friends to come out and see it. When they looked up the moon was near the north and seemed to be bobbing up and down. Then it sailed across the sky and back again and then assumed its natural position.

My cousin and her friends could not believe their eyes. One of them had an almanac, so they looked in it and found "lunar appulse" which means the moon bumping against the shadow of the earth. How the moon could bump against a shadow I cannot see, but that was the only thing concerning the moon to happen at that time of the year, so they came to the conclusion that it must have been that.



"AN APRIL HEADING." BY MOORE SEWELL, AGE 12.

## A STORY OF THE STARS

BY MARGARET H. HINKLEY (AGE 13)

ONE night, a few years ago, when my cousin was sleigh-riding she saw an unusual sight.

The heavens were clear and the stars very bright. The northern lights streamed way up into the sky, making it a beautiful and wonderful sight.

When she had gone a short distance she saw a star fall and soon another and another.

When she got home she had counted over fifty stars which she had seen fall that night.



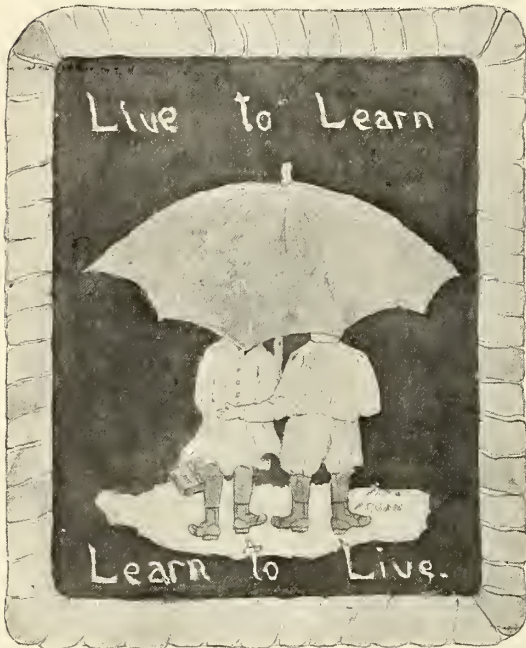
"A PORTRAIT OF MY FRIEND." BY ETHEL SHEARER, AGE 15.

## AN APRIL NIGHT

BY FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 16)

THE cherry blooms cling to the green-veiled trees  
 Like snowflakes captured by some passing breeze  
 And drifted there.  
 The woods are still, but from the meadowland  
 I hear the peep of frogs, a cheerful band,  
 Across the air.

The wind is warm and scented with the spring,  
 Odors from flowery wooded dells it seems to bring,  
 All faint and sweet.



"A LEAGUE HEADING." BY AIMÉE A. TRUAN, AGE 14.

And scarcely anywhere you hear a sound  
 Except a dry leaf lightly brush the ground  
 Like fairy feet.

And over all the stars shine calmly down  
 On meadow, wood, and silent sleeping town  
 Serene and bright.  
 And from their lofty throne in those far skies  
 A peaceful watch they keep with twinkling eyes  
 This April night.



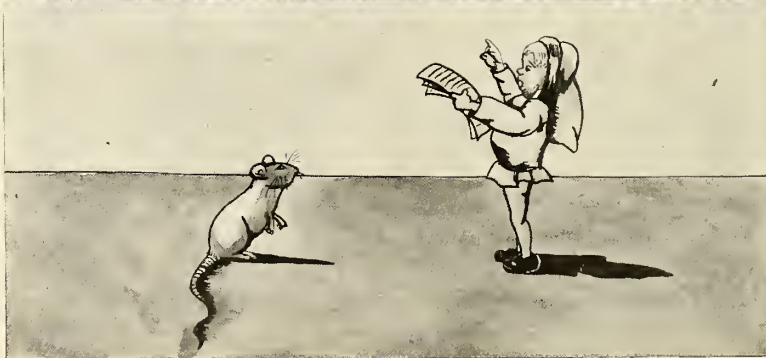
"MY FAVORITE NOOK." BY HELEN CLARK, AGE 11.

## ON SEEING A FALLING STAR

BY ERNEST CHALLENGER (AGE 16)

CLEAR shine the stars amid the waste of night,  
 Forever brooded o'er by mystery;  
 And with their pale and swiftly flickering light  
 Serve but to show the dark obscurity  
 Of all around, as half-truths in the fight  
 For knowledge of creation's history  
 Bewilder man; for by them he is shown  
 The vastness of what never can be known.

## ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"AN APRIL HEADING." BY FLORRIE T. THOMSON, AGE 16.



Then, suddenly, from out the depths of space  
 A brilliant meteor flashes into sight.  
 Upon its swift un governable race  
 From dimmest regions of the gloomy night,  
 Into our ken, and as its path we trace,  
 Sudden 't is gone; and where intensest light  
 Reigned but a moment since, now all is dark,  
 Save where each star sends down its glimmering spark.

I sometimes think the stars are like great men  
 Whose happy genius to posterity  
 Treasures of art or poesy has given;  
 While, like the shooting-stars whose brilliancy  
 Comes and is gone, are those who well have striven  
 During brief lives to speak their wondrous fancy—  
 —Shakspeare's had might have been, had not death's hand  
 Stopped the bright course ambitious thought had planned.

### THE STAR

BY FRANCES G. WARD (AGE 16)

MY heart was heavy, and I felt, oh, so sad,  
 As I sat all alone in the deepening twilight,  
 And everything round me looked cheerless and gray  
 In the shadows preceding a dark wintry night.

Then all at once as I looked out at the sky  
 The evening star suddenly shone,  
 And it twinkled so cheerfully, gaily at me,  
 That my sadness seemed suddenly gone.

I felt sorry for all my dissatisfied thoughts  
 As I looked at it twinkling afar,  
 And my heart it grew lighter, I felt less alone,  
 All through that one little bright star.

So ought we all to be stars of a kind,  
 And each of us give out a light,  
 That will brighten the lives of every one near  
 And show them the way to do right.



"A PORTRAIT OF MY FRIEND." BY ANITA MOFFETT, AGE 17.  
 (GOLD BADGE.)

### THE STORY OF THE STARS

BY ANITA G. LYNCH (AGE 15)

THE storm-wind moaned and sighed as the fir-tree asked the question, and, muffling his mighty voice 'til, like a careless zephyr, it caressed the trembling boughs, replied:

"Long ago, when the world was new, the Mighty One placed a rim of sparkling stars in the blue firmament, and to each He gave most wondrous beauty. Mortals, gazing upon this mysterious creation in after generations, murmured, 'See! the shining dewdrops suspended in the blue.' And they wondered and wondered.

"Years passed away, and wise sages dwelt upon the earth, and the brilliant gems they coveted, the secret of their creation they desired. So in time they called them the Pleiads. And it came to pass, whilst sages were seeking the story of the future in the marvelous heavens, a gem from the diamond cluster vanished. Mortals wondered, mortals pondered, but they know not yet the secret of the Pleiads.

"To me, to whom the sea is but a plaything, to whom the sages in all their wisdom are as naught, the Mighty One has imparted the mystery.

"Now Atlas said unto his seven daughters, 'Look ye not o'er the boundary of our sky and covet not to gaze upon a mortal, or harm, so great ye cannot comprehend, will e'er betide ye.'

"But Merope, being discontented with her lot, left her sisters and wandered to the edge of the blue, and looked into the depths beneath. And she wondered at the greenness of the verdure and the sparkling of the waters. And there came unto her vision a mortal, of handsome countenance, and in her heart she loved him.

"So she listened to the lay he sang:

"While my lady sleepeth  
 The dark blue heaven is bright,



"A PORTRAIT OF MY FRIEND." BY OLIVE EKHOLM, AGE 17.  
 VOL. XXXVI.—72.

"He passed on but her heart throbb'd, 'Oh to me he surely sings.'

"On the next e'ntide he came, and she listened:

"Rise on the gentle breeze  
And gain her lattice height."

"Then she vowed a vow, that, when once more he sang, she would forfeit her heavenly treasures and depart for aye with him.

"In the night he appeared, and the words of his song floated upward:

"All the stars are glowing  
In the gorgeous sky."

"Then, Merope descended to him. But alas! he gazed upon the shining thing, and murmured:

"'T is but a falling star,' and wandered off. And Merope's poor heart broke into a thousand fragments, and she was no more."

"Well, I help the astronomers, if they only knew it, but that is n't my real work. My real business is to help everybody."

"How in the world do you do it?"

"I don't do it in the world," answered the man, "but I will tell you about it."

"When the poor people are coming home from work, I shine my brightest, and twinkle all the time, to make things seem more cheerful. Although the people only say, 'It's going to be a good day to-morrow,' when they see me shining, they go their way a little more cheerful because of the thought of good weather.

"With the rich people it's different," said Twinkle. "I keep them from getting conceited; for when they look up at me and see me twinkle and shine, they seem to realize how small they are and of how little consequence."

I started to ask him a question, but I heard my mother call me and knew I had been dreaming.

### THE EVENING STAR

BY ROSALEA M. MCCREARY (AGE 15)

WHEN the last bright glow of sunlight  
Fades from out the western sky;  
When the day has passed beyond us,  
And the night is drawing nigh;

When the evening winds blow cooler,  
Bearing fragrance from afar,  
I sit beside my window  
And await the evening star.

Always first it comes to greet us  
With its brilliant, steady light,  
Like a herald, sent to usher in  
The coming of the night.

All alone among the heavens,  
Not another star in view,  
Yet it faithfully performs its task—  
Of lighting up the blue.

Other stars may shine more brightly,  
Other stars may larger be,  
Others may be more essential  
To the world's astronomy.

Yet of all the stars in heaven  
(Many of them, too, there are),  
I prefer to take my lesson  
From the faithful evening star.

### A STORY OF THE STARS

BY JOHN WILLIAM HILL (AGE 13)

LAST July Uncle Jack came to visit us. He told us many stories and legends in which even little Kate was interested. One evening we went out on the lawn. It was warm, although a light breeze—bringing the odor of roses—was stirring.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Jack," said Mary. Then, looking up to the stars, she added, "Let it be about the stars."

We all joined in Mary's request and Uncle Jack was forced to comply.

"Well," he said with a smile, "perhaps you do not know that some of those stars are far, far larger than this earth on which we live."

"Bigger 'n this earth?" broke in Kate.

"Sh!" said Mary, and Uncle Jack continued.

"Yes, it is so. Wise men think that people live on some of them. People, perhaps, even more civilized than we. But you wanted a story about the stars. The old Greeks

## ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

APRIL 1909.

APRIL  
SHOWERS  
BRING  
MAY  
FLOWERS.

"A HEADING." BY CLARENCE THORNTON, AGE 14.

The little fir-tree shivered, and the storm-wind, blowing his mighty blast, passed onward.

(The lines of the song are taken from an old Spanish ballad.)

### THE STORY OF THE STARS

BY FLORENCE M. KIELY (AGE 15)

As I was sitting all alone on the veranda one summer night, I gazed at my favorite star, and imagined all the queer things that might happen to it, when I heard a queer noise.

I looked up and saw a little man standing in front of me. He was dressed in green velvet, had a sash of bright red ribbon, wore shoes turned up at the toes, and had on his head a three-cornered hat of gray felt, while on his hand he wore a ring from which a large gold star dangled.

"You are imagining all sorts of funny things which you believe happened to us, but really nothing very astonishing ever happens. As we go hurtling along through space we see a little more of the world than other people, that is all."

"Oh!" I cried, "are you really from the stars?"

"Yes," answered the little man. "I am called Twinkle, and I come from your favorite star."

"How very interesting," said I. "How do you spend your time?"



and Romans used to believe that when a hero died his soul went up into the heavens and became a star.

"Orion was one of these heroes. He was so beautiful when he lived upon the earth that even Venus—who was a goddess—fell in love with him. But the brother of Venus hated Orion and was always plotting to kill him. One day Orion saw the Pleiads and fell in love with them.

"There were seven sisters who lived together and vowed they would never marry. When they were troubled by Orion's love they prayed to Jupiter to save them. Jupiter changed them into stars and placed them in the sky, where they still shine," said Uncle Jack, pointing them out.

"One day Orion, who had the gift of walking on the water, was in the sea far out from shore. Venus's brother told the goddess she could not hit that black spot in the sea with her arrow.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, only a rotted log," replied her brother, although he knew it to be Orion. Venus fitted an arrow and drew her bow. The object disappeared and she said: 'Who says that Venus cannot shoot her arrow as well as Jove can hurl his thunderbolt?'

"But that evening the tide carried Orion's body on shore, where she found it. Overcome with grief at her mistake, the goddess had Orion placed in the sky together with his dog Sirius and they can still be seen pursuing the Pleiads."

"Is that story true?" asked Tom.

"No," replied Uncle Jack, "but many wise men once believed it—strange though it may seem."

Then we walked back to the house and stood awhile on the porch listening to the ker-chunk of the bullfrogs and gazing at the stars with a new interest because of the story of Orion.

A STORY OF THE STARS

BY BLANCHE OLSON (AGE 16)

UNCLE JOE was a large, good-natured man about fifty years of age. He entered his brother's house one cold, winter evening all wet with snow.

As he was taking off his big overcoat, Bob, his youngest nephew, came out from under the table, where he had been playing with the cat, and, with that happy cry Uncle Joe was so used to hearing, asked for a story. "Oh! wait a minute, boy," said Uncle Joe; "can't you give a fellow time to get warmed up a bit?" Bob looked at his uncle a moment; he did not know whether he meant it or not. But he soon found out, however, when Uncle Joe set him on his knee and said: "Well, Bob, as I was a-coming along I was thinking about the stars and my first trip up there. We left here about six o'clock in the even-



"A PORTRAIT OF MY FRIEND." BY JOS. AUSLANDER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

ing. Up, up, we went until we could see the city no longer.

"We floated in and out among the clouds a while. It was very bright up there among so many beautiful stars.

"It was midnight before we reached Jupiter."

"Jupiter," repeated Bob. "What's Jupiter?"

"Oh! it's just a big star," said Uncle Joe. "Or I suppose the more correct name is, a planet. As I was saying, we reached Jupiter at midnight. We sailed around it a few times when one of the ropes caught on a smaller star near-by. My, what a time we had to get loose! We swung back and forth all of a half hour before the rope gave way any at all. It finally did give a little, to our surprise and joy. We worked another half hour, then swung off as nicely as if nothing whatever had happened.

"It was now nearly two o'clock. For the last hour the man in the moon had been laughing at us. We waved our hands good-by at him and floated away. We thought we would visit Neptune, but we heard it was very cold there as it is so far away from the sun. So we started home."

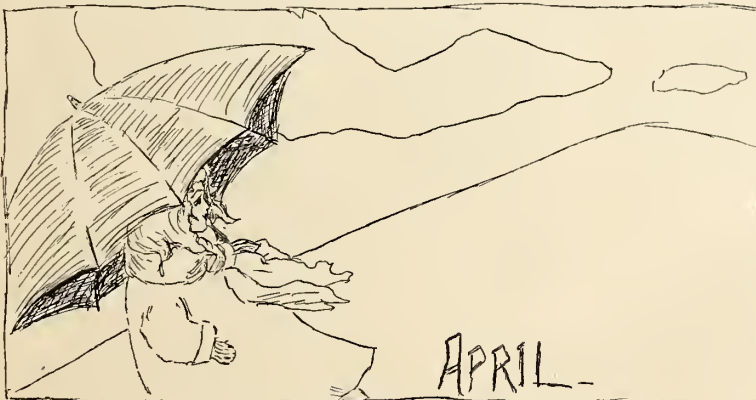
By this time Bob was asleep in Uncle Joe's arms. Uncle Joe carried him to his little bed and tucked him in, at the same time saying: "You are a great one to listen to a story."

TO THE STARS

BY FRANCES HEDGES (AGE 17)

SILVERY stars, so sharp and bright, 'T is you who light us through the night.

At morn your twinkles disappear; Return again and shine more clear Still blessing us through all the year.



"AN APRIL HEADING." BY RUTH KINKEAD, AGE 12.

## THE FALLING STAR

BY WALTER LEWIS FORD (AGE 11)

THERE was no moon when I went to bed,  
But the stars twinkled brightly and gay;  
When one slipped out of its place and fled,  
Down, down, through the Milky Way.  
I raised on my elbow and watched its flight,  
As unhindered through space so blue,  
It glistened and glimmered a flashing light,  
Ere it swiftly faded from view.

I knew a sweet baby, so fragile and fair,  
As sweet as a baby can be,  
That slipped from his place on life's rugged stair,  
Out, out to eternity's sea;  
But his hope and his trust and mysterious flight,  
Like the bright and swift-passing star,  
Left a memory sweet when it passed from sight,  
That his absence and loss cannot mar.

## A STORY OF THE STARS

BY WILLIE L. BROWNELL (AGE 11)

ONE night as I lay asleep I saw a fairy clothed in beautiful garments standing before me. He spoke to me, and asked me if I wanted to go accompanied with some friends to see the stars. I was very glad to have this invitation and gladly accepted it.

When the appointed day came he called for me in an airship armed with soldiers and bands of music. When I was tucked in I was whirled up in a whirlwind. I arrived quite safe and being hot and thirsty I took a drink out of the dipper. For a long time I had a good time till I saw in the distance two big black things coming after me. Mercury, who was standing near-by, saw I looked puzzled and asked if I was scared. And I said I saw two great things coming after me. He said they were the great and lesser bears, and told me to hide under a cloud.

I ran and ran as fast as I could go and being tired sat down in the Cassiopeia Chair, when suddenly I heard the breakfast bell ring.

## A STAR

BY JEANNETTE MUNRO (AGE 14)

*(Honor Member)*

WARM, shining star, most beautiful of things,  
Forever glowing with mysterious fire,  
Even the birds of heaven on soaring wings  
Can never, never to thy height aspire!

How then may we, who cannot rise from earth  
In any other shape than our desire,  
Attain that yearning by you given birth?  
Answer me this, oh star of living fire!

And down the winged answer came from heaven  
All clear, a sweet and far-off angel strain:  
"Only to those who strive rewards are given,  
As we strive well, so also we attain.

"Make thyself pure as we above thee are;  
Put from thee all the vain dross of the earth;  
In thine own heart to a new life give birth  
And make thyself a star."

A League leaflet, certificate, and badge will be sent to any readers of ST. NICHOLAS, if they are under eighteen years of age—whether they are subscribers or not.

## A LEAGUE LETTER

KILLARNEY, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I landed in Hamburg and since then have been as far south as Budapest. I think it is a lovely city. Now, as you see, I am in Ireland.

I was much interested in the article on "How Alice in Wonderland Came to be Written," in one of last year's numbers. So when I went to Oxford and saw the college I found all the things mentioned. When I asked the guide about Dean Liddell he said: "The Dean is dead now, but he was the best Dean we ever had, and we will never have another like him." At the college I bought a little pot of ivy, which I am taking home, hoping it will grow.

Your constant reader,

MARGARET RILEY (age 13).

INTERESTING letters have been received from Ann Logan Farstall, Katharine Hauhurst, Dorothy Austin, Lynda Billings, Jeannette Powers, Gertrude Crum, Virginia Ellingwood, Lois Kelly, Maude Van Arsdale, Fanny Luella Anway, Estelle Morris, Emilie E. Mackintosh, Marjory Gibbons, Marjorie Dodge, Allan Napier, Catharine Van Cook, Louise Muriedas Switzerland, Jessie H. Powers, Raymond Nixon, Mary E. Camacho, Elizabeth Pell, Lillian Kahn, Irene E. Lewis, Dannie Parker, Marguerite Dyer.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1	Angela Richmond	Gertrude L. T.
Bertha Walker	Elizabeth M. Mercer	Mordecai
Mary Curry	Flora Hottis	Elizabeth Page James
Jessie Bogen	Alice Trimble	Mary L. Bolster
Mathilde H. Loeb	Doris J. Halman	William Baker
Benjamin Grasbayn	Florence E. Dawson	Alice G. Peirce
Victor Hoag	Bibi E. Tracy	Laura M. Thomas
Margaret Cronin	Marion A. Smith	Elizabeth R. Hirsch
Edna von der Heide	Olive Hall	Ruth L. Patterson
Marcia E. Edgerton	Maud J. Pearce	Frida Smith
Anna S. Gifford	Carol Arkins	Mary Wheelhouse
Patty Richards	Will H. Jennings	Olive Krop
Adaline A. Hodgkins	John Farrar	Harriette E. Cushman
Helen R. Morgan	Isadore Moysse	Ruth M. Erdman
Carol Thompson	Mary Frances	Evelyn Kent
Wilhelm Waterman	Williams	Elsa Queller
Doris F. Prior	Beryl Morse	Anita Henriquez
Oscar Lindow	Doris Stockwell	Eleanor R. Cheney
Lillie G. Menary	Nina Williams	Florence M. Moore
Agnes Gray	Margaret Jennison	Miriam Noll
Herbert Zimmerman	Lucile Shepard	Max Geffen
Flora Thomas	Maurice Keck	Marie Agassiz
Frances E. Simpson	Benny S. McLean	Dorothy E. Collins
Primrose Laurence	Ruth Hugstis	Marie H. Pixley
Margaret B.	Doris A. Burrell	E. M. Henderson, Jr.
Richardson	Mary F. Colter	Sarah Smith
Rose Norton	Frances Couits	Norah Culhane
Alex. D. Reinheimer	Deborah Sugerman	Leonie Burrill
Ruth Harvey Rebound	Ethel A. Johnson	Ralph Perry
Catharine E. Jackson	Charlotte Agnes	Marguerite M. Kayser
Emmeline Bradshaw	Bennett	Jay Traver
Cecelia G. Gerson	Grace D. Traver	Imogene K. de Goll
Mary de Lorme van	Alison P. Strathy	Ida F. Parfitt
Rossem	Edna Abbott	
	Lois Donovan	PROSE, 2
	Harriet M. Johnson	Ethel Fairbanks
	Eleanor Torwood	Pauline Hoffman
	Elizabeth Toof	Ray Bernstein
	Constance H. Smith	Rachel Fox

## PROSE, 1

VERSE, 2	Beatrice Frye	Ethel Foreman
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Mary Whelan	Margery Abbott	Gerald R. McCarthy
Doris E. Campbell	Ethel K. Caster	Hazel Pierce
Eleanor I. Johnson	Margaret Beakes	Cornelia M. Stabler
Rebecca Wise	Eva M. Sandford	Ruth M. Moriss
Rose Thorndike	Martha M. Clow	Harriet H. Smith
E. R. Silvers	Irene H. Rueger	Margaret M. Home
Mildred Porter	Elizabeth Wilkinson	Helen F. Sturtevant
Annie L. Hillyer	Bessie R. Gregory	Elinor Kiely
Sewall Strong	Julia R. Gribble	Mary Anne Hiss
Lucile L. Reton	Ilse Bosch	Floise Koch
Ruth E. Kelly	Frances Grinnan	Elizabeth C. Walton
Elinor Z. Gittleston	Katharine G. Tighe	Kathryn Manahan
William Fuguet	Geraldine Brown	Stephen C. Clement
Clara E. Simon	Bernard L. Miller	Caroline M. Frost
Margaret Hirsch	Dorothy N. Nattress	Blanche M. Hopkins
Frances Hyland	Katharine	Elizabeth H. Nohrey
Elizabeth Stapleton	Southgate	Eelje F. Scriven
Ida Hansell	Anthony Crawford	Ruth H. Burslem
Edna Guppy		
Hattie G. Sampson		
Wallace R. Bostwick		
Rebecca Miller		
Dorothy Davis		



Frederick M. Kellogg  
 Gladys M. Flicroft  
 Tillie Hoffman  
 Frances Ingham  
 Elizabeth V. Smith  
 Mary O. Sleeper

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

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 Earl William  
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 Alfred Krause  
 Oliver C. Underhill  
 Raphael Wolfe  
 Mary Comstock  
 Joseph S. Guppy  
 Eunice L. Hone

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 Arsdale  
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 Francis Wallace  
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 Jessie Atwood  
 James M. Wanzer  
 Hubert K. Gronlund  
 Constance Ayer  
 Dorothy Rood  
 Helen Townsley  
 Clara Frothingham  
 Mary Phelps Jacob

## DRAWINGS, 1

Dorothy C. Starr  
 Ruth Streathfield  
 Vera M. Rueger  
 Mary Christine  
 Culhane  
 Helen Burns  
 Barbara Streathfield  
 Marjorie Clarke  
 Jeannette Killnam  
 Harold J. Grose  
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 Florence Bell  
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 Dorothy Louise Dade  
 Vera Margaret Rugh  
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 Eugene L. Walker  
 Jack B. Hopkins  
 Elizabeth Williams  
 Adelaide Clarke  
 Gladys Wright  
 Christine Wagner  
 Alice Crook  
 Margaret Lantz  
 Daniell  
 Harry Goodman  
 Newville O.  
 Fanning, Jr.  
 Etta M. Chant  
 Constance Wilcox  
 S. Josephs  
 Priscilla H. Fowle  
 Sara L. Tracey  
 Helen B. Walcott  
 Robert Maclean  
 Marjorie A. Johnson  
 Mary E. MacCracken  
 Marshal B. Cutler  
 Marion Van Campen  
 Carrie L. Hopkins  
 Gladys Nolan  
 Maurice Johnson  
 Helen Underwood  
 Maurice A. Harris  
 J. C. Emmerson  
 William E. Fay  
 Sybil Emerson  
 Eleanor R. Weedon  
 Marjorie E. Chase  
 Marjorie S. Harrington  
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 Helen M. Hockersmith  
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 Marion Hays  
 Elizabeth Macdougall  
 Josephine L. Palmer  
 Helen Belda  
 Webb Mellin Siemens  
 Marie Kahn  
 Margaret Farnsworth  
 Russell Tandy  
 Livio William Quanchi  
 Kneeland L. Greer  
 Margaret Roalfe  
 Helen Louise Walker  
 Robert B. Keator  
 Margaret Osborne  
 Christine R. Baker

## DRAWINGS, 2

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 Julia Smith Marsh  
 Georgine W. Dismukes  
 Arthur G. Letherby  
 Frederic White  
 Bosley Hiss  
 Caroline Bagley  
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 Virginia B. R. Harris  
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 Virginia Rhein  
 Jack Doble  
 Helen Oakes  
 Fanny Underhill  
 Camilla Daniels  
 Bernard J. Hughes  
 R. W. Speir, Jr.  
 Helen Mannassan  
 Marion C. Luce  
 Phyllis Buck  
 Caroline E. Bergmann  
 Vera Leighton  
 Eleanor M. Kellogg

## ROLL OF THE CARELESS

NO INDORSEMENT. Roger Brooks, Mary Sansevo, George Goldberg, E. Garnett Heine, Margery Aiken, Arnold F. Muhlig.

Grace Wardwell  
 John B. Matthew  
 Lucile A. Watson  
 Noel Streathfield  
 Carrie McDowell  
 Margaret A. White  
 Mary Argall Arthur  
 Dorothy Bedell  
 Marion D. Freeman  
 Grace Walter  
 I. Kahan  
 Ruth P. Brown  
 Elizabeth Newton  
 Pauline Kleinknecht  
 Frances H. Burt  
 Caroline G.

Heavenrich  
 Rachel Hodder  
 Bonnie Eckert  
 Velma D. Hooper  
 Margaret J. Marshall  
 Stuart Cutler  
 Irene O. Keyes  
 Harold Jensen  
 Vernon S. Hybart  
 Josephine Witherspoon  
 Frank Hanley  
 Arline Barnett  
 Hobart Fairmount  
 Emily Strather  
 Helena Stevens  
 M. Janet Pauling  
 Adele Belden  
 Howard Henderson  
 Jane Stratford  
 Bernice E. Journeyay  
 Helen C. Hendrie  
 Genevieve K. Hamlin  
 James Raiford  
 Eva Bornstein  
 Louise Homer  
 Lynn Rollins  
 Agnes Tait  
 Mary Zesinger  
 Dorothy Dawson  
 Bessie B. Styron  
 Norris Pascal  
 Morris Murtagh  
 Aurelia M. Pincus  
 Antoinette Smith  
 Isabel M. Reten  
 Alice Arrell Smith

## PUZZLES, 1

Rebecca Meaker  
 Caroline C. Johnson  
 E. Adelaide Hahn  
 Summerfield Baldwin,  
 3rd  
 Carl A. Giese  
 Harrison Lewis  
 James G. Fernald  
 Katharine Hawkhurst  
 Archibald S. Macdonald  
 Sarah Cummings  
 Add M. Watrous  
 Gladys E. Jenkins  
 Elizabeth Baker  
 Dorothy Wells  
 Louis Volchok  
 Isabelle B. Miller  
 Henry Kaestner  
 Louise Stockbridge  
 May Dawn  
 Lucile Struller  
 Clara V. Morris  
 Sylvia B. Saltzberg  
 Harriet Gardner  
 Eugenie M. Wuest

## PUZZLES, 2

Philip Sherman  
 Helena A. Irvine  
 Louise E. Kiersted  
 Roland Loiseau  
 Frances M. Farish  
 Genevieve McClure  
 Margaret Anderson

NO ADDRESS OR AN INCOMPLETE ONE. Charlotte Parlerfield, Gladys Stephenson, Frieda Goldner, Gladys A. Kotary, Verna Keays, Marian K. Valentine.

RECEIVED TOO LATE. Catharine F. Playle, Florence Thoresly Thomson, Hilde von Thielman.

IN PENCIL. Frank Cass, Jr.

NO AGE. Ruth Cushman, Grace W. Wingate, Hazel May Young, Eleanor Cleveland, Leighton Reed, Mary A. Walker, Mary M. Hart, Herbert M. Davidson, Charles J. Hobart, George A. Mitcheson, Jr., Juliette M. Omohundro, Charlotte G. Sessums, Eleanor Lowrey, Helen Louise Walker, Agnes Mackenzie Miall.

NEITHER AGE NOR INDORSEMENT. Richard Cutler, Laura Davis, Marguerite Weston.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 114

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Creature Photography" prize-winners winning another prize will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

**Competition No. 114** will close **April 10** (for foreign members **April 15**). Prize announcements to be made and selected contributions to be published in **ST. NICHOLAS for August**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "An Improvement On, or A Variation Of, a Familiar Nursery Rhyme."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "The Most Interesting, or Most Important World-Event Since January 1, 1908."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Domestic Animal (or Animals)."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Familiar Sight in Summer" or an **August (1909) Heading or Tail-piece**. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its *natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

## RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member over eighteen years old may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not written to you for a long time. I thought you might be interested in a few things that happened in my room at school. We were asked by our teacher to write on the reign of James I. Our teacher read out different details, among them that James I had the fifty scholars translate the Bible. Then after that it was called King James's Bible. Also that Sir Walter Raleigh brought tobacco into England. King James did not like it and wrote a book about it, calling it "A Book Against Tobacco." One boy answered a question, later, by saying: "King James wrote a book about tobacco and called it King James's Bible."

In speaking of the reign of Charles I the same boy made a sad mistake. Our teacher had said: "When Charles's head was cut off the executioner held up his head and said: 'Here is the head of a traitor.'"

Well, the boy said: "When King Charles's head was cut off the executioner held up the head and said: 'Long live the King!'"

Your loving reader and League member,  
NAN VAIL.

W——, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the August Letter-Box I saw a letter from Leonard A. Fletcher asking how the "Liberty Bell" was broken. It was cracked, as you said, being tolled for the funeral of Chief-Justice Marshall, but a man took a drill and made the crack as large as it now is.

In the summer time I live on a large farm in Pennsylvania, but every winter we go away somewhere.

I have the most beautiful little dog called "Hark." He looks just exactly like a fox.

He is three years old and weighs about twelve pounds.

I think ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest magazine in the United States.

I am your loving reader,  
MARIAN RANDOLPH PRIESTLEY (age 14).

R——, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for putting my name on the Honor Roll of the League. It has been in twice for encouragement in drawing, also in the list of answers for all of the puzzles.

I have one pet chicken; she caws whenever I go near her. Her name is "Caw-caw." I have one cat and I call her Eve. She is very old and has no teeth.

I also have a camera and have taken many pictures with it.

I have three sisters and they all like to read the ST. NICHOLAS. I am very much interested in the League and I like to read the stories in the magazine.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for one year and eight months.

I remain your reader,  
EDNA LOIS TAGGART (age 14).

ST. MARY'S ENTRY, OXFORD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very surprised to see my name in the Roll of Honor No. 1 list, as it is the first time I have contributed, and I draw and write with my left hand.

I know Christ Church very well, as I live in Oxford.

My mother knew the Rev. Charles Dodgson. The story "How Alice in Wonderland Came to be Written" interested me very much.

The house we live in, St. Mary's Entry, opposite St.

Mary's Church, has quite a history; in it was set up the first University printing-press in Oxford, about 1585, and up-stairs, leading out of the nursery, we have a beautiful "powder cupboard." The door had a little hole through it, where ladies put their heads, while the barber stood inside to powder them.

Hoping my letter is not too long, I am,  
Your interested reader,  
IVY COLLIER.

WE have received many letters from young readers in foreign ports at which the vessels of our navy touched on its recent cruise around the world. Here is an interesting letter from a little Australian girl, telling of the fleet's visit to that country.

PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have had a number of Australian letters lately in your magazine, but they have all been from the Eastern States.

The visit of the American fleet, in August and September, caused much excitement in Australia. It did not visit Fremantle, the port of Perth, but Albany, on the south coast. Many people went to see them, and for a while everything was American—post-cards, flags, etc. Whilst they were there, one of our newspaper men composed a song in honor of the fleet, of which I send the opening verse. It has a fine, swinging tune, and the Americans liked it very much, and it was, at their request, sung more than a dozen times during one of the state banquets.

Your interested reader,  
GLADYS WADE (age 13½).

WE'VE GOT A BIG BROTHER IN AMERICA

SIXTEEN ships-of-war, anchored in the bay,

Underneath the flag of Uncle Sam,

Built of Yankee steel, fighting top to keel,

Yankee from the rudder to the ram.

Jonathan is visiting the lonely Kangaroo,

Lonely by the old Pacific Sea,

And as the ships go by, we hear the warning cry:

"Keep the old Pacific clear and free."

MARE ISLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live at the Mare Island Light-house; my grandmother is the keeper.

I have a thoroughbred bay mare who once trotted a mile in three minutes; she is very clever and loves sugar. I have two dogs, five cats, and I had a little donkey but I sold him.

My father is a naval officer and he and mother and I live at grandma's.

Your loving reader,  
MARY GORGAS.

OTHER interesting letters that lack of space prevents our printing have been received from D. June Burnett, James Whitmore, Polly C. O. Dye, Ellen Campbell, Mildred W. Longstreth, Gladys Gardner, Dorothy Mayo, Willard Eddy, Helen Morton, Virginia Sledge, Ruth I. Gaso, Florence C. Sweet, Elizabeth Russell, Dorothea Brewer, Freeman D. Curtis, Wessie Marie Shippen, Evans Wangelin, Violet Blake, Doris Henson, Sarah Webster, Shirley C. Diment, Zuna E. Lysons, Rakel B. Olsen, Marjorie H. Muir, James L. Duryea, Eleanor Dyer, Elizabeth Haerle, Lucile Doering, Caryl Dunham, Katharine Story,





ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

CUBE. From 1 to 2, tithe; 1 to 3, tepid; 2 to 4, elfin; 3 to 4, deign; 5 to 6, maple; 5 to 7, meter; 6 to 8, elide; 7 to 8, range; 5 to 1, met; 6 to 2, eke; 8 to 4, eon; 7 to 3, rid.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Shakespeare; third row, As You Like It. Cross-words: 1. Scald. 2. Haste. 3. Abyss. 4. Knock. 5. Equal. 6. Salad. 7. Price. 8. Eikon. 9. Adept. 10. Raise. 11. Eaten.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Oh, that men's ears should be To counsel deaf, but not to flattery."

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Cream. 2. Rondo. 3. Ended. 4. Adele. 5. Modes.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. S. 2. Sir. 3. Sirup. 4. Rules. 5. Penny. 6. Sneak. 7. Yarns. 8. Knock. 9. Scans. 10. Knoll. 11. Sloop. 12. Loose. 13. Psalm. 14. Elsie. 15. Miles. 16. Eel. 17. S.

ZIGZAG. Joseph Haydn. Cross-words: 1. Jocund. 2. Robust. 3. Muster. 4. Street. 5. Seraph. 6. Wraith. 7. Slight. 8. Banana. 9. Trying. 10. Adages. 11. Number.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Washington Irving. 1. Wigwam. 2. Anchor. 3. Shield. 4. Helmet. 5. Inches. 6. Needle. 7. Goblet. 8. Target. 9. Ocelot. 10. Number. 11. Icicle. 12. Radish. 13. Vowels. 14. Island. 15. Nickel. 16. Geyser.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Los Angeles. 1. Re-load. 2. Sp-oils. 3. Re-sent. 4. Pl-ants. 5. Be-numb. 6. En-gulf. 7. Cl-ever. 8. Re-lent. 9. Pl-ease. 10. Re-sign.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Saratoga.

NOVEL CLASSICAL ACROSTIC. Fourth row, Ares; fifth row, Mars. Cross-words: 1. Pyramus. 2. Astræa. 3. Minerva. 4. Ulysses.

STAR PUZZLE. 1. F. 2. Ia. 3. Florida. 4. Ararat. 5. Irish. 6. Dasher. 7. Athesis. 8. R. I. 9. S.

CHARADE. Care-away, caraway.

ZIGZAG. John Paul Jones. Cross-words: 1. Joint. 2. Noose. 3. Bohea. 4. Piano. 5. Sloop. 6. Natal. 7. Cruet. 8. Alive. 9. Jolly. 10. Bodes. 11. Final. 12. Novel. 13. Palos.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month; and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.**

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 10th from "Queenscourt" — Edna Meyle — Alice H. Farnsworth — Margaret Jackman — Two of "The Wise Five" — Arnold F. Muhligh — Emma Wolff.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 10th from Hamilton Brinsley Bush, 6 — Elizabeth Hyde, 6 — Willie Lloyd, Jr., 6 — "Jolly Juniors," 6 — The Gibsons, 4 — Donald Cutler Blanke, 6.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. L. Angell — B. Shields, Jr. — D. Trexler — E. H. Jones — P. W. Carlile — S. Riker, 3rd — A. Baker — W. G. Emmond — M. L. Denny — L. Holmes — J. Gamso — V. Banks — C. M. Watson — W. Spong — T. S. Burbank — P. M. Sturges — L. Easton — T. H. Wade — A. Turner — R. Alexander — E. Bachman — J. L. Roth — D. Blanke — T. J. Harbert — E. Custer — L. Richardson — G. Bull — E. Hubbard.

**CHARADE**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My first is something you eat;  
My second is never a man;  
My third you say when we meet;  
My whole you play when you can.  
RICHARD HENRY LAWRENCE (age 9).

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC**

My primals spell the name of a famous king of Pontus, and my finals spell the name of a great king of the Franks.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Inlaid work. 2. A Hebrew prophet. 3. A western city called "The City of Destiny." 4. A character in the Iliad. 5. A knave. 6. To kindle. 7. A badge of royalty. 8. A famous king of the Huns. 9. Captivating. 10. A standard. 11. The daughter of Cadmus.

CAROLINE C. JOHNSON (Honor Member).

**WORD-SQUARE**

1. A MASCULINE name. 2. A powder used for polishing hard substances. 3. A tree famous in Lebanon. 4. Angry. 5. Harps.

PHILIP E. EVERETT (League Member).

**DOUBLE BEHEADINGS**

1. DOUBLY behead to send out, and leave a feminine nickname. 2. Doubly behead to abide, and leave a dress worn by an equestrienne. 3. Doubly behead a room, and leave fossil resin. 4. Doubly behead requesting, and leave a monarch. 5. Doubly behead a number, and leave

level. 6. Doubly behead to determine, and leave to clear up. 7. Doubly behead entreaty, and leave a clanging sound. 8. Doubly behead distinct, and leave part of the head. 9. Doubly behead a region, and leave to perform. 10. Doubly behead to bound, and leave a circle. 11. Doubly behead a preliminary, and leave to evade.

When rightly beheaded, the initials of the words remaining will spell the surname of a very famous man.

HELEN WURDEMANN (League Member).

**CONNECTED DIAMONDS**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In severe. 2. Very warm. 3. Chooses. 4. A beverage. 5. In severe.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In severe. 2. Rented. 3. A Greek goddess. 4. Useful on Monday. 5. In severe.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In severe. 2. Consumed. 3. A vehicle. 4. To instigate. 5. In severe.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In severe. 2. An insect. 3. To work for. 4. Twilight. 5. In severe.

STANLEY ARNDT.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-nine letters, is a quotation from Richard III.  
 V. D.

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a familiar object.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To join. 2. The chief executive officer of a city. 3. To smash. 4. A river of Germany. 5. A polishing powder. 6. Big. 7. Flat. 8. A fruit.

ELIZABETH BAKER (League Member).

**CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Strongholds. 2. A musical drama. 3. A memorial. 4. A sly proceeding. 5. Bags.  
 II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A mirror. 2.

The language of the ancient Romans. 3. To expiate. 4. In time past. 5. To scoff.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Luminous bodies. 2. Pang. 3. Malicious burning of another's property. 4. Covers of buildings. 5. Understanding.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Defeats. 2. A joint of the body. 3. To decrease. 4. Whole. 5. To increase in size.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: I. To choose. 2. Hard work. 3. A black wood. 4. The fruit of a common tree. 5. An appointed meeting.

STANLEY DAGGETT.

**DIAGONAL**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous hymn.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A non-professional. 2. A precious stone. 3. To go before. 4. One of the United States. 5. A brave warrior. 6. To satisfy. 7. A relative.

DOROTHY STRUSS (League Member).

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of an object often seen about this time of the year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mathematical study. 2. A back door or gate. 3. To need. 4. A state. 5. Uncontrolled. 6. A broad ruffle. 7. To remark. 8. A pointed pillar. 9. A place of residence.

PALMER W. GRIFFITH (age 10).

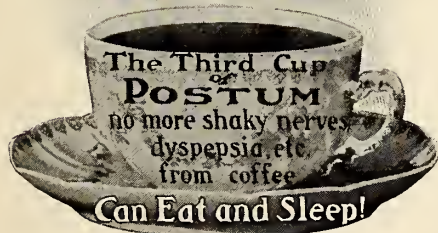
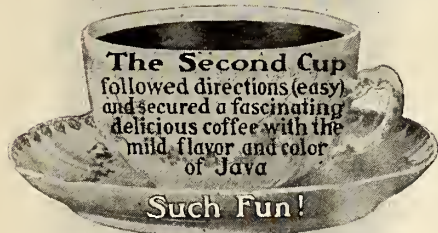


# Boil Postum Thoroughly!

Insist on having it black and rich as Mocha.

It's easy to follow directions on package. Have it right!

Then it has the dark, seal-brown coffee color, which changes to golden-brown when cream is added, and a delicious flavour similar to mild, high-grade Java.



## How Postum is Made.

### CLEAN, WHOLE WHEAT

is separated into kernel and outer—or bran-coat; the **first** containing the tissue-making and energy-storing elements—the **second**, "vital" phosphates for rebuilding tissue-cells. The kernel is

### SKILFULLY ROASTED

to a degree that develops an aroma similar to Java coffee (but without coffee or any drug-like substance); hence the delicious flavour of Postum, which has led many to think they were drinking coffee. The roasted kernels are then

### COOLED AND GROUND.

The roasting has changed the starch into dextrin and dextrose, which form "soluble carbohydrates" (energy-making material), and the proteids (tissue-forming elements) are also made soluble and quickly absorbed by the system. Next

### THE BRAN-COAT

is mixed with molasses, roasted and ground separately, then blended with the other part of the wheat to form the perfected product—**Postum**.

Relief from coffee ails when Postum is used instead, is a matter of history.

"There's a Reason" for

# POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Time to hand in answers is up April 10. Prizes awarded in May number.

What do you think? The dignified Judges have consented to have an "April Fool" Competition! Can you believe it?

You see, the last three or four have been pretty serious ones; involving drawing or story-telling or writing to advertisers, or some such enterprise that takes thought and care of a high order. Now this competition can be made very clever indeed, and you can have all the latitude you want to invent a "taking" advertisement, and in addition have much fun.

From the list of advertisers below you may choose any one (or more, if you desire) and compose a page advertisement, illustrating it by pictures and figures used to advertise another firm.

For instance, you may take Kranich and Bach and show the piano being played by Swift's Little Cook.

This is a pasting contest, and few words need be used. If you can find a phrase or picture that is used for one advertiser, and can apply it aptly to another one, and make from it a really good advertisement of the goods you are showing, it will be amusing, and will be a real April Fool advertisement.

You may take your illustrations from ST. NICHOLAS or any magazine, but make advertisements *only* for the firms whose names are given below. Parts of pictures may be pasted to parts of others if desired.

Attach a sheet of paper to your page advertisements, and tell what the pictures were really meant to represent; what magazine you got them from; and, if you care to, why they apply where you have placed them.

The list of advertisers from whom you can choose your list is this:

Pears' Soap.  
Diamond Dyes.  
Currant Bread.  
Dorothy Dainty.  
Sapolio.  
Libby's Products.

Ivory Soap.  
Pompeian Cream.  
Mennen's Toilet Powder.  
National Cloak and Suit Co.  
Welch's Grape-Juice.  
Grape-Nuts.  
Swift's Hams and Bacon.  
Walter Baker & Co.  
Huyler.  
Chiclets.  
Sante Fe.  
Northern Pacific.

That seems like a good list, and one long enough to give you a good range for your choice.

Remember you may use as many advertisements to make one new one as you desire,—patch as much as you like,—only do try to get a good-looking as well as a funny page out of it. Be sure and tell on attached paper where you got the illustrations from.

The regular prizes will be given:

To the maker of the cleverest April Fool Advertisement

*One First Prize of \$5.00.*

Then for the next best, as follows:

*Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each.*

*Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each.*

*Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.*

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (88). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than  $7\frac{1}{2}$  x 10 inches.

3. Submit answers by April 10, 1909. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 88, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York, N. Y.



# Easy to Dye with Diamond Dyes



## Why Not Have a "Diamond Dye Day"?

"My sister, mother, cousin, and I have what we call our Diamond Dye Day every few weeks. We gather all the old, faded, or soiled things we can find and dye them the colors we like. We take turns having our Diamond Dye Day, at each other's home, and certainly do have a good time. We save lots of money by making old clothes serviceable again and also have a splendid sociable time. We dye all sorts of things: waists, stockings, curtains, carpets, and last time I even dyed a straw hat. It is no trouble whatever and our results are always perfect."

—MRS. G. W. SIEGMANN, New York City

Some people have never tried changing the colors and so don't know how simple and easy it is to dye with Diamond Dyes. It's almost as easy as washing, and there is a real fascination about it. You can color curtains, draperies, rugs, and carpets, in fact you can color any fabric and do it just as well yourself with Diamond Dyes as a professional dyer.

### Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

**Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes.** Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, can be used as successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: **Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.**

Diamond Dyes for wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our **Diamond Dyes for Cotton** are the best dyes made for these goods.

**New Diamond Dye Annual Free.** Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the new Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**.

Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

## At all Reliable Dealers--Insist upon the Genuine

That was fine! The Judges sat around a table covered completely with Competitors' letters, and letters and circulars from advertisers, and gained a great deal of information themselves about the business of those people who month after month make their appeal to ST. NICHOLAS readers. And they thought to themselves, "How tremendous is the scope of these enterprises!" For, stop and think, the simplest food is gathered from places far from the homes where it is eaten, and many are the men, and great is the energy that it takes to prepare and make ready the meal that you thoughtlessly swallow—hungrily intent on nothing but its good taste. One young lady wrote with her letters that she had been greatly interested in the literature issued by one of the railroads, for it told all about the great West, and described conditions there so entertainingly that it made geography quite palatable.

A school-teacher put her letter with the letter of one of her scholars, a contestant, and said that she had become quite as interested as he in the information obtainable from our courteous advertisers.

A young lady wrote from Rome, and sent in her inquiries and answers, that had traveled many thousands of miles back and forth before they were laid on the judicial table.

In more than one case, the

competitors declared that they had been the means of introducing certain staple articles (so called) into their towns, and that their groceryman had put these articles on their shelves.

So the Competition did great good to the advertiser, as well as to the reader, no doubt.

But the best part of all was the sign of industry exhibited by the contestants, and the unflinching determination to win if it meant only *work*.

The prizes in each case were well deserved, the first prize going as an award to a young man who wrote the most engaging letters received by advertisers for many a day. Every one who entered this Competition deserves to be remembered, for the work was hard, so please consider that the Judges are thinking of *you*, and of *you*, and of *you*, when they say "Thank you," and "Well done."

*First Prize. \$10.00.*

James Moseley, Jr. (48 letters), Glen Ridge, N. J.

*Second Prizes. \$6.00 each.*

Frederick H. Hoefler (16 letters), Hammonon, N. J.

Grace Green (29 letters), Bloomington, Ill.

*Third Prizes. \$4.00 each.*

Cassius M. Clay, Jr. (15 letters), Paris, Ky.

Elsie Nathan (17 letters), New York City.

Joseph B. Haston (12 letters), Denver, Colo.

*Fourth Prizes. \$1.00 each.*

Sidney Fertig (12 letters), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Kate S. Reade (8 letters), Rougemont, N. C.

John C. Farrar (6 letters), Burlington, Vt.

Rakel B. Olsen (4 letters), Osla, Minn.

Beryl Morse (6 letters), New York City.

HONORABLE MENTION

Arthur C. Moyle, St. Louis, Mo.

Alfred K. Drummond, Blairstown, N. J.

Harriet Buckingham, Rome, Italy.

Frank Ernst, Hoboken, N. J.

Grace M. Gile, Allston, Mass.

Pearl T. Ernenwein, Lake Placid, N. Y.

Morris W. Herriman, River Forest, Ill.



# Welch's Grape Juice

**Y**OU who use grape juice could ask nothing richer and sweeter than the juice of the Concord Grapes which ripened last fall.

While the yield was small the quality was better than it has been in years.

The choicest from all that the Chautauqua Grape Belt produced was at our disposal in making Welch's Grape Juice, and the result is a million gallons of fresh, new juice—a little sweeter, richer and better than the best of any previous year.

Welch's Grape Juice is sold only under the Welch label; a label that stands for purity and a process of manufacture that transfers the juice from the full-ripe fruit to the bottles without preservatives or adulterations of any kind.

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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## THE NEW LINCOLN STAMPS

THE issue of a Lincoln Memorial stamp in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great emancipator will do a great service in reviving interest in stamp-collecting in all parts of our country. There are some who feel that the pastime of collecting has no use or significance beyond the amusement which it affords who obtain a new view of it when they find it directing the thought of its devotees toward the great events in our country's history and fixing those events in mind as they are not fixed by any less interesting method of viewing them. Our commemorative issues are steadily increasing in number and interest and in time will form a complete line or framework to which to attach all our ideas relating to our national history. Some have thought that the frequent issue of memorial stamps has a tendency to reduce the value of a country's issues as being put forth for other reasons than those of postal requirements. This, however, has ceased to be a valid argument against such stamps now that the idea of using them as a means of revenue to the nation issuing them no longer exists. When long series with many high denominations appeared in the sets, as they came out, they were open to the objection mentioned, but, now that single or only a few stamps of low values appear in each issue, the motive for the issue is plainly proper and therefore commendable.

## CONFEDERATE STATES STAMPS

THERE is no series of American stamps of greater historical interest than the general issue made for the Confederate States. They were put forth under such extraordinary difficulties and the attempts to secure sufficient quantities for use were so often frustrated that it is surprising in some ways that so many of them still remain in existence and may be obtained by collectors. The first attempts which this Government made to have stamps designed and printed failed because there were so few establishments in the Southern States that could undertake to handle so large a contract. Work of the kind had always been done in New York and other northern cities, and while there were some who had no scruples against engaging in the work, there were none who would guarantee to deliver stamps printed in the North in the Southern States. The Confederate Government would not pay for stamps without such guarantee. The next attempt was to do the work in Richmond, but since it was necessary to buy all supplies of paper, ink, and lithographic material in the North and get them through the Union lines, there was the greatest difficulty experienced in keeping a sufficient supply on hand to meet the calls from the post-offices of the South. After this a contract was made with De La Rue and Company of London, England, but the trouble with the blockade on the coast was so great that this company was instructed to ship plates with a large consignment of stamps for the Government at Richmond. These were engraved plates for the five-cent stamp of the issue of 1862. All of them were captured and thrown into the sea off Wilmington, N. C. Previously, however, a consignment of stamps amounting in all to about two million, had been got through to Richmond, and the stamps known as the London print are probably remainders of these. Subsequently a five-cent plate was run through the blockade and the

stamps known as the "local print" produced. It is stated also that a one-cent plate was also got into Richmond, but it was never used, as the low rate which it was designed to meet was never in use. The one-cent stamps that exist are said to have been shipped from England and captured by a United States man of war, and, if so, are a London print. The original issue of the ten-cent stamp was printed in blue, and after being changed to red was changed back again to blue. This second issue may well have a separate place in one's collection, as it undoubtedly would if it were that of a more popular country among collectors. This second issue may be distinguished by the shade, which is much brighter than that of the first print. The last issues for the Confederate States were engraved in Richmond by a man who had worked for the National Bank Note Company of New York, and the printing was also done in that city. The different stamps vary in the excellence of the engraving, or rather in the lack of excellence since some of them, like the ten-cent of 1861, are so poor that it is impossible to say whose is the portrait at the center.

## WATERMARKS DESIGNS

THERE are curious symbols from ancient times among the designs which have been adopted as watermarks for stamps. One of the most remarkable of these is the Orb found in the two and one-half penny stamp of Great Britain of the issue of 1876. Some have thought that it was a symbol of the cross of Christ surmounting the world, as it consists of a Maltese cross above a circle in which a Greek cross appears. This was hardly its original significance, for although it was adopted by the Emperor Constantine as a symbol of power, in his day the world was then thought to be flat. It is found on early coins in the hand of Venus and is supposed to be one of the golden apples. It seems to have been even then a symbol of power. The shell of Travancore is another emblem of ancient origin, being connected with the worship of goddesses in India for many centuries. It is said that the shell itself is sometimes found with the whorls turned to the left instead of the right, as it is usually seen. This form brings a high price as a sacred emblem, one being said to have been found in a Bombay pawnshop and bought for a few annas, and sold for several thousand dollars.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

QUESTIONS concerning the values of stamps cannot be answered on this page. Collectors should have a standard catalogue, the latest edition of which can be bought of any of the advertisers in ST. NICHOLAS, in which they can find all such information as well as many other things which it is necessary to know in order to collect intelligently. One of the questions asked most frequently by beginners and which, therefore, has been answered many times on this page, is in relation to the meaning of the various letters found in the corners of stamps of Great Britain. They have no meaning in themselves, but each stamp in a sheet has a different set or arrangement of letters and the idea was that counterfeiting would be prevented since counterfeiterers would hardly care to make a large number of different dies, and the offering of a sheet of stamps, with the letters in the corners alike, would immediately reveal its spurious nature. Other means are now taken to prevent counterfeiting and are found just as effective.





